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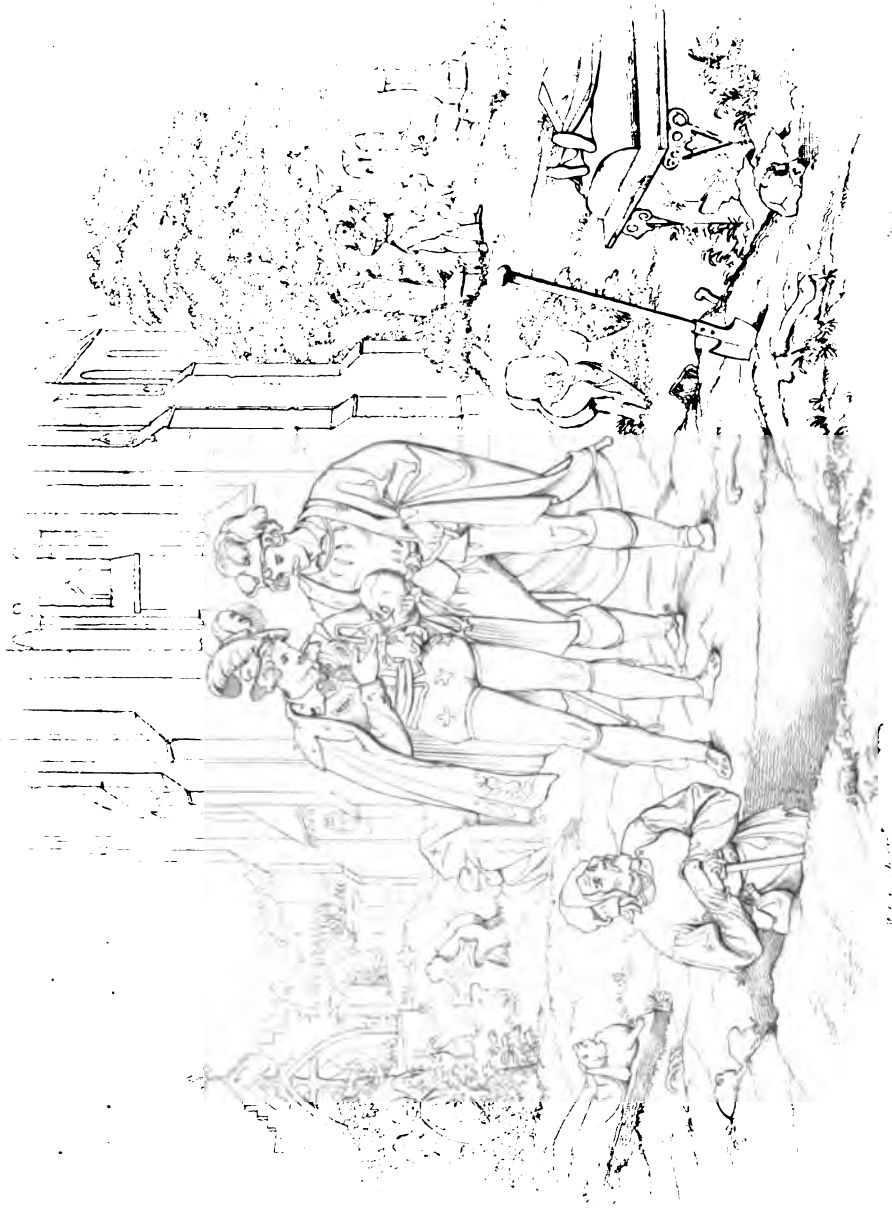
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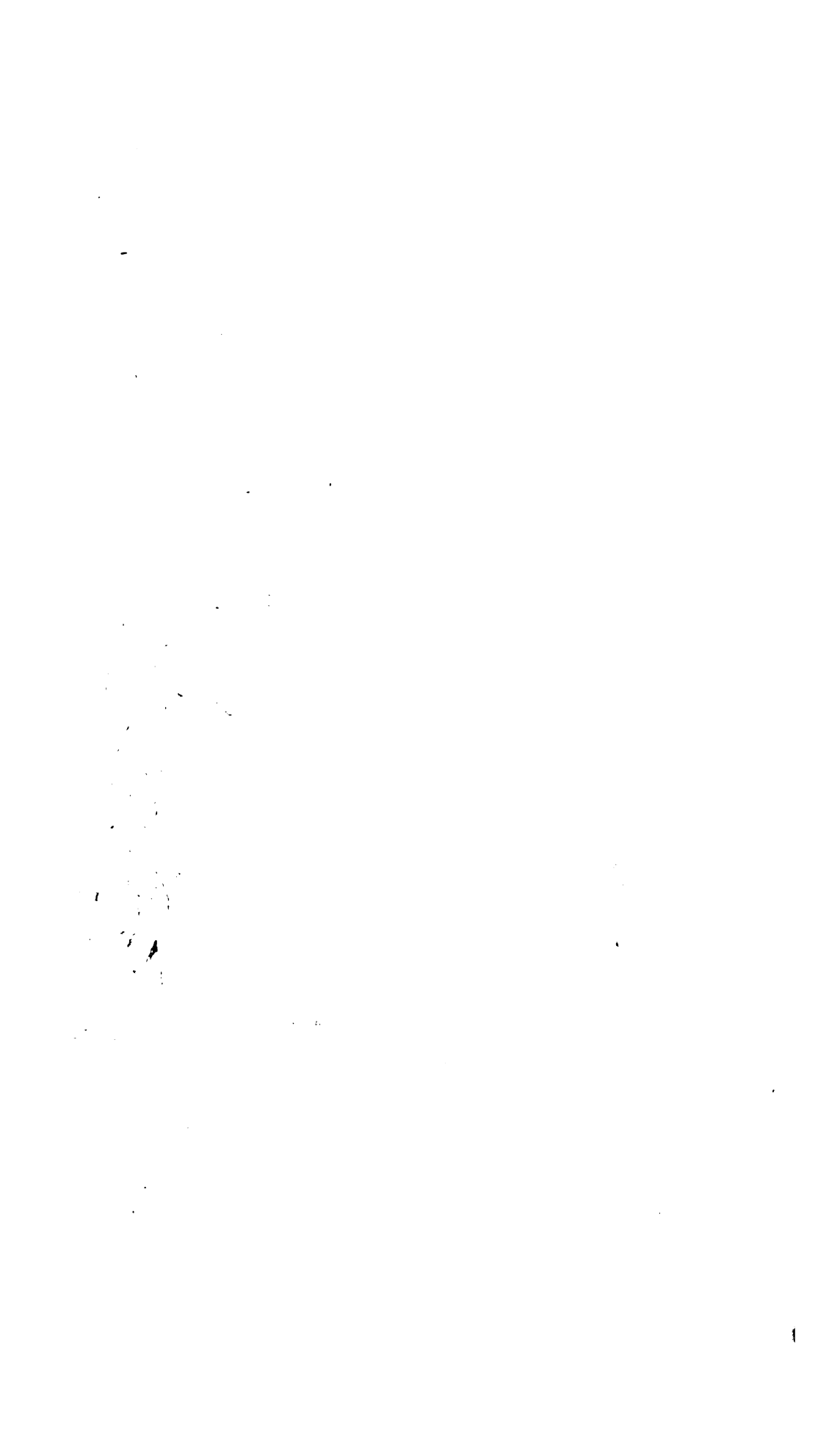




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C D C

W O R K S

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME.



NEW-YORK.

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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS

258
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH
NOTES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, AND INTRODUCTORY REMARKS TO EACH PLAY,

BY
SAMUEL WELLER SINGER, F. S. A.

AND
A LIFE OF THE POET,

BY
CHARLES SYMMONS, D. D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

II.

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FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE historical transactions in this play take in the compass of above thirty years. In the three parts of King Henry VI. there is no very precise attention to the date and disposition of facts; they are shuffled backwards and forwards out of time. For instance, the Lord Talbot is killed at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July, 1453: and the Second Part of King Henry VI. opens with the marriage of the King, which was solemnized eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the second part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult Queen Margaret: though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. There are other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned.

Mr. Malone has written a dissertation to prove that the First Part of King Henry VI. was not written by Shakspeare: and that the Second and Third Parts were only altered by him from the old play, entitled 'The Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster,' printed in two parts, in quarto, in 1594 and 1605. The substance of his argument, as far as regards this play, is as follows:—

1. The diction, versification, and allusions in it, are all different from the diction, versification, and allusions of Shakspeare, and corresponding with those of Greene, Peele, Lodge, Marlowe, and others who preceded him: there are more allusions to mythology, to classical authors, and to ancient and modern history, than are found in any one piece of Shakspeare's written on an English story: they are such as do not naturally rise out of the subject, but seem to be inserted merely to show the writer's learning. These allusions, and many particular expressions, seem more likely to have been used by the authors already named than by Shakspeare.—He points out many of the allusions, and instances the words *proditor* and *immunity*, which are not to be found in any of the poet's undisputed works.—The versification he thinks clearly of a different colour from that of Shakspeare's genuine dramas: while at the same time it resembles that of many of the plays produced before his time. The sense concludes or passes almost uniformly at the end of every line; and the verse has scarcely ever a redundant syllable. He produces numerous instances from the works of Lodge, Peele, Greene, and others, of similar versification.

A passage in a pamphlet written by Thomas Nashe, an intimate friend of Greene, Peele, Marlowe, &c. shews that the First Part of King Henry VI. had been on the stage before 1592; and his favourable mention of the piece may induce a belief that it was written by a friend of his. 'How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that, after he had lye[n] two hundred years in his tombe, he should triumph again on the stage; and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times,) who in the tragedian that represents his person behold him fresh bleeding.'—*Pierce Penitentes, his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592.

That this passage related to the old play of King Henry VI. or, as it is now called, the First Part of King Henry VI. can hardly be doubted. Talbot appears in the First Part, and not in the Second or Third Part, and is expressly spoken of in the play, as well as in Hall's Chronicle, as 'the terror of the French.' Holinshed, who was Shakspeare's guide, omits the passage in Hall, in which Talbot is thus described; and this is an additional proof that this play was not the production of our great poet.

There are other internal proofs of this:—

1. The author does not seem to have known precisely how old Henry VI. was at the time of his father's death. He supposed him to have passed the state of infancy before he lost his father, and even to have remembered some of his sayings. In the Fourth Act, Sc. 4, speaking of the famous Talbot, he says:—

When I was young (as yet I am not old,)

I do remember how my father said.

A stouter champion never handled sword.

But Shakspeare knew that Henry VI. could not possibly remember any thing of his father:—

'No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king at nine months old.'

King Henry VI. Part II. Act iv. Sc. 9

'When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.'

King Henry VI. Part III. Act I. Sc. 1

The first of these passages is among the additions made by Shakspeare to the old play, according to Mr. Malone's hypothesis. The other passage does occur in the True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York; and therefore it is natural to conclude that neither Shakspeare nor the author of that piece could have written the First Part of King Henry VI.

2. In Act ii. Sc. 5. of this play, it is said that the earl of Cambridge raised an army against his sovereign. But Shakspeare, in his play of King Henry V. has represented the matter truly as it was: the earl being in that piece, Act ii. truly called at Southampton for conspiring to assassinate Henry.

3. The author of this play knew the true pronunciation of the word *Hecate*, as it is used by the Roman writers:—

'I speak not to that railing Hecate.'

But Shakspeare, in *Macbeth*, always uses *Hecate* as a disyllable.

The second speech in this play ascertains the author to have been very familiar with Hall's Chronicle:—

'What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech.'

This phrase is introduced upon almost every occasion by Hall when he means to be eloquent. Holinshed, not Hall, was Shakspeare's historian. Here then is an additional minute proof that this play was not Shakspeare's.

This is the sum of Malone's argument, which Stevens has but feebly combated in notes appended to it; and I am disposed to think more out of a spirit of opposition than from any other cause. Malone conjectured that this piece which we now call the First Part of King Henry VI. was, when first performed, called The Play of King Henry VI.; and he afterwards found his conjecture confirmed by an entry in the accounts of Henslowe, the proprietor of the Rose Theatre on the Bank Side. It must have been very popular, having been played no less than thirteen times in one season: the first entry of its performance by the Lord Strang's company, at the Rose, is dated March 3, 1591. It is worthy of remark that Shakspeare does not appear at any time to have had the smallest connexion with that theatre, or the companies playing there; which affords additional argument in favour of Malone's position, that the play could not be his. 'By whom it was written (says Malone,) it is now, I fear, difficult to ascertain. It was not entered on the Stationers' books, nor printed till the year 1623; when it was reentered with Shakspeare's undisputed plays by the editors of the first folio, and improperly entitled the Third Part of King Henry VI. In one sense it might be called so; for two plays on the subject of that reign had been printed before. But considering the history of that king, and the period of time which the piece comprehends, it ought to have been called, what in fact it is, The First Part of King Henry VI. At this distance of time it is impossible to ascertain on what principle it was that Heminge and Condell admitted it into their volume; but I suspect that they gave it a place as a necessary introduction to the two other parts; and because Shakspeare had made some slight alterations, and written a few lines in it.'

Mr. Malone's arguments have made many converts to his opinion; and perhaps Mr. Morgan, in his elegant Essay on the Dramatic Character of Falstaff; led the way when he pronounced it 'That drum and trumpet thing—written doubtless, or rather exhibited long before Shakspeare was born, though afterwards repaired and furnished up by him with here and there a little sentiment and diction.'

* This applies only to the title in the Register of the Stationers' Company: In the first folio it was called the First Part of King Henry VI.

† Malone's Life of Shakspeare, p. 216, ed. 1821.

‡ First published in 1777

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great Uncle to the King.
HENRY BEAUFORT, great Uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, eldest Son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.
EARL OF WARWICK. EARL OF SALISBURY, EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March. Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
SIR JOHN FASTOLF. SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE. SIR THOMAS GARCRAVE.

Major of London. WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.
VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.
BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.
CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY. DUKE OF ALENCON. Governor of Paris. Bastard of Orleans. Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son. General of the French Forces in Bordeaux. A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.
MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier: afterwards married to King Henry.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.
Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Wardens of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.
SCENE—partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Westminster Abbey. Dead March. Corpse of King Henry the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the DUKES OF BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

Bedford.

Howe be the heavens with black,¹ yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
 Brandish your crystal² tresses in the sky,
 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
 That have consented³ unto Henry's death!
 Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
 England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
 Virtue he had, deserving to command:
 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
 His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
 Than midday sun fierce heat against their faces.
 What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
 He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive;
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
 And death's dishonourable victory
 We with our stately presence glorify,

¹ *Richard Beauchamp*, earl of Warwick, who is a character in King Henry V. The earl of Warwick, who appears in a subsequent part of this drama, is Richard Nevill, son to the earl of Salisbury, who came to the title in right of his wife, Anne, sister of Henry Beauchamp, duke of Warwick. Richard, the father of this Henry, was appointed governor to the king on the demise of Thomas Beaufort, duke of Exeter, and died in 1439. There is no reason to think the author meant to confound the two characters.

² Alluding to the ancient practice of hanging the stage with black when a tragedy was to be acted.

Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
 By magic verses⁴ have contriv'd his end?
Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
 Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
 So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
 The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.
Glo. The church! where is it? Had not church
 men pray'd,
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,
 Whom, like a schoolboy, you may overawe.
Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;

And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
 Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God, or religious churchmen, may.
Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
 And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
 Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds
 in peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
 Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
 Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
 Posterity, await for wretched years,
 When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;
 Our isle be made a nourish⁵ of salt tears,
 And none but women left to wait the dead.—

³ *Crystal* is an epithet repeatedly bestowed on comets by our ancient writers.

⁴ *Consented* here means conspired together to promote the death of Henry by their malignant influence on human events. Our ancestors had but one word to express consent, and consent, which meant accord and agreement, whether of persons or things.

⁵ There was a notion long prevalent that life might be taken away by magical charms.

⁶ *Nourish*, was anciently spelt *nouryce* and *noryske* and, by Lydgate, even *nourisk*.

Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright ———!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guise, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guycors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.²

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
corse?

*Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.*

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?

If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the
ghost.

Ess. How were they lost? what treachery was
us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is useter'd, —

That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.

One would have long'ring wars, with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wasteth wings;

A third man thinks, without expense at all,

By gentle fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours, new begot:

Crows'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;

Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Ess. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,

Those tidings would call forth her flowing tides.³

Bed. Me they concern; regret I am of France: —

Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France: —

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.⁴

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad
mischance,

France is revolted from the English quite;

Except some petty towns of no import:

The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;

The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;

Reiguiet, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;

The duke of Alencon doth to his side.

Ess. The Dauphin is crowned king! all fly to
him!

O, whether shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats;

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forward-
ness?

An army have I useter'd in my thoughts,

Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's beard, —

I must inform you of a dismal fight,

Between the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wheroin Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 Mess. O, no; wheroin Lord Talbot was o'er-
thrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.

The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew:
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agas'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled
strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself;

For living idly here, in pomp and ease,

Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,

Unto his dastard foeman is betray'd.

3 Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,

And Lord Seales with him, and Lord Hungerford

Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,

His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;

Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours. —

Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;

Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,

To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:

Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,

Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Mess. No you had need; for Orleans is be-
sieg'd;

The English army is grown weak and faint:

The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,

And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,

Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Ess. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
sworn;

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,

Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave.

To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*]

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,

To view the artillery and munition;

And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*]

Ess. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,

Being ordain'd his special governor;

And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*]

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:

I am left out: for me nothing remains.

But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;

The king from Eltham I intend to steal,⁵

And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[*Exit. Scene closes.*]

¹ Pope conjectured that this blank had been supplied by the name of *Francis Drake*, which, though a glaring anachronism, might have been a popular, though not judicious, mode of attracting plaudits in the theatre. Part of the arms of Drake was two blazing stars.

² Capel proposed to complete this defective verse by the insertion of *Rouen* among the places lost, as Gloster infers that it had been mentioned with the rest.

³ I. e. England's flowing tides.

⁴ I. e. their miseries which have only a short inter-
mission.

⁵ For an account of this Sir John Fastolfe, vide *Biographia Britannica*, by Kippis, vol. v.; in which is his life, written by Mr. Gough.

⁶ The old copy reads *send*, the present reading was proposed by Mason, who observes that the king was not at this time in the power of the cardinal, but under the care of the duke of Exeter. The second article of accusation brought against the bishop by the duke of Gloucester is 'that he purposed and disposed him to set hand on the king's person, and to have removed him from Eltham to Windsor, to the intent to put him in governance as him list.' Holinshed vol. III. p. 697.

SCENE II. France: Before Orleans. Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENCON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving,¹ even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat hulf-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we went to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarm; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [Exeunt.

Alarums: Excursions: afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENCON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.²

Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands³ bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
Mora truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals; who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals⁴ or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.

By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin, I have news for him.

Char. Bastard⁵ of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer⁶
appall'd:

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;⁷
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.

1: You are as ignorant in the true movings of my nature as the astronomers are in the true movings of Mars, which to this day they could never attain to. Gabriel Harvey's *Hunt is up*, by Nash, 1596, Preface.

2: I. e. the prey for which they are hungry.

3: These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are the theme of the old romances. From the equally doughty and unheard of exploits of these champions, arose the saying of *Giving a Rowland for an Oliver*, for giving a person as good as he brings.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Char. Go, call her in: [Exit Bastard.] But, first to try her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:

Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:—

By this mean shall we sound what skill she hath.

[Retires,

Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard of Orleans, and others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—

Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;

I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:

In private will I talk with thee apart:—

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter.
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, bath it pleas'd

To shine on my contemptible estate:

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,

And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,

God's mother deign'd to appear to me;

And, in a vision full of majesty,

Will'd me to leave my base vocation,

And free my country from calamity:

Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:

In complete glory she reveal'd herself;

And, whereas I was black and swart before,

With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,

That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst propose,

And I will answer unpremeditated:

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate,

If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—

In single combat thou shalt buckle with me:

And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;

Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edged sword,
Deck'd with five flowers-de-luces on each side:

The which at Touraine, in Saint Katherine's church-yard,

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come o' God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man. [They fight.]

Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whose'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;

'Tis the French Dauphin smeth thus to thee.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,

For my profession's sacred from above:

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,

Then will I think upon a recompense.

4 By *gimmals*, *gimbols*, *gimmurs*, or *gimoces*, any kind of device or machinery producing motion was meant. Baret has 'the *gimuce* or hinge of a door.'

5 Bastard was not in former times a title of reproach.

6 *Cheer* in this instance means *heart* or *courage*, as in the expression 'be of good *cheer*.'

7 Warburton says that, 'there were no *nine sibyls* of Rome, it is a mistake for the *nine Sibylline Oracles* brought to one of the Tarquins.' But the poet followed the popular books of his day, which say that 'the ten sibyls were women that had the spirit of prophecy (enmorning them) and that they prophesied of Christ.'

8 I. e. be convinced of it.

Char. Mean thee, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:

These women are shew'd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I sav. distrustful recreants! Fight till the last gasp, I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge. This night the siege assuredly I'll raise: Expect Saint Martin's summer,¹ halcyon days, Since I have entered into these wars. Glory is like a circle in the water, Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself, Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.² With Henry's death, the English circle ends; Dispersed are the glories it included. Now am I like that proud insulting ship, Which Cæsar and his fortune bore at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?³ Thou with an eagle art inspired then. Helen, the mother of great Constantine, Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters,⁴ were like thee. Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth, How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try:—Come let's away about it:

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. London. Hill before the Tower.

Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, with his Serving-men in blue Coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day; Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.⁵ Where be these warders, that they wait not here? Open the gates; Gloster it is that calls:

[Serving-men knock.]

1 *Ward.* [Within.] Who is there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Answer you so the lord protector, villaing?

1 *Ward.* [Within.] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who walled you? or whose will stands, but mine?

There's none protector of the realm, but I.—Break up⁶ the gates, I'll be your warrantize: Shall I be scolded thus by daub'd groome?

Servants rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the Gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.

Wood. [Within.] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear? Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. [Within.] Have patience, noble duke: I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids: From him I have express commandment, That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him fore me?

Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate, Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook? Thou art no friend to God, or to the king: Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector; Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a Train of Servants in tawny Coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry? what means this?

Glo. Piel'd priest,⁷ dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,⁸ And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator; Thou, that contriv'st to murder our dead lord; Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sing:⁹ I'll canvas¹⁰ thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain, To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back: Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth, I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st: I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and beard'd to my face?—

Draw, men, for all this privileged place; Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[GLOSTER and his men attack the Bishop, I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly: Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat; In spite of pope or dignities of church, Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose,¹¹ I cry—a rope! a rope! Now beat them hence: Why do you let them stay? Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array, Out, tawny coats!—out scarlet! hypocrite!

Here a great Tumult. In the midst of it, Enter the Mayor of London,¹² and Officers.

May. Fye, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates, Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor: thou know'st little of my wrongs:

1 i. e. expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Monticorno, after winter has begun.

2 This is a favourite image with poets.

3 Mahomet had a dove, which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast, Mahomet perceiving the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost. *Raleigh's Hist. of the World*, part 1. c. vi.

4 Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in *Acts*, xxi. 9.

5 Conveyance anciently signified any kind of surlive knavery, or privity stealing.

6 To break up was the same as to break open.

7 It appears that the attendants upon ecclesiastical courts, and a bishop's servants, were then, as now, distinguished by a clothing of a sordid colour.

8 i. e. bold, alluding to his shaven crown.

9 Traitor.

10 The public stews in Southwark were under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester: Upton had seen the office book of the court lost, in which was entered the fees paid by, and the customs and regulations of these brothels.

11 To canvas was 'to tease in a sleeve; a punishment' (says Cotgrave) inflicted on such as commit gross surdities.

12 A Winchester goose was a particular stage of the disease contracted in the stews, hence Gloucester bestows the epithet on the bishop's disciples and scorn.

13 In King Henry VIII. the earl of Surrey, with a similar allusion to Cardinal Wolsey's habit, calls him 'scarlet sin.'

14 It appears from Pennant's London that this mayor was John Coventry, an opulent trader, from whom the present earl of Coventry is descended.

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here disdain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloucester too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*]

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous
strife,

But to make open proclamation:—
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou can'st.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this
day against God's peace and the king's, we charge
and command you, in his highness' name, to repair
to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear,
handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger,
henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be
sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs,¹ if you will not away:
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou
may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloucester! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*]

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will
depart.—

Good God! that nobles should such stomachs²
bear!

I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. France. Before Orleans. Enter,
in the Walls, the Master Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is
besieg'd:

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd³
by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do, to procure me grace:⁴
The prince's espials⁵ have inform'd me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Woost,⁶ through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*]

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the LORDS
SALISBURY and TALBOT, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE,
and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?

¹ Malone erroneously thinks the mayor cries out for
peace-officers armed with clubs or staves. The practice
of calling out *clubs! clubs!* to call out the London
apprentices upon the occasion of any affray in the
streets, has been before explained, see *As You Like It*,
Act v. Sc. 2.

² *Stomach* is *pride*, a haughty spirit of resentment
3 Favour.

⁴ *Espies*. Vile note on Hamlet, Act III. Sc. 1.

⁵ The old copy reads *went*; the emendation is Mr.
Tyrwhitt's

⁶ The old copy reads '*sit'd esteem'd*.'

⁷ This man [Talbot] was to the French people a

Or by what means got'tst thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pry'thee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called—the brave Lord Ponton de Sanctrailles;
For him I was exchange'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me
Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd; and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd.⁴
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-
tain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious
taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,⁵
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground
To hurt at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread
That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd:
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;

Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glandsdale

Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Ger. I think, at the north gate, for there stand
lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes outbeated.

[*Shot from the Tower. SALISBURY and SIR
THOMAS GARGRAVE fall.*]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners
Ger. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath
cross'd us?—

Speak, Salisbury: at least, if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!⁶—
Accurs'd tower! accurs'd fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;

Whilst any trumpet sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth
fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.

very scourge and a daily terror, inasmuch that as he
person was fearful and terrible to his adversaries pre-
sent, so his name and fame was spiteful and dreadful to
the common people absent: inasmuch that women in
France, to spare their young children, would cry the
Talbot cometh! *Hull's Chronicle.*

⁸ Camden says, in his Remains, that the French
scarcely knew the use of great ordnance till the siege of
Mans in 1436, when a breach was made in the walls of
that town by the English, under the conduct of this earl
of Salisbury; and that he was the first English gentle-
man that was slain by a cannon ball.

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort ;
Thou shalt not die, whiles——
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me ;
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
Plantagenet, I will ; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn :
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard ; afterwards an Alarum.*
What stir is this ? What tumult's in the heavens ?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mea. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd
head :

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophets, now risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*SALISBURY groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan !
It irks his heart, he cannot be revenged.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you :—
Pucelle or puzzel,¹ dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen
dare. [*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V. *The same. Before one of the Gates.*
Alarum. Shirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the
Dauphin, and driveth him in : then enter JOAN LA
PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then
enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my
force ?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them :
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes :—I'll have a bout with
thee ;

Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee :
Blood will I draw on thee,² thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serr'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace
thee. [*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail ?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
And I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell ; thy hour is not yet come :
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

O'ertake me, if thou canst ; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry, starved men ;
Help Salisbury to make his testament :
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*PUCELLE enters the Town, with Soldiers.*
Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's
wheel ;

I know not where I am, nor what I do :
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,³
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists :
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs ;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short Alarum.*
Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat ;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead :

¹ *Puzzel* means a *dirty wench* or a *drab*, 'from *puzza*, l. e. *malus fœtor*,' says Minshew.

² The superstition of those times taught that he who could draw a witch's blood was free from her power.

³ Alluding to Hannibal's stratagem to escape, by fixing bundles of lighted twigs on the horns of oxen, recorded by Livy, lib. xxi. c. xvj.

⁴ Old copy *treacherous*. Corrected by Pope.

⁵ *Wolves*. Thus the second folio, the first omits that word, and the epithet *bright* prefixed to *Astrea* in the next line but one. Malone follows the reading of the first folio, and contends that by a licentious pronunciation a syllable was added, thus English, *Asterea*.

Sheep run not half so timorous⁶ from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Another Skirmish.*
It will not be :—Retire into your trenches :

You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is entered into Orleans,

In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury !

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his Forces, &c.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Enter, on the Walls,*
PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and
Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls ;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves :—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright *Astrea's* daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success ?
Thy promises are like *Adonis's* gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.⁷—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophets !—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans :

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the
town ?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and
joy.

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won ;
For which, I will divide my crown with her :

And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.

A stately pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope's*, of Memphis, ever was :⁸

In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious

Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of *Darius*,⁹
Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on *Saint Dennis* will we cry,

But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in ; and let us banquet royally,

After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Enter to the Gates, a French*
Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant :

If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.⁹

1 Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*]

Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)

Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces,
with Scaling Ladders ; their Drums beating a dead
March.

Tal. Lord Regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted :

6 The *Adonis hortii* were nothing but portable earthen
pots, with some lettuce or fennel growing in them.

7 The old copy reads :—
'Than *Rhodope's* or *Memphis* ever was.'

Rhodope, or *Rhodoptis*, a celebrated courtesan, who
was a slave in the same service with *Esop*, at *Samos*.

8 'In what price the noble poems of *Homer* were
holden by *Alexander the Great*, inasmuch that everie
night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were
carried in the rich jewel coffer of *Darius*, lately before
vanquished by him.' *Puttenham's Arte of English*
Poesie, 1590.

9 The same as guard-room.

Embrace we then this opportunity ;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France?—how much he wrongs
his fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!
Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with
spirits:
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their stony bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his
grave.—

Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the Walls, crying St. George!*
a Talbot! and all enter by the Town.

Sent. [Within.] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make
assault!

The French leap over the Walls in their shirts. Enter,
several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER,
half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords? what all unready! so?
Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our
beds,

Hoaring alarms at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Never heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour
him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he
sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.
Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his
friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,

How, or which way: 'tis sure, they found some
place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made,
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms² to endamage them.

Alarm. Enter an English Soldier, crying a Talbot!
a Talbot! They fly, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left,
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II. Orleans. Within the Town. Enter
TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and
others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.

But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse,³ we met not with the Dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight
began,

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely
train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with
him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renova,
By me entreats, good lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;⁴
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of
men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness overrul'd:—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

1 Unready is undressed.
2 Plans, schemes.

3 Wonder.
4 I. e. where she dwells.

Tal. Well, then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers*.]—You perceive
my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III. Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.*
Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will.

[*Exit*.]

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out
right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure¹ of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the
man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?²
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled³ shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him,
whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine.
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.⁴

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall
turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,⁵
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal.

I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:

You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;⁶
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

*He winds a Horn. Drums heard; then a Peal of
Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruted,⁷
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.

What you have done, hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart: and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE IV. London. *The Temple Garden. Enter
the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WAR-
WICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and
another Lawyer.*

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means
this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suff. Within the Temple hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?⁸

Suff. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;

And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then be-
tween us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher
pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,⁹

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallower spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance;
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loath to
speak,

In dumb significant¹¹ proclaim your thoughts:

¹ I. e. Judgment, opinion.

² Dryden has transplanted this idea into his *Don Sebastian*:—

“Nor shall Sebastian's formidable name
Be longer used, to lull the crying babe.”

³ *Writhled* for *wrinkled*.

⁴ Thus in *Solyman and Persida*:—

“If not destroy'd and bound and *captivate*,

“If *captivate*, then forc'd from holy faith.”

⁵ I. e. foolish, silly, weak.

⁶ This is a riddling merchant for the nonce.⁶ The term merchant, which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest kind of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contras-

tion to *gentleman*; signifying that the person showed by his behaviour he was a low fellow.

⁷ *Bruted* is reported, loudly announced.

⁸ We should read a lawyer. This lawyer was probably Roger Neville, who was afterwards hanged. See *W. Wyrcestor*, p. 478.

⁹ Johnson observes that ‘there is apparently a want of opposition between the two questions here,’ but there is no reason to suspect that the text is corrupt.

¹⁰ I. e. regulate his motions most adroitly. We still say that a horse carries himself well.

¹¹ *Dumb significant*, which Malone would have changed to *significance*, is nothing more than *signs of tokens*.

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours;¹ and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suff. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen: and pluck no
more,

Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;²
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I. [case,
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the
I pluck this pale, and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you hold, was wrong in you;

[To Somerset.
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;³
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his
truth;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding
roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction,⁴ peevish boy.

Suff. Turn not thy scorn this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him
and thee.

Suff. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence?⁵
Third son to the third Edward, king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen⁶ from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,⁷
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my
words

On and plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's day?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt⁸ from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker⁹ Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,¹⁰
To scourge you for this apprehension:¹¹

Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for these still:
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance¹² of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suff. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious
Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce en-
dure it! [house,

War. This blot, that they object against you
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
And, if thou be not then created Warwick,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall seed, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same
Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *The same. A Room in the Tower.*
Enter MORTIMER,¹³ brought in a Chair by two
Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—

¹ *Colours* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*.

² *Well objected* is properly proposed, properly thrown in our way.

³ It is not for fear that my cheeks look pale, but for anger: anger produced by this circumstance—namely, that thy cheeks blush, &c.

⁴ Theobald altered *fashion*, which is the reading of the old copy, to *faction*. Warburton contends that *fashion* is meant the badge of the red rose, which Somerset said that he and his friends would be distinguished by.

⁵ The poet mistakes. Plantagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, duke of York. His maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, earl of March, who was the son of Philippa, the daughter of Lionel, duke of Clarence. The duke therefore was his maternal great grandfather.

⁶ I. e. those who have no right to arms.

⁷ It does not appear that the temple had any privilege of sanctuary at this time, being then, as now, the residence of law students. The author might imagine it to

have derived some such privilege from the knights templars, or knights hospitaliers, both religious orders, its former inhabitants. It is true, blows may have been prohibited by the regulations of the society: the author perhaps did not much consider the matter, but represents it as suited his purpose.

⁸ *Exempt* for *excluded*.

⁹ *Partaker*, in ancient language, signifies one who takes part with another; an accomplice, a confederate.

¹⁰ *A partaker*, or coparcioner; particeps, coactor, co-socius.—*Baret*.

¹¹ So in Hamlet:—

‘—— the table of my memory.’

Again:—

‘—— shall live

‘Within the book and volume of my brain.’

¹² Theobald changed this to *reprehension*: and Warburton explains it by *opinion*. It rather means *conception*, or a *conceit taken* that matters are different from what the truth warrants.

¹³ A *cognizance* is a badge.

¹⁴ This is at variance with the strict truth of history.





MONTMOREL & PLANTAGENET.

1851

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Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,¹
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is
spent,—

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;²
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief,
And pithless³ arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:—
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

I Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Deprived of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire⁴ of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

I Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is
come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he
come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despis'd⁵ Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great
stock,

Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine
arm;

And, in that case, I'll tell thee my disease.⁶
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,

Edmund Mortimer, who was trusted and employed by
Henry V. throughout his reign, died of the plague in his
own castle at Trim, in Ireland, in 1424-8; being then
only thirty-two years old.

¹ The heralds that, fore-running death, proclaim its
approach.

² *Exigent* is here used for *end*.

³ *Pith* is used figuratively for *strength*.

⁴ That is, he who terminates or concludes misery.

⁵ Lately despised.

⁶ *Disease* for *uneasiness, trouble, or grief*. It is
used in this sense by other ancient writers.

⁷ *Nepheus* has sometimes the power of the Latin *ne-
pote*, signifying grandchild, and is used with great laxity
among our ancient English writers. It is here used in-
stead of *consin*.

⁸ *Haughty* is *high, lofty*.

⁹ i. e. *thinking*. This is another falsification of his-
tory. Cambridge levied no army; but was apprehended

And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard; Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young King Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as, in this haughty⁸ great attempt,
They labour'd to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.

Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army; weening⁹ to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather!¹⁰
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.¹¹
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, 'would, some part of my young
years

Might but redeem the passage of your age!¹²

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught'-
rer doth,

Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewell: and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace and war!

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—

[*Exeunt* Keepers, bearing out MORTIMER.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:¹³—

at Southampton, the night before Henry sailed from
that town for France, on the information of this very
earl of March.

¹⁰ i. e. I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the conse-
quences which may be collected from thence I recom-
mend it thee to draw.

¹¹ Thus Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book iv. —

'Like Teneriffe or Atlas unreprov'd,'

¹² The same thought occurs in the celebrated dialogue
between Horace and Lydia. There is some resem-
blance to it in the following lines, supposed to be ad-
dressed by a married lady, who died very young, to her
husband. Malone thinks that the inscription is in the
church of Trent:—

'Immatura perii; sed to diuturnior annos

Vive meos, conjux optime, vive tuos.'

¹³ i. e. oppressed by those whose right to the crown
was not so good as his own.

And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I, *The same. The Parliament House.*
Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the Bishop of Winchester, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers to put up a Bill: Winchester smatches it and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Propose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commends
my patience;

Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissensious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lustivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, What's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, How am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one, but he, should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he, shall know, I am as good—

Glo. As good? Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly sir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Ureverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent
Teaching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

1 My ill is my ill usage. This sentiment resembles another of Falstaff, in the Second Part of King Henry IV.—'I will turn diseases to commodity.'

2 This parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though here represented to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first parliament, which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother Queen Katharine brought the young king from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne with the infant in her lap.

3 I. e. articles of accusation.

4 The bishop of Winchester was an illegitimate son

Win. This Rome shall remedy.

War. Roam'st thither then

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,

And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler.
It sitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plant. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;

Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?

Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [Aside.]

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,

The special watchmen of our English weal;

I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,

Civil dissension is a viperous worm,

That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth—

[A noise within; Down with the tawny coats!

What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[A noise again; Stones! Stones!

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—

Pity the city of London, pity us!

The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,

Forbidden late to carry any weapon,

Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;

And, banding themselves in contrary parts,

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,

That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:

Our windows are broke down in every street,

And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and

WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to our-

self,

To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be

Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[Skirmish again.]

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish

broil,

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man

Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,

Inferior to none, but his majesty:

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,

So kind a father of the commonweal,

To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,

We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,

And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foe.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails

Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[Skirmish again.]

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,

Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my

soul!—

of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, by Katharine Swynford, whom the duke afterwards married.

5 The jingle between roam and Rome is common to other writers.

6 Johnson explains *unaccustomed* by *unusually*, *indecent*; and in a note on Romeo and Juliet he says that he thinks he has observed it used in old books for *wonderful*, *powerful*, *efficacious*. But he could find no instances of either of these *strange* uses of the word when he compiled his dictionary.

7 I. e. a bookish person, a pedant, applied in contempt to a scholar. *Inkhornisms* and *inkhorn-terms* were common expressions.

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Win-
chester;

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you
preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly
gird.¹

For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;

What shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay: but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;

This token serveth for a flag of truce,

Between ourselves, and all our followers:

So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not!

K. Hen. O, loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,

How joyful am I made by this contract!—

Away, my masters! trouble us no more;

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 Serv. Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 Serv. And so will I.

3 Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern

affords. [*Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.*]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;

Which, in the right of Richard Plantagenet,

We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet

prince,

And if your grace mark every circumstance,

You have great reason to do Richard right:

Especially, for those occasions

At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of

force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,

That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;

So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willesh Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give,

That doth belong unto the house of York,

From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,

And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop thou, and set your knee against

my foot;

And, in requerdon² of that duty done,

I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;

And rise created princely duke of York.

1 A kindly *gird* is a kind or gentle *proof*. A *gird*, properly, is a cutting reply, a sarcasm, or taunting speech.

2 *Requerdon* is recompense, *reward*. It is perhaps a corruption of *regardum*, Latin of the middle ages.

3 'Ignes suppositos cineri doloco.'—*Hor.*

4 i. e. so will the malignity of this discord *propagate itself*, and advance

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they!
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!
[*Aside.*]

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, King Henry
goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Exeunt all but EXETER.*]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;

This late disension, grown betwixt the peers,

Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,³

And will at last break out into a flame:

As fester'd members rot but by degrees,

Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,

So will this base and envious discord breed.⁴

And now I fear that fatal prophecy,

Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—

That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;

And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:

Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish

His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. France. Before Rouen. Enter LA

PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like

Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,

Through which our policy must make a breach:

Take heed, be wary how you place your words;

Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,

That come to gather money for their corn.

If we have entrance (as, I hope, we shall),

And that we find the slothful watch but weak,

I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,

That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;

Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*]

Guard. [*Within.*] Qui est la?

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*

Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

[*Opens the Gate.*]

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to

the ground. [*PUCELLE, &c. enter the City.*]

Enter CHARLES, Bastard of Orleans, ALENÇON

and Forces.

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!

And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants;⁵

Now she is there, how will she specify

Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrushing out a torch from yonder

tower;

Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,—

No way to that, di' for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE on a Battlement; holding out a

Torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,

That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen:

But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,

The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

5 The duke of Exeter died shortly after the meeting of this parliament, and the earl of Warwick was appointed governor or tutor to the king in his room.

6 Rouen was anciently written and pronounced *Roan*.

7 *Practice*, in the language of the time, was treachery or insidious stratagem. *Practisants* are therefore *confederates in treachery*.

8 i. e. no way like or compared to that.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Alen. Deser no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*]

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and certain English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride¹ of France.

[*Exeunt to the Town.*]

Alarum: Excursions. Enter from the Town, BEDFORD, brought in sick in a Chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the Walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?

I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:

'Twas full of darnel;² Do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan!

I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good gray-beard? break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.*]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls;
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Captains, away! let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, sir, but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c. from the Walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by public wrongs, sustain'd in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town

¹ *Pride* signifies haughty power. The same speaker afterwards says, in Act. iv.:

"And from the *pride* of Gallia rescued thee."

² 'Darnel' (says Gerarde, in his Herbal) *hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim*, if it happen either in corns for bread, or drinke.' Hence the old proverb—*Lotio victiari*, applied to such as were dim-sighted. Thus also Ovid. *Fast.* i. 691.—

"Et carant lotius oculos vitiantibus agri."

La Pucelle means to intimate that the corn she carried with her had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem

Great Cour-dé-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:

Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,³
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces, leaving BEDFORD, and others.*]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,

All the Talbots in the world to save my life. [*Exit.*]

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee.

[*Exit.*]

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c. and exeunt, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.*]

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!

This is a double honour, Burgundy:

Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think, her old familiar is asleep:

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his

gleeks?⁴

What, all a-mort?⁵ Rouen hangs her head for grief,

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order' in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to Paris, to the king;

For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,

But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;

A braver soldier never couched lance,

³ This is from Harding's Chronicle, who gives this account of Uther Pendragon:

"For which the king ordained a horse-litter

To beare him so then unto Verolame,

Where Occa lay and Oysa also in fear,

That Saynt Albons, now hight of noble fame,

Bet downe the walles, but to him forthe thei came

Wher in battay! Occa and Oysa were slayne,

The felde he had, and thereof was ful fayne."

⁴ The Duke of Bedford died at Rouen in September 1435; but not in any action before that town.

⁵ Scoffs

⁶ i. e. what quite cast down, or dispirited

⁷ Make some necessary disposition

A gentler heart did never sway in court :
But kings and mightiest potentates must die ;
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. The Plains near the City.*
Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered ;
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his train :
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence ;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint ;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be ; this doth Joan devise :
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweetening, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors ;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirp'd¹ from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd² from
France,
And not have title to an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[Drums heard.]
Hark ! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot with his colours spread ;
● all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the DUKE of BURGUNDY and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his ;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[A Parley sounded.]
Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy ?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles ? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle ; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France !
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on ; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe !

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France ;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast !

O, turn thy edged sword another way ;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help !
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,

tion written to prove that the Index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock to ridicule the French for their frequent changes.

6 Hamner supplied the apparent deficiency in this line, by reading :—

‘Is this the fam'd Lord Talbot, &c.’

7 Malone remarks that ‘Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never saw him.’ The poet did not perhaps deem historical accuracy necessary.

8 Convinced.

9 Repeated.

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore ;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots]

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake ?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive ?

Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof ;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe ?

And was he not in England prisoner ?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free,³ without his ransom paid
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.

See then ! thou fightest against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return ; return, thou wand'ring lord ;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquish'd : these haughty⁴ words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen !
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace :
My forces and my power of men are yours ;
So, farewell, Talbot ; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman, turn, and turn again !

Char. Welcome, brave duke ! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers ;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Paris. A Room in the Palace. Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords, VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign :

In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Leta fall his sword before your highness' feet ;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France ?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord !

When I was young (as yet I am not old),
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolv'd⁵ of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war ;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been requerd⁶ with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face ;
Therefore, stand up ; and, for these good deserts,

1 i. e. extirpated, rooted out.

2 Expuls'd is expell'd.

3 Another mistake. The duke was not liberated till after Burgundy's decline to the French interest ; which did not happen, by the way, till some years after the execution of La Pucelle : nor was that during the regency of York, but of Bedford.

4 Haughty does not mean disdainful, or violent, as Johnson supposed ; but elevated, high-spirited.

5 The inconsistency of the French was always the subject of satire. * I have read (says Johnson) a disserta-

* Convicted.

We here create you earl of Shrewsbury ;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT,
and Nobles.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours¹ that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York.—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st ?

Bas. Yes, sir ; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he ? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye ; not so : in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou knowest the law of arms
is such,

That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death ;²
Or else this blow should breach thy dearest blood.

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave

I may have liberty to venge this wrong ;

When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you ;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room of State. Enter*
KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK,
SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK,
TALBOT, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Wir. God save King Henry, of that name the
sixth !

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
[*Governor kneels.*

That you elect no other king but him :
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends ;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend³
Malicious practices against his state :
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

[*Exeunt* Gov. and his Train.

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from
Calais,

To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee !
I vow'd base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's⁴ leg,

[*Plucking it off.*

(Which I have done,) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,⁵
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away ;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;

1 l. e. the badge of a rose.

2 By the ancient law before the conquest, fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's judges, was punished with death. And still by the Stat. 35 Hen. VIII. c. xii. maliciously striking in the king's palace, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine, at the king's pleasure, and also with loss of the offender's right hand. Stowe gives a circumstantial account of Sir Edmond Knevet being found guilty of this offence, with the ceremonial for carrying the sentence into execution. He petitioned the king to take his left hand instead of his right ; and the king was pleased to pardon him altogether.—*Annals*, edit. 1603, p. 978.

3 To pretend is to intend, to design.

4 Warburton would read ' thy craven leg.' Craven is mean, dastardly.

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill becoming any common man ;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth :
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty⁶ courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremities.⁷
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order ;
And should, (if I were worthy to be judge,)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen ! thou bear'st
thy doom :

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight ;

Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit* FASTOLFE.

And now, my lord protector, view the letter

Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd
his style ? [Viewing the superscription.

No more but, plain and bluntly,—To the king ?

Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign ?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend⁸ some alteration in good will ?

What's here ?—I have upon especial cause,—

[*Reads.*

*Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of
France.*

O monstrous treachery ! Can this be so ;

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile ?

K. Hen. What ! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt ?

Glo. He doth, my lord ; and is become your foe !

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain ?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, Lord Talbot there shall talk
with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse :—

My lord, how say you ? are you not content ?

Tal. Content, my liege ? Yes ; but that I am
prevented,⁹

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto
him straight :

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason ;

And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord ; in heart desiring still,

You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign !

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too !

York. This is my servant ; hear him, noble prince !

Som. And this is mine ; Sweet Henry, favour him !

K. Hen. Be patient, lords ; and give them leave
to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim ?

And wherefore crave you combat ? or with whom ?

5 The old copy has *Poitiers* instead of *Patay*. The battle of Poitiers was fought in 1357, the 21st of King Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th of King Henry VI. viz. 1428. The action happened (according to Hollinhead) ' neere unto a village in Beausse, called *Pataie*.—From this battel departed, without any stroke stricken, Sir John Fastolfe, the same yeere by his valiantness elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of mistealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter,' &c.

6 Vide note 8 on p. 13 ; and note 4 on p. 17.

7 l. e. In greatest extremities. More and most were used by our ancestors for greater and greatest.

8 See note 3.

9 Prevented is anticipated.

Ver. With him, my lord, for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea, from England into France, This fellow here, with envious, carping tongue, Upbraided me about the rose I wear; Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves Did represent my master's blushing cheeks, When stubbornly he did repugn¹ the truth, About a certain question in the law, Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him; With other vile and ignominious terms: In confutation of which rude reproach, And in defence of my lord's worthiness, I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord; For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit, To set a gloss upon his bold intent, Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him; And he first took exceptions at this badge, Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower Bewray'd² the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause, Such factious emulations shall arise!— Good cousins both, of York and Somerset, Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,

And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone; Botwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Coufounded be your strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!

Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,

With this immodest, clamorous outrage,

To trouble and disturb the king and us?

And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well,

To bear with their perverse objections;

Much less, to take occasion from their mouths

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;

Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exc. It grieves his highness;—Good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour, Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—

And you, my lords,—remember where we are:

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

If they perceive dissension in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree,

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel?

Beside, What infamy will there arise,

When foreign princes shall be certified,

That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?

O, think upon the conquest of my father,

My tender years; and let us not forego

That for a trifle, that was bought with blood!

Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[*Putting on a red Rose.*]

That any one should therefore be suspicious

I more incline to Somerset than York:

Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:

As well may they upbraid me with my crown,

Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.

But your discretions better can persuade,

Than I am able to instruct or teach:

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,

So let us still continue peace and love.—

Cousin of York, we institute your grace

To be our regent in these parts of France:

And good my lord of Somerset, unite

Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—

And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together, and digest

Your angry choler on your enemies.

Ourselves, my lord protector, and the rest,

After some respite, will return to Calais;

From thence to England; where I hope ere long

To be presented by your victories,

With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Execut K. HEN. GLO. SOM.*

WIN. SUR. and BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,

In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wist he did,³—But let it rest;

Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Execut YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.*

Exc. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,

I fear we should have seen decipher'd there

More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,

Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.

But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees

This jarring discord of nobility,

This should'ring of each other in the court,

This factious bandying of their favourites,

But that it doth presage some ill event.

'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands;

But more, when envy⁴ breeds unkind⁵ division;

There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. France. Before Bordeaux. *Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter, Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General of the French Forces, and others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,

Servant in arms to Harry king of England;

And thus he would,—Open your city gates,

Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,

And do him homage as obedient subjects,

And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:

But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,

You tempt the fury of my three attendants,

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;

Who, in a moment, even with the earth

Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,

If you forsake the offer of our love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,

Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!

he instantly checks his threat with, *let it rest.* It is an example of a rhetorical figure not uncommon.

⁴ 'Tis an alarming circumstance, a thing of great consequence, or much weight.

⁵ *Envy*, in old English writers, frequently means *malice, enmity.*

⁶ *Unkind* is unnatural.

⁷ The old editions read *'their love.'* Sir Thomas Haumer altered it to *'our love;'* and I think, with Steevens, that the alteration should be adopted.

¹ To *repugn* is to resist. From the Latin *repugno.*

² *i. e. discovered.*

³ The old copy reads 'And if I wish he did;': an evident typographical error. York says that he is not pleased that the king should prefer the red rose, the badge of Somerset, his enemy; Warwick desires him not to be offended at it, as he dares say the king meant no harm. To which York, yet unsatisfied, hastily replies, in a menacing tone, 'If I thought he did;—but

The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the smores of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery¹
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible conquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due² thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well colour'd,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum after off.*]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c. from the Walls.*]

Tal. He fables not,³ I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood:⁴
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God, and Saint George! Talbot, and England's
right!

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Plains in Gascony. Enter YORK,
with Forces; to him a Messenger.

YORK. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bordeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your espials⁵ were discovered,
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for
Bordeaux.

YORK. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am louted⁶ by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in Franco.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

LUCY. Thou princely leader of our English
strength,

1 'To rive their dangerous artillery' is merely a figurative way of expressing to discharge it. To rive is to burst; and burst is applied by Shakespeare more than once to thunder, or to a similar sound.

2 Due for endue, or giving due and merited praise.

3 So Milton's Comus:—

'She fables not, I feel that I do fear.'

4 In blood is a term of the forest; a deer was said to be in blood when in vigour or in good condition, and full of courage, here put in opposition to rascal, which was the term for the same animal when lean and out of condition.

5 Espies

6 To lout may signify to depress, to lower, to dishonour; says Johnson: but in his Dictionary he explains it to overpower. Steevens knows not what to make of it: 'to set down, to be subdued, or vanquished,

Never so needful on the earth of Franco,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bordeaux, warlike duke! to Bordeaux, York!
Eise, farewell Talbot, Franco, and England's ho-
mour.

YORK. O God! that Somerset—who in proud
heart

Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep.
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

LUCY. O, send some succour to the distress'd
lord!

YORK. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, Franco smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

LUCY. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's
soul!

And on his son, young John; whom, two hours
since,

I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.⁸

YORK. Alas! what joys shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [*Exit.*]

LUCY. Thus, while the vulture⁹ of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Other Plains of Gascony. Enter
SOMERSET, with his Forces; an Officer of TAL-
BOT'S with him.

SOM. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York, and Talbot.
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheeded, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me:
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SOM. How now, Sir William? whither were you
sent?

LUCY. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold
Lord Talbot;¹⁰

Who, ring'd about¹¹ with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.

or baffled.' 'To be treated with contempt like a lout or country fellow,' says Malone. But the meaning of the word here is evidently *littered, riddled*: and the following quotation from Cotgrave will show that this was sometimes the sense of *to lout*:—'Lorcarder, to luske, lout, or lubber it; to toyler about like a master less man.'

7

— those sleeping stones
That as a waist do girdle you about'

King John.
S. i. e. expended, consumed. Malone says that the word is still used in this sense in the western counties.

9 Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.

10 i. e. from one utterly ruined by the treacherous practices of others. The expression seems to have been proverbial; intimating that foul play had been used.

11 Encircled, environed.

And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring,¹ looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.²

Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reigner, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;

Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:

owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betrayed to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:

Within six hours they will be at his aid.
Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The English Camp, near Bordeaux.*
Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,³
A terrible and unavoided⁴ danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.⁵

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard⁶ should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

¹ Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post.

² Emulation here signifies envious rivalry, not struggle for superior excellence.

³ To a field where death will be feasted with slaughter.

⁴ Unavoided for unavoidable.

⁵ For what reason this scene is written in rhyme (says Dr. Johnson) I cannot guess. If Shakspeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall fight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain,
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *A Field of Battle. Alarm: Excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,

And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;

I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:

The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,

To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire

Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,

Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,

And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.

The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood

From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood

Of thy first fight—I soon encounter'd;

And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,

Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*

And misbegotten blood I spill of thine;

Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care:

Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,

Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?

Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;

The help of one stands me in little stead.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,

To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,

To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:

By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,

'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,

In the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been part of some other poem, which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inserted it here. Mr. Boswell remarks that it was a practice common to all Shakspeare's contemporaries.

⁶ Your care of your own safety.

⁷ Determined here must signify prescribed, limited, appointed; and not ended, as Steevens and Malone concur in explaining it. John could not be meant to say that his time of life was actually ended.

My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me
smart, [heart:]

These words of yours draw life-blood from my
On that advantage, bought with such a shame
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die:
And, like me to the peasant boys of France;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;¹
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of
Crete,²

Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Another Part of the same. Alarum:

Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported
by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is
gone;—

O, where's young Talbot?—where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!³

Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—

When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,

His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,

And, like a hungry lion, did commence

Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;

But when my angry guardant stood alone,

Tend'ring my ruin,⁴ and assail'd of none,

Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,

Suddenly made him from my side to start

Into the clust'ring battle of the French:

And in that sea of blood my boy did drench

His overmounting spirit; and there died

My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the Body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is
borne!

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to
scorn,⁵

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,

O Talbot, winged through the lither⁶ sky,

In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—

O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,

Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:

Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;

Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say—

Had death been French, then death had died to-day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;

My spirit can no longer bear these harms.

Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[Dies.]

1 Prior has borrowed this thought in his Henry and
Emma:—

'Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?'

2 i. e. compare me, reduce me to a level by comparison.

3 See note on King Richard II. Act I. Sc. 1.

4 Thus in the Third Part of King Henry VI.:—

'What a peevish fool was that of Crete.'

5 Triumphant death, though thy presence is made
more terrible, on account of the stain of dying in captivity,
yet young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.

6 'Watching me with tenderness in my fall.'

7 In King Richard II. we have the same image:—

'— within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits—
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.'

8 Lither is flexible, pliant, yielding.

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving
the two Bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON,
BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bas. How the young whelp of Talbot's; raging-
wood,⁹

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be conquer'd by a maid:

But—with a proud, majestic high scorn,—

He answer'd thus; Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot!¹⁰ wench:

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,¹¹

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bas. Doubtless, he would have made a noble
knight:

See, where he lies inhered in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bas. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
asunder;

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended, a French
Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald,

Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know¹²
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French
word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our pri-
son is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?

Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford,¹³ Waterford, and Valence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
Sheffield,

The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;

Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;

Great marshal to Henry the Sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—

Him, that thou magnificest with all these titles,
Stinking and flyblown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchman's only
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?

O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!

O, that I could but call these dead to life!

It were enough to fright the realm of France:

Were but his picture left among you here,

⁹ Wood signified furious as well as mad: raging-
wood is certainly here furiously raging.

¹⁰ A giglot is a wanton wench. A minx, gigue (or
giglot,) flirt, coquet, or gixie, says Colgrave.

¹¹ We have a similar expression in the First Part of
Jeronimo, 1695:—

'Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the battle's bowels.'

¹² Lucy's message implied that he knew who had
obtained the victory: therefore, Hammer reads:—

'Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent.'

¹³ Weeford, in Ireland, was anciently called *Weyes*
ford. In Crompton's Mansion of Magnanimitie, 1596,
it is written as here, *Washford*. This long list of titles
is from the epitaph formerly existant on Lord Talbot's
tomb at Rouen. It is to be found in the work above
cited, with one other, 'Lord Lovestoft of Worsop,'
which would not easily fall into the verse. It concludes
as here, and adds, 'who died in the battle of Burdeaux,
1453.'

It would amaze¹ the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodiys; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as becoms their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em: to keep them
here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodiys hence.

Lucy.

I'll bear them hence:

But from their ashes shall be rear'd²

A phoenix that shall make all France asfard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what
thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace. Enter
King Henry, Gloucester, and Exeter.*

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the
pope,

The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—

They humbly sue unto your excellence,

To have a godly peace concluded,

Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood,

And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,

It was both impious and unnatural,

That such immanity³ and bloody strife

Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord—the sooner to effect,

And surer band, this knot of amity,—

The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,

A man of great authority in France,—

Proffers his only daughter to your grace

In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are
young;

And fitter is my study and my books,

Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,

So let them have their answers every one:

I shall be well content with any choice,

Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

*Enter a Legate, and Two Ambassadors, with Win-
chester, in a Cardinal's Habit.*

Esc. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?⁴

Then, I perceive, that will be verified,

Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—

If once he come to be a cardinal,

He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits

Have been consider'd and debated on.

Your purpose is both good and reasonable:

And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd

To draw conditions of a friendly peace;

Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean

Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your

master,—

I have inform'd his highness so at large,

¹ To amaze is to dismay, to throw into consternation.

² A child amazed or astonished with fears. *Urbs lymphata*

horribus. *Bart.*

³ A word is wanting to complete the metre, which

Hannet thus supplied:—

⁴ But from their ashes, *Dauphin*, shall be rear'd.

⁵ *Immanitas* (*immanitas*, *Lat.*) outrageousness, cru-

elity, excess. *Bount.* 'A belline kind of immanity

never rag'd so amongst men.' *Howell's Letters*, iii. 15.

⁶ The king was, however, twenty-four years old.

⁷ The poet has here forgot himself. In the first act

Gloucester says:—

'I'll canvas thee in thy broad cardinal's hat.'

And it is strange that *Exeter* should not know of his

As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*To the Amb.*] pledge of my
affection.

And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King Henry and Train; Gloucester,
Exeter, and Ambassadors.*]

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.

Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive.

That, neither in birth, or for authority,

The bishop will be overcome by thee:

I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,

Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. France. *Plains in Anjou. Enter*

Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, La Pu-

celle, and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our

drooping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,

And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of

France,

And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;

Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,

And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee

speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was

Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;

And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;

But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there;

Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most ac-

curs'd:—

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;

Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; And France be fortun-

nate! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before Angiers. Alth-*

erms: Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen

fly.—

Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;⁶

And ye choice spirits that amouish me,

And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*]

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Under the lordly monarch of the north,⁷

Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof

Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd

advancement. It appears that he would imply that

Winchester obtained his hat only just before his present

entry. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's

reign.

⁶ *Periapts* were certain written charms worn about

the person as preservatives from disease and danger.

Of these the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was

deemed the most efficacious. See *Scott's Discovery of*

Witchcraft, 1664, p. 212, &c.

⁷ The monarch of the north was Zimmar, one of the

four principal devils invoked by witches. The north

was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad

spirits. Milton assembles the rebel angels in the north.

Out of the powerful regions' under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk about, and speak not.*]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where¹ I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[*They hang their heads.*]

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*]

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail² her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:

Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting.
LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA
PUCELLE is taken. *The French fly.*

³ York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast;
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worse shape thou canst not be.
York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and
thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning⁴ hag! enchantress, hold thy
tongue.

Puc. I pry thee, give me leave to curse a while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the
stake. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in LADY
MARGARET.*

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [*Kisses her hand.*] for eternal
peace:

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whose'er thou art.

Suff. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,

Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,

Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*]

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;

My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.

As playing the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeit'd beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.⁵

¹ Warburton thought that we should read *legions* here, the same mistake having occurred before in this play.

² Where for *whereas*, a common substitution in old writers; *whereas* is also sometimes used for *where*.

³ To *vail* is to *lower*. See note on Merchant of Venice, Act I. Sc. 1.

⁴ To *ban* is to *curse*.

⁵ This comparison, made between things sufficiently unlike (Johnson observes,) is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle: which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:

Eye, De la Poole! disable not thyself;

Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,

Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.⁶

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—

What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suff. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*]

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must

I pay?

Suff. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd;

She is a woman; and therefore to be won. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suff. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife:

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*]

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.

Suff. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooing

care.⁷

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suff. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suff. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?

Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing!

Mar. He talks of wood; it is some carpenter's.

Suff. Yet so my fancy⁸ may be satisfied,

And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too;

For though her father be the king of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suff. It shall be so, disdain they never so much;

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—

Ma-lam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthralld? he seems a

knight,

And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*]

Suff. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French!

And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*]

Suff. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush: women have been captivate ere now.

[*Aside.*]

Suff. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid pro quo*.

Suff. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,

Than is a slave in base servility;

For princes should be free.

Suff. And so shall you,

If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suff. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;

To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,

And set a precious crown upon thy head,

If thou wilt condescend to be my— What?

Mar. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suff. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am

To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,

And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

[*Aside.*]

⁶ Do not represent thyself so weak. To *disable* was to dispraise, or *imprach*.

⁷ The meaning of *rough* here is not very evident.

Sir Thomas Haumer reads *crouch*.

⁸ A *cooing* card was most probably a card sent to

one as to cool the courage of the adversary. Meta-

phorically, something to damp or overwhelm the hopes

of an expectant.

⁹ I. e. an awkward business, an undertaking not

likely to succeed. 'It is sport to see a bold fellow out of

countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken

and *woolen* posture.'

¹⁰ I. e. love.

Suff. These call our captains, and our colours,
forth:

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

[Troops come forward.]

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the Walls.

Suff. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suff. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent (and for thy honour, give consent.)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto:
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suff. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face,¹ or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Exit from the Walls.]

Suff. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suff. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a
child.

Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little
worth,

To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suff. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suff. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:

And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [Aside.]

I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd;
So, farewell Reignier! See! this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord? Good wishes, praise,
and prayers,

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going.]

Suff. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you,
Margaret;

No princely commendation to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suff. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed.
But madam, I must trouble you again—
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suff. And this withal. [Kisses her.]

Mar. That for thyself:—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.]

Suff. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk,
stay;

Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaur, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad,² natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.
Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to
burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kill thy father's heart out-
right!

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood:

Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis
not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,

She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath
been;

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fye, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!³

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh:

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I prythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have usurp'd this
man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,

The morn that I was wedded to her mother—

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the milk

Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her
breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?

O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [Exit.]

York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have con-
demn'd;

Not one begotten of a shepherd swain

But issu'd from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,

By inspiration of celestial grace,

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,

Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—

Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible

To compass wonders, but by help of devils.

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy,

Chaste and immaculate in very thought;

Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enough:

1 To face is to carry a false appearance, to play the hypocrite. Hence the name of one of Ben Jonson's characters in *The Alchemist*.

2 I. e. silly, foolish.

3 Mad has been shown by Steevens to have been occasionally used for *staid*, in which sense we must take it here; if we do not, with others, suspect it an error of the press for *And* or *Her*.

4 *Timelss* is *untimely*.

5 *Miser* has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a *miserable creature*.

6 This vulgar corruption of *obstinate* has oddly lasted till now, says Johnson.

7 No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities.

Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shorted.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides;
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with
child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought;
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling;
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live:
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!¹
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reigrier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not
well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's a sign, she hath been liberal and free.
York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave
my curse:

May never glorious sun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not
well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It's a sign, she hath been liberal and free.
York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave
my curse:

May never glorious sun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,

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Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave
my curse:

War. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus.
That—in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,

To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become ass huggemen to his crown:

And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;⁴
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?

This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already, that I am possess'd
With more than half the Galian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:

Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?

No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of ail.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by some
means

Used intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?

Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,

Or we will plague thee with incessant war.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract;
If once it be neglected, 'tis to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen.

By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condi-
tion stand?

Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[CHARLES, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.]

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still.
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. London. A Room in the Palace.
*Enter KING HENRY, in conference with SUR-
VILE; GLOSTER and EXETER following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble
earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour in tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Surv. Tush! my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them.)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,

ful. It is an epithet frequently bestowed on poisonous
plants and reptiles.

⁴ Coronet is here used for crown.

⁵ Be content to live as the beneficiary of our king's
Benefit is here a term of law.

¹ The character of Machiavel seems to have been introduced without re-
gard to anachronism.

² Compassion, pity.

³ *Baleful* had anciently the same meaning as *bene-*

So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be Eng'land's royal queen.

Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suff. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph¹ having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds:
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suff. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glou. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exc. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;

While Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suff. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:²
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferred.

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king?
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,

My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that

¹ A triumph then signified a public exhibition; such as a tournament, mask, or revel.

² By the intervention of another man's choice; or the discretionary agency of another. The phrase occurs twice in King Richard III. —

'Be the attorney of my love to her.'

Again: —

'I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother.'

My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but thus I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping: post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants: and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares. —
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. *[Exit.]*

Glou. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.]

Suff. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. *[Exit.]*

OF this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the public those plays, not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts: —

'Henry the Sixth in swaddling bands crown'd king;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown.'

France is lost in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. were printed in 1600. When Henry V. was written, we know not, but it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first and second parts. The First Part of Henry VI. had been often shown on the stage, and would certainly have appeared in its place, had the author been the publisher. JOHNSON.

THAT the second and third parts, as they are now called, were printed without the first, is a proof, in my apprehension, that they were not written by the same author: and the title of The Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster, being affixed to the two pieces which were printed in quarto, is a proof that they were a distinct work, commencing where the other ended, but not written at the same time; and that this play was never known by the title of The First Part of King Henry VI. till Heminge and Condell gave it that name in their volume, to distinguish it from the two subsequent plays; which being altered by Shakspeare, assumed the new titles of the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI. that they might not be confounded with the original pieces on which they were formed. The first part was originally called The Historical Play of King Henry VI. MALONE.

³ To censure is here simply to judge. 'If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth.'

⁴ Grief, in the first line, stands for pain, uneasiness, in the second, especially for sorrow.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

RELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS and the Third Part of King Henry VI. contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign, which took in the whole contention between the houses of York and Lancaster: and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present play opens with King Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1445], and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1455]: so that it comprises the history and transactions of ten years.

The Contention of the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster was published in quarto: the first part in 1594; the second, of True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, in 1595; and both were reprinted in 1600. In a dissertation annexed to these plays, Mr. Malone has endeavoured to establish the fact that these two dramas were not originally written by Shakspeare, but by some preceding author or authors before the year 1590: and that upon them Shakspeare formed this and the following drama, altering, retrenching, or amplifying as he thought proper. I will endeavour to give a brief abstract of the principal arguments. 1. The entry on the Stationers' books, in 1594, does not mention the name of Shakspeare; nor are the plays printed with his name in the early editions; but, after the poet's death, an edition was printed by one Pavier without date, but really, in 1619, with the name of Shakspeare on the title-page. This he has shown to be a common fraudulent practice of the booksellers of that period. When Pavier republished The Contention of the Two Houses, &c. in 1619, he omitted the words 'as it was acted by the earl of Pembroke his servantes,' which appeared on the original title-page,—just as on the republication of the old play of King John, in two parts, in 1611, the words 'as it was acted in the honourable city of London,' were omitted, because the omitted words in both cases marked the respective pieces not to be the production of Shakspeare. And, as in King John, the letters W. Sh. were added, in 1611, to deceive the purchaser; so in the republication of The whole Contention, &c. Pavier, having dismissed the words above-mentioned, inserted these:—'Newly corrected and enlarged by William Shakspeare:' knowing that these pieces had been made the groundwork of two other plays: that they had in fact been corrected and enlarged, (though not in his copy, which was a mere reprint from the edition of 1600,) and exhibited under the titles of the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.; and hoping that this new edition of the original plays would pass for those altered and augmented by Shakspeare, which were then unpublished.

A passage from Greene's Groatworth of Wit, adduced by Mr. Tyrwhitt, first suggested and strongly supports Malone's hypothesis. The writer, Robert Greene, is supposed to address himself to his poetical friend, George Peele, in these words:—'Yes, trust them not (alluding to the players), for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes hee is well able to bombaste out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Joannes factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a country.'—'O tyger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide!' is a line in the old quarto play entitled The First Part of the Contention, &c. There seems to be no doubt that the allusion is to Shakspeare, that the old plays may have been the production of Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, or some of them; and that Greene could not conceal his mortification, at the fame of himself and his associates, old and established playwrights, being eclipsed by a new upstart writer, (for so he calls the poet,) who had then perhaps first attracted the notice of the public by exhibiting two plays formed upon old dramas written by them, considerably enlarged and improved. The very term that Greene uses, 'to bombaste out a blank verse,' exactly corresponds with what has been now suggested. This new poet, says he, knows as well as any man how to amplify and swell out a blank verse.

Shakspeare did for the old plays, what Boino had before done to the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo. He

wrote new beginnings to the Acts; he new versified, he new modelled, he transposed many of the parts; and greatly amplified and improved the whole. Several lines, however, and whole speeches, which he thought sufficiently polished, he accepted, and introduced, without any, or very slight, alterations.

Malone adopted the following expedient to mark these alterations and additions, which has been followed in the present edition:—All those lines which the poet adopted without any alteration, are printed in the usual manner; those speeches which he altered or expanded are distinguished by inverted commas; and to all lines entirely composed by himself asterisks are prefixed.

The internal evidences upon which Malone relies to establish his position are, 1. The variations between the old plays in quarto, and the corresponding pieces in the folio edition of Shakspeare's dramatic works, which are of so peculiar a nature as to mark two distinct hands. Some circumstances are mentioned in the old quarto plays, of which there is not the least trace in the folio; and many misapprehensions occur that prove the pieces in the quarto to have been original and distinct compositions. No copyist or shorthand writer would invent circumstances totally different from those which appear in Shakspeare's new-modelled draughts, as exhibited in the first folio; or insert whole speeches, of which scarcely a trace is found in that edition. In some places a speech in one of these quartos consists of ten or twelve lines: in Shakspeare's folio the same speech consists perhaps of only half the number. A copyist by the ear, or an unskilful shorthand writer, might mutilate and exhibit a poet's thoughts or expressions imperfectly; but he would not dilate and amplify them, or introduce totally new matter.

Malone then exhibits a sufficient number of instances to prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, his position: so that (as he observes) we are compelled to admit, either that Shakspeare wrote *two sets* of plays on the story which forms his Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI., hasty sketches, and entirely distinct and more finished performances; or else we must acknowledge that he formed his pieces on a foundation laid by another writer or writers; that is upon the two parts of The Contention of the Two Houses of York, &c. It is a striking circumstance that almost all the passages in the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI. which resemble others in Shakspeare's undisputed plays, are not found in the original pieces in quarto, but in his *ri-faccimento* in folio. As these resemblances to his other plays, and a peculiar Shakspearian phrasology, ascertain a considerable portion of those disputed dramas to be the production of that poet; so, on the other hand, other passages, discordant, in matters of fact, from his other plays, are proved by this discordancy not to have been composed by him: and these discordant passages, being found in the original quarto plays, prove that those pieces were composed by another writer.

It is observable that several portions of English history had been dramatised before the time of Shakspeare. Thus we have King John, in two parts, by an anonymous writer; Edward I. by George Peele; Edward II. by Christopher Marlowe; Edward III. anonymous; Henry IV. containing the deposition of Richard II. and the accession of Henry to the crown, anonymous; Henry V. and Richard III. both by anonymous authors. It is therefore highly probable that the whole of the story of Henry VI. had been brought on the scene, and that the first of the plays here printed, formerly called The Historical Play of King Henry VI. and now named The First Part of King Henry VI. as well as the Two Parts of the Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster, were the compositions of some of the authors who had produced the historical dramas above enumerated.

Mr. Boswell, speaking of the originals of the second and third of these plays, says, 'That Marlowe may have had some share in these compositions, I am not disposed to deny; but I cannot persuade myself that they entirely proceeded from his pen. Some passages are possessed of so much merit, that they can scarcely be ascribed to any one except the most distinguished of

Shakespeare's predecessors; but the tameness of the general style is very different from the peculiar characteristics of that poet's mighty line, which are great energy both of thought and language, degenerating too frequently into tumour and extravagance. The versification appears to me to be of a different colour.—That Marlowe, Peele, and Greene, may all of them have had a share in these dramas, is consonant to the frequent practice of the age; of which ample proofs may be found in the extracts from Henslowe's MS. printed by Mr. Malone.¹

From the passage alluding to these plays, in Greene's *Croatsworth of Wit*, it seems probable that they were

produced previous to 1592, but were not printed until they appeared in the folio of 1622.

To Johnson's high panegyric of that impressive scene in this play, the death of Cardinal Beaufort, we may add that Schlegel says, 'It is sublime beyond all praise. Can any other poet be named who has drawn aside the curtain of eternity at the close of this life in such an overpowering and awful manner? And yet it is not mere horror with which we are filled, but solemn emotion; we have an exemplification of a blessing and a curse in close proximity; the pious king is an image of the heavenly mercy, which, even in his last moments, labours to enter into the soul of the sinner.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, *his Uncle*.
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, *great Uncle to the King*.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York:
EDWARD and RICHARD, *his Sons*.
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, } *of the King's Party*.
LORD CLIFFORD,
Young CLIFFORD, *his Son*,
EARL OF SALISBURY,
EARL OF WARWICK, } *of the York Faction*.
LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower*. LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and his Brother*.
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and
WALTER WHITMORE.
Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk.

A Herald. VAUX.
HUME and SOUTHWELL, *two Priests*.
BOLINGBROKE, a *Conjuror*. *A Spirit raised by Him*.
THOMAS HORNER, an *Armourer*. PETER, *his Man*.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.
SIMPCOX, an *Impostor*. Two Murderers.
JACK CADE, a *Rebel*:
GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH *the Weaver*, MICHAEL, &c. *his Followers*.
ALEXANDER IDEN, a *Kentish Gentleman*.
MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloster.
MARGERY JOURDAIN, a *Witch*. Wife to Simpcox.
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various parts of England.

ACT I

SCENE I. London. *A Room of State in the Palace. Flourish of Trumpets; then Hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others, following.*

Suffolk.

As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator¹ to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and
Alençon,

Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance²
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret;

I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,

¹ 'The marquess of Suffolk, as procurator to King Henry, espoused the said lady in the church of St. Martin. At the which marriage were present, the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself, that was uncle to the husband; and the French queen also, that was aunt to the wife. There were also the Dukes of Orleans, of Calaber, of Alençon, and of Brittain: seven earls, twelve barons, twenty bishops.—*Hall and Holme's Hist.*

² I. e. to the gracious hands of you, my sovereign, who are, &c. In the old play the line stands:—
'Unto your gracious excellence, that are.'

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!

For thou hast given me, in this beautiful face,

A world of earthly blessings to my soul,

* If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord;

The mutual conference that my mind hath had³—

By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;

In courtly company, or at my beads,—

With you mine alder-lieft⁴ sovereign,

Makes me the bolder to salute my king

With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,

And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish: but her grace in

speech,

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,

Makes me, from wondering—fall to weeping joys;⁵

Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—

Lords with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

Suff. My lord protector, so it please your grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace,

Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] Imprimis, It is agreed between the

French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, mar-

quess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of Eng-

land,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady

Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples,

Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of

England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—

Item—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of

Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her

father—

3 I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination.

4 I. e. most beloved of all: from alder, of all; formerly used in composition with adjectives of the superlative degree: and lieft, dearest, or most loved.

5 This weeping joy, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakespeare frequently uses. It is introduced in *Much Ado about Nothing*, *King Richard II*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*.

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord; Some sudden quail hath struck me at the heart, And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—It is further agreed between them,— that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquis, kneel down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,

And girt thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace

From being regent in the parts of France,

Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—

Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and

Buckingham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done,

In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide

To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,

Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,

His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?

Did he so often lodge in open field,

In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,

To conquer France, his true inheritance?

And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,

To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,

Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?

Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,

With all the learned council of the realm,

Studied so long, sat in the council-house,

Early and late, debating to and fro

How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?

And hath his highness in his infancy

Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?

And shall these labours, and these honours, die?

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,

Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?

O peers of England, shameful is this league!

Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame:

Blotting your names from books of memory:

Razing the characters of your renown:

Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;

Undoing all, as all had never been!

* *Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

* This peroration with such circumstance?

* For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

* *Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

* But now it is impossible we should:

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,

Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine

Unto the poor king Reigner, whose large style

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

* *Sal.* Now, by the death of him that died for all,

* These counties were the keys of Normandy:—

But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

* *War.* For grief, that they are past recovery:

* For, were there hope to conquer them again,

* My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.

* Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;

* Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:

* And are the cities, that I got with wounds,

* Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

* Mort Dieu!

1 This speech crowded with so many circumstances of aggravation.

2 King Reigner, her father, for all his long style, had too short a purse to send his daughter honourably to the king her spouse.—*Hollinshed.*

3 The indignation of Warwick is natural, but might have been better expressed: these fr. a. kind of jangle

* *York.* For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,

* That dims the honour of this warlike isle!

* France should have torn and rent my very heart,

* Before I would have yielded to this league.

* I never read but England's kings have had

* Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:

* And our King Henry gives away his own,

* To match with her that brings no vantage.

* *Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before

* That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,

* For costs and charges in transporting her!

* She should have staid in France, and starv'd in

France,

* *Before*—

* *Car.* My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;

* It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

* *Glo.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind.

* 'Tis not my speeches that you do mistake,

* But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.

* Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face

* I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

* We shall begin our ancient bickering.

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,

I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*]

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'Tis known to you he is mine enemy:

* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;

* And no great friend, I fear me, to the king;

* Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,

* And heir apparent to the English crown;

* Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

* And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

* There's reason he should be displac'd at it.

* Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing word

* Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.

* What though the common people favour him,

* Calling him—*Humphrey the good duke of Gloster*;

* Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—

Jesu maintain your royal excellence!

* With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*

* I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,

* He will be found a dangerous protector.

* *Back.* Why should he then protect our sove-

reign,

* He being of age to govern of himself,

* Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,

* And all together—with the duke of Suffolk,—

* We'll quickly hie Duke Humphrey from his seat.

* *Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay;

* I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*]

* *Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Hum-

phrey's pride,

* And greatness of his place be grief to us,

* Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;

* His insolence is more intolerable

* Than all the princes in the land beside;

* If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Back. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,

* Despight Duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.

* While these do labour for their own preferment,

* Behooves it us to labour for the realm.

* I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster

* Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

* Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—

* More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,

* As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—

* Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

* Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—

* Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!

* Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-weeping,

* Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,

* Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—

* And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

intended in wounds and words. In the old play 'he jangle is different. And must that then which we won

with our swords, be given away with words?

4 Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, married Cecily, the daughter of Ralph Neville, earl of Westmorland, by Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, dame Catharine Swinford. Richard Neville, earl of Salisbury, was son to the earl of Westmore-

' In bringing them to civil discipline ;
 ' Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
 ' When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
 ' Have made thee hoar'd, and honour'd, of the
 people :—
 ' Join we together, for the public good ;
 ' In what we can to bridle and suppress
 ' The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
 ' With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;
 ' And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
 ' While they do tend the profit of the land.
 * *War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
 * And common profit of his country !

* *York.* And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

* *War.* Unto the main ! O father, Maine is lost ;
 That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
 * And would have kept, so long as breath did last :
 Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant
 Maine ;

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French ;

* Paris is lost ; the state of Normandy
 * Stands on a tickle² point, now they are gone :
 * Suffolk concluded on the articles ;
 * The peers agreed ; and Henry was well pleas'd,
 * To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
 * I cannot blame them all ; What is't to them ?
 * 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
 * Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their
 pillage,

* And purchase friends, and give to courtisans,
 * Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone :
 * While-as the silly owner of the goods
 * Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
 * And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
 * While all is shar'd, and all is borne away ;
 * Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
 * So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
 * While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
 * Methinks, the realms of England, France, and
 Ireland,

* Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
 * As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
 * Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.³

Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French !
 Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
 A day will come, when York shall claim his own ;
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
 And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit :
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
 Nor hold his sceptre in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve :
 Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state ;
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride, and England's dear-bought
 queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be full'n at jars ;
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd ;
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

Exit.

land by a second wife. He married Alice, only daughter of Thomas Montacute, earl of Salisbury, who was killed at the siege of Orleans (see Part I. of this play, Act. I. Sc. 3.), and in consequence of that alliance obtained the title of Salisbury in 1429. His eldest son, Richard, having married the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, was created earl of Warwick, 1440.

* This is an anachronism. The present scene is in

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House. Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.*

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?

* Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,

* As frowning at the favours of the world ?

* Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
 * Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight ?

* What seest thou there ? King Henry's diadem,
 * Enchas'd with all the honours of the world ?

* If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 * Until thy head be circled with the same.

* Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold :—
 * What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine :

* And having both together heav'd it up,
 * We'll both together lift our heads to heaven ;

* And never more abase our sight so low,
 * As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

* *Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy
 lord,

* Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts :
 * And may that thought, when I imagine ill

* Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry
 * Be my last breathing in this mortal world !

* My troublesome dream this night doth make me sad.
 * *Duch.* What dream'd my lord ? tell me, and I'll
 requite it

* With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
 * *Glo.* Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in
 court,

* Was broke in twain, by whom, I have forgot,
 * But, as I think, it was by the cardinal ;

* And on the pieces of the broken wand
 * Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Som-

erset,
 * And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.

* This was my dream ; what doth it bode, God
 knows.

* *Duch.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
 That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
 Shall lose his head for his presumption.

* But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke :
 * Methought I sat in seat of majesty,

* In the cathedral church of Westminster,
 * And in that chair where kings and queens are
 crown'd ;

* Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
 * And on my head did set the diadem.

* *Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright :
 * Presumptuous dame, ill nurtur'd Eleanor !

Art thou not second woman in the realm ;
 And the protector's wife, below'd of him ?

* Hast thou no worldly pleasure at command,
 * Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?

* And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
 * To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,

* From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?
 Away from me, and let me hear no more.

* *Duch.* What, what, my lord ! are you so che-
 leric

* With Eleanor, for telling but her dream ?
 * Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,

* And not be check'd.
 * *Glo.* Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

* *Mess.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness'
 pleasure.

* You do prepare to ride into Saint Albans,
 * Whereas⁴ the king and queen do mean to hawk.

* *Glo.* I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us ?

1445 ; but Richard, Duke of York, was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449.

² *Tickle* is frequently used for *ticklish* by ancient writers.

³ *Meleager* ; whose life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in torment.

⁴ *Ill nurtur'd* is *ill educated*.

⁵ *Whereas* for *where* ; a common substitution in old language, as *where* is often used for *whereas*.

* *Duch.* Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently.
 [*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*]
 * Follow I must, I cannot go before,
 * While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
 * Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
 * I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
 * And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
 * And, being a woman, I will not be slack
 * To play my part in fortune's pageant.
 * Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not,
 man,
 * We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!
 * *Duch.* What say'st thou, majesty? I am but
 grace.
 * *Hume.* But, by the grace of God, and Hume's
 advice,
 * Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
 * *Duch.* What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet
 conferr'd
 * With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch?;
 * And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
 * And will they undertake to do me good?
 * *Hume.* This they have promised,—to show your
 highness
 * A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
 * That shall make answer to such questions,
 * As by your grace shall be propounded him.
 * *Duch.* It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
 * When from Saint Albans we do make return,
 * We'll see these things effected to the full.
 * Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
 * With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit Duchess.*]

* *Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duch-
 ess' gold;
 * Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume?
 * Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
 * The business asketh silent secrecy.
 * Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
 * Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
 * Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
 * I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
 * And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
 * Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
 * They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
 * Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
 * And buz these conjurations in her brain.
 * They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;:
 * Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
 * Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 * To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
 * Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
 * Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;
 * And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall:
 * Sort her it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*
Enter PETER, and others, with Petitions.

* *1 Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord

* protector will come this way by and by, and than-
 * we may deliver our supplications in the quill.
 * *2 Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a
 * good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK, and QUEEN MARGARET.

* *1 Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen
 * with him: I'll be the first, sure.
 * *2 Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of
 * Suffolk, and not my lord protector.
 * *Suff.* How now, fellow! would'st any thing with
 * me?
 * *1 Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye
 * for my lord protector.
 * *Q. Mar.* [Reading the superscription.] *To my*
 * *lord protector!* are your supplications to his lord-
 * ship? Let me see them: What is thine?
 * *1 Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against
 * John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keep-
 * ing my house, and lands, and wife and all, from
 * me.

* *Suff.* Thy wife too? that is some wrong indeed.
 * —What's yours?—What's here? [*Reads.*] *Against*
 * *the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of*
 * *Melford.*—How now, sir knave?

* *2 Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of
 our whole township.

* *Peter.* [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my
 master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke
 of York was rightful heir to the crown.

* *Q. Mar.* What say'st thou? did the duke of
 York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

* *Peter.* That my master was? No, forsooth: my
 master said, That he was; and that the king was
 an usurper.

* *Suff.* Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take
 this fellow in, and send for his master with a pur-
 suivant presently:—we'll hear more of your matter
 before the king. [*Exeunt Servants, with Peter.*]

* *Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be pro-
 tected

* Under the wings of our protector's grace,
 * Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the Petition.*]

* Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

* *All.* Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]
 * *Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the
 guise,

* Is this the fashion in the court of England?
 * Is this the government of Britain's isle,
 * And this the royalty of Albion's king?
 * What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,
 * Under the surly Gloster's governance?
 * Am I a queen in title and in style,
 * And must be made a subject to a duke?
 * I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
 * Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,
 * And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
 * I thought King Henry had resembled thee,
 * In courage, courtship, and proportion:
 * But all his mind is bent to holiness,
 * To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
 * His champions are—the prophets and apostles,

1 A title frequently bestowed on the clergy. See the first note on the Merry Wives of Windsor.

2 It appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. x. p. 505, that in the tenth year of Henry VI. Margery Jourdain, John Virley Clerk, and Friar John Ashwell, were, on the ninth of May, brought from Windsor by the constable of the castle, into which they had been committed for sorcery, before the council at Westminster, and afterwards committed to the custody of the Lord Chancellor. It was ordered that whenever the said Virley and Ashwell should find security for their good behaviour they should be set at liberty, and in like manner that Jourdain should be discharged on her husband's finding security. This woman was afterwards burned in Smithfield, as stated in the play, and also in the *Chronicles*.

3 This expression was proverbial.

4 Let the *issue* be what it will.

5 There have been some strange conjectures in explanation of this phrase, in the *quill*. Stevens says that it may mean no more than written or penned suppli-

cations. Mr. Tollet thinks it means with great exactness and observance of form, in allusion to the quilled or plaited ruffs. Hawkins suggests that it may be the same with the French *en quille*, said of a man when he stands upright upon his feet, without moving from the place, in allusion to *quille*, a neplun. It appears to be nothing more than an intention to mark the vulgar pronunciation of 'in the coil,' i. e. in the *busette*. This word is spelt in the old dictionaries *quoil*, and was no doubt often pronounced by ignorant persons *quite*, or *quill*.

6 This *wrong* seems to have been sometimes practised in Shakespeare's time. Among the Lansdowne MSS. we meet with the following singular petition:—'Julius Bogaruelus to the Lord Treasurer, in Latin, complaining that the Master of the Rolls keeps his wife from him in his own house, and wishes he may not teach her to be a papist.'

7 The quarto reads 'an usurer.'

* *Queen.* An usurper thou would'st say,

Ay—an usurper.

8 i. e. scoundrels; from *cogioni*, Ital.

* His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ ;
 * His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
 * Are brazen images of canonized saints.
 * I would, the college of cardinals
 * Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
 * And set the triple crown upon his head ;
 * That were a state fit for his holiness.
 * *Suff.* Madam, be patient ; as I was cause
 * Your highness came to England, so will I
 * In England work your grace's full content.
 * *Q. Mar.* Beside the haught protector, have we
 * Beaufort,
 * The imperious churchman ; Somerset, Bucking-
 * ham,
 * And grumbling York : and not the least of these,
 * But can do more in England than the king.
 * *Suff.* And he of these, that can do most of all,
 * Cannot do more in England than the Nevils :
 * Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.
 * *Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so
 * much,
 * As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
 * She sweeps it through the court with troops of
 * ladies,
 * Moves like an empress than Duke Humphrey's
 * wife ;
 * Strangers in court do take her for the queen :
 * She bears a duke's revenues on her back ;
 * And in her heart she scorns her poverty :
 * Shall I not live to be wam'd on her ?
 * Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
 * She vaunted 'mongst her maions 't'other day,
 * The very train of her worst wearing-gown
 * Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 * Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms¹ for his daughter.
 * *Suff.* Madam, myself have him'd a bush for
 * her ;
 * And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
 * That she will fight to listen to the lays,
 * And never mount to trouble you again.
 * So, let her rest ; And, madam, list to me :
 * For I am bold to counsel you in this.
 * Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 * Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
 * Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
 * As for the duke of York, this late complaint²
 * Will make but little for his benefit :
 * So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 * And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter KING HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET, con-
 versing with him ; DUKE and DUCHESS of GLOS-
 TER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM,
 SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not
 which ;

Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in
 France,

Then let him be deny'd⁴ the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yes, or no,
 Dispute not that : York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, War-
 wick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

* *Sol.* Peace, son ;—and show some reason,
 Buckingham,

* Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

* *Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will have
 it so.

* *Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself

To give his censure :⁵ these are no women's
 matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your
 grace

To be protector of his excellence ?

* *Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm ;

And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suff. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.

Since thou wert king (as who is king, but thou ?)

The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck :

* The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas

* And all the peers and nobles of the realm

* Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

* *Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd ; the
 clergy's bags

* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

* *Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's

attire,

* Have cost a mass of public treasury.

* *Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution,

* Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,

* And left thee to the mercy of the law.

* *Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices, and towas in
 France,—

* If they were known, as the suspect is great,—

* Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her Fan.*

* Give me my fan : What, minion ! can you not ?

[*Gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*

* I cry you mercy, madam ; Was it you ?

* *Duch.* Was't I ? yes, I it was, proud French-
 woman :

* Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
 I'd set my ten commandments in your face.⁶

* *K. Hen.* Sweet aunt, be quiet ; 'twas against her
 will.

* *Duch.* Against her will ! Good king, look to't
 in time ;

* She'll bamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby :

* Though in this place most master wear no

breeches,

She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[*Exit DUCHESS.*

* *Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

* And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds :

* She's tickled now ; her fume needs no spurs,

* She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,

* With walking once about the quadrangle,

* I come to talk of commonwealth affairs :

* As for your spiteful false objections,

* Prove them, and I lie open to the law ;

* But God in mercy so deal with my soul,

* As I in duty love my king and country !

* But, to the matter that we have in hand :

* I say, my sovereign, York is meekest man,

* To be your regent in the realm of France.

* *Suff.* Before we make election, give me leave

* To show some reason, of no little force,

* That York is most unmeet of any man.

* *York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.

* First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride :

* Next, if I be appointed for the place,

* My lord of Somerset will keep me here,

* Without discharge, money, or furniture,

* Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.

* Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,

* Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

* *War.* That I can witness ; and a fouler fact

* Did never traitor in the land commit.

* *Suff.* Peace, headstrong Warwick !

* *War.* Image of pride, why should I hold my

peace ?

¹ The duchies of Anjou and Maine, which Henry

understood to Reigner on his marriage with Margaret.

² In the original play :—

* I have set *thestricks* that will entangle them.

³ I. e. the complaint of Peter the Arrouser's man

against his master, for saying that York was the right

king.

⁴ Denay is frequently used instead of deny among

the old writers.

⁵ Censure here means simply judgment or opinion ;

the sense in which it was used by all the writers of the

time.

⁶ This appears to have been a popular phrase for

the hands or ten fingers.

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HUME and PETER.

Suff. Because here is a man accus'd of treason: Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

* *York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?
* *K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk I tell me: What are these?

* *Suff.* Please it your majesty, this is the man That doth accuse his master of high treason: His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,

' Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
' And that your majesty was an usurper.

* *K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words?
Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

* *Pet.* By these ten bones, my lords, [holding up his hands.] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

* *York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
* I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech;
* I do beseech your royal majesty,
* Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did yow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

* *K. Hen.* Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?
* *Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.

' Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
' Because in York this breeds suspicion:
' And let these have a day appointed them
' For single combat in convenient place;
' For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
' This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

* *K. Hen.* Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.
* *Som.* I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.
* *Pet.* Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; * for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth * against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I * shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my * heart!

* *Glo.* Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.
* *K. Hen.* Away with them to prison: and the day
' Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
* Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE IV. *The same.* The Duke of Gloucester's Garden. Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

* *Hume.* Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell * you, expects performance of your promises.

* *Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore pro-
* vided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our
* exorcisms?

* *Hume.* Ay; What else? fear you not her cou-
* rage.

1 We have just heard a duchess threaten to set her ten commandments in the face of a queen. We have here again a similar vulgar expression. It is, however, a very ancient popular adjuration, and may be found in many old dramatic pieces.

2 Theobald inserted these two lines from the old play, because without them the king has not declared his assent to Gloucester's opinion: and the duke of Somerset is made to thank him for his regency before the king has deputed him to it. Malone supposes that Shakespeare thought Henry's consent to Humphrey's doom might be expressed by a nod; and therefore omits the lines.

3 By *exorcise* Shakespeare invariably means to raise spirits, and not to lay them. Vide note on All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. Sc. 2.

4 Matter or business.

5 The old quarto reads 'the silence of the night.' The variation of the copies is worth notice:—

' Dark night, dread night, the silence of the night,

* *Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a wo-
* man of an invincible spirit: But it shall be con-
* venient, master Hume, that you be by her side,
* while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go
* in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*]
* Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on
the earth;—* John Southwell, read you; and let
* us to our work.

Enter Duchess, above.

* *Duch.* Well said, my masters; and welcome
* all. To this goer; the sooner the better.

* *Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know
their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night.

* The time of night when Troy was set on fire

* The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dog⁶
howl,

* And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves;

* That time best fits the work we have in hand.

* Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,

* We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the Ceremoniall opportunity, and make the Circle; BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads, Conjure to, &c. R thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*]

* *Spir.* Adram.

* *M. Jourd.* Asmath,

* By the eternal God, whose name and power

* Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

* For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

* *Spir.* Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said
and done!

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him
become? [*Reading out of a paper.*]

* *Spir.* The duke yet lives, that Henry shall do
poor;

But him outlaw, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks SOUTHWELL writes the answer.*]

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

* *Spir.* By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

* *Spir.* Let him shew castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.

* Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning
lake;

* False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.*]

Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their
Guards, and others.

* *York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their
trash.

* *Heldame.* I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—

* What, madam, are you there? the king and com-
monweal

* Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

* My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

* See you well guarden'd⁸ for these good descents.

* *Duch.* Not half so bad as time to England's
king,

* Injurious duke; that threat'at where is no cause.

Wherein the furies mask in hellish troops,
Send up, I charge you, from Cecytus' lake
The spirit of Acalcon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this canker earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye:
Acalcon, ascend, ascend!—

Warburton, in a learned but erroneous note, wished us
prove that an *inter-lunar* night was meant. Steevens
has justly observed that *silent* is here used by the poet
as a substantive.

6 *Ban-dog*, or *band-dog*, any great fierce dog which
required to be tied or chained up. *Canis molossus*,
a mastive, beare-dog, or bull-dog. It is sometimes
called in the dictionaries *canis castorarius*.

7 It was anciently believed that spirits, who were
raised by incantations, remained above ground, and an-
swered questions with reluctance. See both Lucan and
Statius.

8 Rewarded.

* *Back.* True, madam, none at none. What call you this? [*Showing her the papers.*]
 * Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
 * And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:
 * Stafford, take her to thee.—
 [*Exit Duchess from above.*]
 * We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;
 * All.—Away!
 [*Essent Guards, with SOUTH BOLING. &c.*]
 * York, Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
 * A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
 Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
 What have we here? [*Reads.*]
 The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
 But him outlive, and die a violent death.
 * Why, this is just,
 * As to, *Essent, Romanos vincere posse.*
 Well, to the rest:
 Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
 By water shall he die, and take his end.—
 What shall betide the duke of Somerset?
 Let him sham castles;
 Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
 Than where castles mounted stand.
 * Come, come, my lords;
 * These oracles are hardly attain'd,
 * And hardly understood.
 * The king is now in progress toward Saint Albans,
 * With him the husband of this lovely lady:
 * Thither go these morns, as fast as horse can carry them;
 * A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.
 * *Back.* Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
 * To be the post, in hope of his reward.
 * York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

* Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
 * To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!
 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Saint Albans. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hallooing.

* *Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
 * I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
 * Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
 * And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
 * *K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
 * And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
 * To see how God in all his creatures works!
 * Yes, man and birds, are fain¹ of climbing high.
 * *Suff.* No marvel, an it like your majesty,
 * My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
 * They know their master loves to be aloft,
 * And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
 * *Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
 * That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

1 The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl.
 2 Johnson was informed that the meaning here is, 'the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather.' But surely, not getting out cannot signify not coming home. Dr. Percy's interpretation is entirely opposed to this: he explains it, — 'The wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game.' Steevens says, 'The ancient books of hawking do not enable him to decide on the merits of such discordant explanations.' I think, if he had looked into Latham's Falconry, he would have found that Dr. Percy's is the right explanation. 'When you shall come afterward to fly her she must be altogether guided and governed by her stomach; yea, she will be kept and also lost by the same: for let her fall of that never so little, and every puff of wind will blow her away from you; nay, if there be no

* *Car.* I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.
 * *Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
 Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?
 * *K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy!
 * *Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
 * Beat on a crown,⁴ the treasure of thy heart;
 Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
 That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
 * *Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
 * *Tantene animis caelestibus ira?*
 * Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
 * With such holiness can you do it?
 * *Suff.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
 * So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
 * *Glo.* As who, my lord?
 * *Suff.* Why, as you, my lord;
 An't like your lordly lord protectorship.
 * *Glo.* Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insupportance.
 * *Q. Mar.* And thy ambition, Gloster.
 * *K. Hen.* I prythee, peace,
 Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
 For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
 * *Car.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
 Against this proud protector, with my sword!
 * *Glo.* Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that!
 [*Aside to the Cardinal.*]
 * *Car.* Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*]
 * *Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
 * In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*]
 * *Car.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
 * This evening, on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*]
 * *K. Hen.* How now, my lords?
 * *Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,
 * Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
 * We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand-sword.⁶ [*Aside to G. & L.*]
 * *Glo.* True, uncle.
 * *Car.* Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?
 * *Glo.* Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*]
 * *K. Hen.* Why, how now, uncle Gloster?
 * *Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
 Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
 * Or all my fence⁷ shall fail. [*Aside.*]
 * *Car.* *Medice teipsum;*
 * Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. } [*Aside.*]
 * *K. Hen.* The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
 * How irksome is this music to my heart!
 * When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
 * I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying
 A Miracle!

* *Glo.* What means this noise?
 * Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

wind stirring, yet she will wheel and sink away from him and from his voice, that all the time before had lured and trained her up.' Booke 1. p. 68, Ed. 1633.
 3 I. e. found or glad.
 4 I. e. thy mind is soaring on a crown.
 5 Vide St. Matthew, v. 2.
 6 The 'two-hand-sword' was sometimes called the long sword, and in common use before the introduction of the rapier. Justice Shallow, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, boasts of the exploits he had performed in his youth with this instrument. In the original play the Cardinal desires Gloster to bring his sword and buckler.
 7 Fence is the art of defence.
 8 This scene is founded on a story which Sir Thomas More has related, and which he says was communicated to him by his father. The impostor's game is not mentioned; but he was detected by Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and in the manner here represented. See More's Works, p. 124, Ed. 1667.

Isab. A miracle! a miracle!

Suff. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Isab. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;

A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban, and his Brethren; and SIMPSON, borne between two Persons in a Chair; his Wife, and a great Multitude, following.

Cor. Here come the townsmen on procession,

To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king.

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance.

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suff. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st

have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been

great to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here

by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep

By good Saint Alban; who said,—*Simpson, come;*

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and

oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Cor. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very

dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'd'st plums well, that

would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some

damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open

them:—

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God,

and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this

cloak of!

Simp. Red, master: red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my

gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet

is of!

Suff. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a

many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saundser Suspixon, an if it please you,

master.

Glo. Then, Saundser, sit thou there, the lyingest

knave

In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,

Thou might'st as well have known our names, as

thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly

To nominate them all, 's impossible.—

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;

And would ye not think that coming to be great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Alban, have you not

bridles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the bridle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.

[*A Stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to

save yourself from whipping, leap on over this stool,

and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:

You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Bridle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.

Sirrah, bridle, whip him till he leap over that same

stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah: off with

your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not

able to stand.

[*After the Bridle hath hit him once, he leaps*

over the Stool, and runs away; and the People

follow, and cry, A miracle!

K. Hen. O God, sweet thou this, and bear'st

so long?

Q. Mar. If made me laugh, to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market

town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*]

Cor. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suff. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

One. But you have done more miracles than I;

You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buck-

ingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,—

Under the countenance and confederacy

Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

The ringleader and head of all this rout,—

Have practis'd dangerously against your state;

Dealing with witches, and with conjurers;

Whom we have apprehended in the fact;

Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

Demanding of King Henry's life and death,

And other of your highness' privy council,

As more at large your grace shall understand.

Cor. And so, my lord protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's

edge:

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Exit to GLOSTER.*]

1 A sort is a company.

2 i. e. wickedly, knavishly.

3 i. e. your lady is in custody.

* *Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
 * Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
 * And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
 * Or to the meanest groom.
 * *K. Hen.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
 * Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
 * *Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
 * And, look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
 * *Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
 * How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal:
 * And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
 * Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
 * Noble she is; but if she have forgot
 * Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
 * As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
 * I banish her my bed, and company;
 * And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
 * That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
 * *K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
 * To-morrow, toward London, back again,
 * To look into this business thoroughly,
 * And call these foul offenders to their answers;
 * And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
 * Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II. London. The Duke of York's Garden. Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

* *York.* Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
 * Our simple supper ended, give me leave
 * In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
 * In craving your opinion of my title,
 * Which is infallible to England's crown.
 * *Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.
 * *War.* Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
 * The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
 * *York.* Then thus:—
 * Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
 * The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
 * The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
 * Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
 * Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;
 * The fifth, was Edmund Langley, duke of York;
 * The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
 * William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
 * Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
 * And left behind him Richard, his only son,
 * Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
 * Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
 * The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
 * Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
 * Seiz'd on the realm; and depos'd the rightful king;

* Sent his poor queen to France, from whom she came,
 * And him to Pomfret; where, as you all know,
 * Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.
 * *War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth;
 * Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
 * *York.* Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
 * For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
 * The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
 * *Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
 * *York.* The third son, duke of Clarence (from whose line
 * I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
 * Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
 * Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March;
 * Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
 * *Sal.* This Edmund,* in the reign of Bolingbroke,
 * As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
 * And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
 * Who kept him in captivity, till he died.
 * But, to the rest.
 * *York.* His eldest sister, Anne,
 * My mother being heir unto the crown,
 * Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
 * To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
 * By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
 * To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
 * Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
 * Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
 * So, if the issue of the elder son
 * Succeed before the younger, I am king.
 * *War.* What plain proceedings are more plain
 * than this?
 * Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
 * The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
 * Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
 * It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
 * And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
 * Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
 * And, in this private plot,* be we the first,
 * That shall salute our rightful sovereign
 * With honour of his birthright to the crown.
 * *Both.* Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
 * *York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
 * Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
 * With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.
 * And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
 * But with advice and silent secrecy.
 * Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
 * Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
 * At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
 * At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
 * Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
 * That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey

* I in the original play the words are, 'as you both know.' The phraseology of the text is peculiar to Shakespeare.

* In Act ii. Sc. 5, of the last play, York, to whom this is spoken, is present at the death of Edmund Mortimer in prison; and the reader will recollect him to have been married to Owen Glendower's daughter in the First Part of King Henry IV.

* Some of the mistakes of the historians and the drama concerning Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, are noticed in a note to the former play; where he is introduced an aged and gray-haired prisoner in the Tower, and represented as having been confined 'since Harry Monmouth first began to reign.' Yet here we are told he was kept in captivity by Owen Glendower till he died. The fact is, that Hall having said Owen Glendower kept his son-in-law, Lord Grey of Ruthvin, in captivity till he died, and this Lord March having been said by some historians to have married Owen's daughter, the author of this play has confounded them with each other. This Edmund being only six years of age at the death of his father, in 1398, he was delivered by King Henry IV. in ward to his son Henry prince of

Wales, and during the whole of that reign, being a minor, and related to the family on the throne, he was under the particular care of the king. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordshire men against Owen Glendower, and was taken prisoner by him. The Percies, in the manifesto they published before the battle of Shrewsbury, speak of him as rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding for political reasons that the king would not ransom him, they at their own charge had ransomed. If he was at the battle of Shrewsbury, he was probably brought there against his will, to grace their cause, and was under the care of the king soon after. Great trust was reposed in this earl of March during the whole reign of King Henry V. In the sixth year of that king he was at the siege of Fresnes, with the earl of Salisbury; and soon afterwards with the king himself at the siege of Melun. In the same year he was made lieutenant of Normandy; was at Melun with Henry to treat of his marriage with Catharine; and accompanied that queen when she returned from France with the corpse of her husband, in 1423, and died two years afterwards at his castle of Trim, in Ireland.

* Sequestered spot.

* 'Tis that they seek : and they, in seeking that,
 * Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
 * *Sak.* My lord, break we off ; we know your
 mind at full.
 * *War.* My heart assures me, that the earl of
 Warwick
 * Shall one day make the duke of York a king.
 * *York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
 * Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
 * The greatest man in England, but the king.
 [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. A Hall of Justice.*
*Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN
 MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and
 SALISBURY ; the Duchess of Gloster, MAR-
 GAREY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and
 BOLINGBROKE, under guard.*

* *K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,
 Gloster's wife ;
 * In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great ;
 * Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
 * Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death—
 * You four, from hence to prison back again ;
 [To JOURD. &c.

* From thence, unto the place of execution :
 * The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
 * And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
 * You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
 * Deprived of your honour in your life,
 * Shall after three days' open penance done,
 * Live in your country here, in banishment,
 * With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
 * *Duch.* Welcome is banishment, welcome were
 my death.

* *Gla.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged
 thee ;
 * I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—
 [Exit the Duchess, and the other pri-
 soners guarded.

* Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
 * Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
 * Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground !
 * I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go ;
 * Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.
 * *K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster : ere
 thou go,

* Give up thy staff ; Henry will to himself
 * Protector be : and God shall be my hope,
 * My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet ;
 * And go in peace, Humphrey ; no less belov'd,
 * Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

* *Q. Mar.* I see no reason, why a king of years
 * Should be to be protected like a child.—
 * God and King Henry govern England's helm :
 * Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

* *Gla.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff ;
 * As willingly do I the same resign,
 * As e'er thy father Henry made it mine ;
 * And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
 * As others would ambitiously receive it.

* Farewell, good king : When I am dead and gone,
 * May honourable peace attend thy throne ! [Exit.

* *Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Mar-
 garet queen ;
 * And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,

1 *i. e.* sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease.
 2 The image is probably from our Liturgy :—' *A lan-
 tern to my feet, and a light to my path.*'

3 *Reach* is the ancient pretic of the verb *reach*.
 Shakespeare uses it in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. Sc.
 9 :—'The hand of death has reach'd him.'

4 *Her* in this line relates to *pride*, and not to *Eleanor*.
 * The pride of Eleanor dies before it has reached ma-
 turity.'

5 *i. e.* let him pass out of your thoughts. Duke Hum-
 phrey had already left the stage.

6 In a worse plight.

7 As, according to the old law of duels, knights were
 to fight with the lance and the sword, so those of infe-
 rior rank fought with an ebon staff, or batton, to the
 farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard
 with sand.

8 *Charneco* appears to have been a kind of sweet

* That bears so shrew'd a main ; two pulls at once,—
 * His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
 * This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
 * Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

* *Suff.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his
 sprays ;

* Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
 * *York.* Lords, let him go.—Please it your
 majesty,

* This is the day appointed for the combat ;
 * And ready are the appellant and defendant,
 * The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
 * So please your highness to behold the fight.

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord ; for purposely
 therefore

* Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
 * *K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and all
 things fit ;

* Here let them end it, and God defend the right !
 * *York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,
 * Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
 * The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours,
 drinking to him so much that he is drunk ; and he
 enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to
 it ; a drum before him ; at the other side, PETER,
 with a drum and a similar staff ; accompanied by
 Prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you
 in a cup of sack ; And fear not, neighbour, you shall
 do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of
 charneco.
 3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer,
 neighbour : drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, it's aith, and I'll pledge you all ;
 And a fig for Peter !

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee ; and be not
 afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy mas-
 ter ; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all : * drink, and pray for me,
 * I pray you ; for, I think, I have taken my last
 * draught in this world.*—Here, Robin, an if I die,
 I give thee my apron ; and, Will, thou shalt have my
 hammer :—and here, Tom, take all the money that
 I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God ! for I am
 never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt
 so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.
 —Sirrah, what's thy name ?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter ! what more ?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump ! then see thou thump thy master
 well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon
 my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and
 myself an honest man : * touching the duke of
 * York,—will take my death, I never meant him
 any ill, nor the king, nor the queen : * And, there-
 * fore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow,
 as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.
 * *York.* Despatch :—this knave's tongue begins
 to double.
 wine. Warburton imagines that it may have had its
 name from *charneca*, the Spanish name for a species of
 turpentine tree ; but Steevens says *Charneco* is the
 name of a village in Portugal where this wine was
 made. It is frequently mentioned by old writers.
 9 Gay has borrowed this idea in his *What d'ye call*
 it, where Peasod says :—
 * Stay, let me pledge—'tis my last earthly liquor.'
 Peasod's subsequent bequest is likewise copied from
 Peter's division of his moreables.
 10 Warburton added this allusion to *Bevis* and *Asca-*
part from the old quarto. The story of this knight and
 giant were familiar to our ancestors ; their effigies are
 still preserved on the gates of Southampton.
 11 This is from Hollinshed, whose narrative Shak-
 speare has deserted in making the armourer confess
 treason :—'His neighbours gave him wine and strong
 drinks in such excessive sort, that he was therewith

* Sound trumpets, alarm to the combatants.

[Alarm. They fight, and Peter strikes down his Master.]

Her. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [D.ex.]

* York. Take away his weapon;—Fellow,
* Thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

* Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies
‘in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in
‘right?’

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our
‘sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt: 1
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrong-
fully.—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. The same. A Street. Enter GLOSTER
and Servants, in mourning Cloaks.

* Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day
a cloud;

* And, after summer, evermore succeeds
* Barren winter, with his wishful nipping cold:
* So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.²
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

* Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
‘To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
‘Unearth³ may she endure the flinty streets,
‘To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind brook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious⁴ looks, still laughing at thy shame;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
* But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
* My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloster, in a white sheet, with
papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a
taper burning in her hand: SIR JOHN STANLEY,
a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from
the sheriff.

* Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
‘See, how the giddy multitude do point,
‘And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
‘Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
‘And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban⁵ thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.
Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
‘Methinks, I should not thus be led along.
Maid⁶ up in shame,⁶ with papers on my back;
* And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice

* To see my fears, and hear my deep-fet⁷ groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advis'd⁸ how I tread.

* Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
* Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;
* Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?
* No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
* To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
‘Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

* With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee;
* But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
* Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

* Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
* I must offend before I be attained:
* And had I twenty times so many foes,
* And each of them had twenty times their power,
* All these could not procure me any ease,⁹
* So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
‘Would'st have me recuse thee from this reproach?
‘Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
‘But I in danger for the breach of law.
‘Thy greatest help is quiet,¹⁰ gentle Nell:
‘I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
‘These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parli-
ament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before.
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

* Sher. An't please your grace, here my com-
mission stays:
‘And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
‘To take her with him to the Isle of Man.
‘Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?
‘Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please
your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not
farewell.

* Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.]

disempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for being convict of felonie in court of assise, he was judged to be hanged, and so was at Tyburn: Fo. 62d.

1 The real name of the combatants were John Davys and William Catour. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Bologne and Robert Horne, the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabian's Chronicle, may have suggested the name of Horner. The precept to the sheriffs, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield, with the account of expenses incurred, is among the records of the exchequer, and has been printed in Mr. Nichols's Illustrations of the Manners and Expenses of Antient Times in England, quarto, 1797. It appears that the erection of the barriers, the combat itself, and the subsequent execution of the armourer, occupied the space of six or seven days; that a large quantity of sand and gravel was consumed on the occasion, and that the place of battle was strewed with rushes. Mr. Boevena inferred that the armourer was not killed by his opponent, but woreded, and immediately afterwards hanged. This, however, is in direct

contradiction to all the historians, who state that he was slain. Hall's words are, 'whose body was drawn to Tyburn, and there hanged and beheaded.' The law made no distinction, the dead body of the vanquished was equally adjudged to the punishment of a convicted traitor, in order that his posterity might participate in his infamy. Indeed the record seems decisive; for it states that the dead man was watched after the battle was done, and this most probably means before it was conveyed to Tyburn for execution and disputation. The death of the vanquished person was always regarded as certain evidence of his guilt.

2 I. e. pass or fleet away. 3 Not easily.
4 Malignous. 5 Curse.
6 Wrapped or bundled up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance. Mailed, from a mail or mail, a little budget.
7 Deep-fetched. 8 I. e. careful, circumspect.
9 Scathe is harm, mischief, used by all our ancient writers. The word is still in use in Scotland.
10 The poet has not endeavoured to raise much compassion for the duchess, who indeed suffers but what she had deserved.—Johnson.
11 I. e. the world may look again favourably on me.

* *Duch.* Art thou gone too? * All comfort go with thee!

* For none abides with me: my joy is—death;

* Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,

* Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—

* Stanley, I pry thee, go, and take me hence;

* I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

* Only convey me where thou art commanded.

* *Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;

* There to be used according to your state.

* *Duch.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:

* And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

* *Stan.* Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady,

* According to that state you shall be used.

* *Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;

* Although thou hast been conduct' of my shame!

* *Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

* *Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—

* Come, Stanley, shall we go?

* *Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

* And go we to attire you for our journey.

* *Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

* No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

* And show itself, attire me how I can.

* Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.²

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury. Enter to the Parliament, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BRAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.*

* *K. Hen.* I muse,¹ my lord of Gloster is not come:

* 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,

* Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

* *Q. Mar.* Can you not see? or will you not observe

* The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

* With what a majesty he bears himself?

* How insolent of late he is become,

* How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?

* We know the time, since he was mild and affable;

* And, if we did but glance a far-off look,

* Immediately he was upon his knee,

* That all the court admir'd him for submission:

* But meet him now, and be it in the morn,

* When every one will give the time of day,

* He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,

* And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,

* Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

* Small curs are not regarded, when they grin:

* But great men tremble, when the lion roars:

* And Humphrey is no little man in England.

* First, note, that he is near you in descent;

* And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

* He seemeth,⁴ then, it is no policy,—

* Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,

* And his advantage following your decease,—

* That he should come about your royal person,

* Or be admitted to your highness' council.

* By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;

* And, when he please to make commotion,

1 For conductor.

2 This impetuosity of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers. This is one of those touches which came from the hand of Shakespeare; it is not in the old play.

3 Wonder.

4 I. e. it seemeth to me, a word more grammatical than methinks, which has intruded into its place.—Johnson.

5 I. e. assemble by observation.

6 Foolish.

7 Suffolk uses *highness* and *grace* promiscuously to the queen. Camden says that *majesty* came into use in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, as *sacred majesty*

* 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.

* Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;

* Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,

* And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

* The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,

* Made me collect³ these dangers in the duke.

* If it be fond,⁴ call it a woman's fear;

* Which fear if better reasons can supplant,

* I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.

* My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—

* Reprove my allegation, if you can;

* Or else conclude my words effectual.

* *Suff.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke;

* And, had I first been put to speak my mind,

* I think I should have told your grace's tale.

* The duchess, by his subordination,

* Upon my life, began her devilish practices:

* Or if he were not privy to those faults,

* Yet, by repute of his high descent⁵

* (As next the king he was successive heir,)

* And such high vaunts of his nobility,

* Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,

* By wicked means, to frame our sovereign's fall,

* Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;

* And in his simple show he harbours treason.

* The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.

* No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man

* Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

* *Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,

* Devise strange deaths for small offences done

* York. And did he not, in his protectorship,

* Levy great sums of money through the realm,

* For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?

* By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

* *Back.* Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,

* Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

* *K. Hen.* My lords, at once: The care you have of us,

* To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,

* Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?

* Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent

* From meaning treason to our royal person,

* As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove;

* The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well gives,

* To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond alliance!

* Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,

* For he's disposed as the hateful raven.

* Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,

* For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.

* Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?

* Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all

* Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

ENTER SOMERSET.

* *Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!

* *K. Hen.* Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

* *Som.* That all your interest in those territories

* Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

* *K. Hen.* Cold news, Lord Somerset: But God's will be done!

* York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,

* As firmly as I hope for fertile England.⁶

* Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

lately, in our memory. Welden says that this must be understood so far as it relates to the title being commonly in use, and properly to the king applied, because he adduces an instance of the use of *majesty*, so early as the reign of Henry the Second. The reader will see more on the subject in Mr. Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 11.

8 I. e. valuing himself on his high descent. The word occurs again in Act v.—

9 And in my conscience do repute his grace, &c.

10 These two lines York had spoken before in the first act of this play. He is now meditating on this disappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his present loss.

* And caterpillars eat my leaves away ;
 * But I will remedy this gear' ere long.
 * Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [Aside.]

Enter GLOSTER.

* Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king !
 Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.
 Suff. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,

* Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art :
 I do arrest thee of high treason here.
 Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet¹ thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest ;
 * A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
 * The purest spring is not so free from mud,
 * As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :
 Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
 And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay ;
 By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so ? What are they that think it ?

* I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
 * Nor ever had one penny begme from France,
 * So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
 * Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England !
 * That doth that e'er I wreathe from the king,
 * Or any great I boarded to my use,
 * Be brought against me at my trial day !
 * No ! many a pound of mine own proper store,
 * Because I would not tax the needy commons,
 * Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
 * And never ask'd for restitution.

* Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
 * Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God !
 York. In your protectorship, you did devise
 Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
 That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whilea I was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me ;
 * For I should melt at an offender's tears,
 * And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
 * Unless it were a bloody murderer,
 * Or foul felonious thief that fec'd poor passengers,
 * I never gave them condign punishment :
 * Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
 * Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suff. My lord, these faults are easy,² quickly answer'd :

* But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
 * Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
 * I do arrest you in his highness' name ;
 * And here commit you to my lord cardinal
 * To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,

* That you will clear yourself from all suspects ;
 My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous !
 * Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
 * And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;
 * Foul subornation is predominant,
 * And equity exil'd your highness' land.
 * I know, their complot is to have my life ;
 * And, if my death might make this island happy,
 * And prove the period of their tyranny,
 * I would expend it with all willingness :
 * But mine is made the prologue to their play ;
 * For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 * Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

* Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

* And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stern hate ;
 * Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue,
 * The envious lord that lies upon his heart ;
 * And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
 * Whose overcoming arm I have pluck'd back,

* By false accuse doth level at my life ;—
 * And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
 * Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;
 * And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up—
 * My liefest³ liege to be mine enemy :—

* Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
 * Myself had notice of your conventicles,
 * I shall not want false witness to condemn me ;
 * Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
 * The ancient proverb will be well applied,—
 A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

* Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable :
 * If those that care to keep your royal person
 * From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
 * Be thus unbraided, chid, and rated at,
 * And the offender granted scope of speech,
 * 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
 With ignominious words, though clerically couch'd,
 As if she had suborned some to swear
 * False allegations to o'erthrow his state ?

* Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
 Glo. Far truer spoke than meant : I lose indeed,—
 * Beshrew the winners, for they played me false ;
 * And well such losers may have leave to speak.
 Back. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us long all day :—

* Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his catch,
 Before his legs be firm to bear his body :
 * This is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
 * And wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw the first.
 Ah, that my fear were false ! ah, that it were !
 * For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.]

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
 Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament ?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret ; my heart is down'd with grief,

* Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes ;
 * My body round engirt with misery ;
 * For what's more miserable than discontent ?—
 * Ah, uncle Humphrey ! in thy face I see

* The map of honour, truth, and loyalty !
 * And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
 * That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

* What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
 * That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
 * Do seek subversion of thy harmless life ?

* Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong ;
 * And as the butcher takes away the calf,
 * And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 * Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house ;

* Even so, remorseless, have they born him hence,
 * And as the dam runs howling up and down,
 * Looking the way her harmless young one went,
 * And can do nought but wail her darling's loss ;

* Even so, myself bewails good Gloster's case,
 * With sad unhelpful tears ; and with dimm'd eyes
 * Look after him, and cannot do him good ;
 * So mighty are his vowed enemies,
 * His fortunes I will weep ; and, 'twixt each groan,
 * Say—Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none. [Exit.]

* Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

1 *Gear* was a general word for matter, subject, or business in general.

2 This is the reading of the second folio. The first folio reads, 'Well, Suffolk, thou,' &c. Mr. Malone reads, 'Well, Suffolk's duke,' &c. from the old play.

3 *i. e. slight.* 4 For accusation.

5 *Liefest* is dearest.

6 Warburton thinks that by 'free lords' Margaret

means 'you who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king ; but are men of the world, and know how to live.' I have shown in a note on *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Sc. 4, that *free* meant pure, chaste, and consequently virtuous. This may be the meaning here ; unless the reader would rather believe that it means *free-born, noble*, which was the sense of the Saxon original.

* Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
 * Too full of foolish pity; and Gloucester's show
 * Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
 * With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
 * Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,¹
 * With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
 * That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
 * Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
 * (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
 * This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
 * To rid us from the fear we have of him.
 * Car. That he should die, is worthy policy:
 * But yet we want a colour for his death:
 * 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.
 * Suff. But, in my mind, that were no policy;
 * The king will labour still to save his life;
 * The commons haply rise to save his life;
 * And yet we have but trivial argument,
 * More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
 * York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.
 * Suff. Ah, York, no man alive so fair as I.
 * York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—
 * But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
 * Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
 * Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
 * To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
 * As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
 * Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
 * Suff. Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madness, then,
 * To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
 * Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
 * His guilt should be but idly posted over,
 * Because his purpose is not executed.
 * No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
 * By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
 * Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
 * As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.²
 * And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:
 * Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
 * Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
 * So he be dead; for that is good deceit
 * Which mates³ him first, that first intends deceit.
 * Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
 * Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done;
 * For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
 * But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
 * Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 * And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
 * Say but the word, and I will be his priest.⁴
 * Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
 * Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
 * Say, you consent, and censure⁵ well the deed,
 * And I'll provide his executioner,
 * I tender to the safety of my liege.
 * Suff. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
 * Q. Mar. And so say I.
 * York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
 * It skills not greatly⁶ who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

* Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come
 * again,
 * To signify—that rebels there are up,
 * And put the Englishmen unto the sword;
 * Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
 * Before the wound do grow incurable;
 * For, being green, there is great hope of help.

1 i. e. in the flowers growing on a bank.

2 York had more reason for desiring Humphrey's death, because he stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself in his ambitious views.

3 The meaning of this obscurely constructed passage appears to be, 'The fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphrey may be properly de-

* Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedition⁷ stop!
 * What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
 * York. That Somerset be sentas regent thither:
 * 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
 * Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
 * Som. If York, with all his far-fet⁸ policy,
 * Had been the regent there instead of me,
 * He never would have staid in France so long.
 * York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
 * I rather would have lost my life betimes,
 * Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
 * By staying there so long, till all were lost.
 * Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
 * Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.
 * Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
 * If wind and fuel, be brought to feed it with:—
 * No more, good York:—sweet Somerset, be still:—
 * Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
 * Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
 * York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all!
 * Som. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame!
 * Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
 * The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
 * And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
 * To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
 * Collected choicely, from each county some,
 * And try your hap against the Irishmen?
 * York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
 * Suff. Why, our authority is his consent;
 * And, what we do establish, he confirms:
 * Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
 * York. I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,
 * Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
 * Suff. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
 * But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
 * Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
 * That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
 * And so break off the day is almost spent:
 * Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
 * York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
 * At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
 * For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
 * Suff. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
 * [Exeunt all but York.]
 * York. Now, York, or never, steal thy fearful thoughts,
 * And change misdoubt to resolution:
 * Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
 * Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
 * Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
 * And find no harbour in a royal heart.
 * Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought
 * on thought;
 * And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
 * My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
 * Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
 * Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
 * To send me packing with an host of men:
 * I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
 * Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
 * 'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
 * I take it kindly: yet, be well assur'd
 * You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
 * While I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
 * I will stir up in England some black storm,
 * Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:
 * And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage

stroyed, as being proved by reasons or arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime.

4 i. e. confounds, overcomes.

5 That is, 'I will be the attendant on his last scene; I will be the last man whom he shall see.'

6 i. e. judge or think well of it.

7 'It matters not greatly.' Shakespeare has the phrase in Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

8 Expeditious.

9 Far-fetched.

* Until the golden circuit be my head;¹
 * Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
 * De cales the fury of this mad-bred flaw.²
 * And, for a minister of my intent,
 * I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
 * John Cade of Ashford,
 * To make commotion, as full well he can,
 * Under the title of John Mortimer.
 * In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
 * Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes;³
 * And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
 * Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
 * And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
 * Caper upright like a wild Morisco,⁴
 * Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
 * Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,
 * Hath he conversed with the enemy;
 * And undiscover'd come to me again,
 * And given me notice of their villainies.
 * This devil here shall be my substitute;
 * For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 * In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
 * By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 * How they affect the house and claim of York.
 * Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured:
 * I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
 * Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
 * Say, that he thrive (as 'tis great like he will,)
 * Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 * And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
 * Fos, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 * And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

SCENE II. Bury. A Room in the Palace.
 Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 Mur. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
 * We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
 * 2 Mur. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?

* Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

1 Mur. Here comes my lord.

* Suff. New, sirs, have you

Despatch'd this thing?

1 Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

* Suff. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;

I will reward you for this venturesome deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand:—

Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,

According as I gave directions?

1 Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.

* Suff. Away, be gone! [Exeunt Murderers.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and others.

* K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:

Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,

If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

* Suff. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

[Exit.

* K. Hen. Lords, take your places;—And, I pray you all,

Proceed no stricter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester;
 * Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
 * He be approv'd in practice culpable.
 * Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
 * That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
 * Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
 * K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.—

Re-enter Suffolk.

* How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?

* Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suff. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

* Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

* Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,

* The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word,

[The King awakes,

* Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

* Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

* Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, open thine eyes!

* Suff. He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.

* K. Hen. O heavenly God!

* Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suff. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Heaven, comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now? to sing a raven's note,

* Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,

* By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

* Can chase away the first-conceiv'd sound?

* Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,

* Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

* Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny

* Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

* Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;

* Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk,

* And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight!

* For in the shade of death I shall find joy:

* In life, but double death, now Gloucester's dead!

* Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?

* Although the duke was enemy to him,

* Yet he, most christianlike, laments his death.

* And for myself,—so as he was to me,

* Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,

* Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

* I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

* Look pale as primrose, with blood-dripping sight,

* And all to have the noble duke alive.

* What know I how the world may deem of me?

* For it is known we were but hollow friends;

* It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:

* So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

* And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

1 Thus in Macbeth:—
 * All that impales thee from the golden round,
 * Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 * To have thee crown'd withal.
 In King Henry IV. Part II. the crown is called 'this golden rigol.'
 2 A *flaw* is a violent gust of wind.
 3 *Kernes* were Irish peasantry, who served as light-armed foot soldiers. In King Richard II. they are called 'rough rag-banded Kernes.'
 4 A *dance* in a *morris-dance*; originally, perhaps, meant to imitate a *Morris-dance*, and thence named. The bells sufficiently indicate that the English *morris-dancer* is intended. It appears from Blount's Glossography, and some of our old writers, that the dance itself was called a *morris*. Florio, in the first edition of his Italian Dictionary, defines 'Morrisca, a kind of morris or antique dance, after the *Moorish* or *Ethiopian* fashion.' The reader who would know more on this curious subject will do well to consult Mr. Douce's very

interesting dissertation, printed in the second volume of his Illustrations of Shakspeare.
 5 The directions concerning this scene stand thus in the quarto copy:—'Then the curtains being drawn, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his breast, and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolk to them.'
 6 As nothing further is spoken either by Somerset or the cardinal, or by any one else, to show that they take advantage of the confusion occasioned by the king's swearing, and slip out unobserved. The next news we hear of the cardinal, he is at the point of death.
 7 Just now.
 8 —As Esculapion herdsman did write,
 That did with easy sight enforce a basilisk to fly,
 Albeit naturally that beast doth murder with the eye.
 —Albion's England, b. 1. c. 11.
 9 And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs.
 King Henry VI. Part III. Act IV. Sc. 4

* *This girl by his death:* Ah, woe, unhappy!
 * To be a queen; and crown'd with infamy!
 * *K. Hen.* Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

* *Mar.* 'Be woe for me,' more wretched than he.

What dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
 * What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
 * Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
 * Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
 * Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
 * Erect his statue then, and worship it,
 * And make my image but an alehouse sign.
 Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
 * And twice by awkward³ wind from England's bank

* Drove back again unto my native clime?
 What boded this, but well forewarning wind
 Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest;
 * Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
 * What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
 * And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
 * And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,

* Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
 * Yet *Aolus* would not be a murderer,
 * But left that hateful office unto thee:
 * The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
 * Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore,

* With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness;
 * The splitting rocks cover'd in the sinking sands,
 * And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
 * Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 * Might in thy palace perish⁴ Margaret.
 * As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 * When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
 * I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
 * And when the dusky sky began to rob
 * My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 * I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
 * A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
 * And threw it towards thy land;—the sea receiv'd it;

* And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
 * And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
 * And hid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
 * And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 * For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 * How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
 * (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
 * To sit and witch⁵ me, as *Ascanius* did,
 * When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
 * His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
 * Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?⁶

1 i. e. let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me.
 2 This allusion, which has been borrowed from the Proverbs of Solomon, and *Faust's* lull, by many writers, is oddly illustrated in a passage of *Owen's Confession Amant's*, & c. l. fo. x. ed. 1532.

3 The same uncommon epithet is applied to the wind by Marlowe in his *Edward II.*—
 * With awkward winds, and with sore tempest driven
 To fall on shore.

4 And by *Brayton*, Epistle from *Richard II.* to *Queen Isabel*:—

* And undertook to travel dangerous wales,
 Driven by awkward winds and boisterous seas.

5 The verb *witch* is here used actively. Thus in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy*:—
 let not my sins
 Perish your noble youth.

6 The old copy reads 'watch me': the emendation is *Theobald's*, who observes that 'it was *Cupid* in the semblance of *Ascanius*, who bewitched *Dido*.' She, taking him for *Ascanius*, would naturally speak to him about his father, and would be witch'd by what she learned from him, as well as by the more regular narrative she had heard from *Aeneas* himself.

7 *Stevens* thinks the word *or* should be omitted in this line, which would improve both the sense and metre. *Mason* proposes to read *art* instead of *so*.

* *Stevens* proposed to read *rain* instead of *drain*.

* Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
 * For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.
 Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.
 The Commons press to the door.

* *War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 * That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd

* By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
 * The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
 * That want their leader, scatter up and down,
 * And care not who they sting in his revenge.
 * Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
 * Until they hear the order of his death.

* *K. Hen.* That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
 * Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
 * And comment then upon his sudden death.

* *War.* That I shall do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,

With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK goes into an inner Room, and SALISBURY retires.

* *K. Hen.* O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts:

* My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
 * Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
 * If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
 * For judgment only doth belong to thee!
 * Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
 * With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain⁷
 * Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
 * To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
 * And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
 * But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
 * And, to survey his dead and earthly image,
 * What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The folding Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his Bed: WARWICK and others standing by it.

* *War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body:

* *K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave is made:

* For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
 * For seeing him, I see my life in death.
 * *War.* As surely as my soul intends to live
 * With that dread King that took our state upon him
 * To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
 * I do believe that violent hands were laid
 * Upon the life of this three-famed duke.

Suff. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

* What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
 * *War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face!

Oh have I seen a timely parted ghost,⁸
 * Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,

8 This stage direction was suggested by Malone as best suited to the exhibition. The stage direction in the quarto is, 'Warwick draws the curtains, and shows Duke Humphrey in his bed.' In the folio, 'A bed with Gloster's body put forth.' By these and other circumstances it seems that the theatres were then unfurnished with scenes. In those days, it appears that curtains were occasionally hung across the middle of the stage on an iron rod, which being drawn open formed a second apartment, when a change of scene was required. See Malone's Account of the ancient Theatres, prefixed to the variorum editions of Shakespeare.

9 How much discussion there has been about this simple passage, which evidently means,—'I see my own life threatened with extermination, or surrounded by death.' Thus in a passage of the *Burial Service*, to which I am surprised none of the commentators have adverted, 'In the midst of life we are in death.'

10 Shakespeare has conformed the terms which signify body and soul together. So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

—dun'd spirits all,
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial.

The word is frequently thus loosely used by ancient writers; instance see in *Spenser* and others. 'A timely parted ghost,' says Malone, 'means a body that hath become insensible in the possession course

' Being all descended to the labouring heart;
 ' Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 ' Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy:
 ' Which with the heart there cools and ne'er re-
 ' turneth
 ' To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 ' But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
 ' His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
 ' Starting full ghastly like a strangled man:
 ' His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretched with
 ' struggling;
 ' His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
 ' And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
 ' Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
 ' His well proportion'd beard made ruff and
 ' rugged,

' Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
 ' It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
 ' The least of all these signs were probable.
 ' *Suff.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke
 ' to death?

' Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
 ' And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
 ' *War.* But both of you were vow'd Duke Hum-
 ' phrey's foes;

' And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep;
 ' 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
 ' And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.
 ' *Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these noble-
 ' men

' As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.
 ' *War.* Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding
 ' fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
 But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

' *Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk; where's
 ' your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
Suff. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
 But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
 That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
 That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
 Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
 That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Sox, and others.*]
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk
 ' dare him?

' *Q. Mar.* He dares not calm his contumelious
 ' spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
 Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

' *War.* Madam, be still; with reverence may I
 ' say;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,
 Is slander to your royal dignity.

' *Suff.* Blame-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
 If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
 Thy mother took into her blameful bed
 Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
 Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
 And never of the Nevils' noble race.

' *War.* But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
 And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee,
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 ' And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
 I would, false murderous coward, on thy knees
 ' Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
 And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
 ' That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
 And, after all this fearful homage done,
 Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
 ' Ferocious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy
 blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence;
 ' Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
 ' And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

' *K. Hen.* What stronger breastplate than a heart
 ' untaunted?

' Thrice is he armed, that hath his quarrel just;
 ' And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
 ' Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A Noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their
 Weapons drawn.*

' *K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords? your wrathful
 ' weapons drawn

' Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
 ' Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suff. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of
 Bury,

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

' *Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your
 ' mind.— [*Speaking to those within.*]

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
 Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
 Or banished fair England's territories,

' They will by violence tear him from your palace,
 ' And torture him with grievous lingering death.

They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
 ' They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
 ' And mere instinct of love and loyalty,—
 ' Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

' As being thought to contradict your liking,—
 ' Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

' They say, in care of your most royal person,
 ' That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
 ' And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
 ' In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;

' Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
 ' Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
 ' That slyly glided towards your majesty,
 ' It were but necessary you were wak'd;

' Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
 ' The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal,
 ' And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

' That they will guard you, wh'er you will, or no,
 ' From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
 ' With whose envenomed and fatal sting
 ' Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,

' They say, is shamefully bereft of life.
 ' Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king,
 ' my lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd
 hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign;
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd;
 To show how quaint an orator you are:

But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
 Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
 Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king,
 or we'll all break in.

' *K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
 ' I thank them for their tender loving care;
 ' And had I not been 'cited so by them,
 ' Yet do I purpose as they do entreat;

' For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 ' Mischaunce unto my state by Suffolk's means.
 ' And therefore—by His majesty I swear,
 ' Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—

I will not stir a foot, nor move a finger,
 ' To touch the person of this traitor, till he
 ' hath done his penitence.

' *Q. Mar.* O, that I might have seen the
 ' traitor's fall!

' *Suff.* O, that I might have seen the
 ' traitor's fall!

' *Q. Mar.* O, that I might have seen the
 ' traitor's fall!

' *Suff.* O, that I might have seen the
 ' traitor's fall!

' *Q. Mar.* O, that I might have seen the
 ' traitor's fall!

' *Suff.* O, that I might have seen the
 ' traitor's fall!

' *Q. Mar.* O, that I might have seen the
 ' traitor's fall!

' *Suff.* O, that I might have seen the
 ' traitor's fall!

of nature; to which violence has not brought a timeless
 end.' But Mr. Douce has justly observed, that timely
 may mean early, recently, newly.

1 i. e. the fingers being widely distended. 'Herein
 was the Emperor Domitian: so cunning, that let a boy a
 good distance off hold up his hand, and stretch his

fingers abroad, he would shoot through the spaces
 without touching the boy's hand, or any finger.—
Peucham's Complete Gentleman, 1622, p. 181.

2 Thus in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:—
 'Come, Moor; I'm arm'd with more than complete steel,
 'The justice of my quarrel.'

3 Deadly serpent. 4 i. e. dexterous. 5 A company

* He shall not breathe infection in this air!
 * But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit SALISBURY.
 * Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

* K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

* No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
 * Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
 * Had I but said, I would have kept my word:
 * But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—
 * If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found,
 * On any ground that I am ruler of,
 * The world shall not be ransom for thy life,—
 * Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

* I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Enter K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.
 * Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!

* Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
 * Be playfellows to keep you company!
 * There's two of you, the devil make a third!
 * And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
 * Suff. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
 * And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

* Q. Mar. Fye, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!

* Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?
 Suff. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,¹
 * I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
 * As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 * With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words:
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
 My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!²
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!³
 Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss:
 And nodding saracowhs make the concert full!
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

* Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; 'thou torment'st thyself;

* And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
 * Or like an overcharged gun—recoil,
 * And turn the force of them upon thyself.

* Suff. You bade me ban,⁴ and will you bid me leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

* Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,

* That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
 * Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
 * To wash away my woeful monuments.
 * O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[Kisses his hand.
 * That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
 * Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!⁵

* So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
 * 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by.
 * As one that surfeits thinking on a want,
 * I will repeat thee, or, be well assur'd,
 * Adventure to be banished myself:
 * And banished I am, if but from thee.
 * Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
 * O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
 * Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
 * Leather a hundred times to part than die.
 * Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
 * 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
 * A wilderness is populous enough,
 * So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
 * For where thou art, there is the world itself,
 * With every several pleasure in the world;
 * And where thou art not, desolation.
 * I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
 * Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

* Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

* Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
 That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
 * For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
 * That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air
 * Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
 * Sometime, he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
 * Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 * The secrets of his overcharged soul:⁶
 * And I am sent to tell his majesty,
 * That even now he cries aloud for him.

* Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit VAUX.
 * Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
 * But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,⁷
 * Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
 * Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
 * And with the southern clouds, contend in tears;
 * Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrow's?

* Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming:

* If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

* Suff. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
 * And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 * As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips.

begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.

6 That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand, thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee.

7 Nec sine te pulchrum dias in luminis auras Exoritur, neque sit letum nec amabile quicquam.

And, still more elegantly, Milton, in a passage of his Conus (afterwards omitted), ver. 214, &c. —

while I see you,
 This dusky hollow is a paradise,
 And heaven gates o'er my head!

8 Infected minds
 To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

9 Why do I lament a circumstance of which the impression will pass away in an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?

¹ I. e. he shall not contaminate this air with his infected breath.

² The fabulous accounts of the plant called a mandrake give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gathered mandrakes was to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharged its malignity. See Bulleine's Bulwarke of Defence against Sicknesse, &c. fol. 1579, p. 41.

³ Cypress was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant.

⁴ This is one of the vulgar errors in the natural history of our ancestors. The lizard has no sting, and is quite harmless.

⁵ This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but when others

Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
 And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
 So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
 Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
 And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
 From thee to die, were torture more than death;
 O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful
 cor'sive,¹

It is applied to a deathful wound.
 To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
 For whoso'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an Iris² that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
 Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woful'st casket
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.
 Even as a spited bark, so sunder we;
 This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

[Exeunt, severally.]

SCENE III. London. Cardinal Beaufort's Bed-
 chamber. Enter KING HENRY,³ SALISBURY,
 WARWICK, and others. The Cardinal in Bed;
 Attendants with him.

* K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort,
 to thy sovereign.

* Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
 treasure.⁴

* Enough to purchase such another island,
 So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

* K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,

* When death's approach is seen so terrible!

* War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to
 thee.

* Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

* Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

* Can I make men live wher' they will or no?—

* O! torture me no more, I will confess.—

* Alive again? then show me where he is;

* I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.—

* He hath no eyes,⁵ the dust hath blinded them.—
 Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands up-
 right,

* Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—

* Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

* Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

* K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

1 Where for whereas; as in other places.

2 Pope was indebted to this passage in his *Eloisa* to Abeldard, where he makes that votarist of exquisite sensibility say:—

'See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.'

3 *Corroisive* was generally pronounced and most frequently written *coraise* in Shakespeare's time. See Mr. Nares's Glossary in voce. The accent, as Mr. Todd observes, being then on the first syllable, the word was easily thus abbreviated.

4 *Iris* was the messenger of Juno.

5 The quarto offers this stage-direction:—'Enter the King and Salisbury, and then the curtains be drawn, and the Cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.' This description did not escape Shakespeare, for he has availed himself of it in a preceding speech by Vaux.

6 A passage in Hall's Chronicle, Henry VI. fol. 70, b. suggested the corresponding lines in the old play.

7 'We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—

Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

King John.

8 'Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with.' *Macbeth*.

9 Thus in the old play of King John, 1691, Pandolph

sees the King dying, and says:—

'Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,
 Lift up your hand, in token you forgive.'

10 'Peccantes culpam, nam labitur omnes
 Aut sumus, aut fulimus, vel possumus esse, quod hic
 est.'

* O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,

* That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

* And from his bosom purge this black despair!

* War. See, how the pangs of death do make
 him grin.

* Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peacefully.

* K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good plea-
 sure be!

* Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

* Hold up thy hand,⁹ make signal of thy hope—

* He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!

* War. So had a death argues a monstrous life.

* K. Hen. Forbear to judge,¹⁰ for we are sinners
 all.—

* Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;

* And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. The Seashore near Dover.¹¹
 Firing heard at Sea. The Seashore, from a Boat, a
 Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate, WALTER
 WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK,
 and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

* Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful¹² day

* Is crept into the bosom of the sea;

* And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades

* That drag the tragic melancholy night;

* Who with their drowy, slow, and flagging jaws¹³

* Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty wings¹⁴

* Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

* Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize!

* For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,

* Here shall they make their ransom on the strand,

* Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—

* Master, this prisoner freely give I thee:—

* And thou that art his mate, make boot of this:—

* The other, [pointing to SUFFOLK,] Walter Whit-
 more, is thy share.

* I Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me
 know.

* Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down
 your head.

* Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goe
 yours.

* Cap. What, think you much to pay two thou-
 sand crowns,

* And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—

* Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;

* The lives of those which we have lost in fight

* Cannot¹⁵ be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.

¹¹ This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudices shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them.—Johnson.

¹² There is a curious circumstantial account of the event on which this scene is founded in the Paston Letters, published by Sir John Fenn, vol. i. p. 33, Letter x. The scene is founded on the narration of Hall, which is copied by Holshed.

¹³ The epithet *blabbing*, applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt, if afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidant of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*.—Johnson. Spenser and Milton make use of the epithet:—

'For Venus hated his all-blabbing light.'

Britain's Ida, c. ii.

'Ere the blabbing eastern scout.'—*Comus*, v. 133.

Remorseful is pitiful.

¹⁴ The chariot of the night is supposed by Shakespeare to be drawn by dragons. Vide *Cymbeline*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

¹⁵ The word *cannot*, which is necessary to complete the sense of the passage, is not in the old copy: it was supplied by Malone. The difference between the captain's present and succeeding sentiments may be thus accounted for. Here he is only striving to intimidate his prisoners into a ready payment of their ransom. Afterwards his natural disposition inclines him to mercy, till he is provoked by the upbraids of Suffolk.

* 1 *Genl.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
 * 2 *Genl.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.
 * *Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard, and therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;
 [To *Suff.*
 * And so should these, if I might have my will.
 * *Cap.* Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
 * *Suff.* Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
 * Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
 * *Whit.* And so am I, my name is Walter Whitmore.
 * How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
 * *Suff.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
 * A cunning man did calculate my birth,
 * And told me—that by *Water* I should die:
 * Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded:
 * Thy name is—*Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.
 * *Whit.* *Gaultier*, or *Water*, which it is, I care not;
 * Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
 * But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
 * Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
 * Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
 * And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
 [Lays hold on *Suffolk*.
 * *Suff.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
 The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.
 * *Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, stuffed up in rags!
 * *Suff.* Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
 * *Jove* sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?
 * *Cap.* But *Jove* was never slain, as thou shalt be.
 * *Suff.* Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
 The honourable blood of Lancaster,
 * Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
 * Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
 * Bare-headed plodded by my footcloth mule,
 * And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
 * How often hast thou waited at my cup,
 * Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
 * When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
 * Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
 * Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
 * How in our veiding lobby hast thou stood,
 * And duly waited for my coming forth?
 * This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 * And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
 * *Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
 * *Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

1 Suffolk had heard his name before without being started by it. In the old play, as soon as ever the captain has consigned him to *Walter* Whickmore, he immediately exclaims, '*Walter!*' Whickmore asks him why he fears him; and Suffolk replies, 'It is thy name affrights me.' The poet here, as in other instances, has fallen into an impropriety by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original.
 2 Thus Drayton, in Queen Margaret's Epistle to this Duke of Suffolk:—
 'I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass;
 Never the sea yet half so dangerous was;
 And one foretold by *water* thou should'st die.'
 A note on these lines says, 'The witch of Eye received answer from the spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water*.' See the fourth Scene of the first Act of this play. The prophecy is differently stated by a contemporary in the Paston Letters, vol. i. p. 40:—
 'Also he asked the name of the ship; and when he knew it, he remembered *Stacy* that said, if he might escape the dangers of the *Tower* he should be safe, and then his heart failed him.'
 3 The new image which Shakspeare has introduced into this speech—'my arms torn and defac'd'—is also found in King Richard III. Act iii. Sc. 2. See note on that passage.
 4 A *jaded groom* is a low fellow. Suffolk's boast of his own blood was hardly warranted by his origin. His great grandfather had been a merchant at Hull. If Shakspeare had known his pedigree he would not have failed to make some of his adversaries reproach him with it.
 5 *Pride* that has had birth too soon.

* *Suff.* Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
 * *Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our longboat's side
 Strike off his head.
Suff. Thou dar'st not for thy oath.
Cap. Yes, Poole.
Suff. Poole?
Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord!
 * Ay, kennel, paddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
 * Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
 * Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
 * For swallowing the treasure of the realm;
 * Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
 * And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,
 * Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
 * Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
 * And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 * For daring to affy' a mighty lord
 * Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 * Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
 * By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 * And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
 * With goblets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
 * By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
 * The false revolting Normans, through thee,
 * Diedst to call us lord; and *Picardy*
 * Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
 * And sent the ragged soldiers wounded thence.
 * The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
 * Whose dreadful swords were never drawn on earth,
 * As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
 * And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
 * By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
 * And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
 * Burns with revenging fire: whose hopeful colours
 * Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
 * Under the which is writ—*Invidia subitina*.
 * The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
 * And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
 * Is crept into the palace of our king,
 * And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.
 * *Suff.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 * Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
 * Small things make base men proud: 'this villain here,
 * Being captain of a pinnace,' threatens more
 * Than *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian pirate.
 * Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
 * It is impossible, that I should die
 * By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
 * Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:—

6 By this expression, 'charm thy riotous tongue,' the poet meant Suffolk to say that it should be as potent as a charm in stopping his licentious talk. The same expression occurs in *Othello*, Act iv. Sc. 1.
 7 To betroth in marriage. This enumeration of Suffolk's crimes seems to have been suggested by the Mirror for Magistrates. See the Legend of William de la Poole. The rest of this speech is entirely Shakspeare's; there is no trace of it in the original play.
 8 Edward III. bore for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud.—*Camden's Remains*.
 9 A *pinnace* then signified a ship of small burthen, built for speed. Vide note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 3.
 10 '*Bargulus*, Illyrius Latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit.'—*Cicero de Officiis*, lib. ii. c. 11. Shakspeare, as Dr. Farmer has shown, might have met with this pirate in some of the translations of his time: he points out two in which he is mentioned. In the old play it is, '*Abradas* the great Macedonian pirate.'
 11 This line in the original play is properly given to the captain. What *remorse* (i. e. *piety*) could Suffolk be called upon to show to his assailant? Whereas the captain might with propriety say to his captiva, 'Thy haughty language exasperates me, instead of exciting my compassion. Mr. Boswell is, I believe, mistaken in asserting that *remorse* was used in the modern sense. At least I find no instance where it is so used by Shakspeare.'

I go of message from the crown to France;
I charge thee, wait me safely cross the channel.
Cap. Waiter, —
Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must wait thee to thy death.
Suff. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*; 'tis thee I fear.
Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
I Gent. My gracious lord, attend him, speak him fair.
Suff. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit; no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear: —
More can I bear, than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
Suff. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can;
That this my death may never be forgot! —
Great men oft die by vile bezoniens:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave,
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[Exit SUFF. with WHIT. and others.]
Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart: —
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.]

Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK'S Body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [Exit.]
I Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king;
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[Exit, with the Body.]

SCENE II. Blackheath. Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.
John. They have the more need to sleep now than.
Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.
John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

1 The source from whence this line has been extracted has not yet been discovered. The following lines are the nearest which have been found in the Classic Poets: —

'Subtus tremor occupat artus.'
Virg. Æn. v. 446.
'Ille quidem gelidos radorum viribus artus.'
Ovid. Metam. lv. 247.
'Navitas, confossu geldo pallore timorera.'
De Tristib. El. iii. 113.

2 '— I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.'
King Henry VIII.

Again in Othello: —

'Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt.'

3 According to the Letter in the Foston Collection, already cited, the cutting off of Suffolk's head was very barbarously performed. 'One of the lowest of the ship bede him lay down his head, and he should be fairly smit [deak] with, and dye on a sword; and took a rusty sword and smote off his head within half a dozen strokes.'

4 A bezoniens is a mean low person.
5 Pompey was killed by Achilles and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fishing boat in which they

* Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded
in handicrafts-men.
* John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather
aprons.
* Geo. Nay more, the king's council are no good
workmen.
* John. True; And yet it is said,—Labour is thy
vocation; which is as much to say, as,—let the
magistrates be labouring men; and therefore
* should we be magistrates.
* Geo. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better
sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.
* John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's
son, the tanner of Wingham; —
* Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies,
to make dog's leather of.
John. And Dick the butcher, —
* Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and
iniquity's throat cut like a calf.
* John. And Smith the weaver: —
* Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.
* John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and others in great number.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father, —
Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.
[Aside.]
Cade. — for our enemies shall fall before us,
inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and
princes.—Command silence.
Dick. Silence!
Cade. My father was a Mortimer.—
Dick. He was an honest man, and a good brick-
layer. [Aside.]

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet, —
Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [Aside.]
Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies, —
Dick. She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and
sold many laces. [Aside.]
Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with
her furred pack, she washes backs here at home.
[Aside.]

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.
Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable;
and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father
had never a house, but the cage. [Aside.]
Cade. Valiant I am.
Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.
[Aside.]

Cade. I am able to endure much.
Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him
whipped three market days together. [Aside.]

were, reached the coast, his head being thrown into the sea, a circumstance sufficiently resembling Suffolk's death to bring it to the poet's memory; though his mention of it is not quite accurate. In the old play Pompey is not named.

6 They 'kild his body on the sands of Dover, and some say that his head was set on a pole by it.—*Foston's Letters*, vol. i. p. 41.

7 The same phrase was used by the duke of Suffolk to Wolsey and Campeggio in the reign of Henry VIII. 'With that stepped forth the duke of Suffolk from the king, and by his commendment spake these words, with a stout and hault countenance.—'It was never merry England (quoth he) whilst we had cardinals among us.'—*Cavendish's Life of Wolsey*, p. 167, ed. 1825.

8 Tom Nashe speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against a cade of herrings, and ludicrously says, 'That the rebel Jack Cade was the first that devised to put red herrings in cades, and from him they have their name.'—*Lenten Stuffe*, 1599.—Cade, however, is derived from *cadus*, Lat. a cask. We may add, from the accounts of the Celestines of the Abbey of Barking, in the Monasticon Anglicanum, 'a barrel of herring should contain a thousand herrings, and a cade of herring six hundred, six score to the hundred.' Cade, with more learning than should naturally fall to his character, alludes to his name from *cadus*, to fall.

9 'Little places of prison, set commonly in the market place for harlots and ragabonds, we call cages.'—*Baret*.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.
Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.¹ [Aside.]

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [Aside.]

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops;² and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be)

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money;³ all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do.⁴ Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now; who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast account.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations,⁵ and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;⁶—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

1 A quibble is most probably intended between two senses of the word; one as being able to resist, the other as being well tried, that is, long worn.

2 Those drinking vessels of our ancestors were of wood. Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, 1593, says, 'I believe Alekes in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *alekes*, and no more.'

3 'To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the signs or tickets of riches, must, if riches were to cease, arise from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life.'—*Johnson*.

4 This speech was transposed by Shakspeare from a subsequent scene in the old play.

5 I. e. bonds.

6 That is on the top of Letters Missive and such like public acts. See *Mabilion's Diplomata*.

7 After this speech, in the old play, are the following words:

'— Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently: Rise up Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.⁸

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his Brother, with Drum and Fore.

Staf. Rebelious hinds, and filth and scum of Kent,

Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,

Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—

The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,

If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;⁹

It is to you, good people, that I speak,

O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;

For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;

And thou thyself, a sheerman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of

March, Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her, he had two children at one birth

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:

The elder of them, being put to nurse,

Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:

His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,

That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [Aside.]

—Go to, sirrah. Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maimed,¹⁰ and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that Lord Say hath gelded!¹¹ the common-

Tom. Yea, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher; rise up Sir Dick Butcher. Sound up the drum.¹²

⁸ I care not, I pay them no regard.

⁹ Transform me to what shape you can,

I pass not what it be. *Drayton's Quest of Cynthia*.

¹⁰ The same play upon words is in *Daniel's Civil Wars*, 1595:—

'Anjou and Maine, the main that foul appears.'

¹¹ Steevens observes that 'Shakspeare has here transgressed a rule laid down by Tully, *De Oratore*:

'Nolo morte dici Africani castratam esse rempublicam.' The character of the speaker may countenance such indelicacy here, but in other places our author talks of

'gelding pures, patrimonies, and continents.' I must again remark that in the former instances the phrase was only metaphorically used for diminishing or sur-

* wealth, and made it an omen: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

* *Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!
* *Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to, then, I ask but this; Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counselor, or no?

* *All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.
* *W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,

* Assail them with the army of the king.
* *Staf.* Herald, away: and, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those, which fly before the battle ends, May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
* And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the Two STAFFORDS, and Forces.*]
* *Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.—

* Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
* Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;
* For they are thrifty honest men, and such
* As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.
* *Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.
* *Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Another part of Blackheath. *Alarums.* The two Parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.

* *Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?
* *Dick.* Here, sir.

* *Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee.—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one, a week.²

* *Dick.* I desire no more.

* *Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear;³ and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

* *Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

* *Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Palace. Enter KING HENRY, reading a Supplication; the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and LORD SAY with him; at a distance, QUEEN MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK'S Head.

* *Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,

* And makes it fearful and degenerate;
* Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
* But who can cease to weep, and look on this?

tailing, and is not peculiar to Shakspeare, but a common form of expression in his time.

¹ Shoes.

² The last two words, *a week*, were added by Malone from the old play. It is necessary to render the passage intelligible. In the reign of Elizabeth, butchers were strictly enjoined not to sell flesh meat in Lent, not with a religious view, but for the double purpose of diminishing the consumption of flesh meat during that period, and so making it more plentiful during the rest of the year, and of encouraging the fisheries and augmenting the number of seamen. Butchers, who had interest at court, frequently obtained a dispensation to kill a certain number of beasts *a week* during Lent; of which indulgence, the wants of invalids who could not subsist without animal food, was made the pretence. There are several proclamations on the subject in the library of the Society of Antiquaries.

³ Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford's armour. So Holinshed:—'Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in Sir Hum-

* Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
* But where's the body that I should embrace?

* *Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

* *K. Hen.* I'll send some holy bishop⁴ to entreat:
* For God forbid, so many simple souls
* Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
* Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
* Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
* But stay, I'll read it over once again.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face

* Rul'd, like a wandering planet,⁵ over me;
* And could it not enforce them to relent,
* That were unworthy to behold the same?

* *K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

* *Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

* *K. Hen.* How now, madam? Still Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death? I fear, my love, if that I had been dead, Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

* *Q. Mar.* No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

* *K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

* *Mes.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!

* Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
* Descended from the duke of Clarence' house:
* And calls your grace usurper, openly,
* And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

* His army is a ragged multitude
* Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless;
* Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
* Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
* All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
* They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

* *K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not what they do.⁶

* *Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
* Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
* These Kentish rebels would be soon appear'd.

* *K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
* Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

* *Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger;

* The sight of me is odious in their eyes;

* And therefore in this city will I stay,
* And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

* *2 Mes.* Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge;
* the citizens

* Fly and forsake their houses:

* The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

* Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,

* To spoil the city, and your royal court.

* *Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

phrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in glory returned again toward London.' Sir Humphrey Stafford was, in fact, killed at Sevenoaks, and is buried at Bromsgrove, in Staffordshire.

⁴ Shakspeare has here fallen into another inconsistency, by sometimes following Holinshed instead of the old play. He afterwards forgets this holy bishop: and in scene the eighth we find only Buckingham and Clifford were sent, conformably to the old play, Holinshed mentions that the archbishop of Canterbury and the duke of Buckingham were sent.

⁵ Predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over those born under their influence. The old play led Shakspeare into this strange exhibition; a queen with the head of her murdered paramour on her bosom, in presence of her husband!

⁶ Instead of this line the old copy has:—

'Go bid Buckingham and Clifford gather An army up, and meet with the rebels.'

* *K. Hen.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.
 * *Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
 * *K. Hen.* Farewell, my lord; [To LORD SAY.] trust not the Kentish rebels.
 * *Buck.* Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.
 * *Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence, and therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same. The Tower. Enter LORD SAYES, and others on the Walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?
I Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
 But I am troubled here with them myself, The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower. But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, And thither will I send you Matthew Gough: Fight for your king, your country, and your lives; And so farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *The same. Cannon Street. Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes his Staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!
Cade. Knock him down there. [They kill him.]
 * *Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London Bridge on fire;¹ and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The same. Smithfield. Alarm. Enter on one side, CADE and his Company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight; and the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy;² others to the inns of court; and with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

1 Whatever offence to modern delicacy may be given by this imagery, such ornaments to fountains appear to have been an uncommon device in ancient times. The curious reader may see a design, probably from the pencil of Benedetto di Montagna, for a very singular fountain of this kind, in that elegant book the *Hypnerotomachia*, printed by Aldus in 1499. Le Grand, in his *Vie Privée des François*, mentions that at a feast made by Philippe-le-Bon, there was 'une statue d'enfant nu, pose sur une roche, et qui de sa broquette pissait eau de rose.' This conduit may, however, have been one set up at the standard in Cheape, according to Stowe, by John Wels, grocer, mayor, in 1430, with a small cistern for fresh water, having one cock continually running.

2 He also put to execution in Southwarke diverse persons, some for breaking this ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewray his base lineage, disparaging him for his usurped name of Mortimer. — *Holinshed*, p. 634.

3 At that time London Bridge was of wood: the houses upon it were actually burnt in this rebellion. Hall says 'he entered London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge.'

4 Holinshed calls Matthew Gough 'a man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in serving of the

Cade. Be it a lordship thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.⁴

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [Aside.]

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [Aside.]

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

* *John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [Aside.]

* *Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; * he that made us pay one and twenty pence, and * one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BRVIS, with the LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ay, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used;⁵ and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them;⁶ when, indeed, only for that cause, they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a four-cloth;⁷ dost thou not?

Say. What of that?
Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

king his father.' See also W. of Wyrcestre, p. 357; and the Paston Letters, vol. i. p. 43.

5 'This trouble had been saved Cade's reformers by his predecessor Wat Tyler. It was never re-edited till Henry VI. founded the hospital.'

6 'It was reported, indeed, that he should sale with great pride that within four daies all the laws of England should come forth of his mouth.' — *Holinshed*, p. 432.

7 A fifteen was the fifteenth part of alle the moreables, or personal property of each subject.

8 *Say* is a kind of thin woollen stuff or serge.
 9 Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. Yet Meerman, in his *Origines Typographicæ*, has availed himself of this passage to support his hypothesis that printing was introduced into England by Frederic Corseilis, one of Couter's workmen, from Haerlem in the time of Henry VI. Shakspeare's anachronisms are not more extraordinary than those of his contemporaries. Spenser mentions cloth made at Lincoln in the ideal reign of King Arthur, and has adorned a castle at the same period with cloth of Arras and of Tours.

10 i. e. they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.

11 A four-cloth was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse: it was sometimes made of velvet and bordered with gold lace. This is a reproach truly characteristic: nothing gives so much offence to the lower orders as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious.

* Dick. And work in their shirt too ; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent ?

Say. Nothing but this : 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him ! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civilst place of all this isle :²
Sweet is the country, because full of riches ;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy ;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy :
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done ;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you ?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king ;
And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut ! when struck'st thou one blow in the field ?

Say. Great men have reaching hands ; oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.
Geo. O monstrous coward ! what, to come behind folks ?

Say. These cheeks are pale for⁴ watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle them, and the pap of a hatchet.⁵

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man ?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us ; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no : Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein I have offended most ?

Have I affected wealth, or honour ; speak ?
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold ?

1 After this line the old play proceeds thus—
Cade. *Bonum terrarum*, What's that ?

Dick. He speaks French.
Will. No, 'tis Dutch.

Nick. No, 'tis Outalian : I know it well enough.

2 'Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi, qui Cantium incolunt.' Cæsar. Thus translated by Ar. Golding, 1590 :—'Of all the inhabitants of the isle, the *civilest* are the Kentish-folke.' It is said also in the same words in Lyly's *Euphues* and his *England*, 1590.

3 This passage has been supposed corrupt merely because it was erroneously pointed. I have now placed a comma at *Kent*, to show that it is parenthetically spoken ; and then I see not the slightest difficulty in the meaning of the passage. It was thus absurdly pointed in the folio :—

'When have I aught exacted at your hands ?
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you ?
Large gifts, have I bestow'd on learned clerks,' &c.

4 I. e. in consequence of.

5 The old copy reads 'the *help* of a hatchet.' There can be little doubt, but that Dr. Farmer's emendation, 'pap of a hatchet,' is the true reading : it is a proper accompaniment to the 'hempen caudle.' Lyly wrote a pamphlet with the title of 'Pap with a Hatchet,' and the phrase occurs in his play of *Mother Bombe* : 'They give us pap with a spoon, and when we speak for what we love, pap with a hatchet.'

6 I. e. these hands are free from shedding guiltless or innocent blood.

* Is my apparel-sumptuous to behold ?

* Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death ?

* These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding ;

* This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
* O, let me live !

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words : but I'll bridle it ; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him ! he has a familiar⁷ under his tongue ; he speaks not o' God's name. 'Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently ; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer,⁸ and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen ! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls ?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life.
Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Escort some, with LORD SAY.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute ; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it : Men shall hold of me in *capite* ; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheap-side, and take up commodities upon our bills ?⁹

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave !

Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of LORD SAY, and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver ?—Let them kiss one another,¹⁰ for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night : for with these borne before us, instead of maces, we will we ride through the streets ; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away ! [*Escort.*]

SCENE VIII. Southwark. Alarm. Enter CADE, and all his Robblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street ! down Saint Magnus' Corner ! kill and knock down ! throw them into Thames !—[*A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.*]
What noise is this I hear ? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them to kill ?

7 A demon who was supposed to attend at call.
8 It was William Crowmer, sheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to death. Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason at Cade's mock commission of Oyer and Terminer at Guildhall. See W. of Wyrester, p. 470.

9 Alluding to an ancient usage, on which Beaumont and Fletcher have founded their play called *the Custom of the Country*. See Cowel's *Law Dictionary*, or Blount's *Glossographia*, 1651, in voce *Marcheta*. Blackstone is of opinion that it never prevailed in England, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland. Boetius and Skene both mention this custom as existing in the time of Malcolm III. A. D. 1057. Sir D. Dalrymple controverts the fact, and denies the actual existence of the custom ; as does Whitaker in his *History of Manchester*. There are several ancient grants from our early kings to their subjects, written in rude verse, and empowering them to enjoy their lands as 'free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.' The authenticity of them, however, is doubtful. See Blount's *Jocular Tenures*.

10 An equivoque alluding to the halberds or bills borne by the rabble. Shakespeare has the same quibble in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. Sc. 3.

11 This may be taken from the Legend of Jack Cade in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, as Dr. Farmer observes ; but both Hall and Holinshed mention the circumstance.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

'Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:

'Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
'Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
'And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
'That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

'Cliff. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
'And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;
'Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?

'Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
'Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
'Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
'Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
'Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

'All. God save the king! God save the king!
'Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye
'so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe
him? will you needs be hanged with your
pardons about your necks? Hath my sword there-
fore broke through London Gates, that you should
leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I
thought, ye would never have given out these
arms, till you had recovered your ancient free-
dom: but you are all recreants, and dastards;
and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let
them break your backs with burdens, take your
houses over your heads, ravish your wives and
daughters before your faces; For me,—I will
make shift for one; and so—God's curse 'light
upon you all!

'All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.
'Cliff. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
'That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
'Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
'And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?

'Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
'Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
'Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.

'Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
'The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
'Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
'Methinks, already, in this civil broil,

'I see them lording it in London streets,
'Crying—*Villagenis!* unto all they meet.
Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
'To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
'Spare England, for it is your native coast:
'Heavy hath money, you are strong and manly;
'God on our side, doubt not of victory.

'All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the
king, and Clifford.

'Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and
fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the
Fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes
them leave me desolate. I see them lay their
heads together, to surprise me: my sword make
way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite
of the devils and hell, have through the very midst
of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that
no want of resolution in me, but only my follow-
ers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me be-
take me to my heels. [Exit.

'Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow
him;

'And he, that brings his head unto the king,
'Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[Exeunt some of them.

'Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
'To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. Kenelworth Castle. Enter KING
HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and SOMERSET,
on the Terrace of the Castle.

*K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly
throne,
*And could command no more content than I?
*No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
*But I was made a king, at nine months old:
*Was never subject long'd to be a king,
*As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

*Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!
*K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade,
surpris'd?

*Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?
Enter, below, a great number of CADE'S Followers,
with Halters about their Necks.

'Cliff. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do
yield;

'And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
'Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

'K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting
gates,
'To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
'Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
'And show'd how well you love your prince and
country:

'Continue still in this so good a mind,
'And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
'Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
'And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
'I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised,
*The duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
*And with a puissant and a mighty power,
*Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,
*Is marching hitherward in proud array;
*And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
*His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

*K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade
and York distress'd;

*Like to a ship, that, having escap'd a tempest,
*Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate;
*But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
*And now is York in arms to second him.—
*I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him;
*And ask him, what's the reason of these arms,
*Tell him, I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;—
*And, Somerset, will I commit thee thither,
*Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

*Som. My lord,
*I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
*Or unto death, to do my country good.

*K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
*For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

*Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
*As all things shall redound unto your good.

*K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to go-
vern better:

*For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [Exeunt.

SCENE X. Kent. Iden's Garden. Enter CADE.
*Cade. Fye on ambition! fye on myself; that

1 So all the historians agree; and yet in Part I. Act
iii. Sc. 4. King Henry is made to say:—
'I do remember how my father said:—
a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written
by the same hand as this.

2 'The Gallowglasses useth a kind of pollax for his
weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of
stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly
timbered. The kerne is an ordinary foot-soldier, using
for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his
pikes, being commonly good markmen.'—*Stanihurst's
Description, of Ireland*, c. viii. f. 21.

3 The first folio reads *calme*; which may be right.
The second folio printed by mistake *claim'd*; and the
third folio *calm'd*. This reading has been adopted as
most perspicuous, and because in Othello we have:—
'— must be be-lee'd and calm'd.

4 But is here not adversative. 'It was only just now
(says Henry,) that Cade and his followers were routed.'

5 'A gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden,
awaited so his time, that he took the said Cade in a garden
in *Sussex*, so that there he was slaine at Hoth-
field,' &c.—*Holinshed*, p. 635. 'This Iden was, in fact,
the new sheriff of Kent, who had followed Cade from
Rochester.'—*William of Wyccestre*, p. 472.

* have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These
 * five days have I hid me in these woods; and
 * durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for
 * me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might have
 * a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could
 * stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have
 * I climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat
 * grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not
 * amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather.
 * And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me
 * good: for, many a time, but for a sallet,¹ my
 * brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and,
 * many a time when I have been dry, and bravely
 * marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-
 * pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must
 * serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

' *Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
 ' And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
 ' This small inheritance, my father left me,
 ' Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
 ' I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
 ' Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
 ' Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
 ' And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

' *Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize
 ' me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without
 ' leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get
 ' a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my
 ' head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an
 ' ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin,
 ' ere thou and I part.

' *Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatso'er thou be,
 ' I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee?
 ' Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
 ' And, like a thief, to come and rob my grounds,
 ' Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
 ' But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

' *Cade.* Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that
 ' ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on
 ' me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet,
 ' come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave
 ' you all as dead as a door nail,² I pray God, I may
 ' never eat grass more.

' *Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England
 ' stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
 Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
 ' Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
 ' See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
 ' Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
 ' Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
 ' Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
 ' My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
 ' And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
 ' Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
 ' As for words, whose greatness answers words,³
 ' Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

* *Cade.* By my valour, the most complete cham-
 * pion that ever I heard,—'Steel, if thou turn the
 * edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in
 * chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I be-
 * seech God⁴ on my knees, thou mayest be turned
 * to hobnails. [*They fight; CADE falls.*] O, I am
 * slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let
 * ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
 * but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them
 * all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a bury-

ing-place to all that do dwell in this house, because
 ' the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

' *Iden.* Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous
 ' traitor?

' Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
 ' And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
 ' Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
 ' But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
 ' To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

' *Cade.* Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy vic-
 ' tory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best
 ' man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for
 ' I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine,
 ' not by valour. [*Dies.*]

* *Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me,⁵ heaven
 * be my judge.

* Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare
 * thee!

* And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
 * So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
 * Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
 * Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
 * And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
 * Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
 * Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exit, dragging out the Body.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Fields between Dartford
 and Blackheath. The King's Camp on one side.
 On the other, enter YORK attended with Drum and
 Colours: his Forces at some distance.*

' York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim
 ' his right,

' And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
 ' Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
 ' To entertain great England's lawful king.

' Ah, sacred majestas! who would not buy thee dear?
 ' Let them obey that know not how to rule;
 ' This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
 ' I cannot give due action to my words,
 ' Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.⁶
 ' A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul;⁷
 ' On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

' Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb
 ' me?

' The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble,
 ' Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee
 ' well.

' York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy
 ' greeting.

' Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

' Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

' To know the reason of these arms in peace;

' Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—

' Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,

' Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,

' Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

' York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is
 ' so great.

' O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with
 ' flint,

' I am so angry at these abject terms;

' And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

' On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!

Aside.

1 A sallet is a helmet.

2 See note on the Second Part of King Henry IV. Act
 v. Sc. 3.

3 Johnson explains this, 'As for words, whose pomp
 and rumour may answer words, and only words, I shall
 forbear them, and refer the rest to my sword.'

4 In the folio 'I beseech Jove' was substituted to avoid
 the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 2, against profane
 swearing. Cade was very unlikely to swear by Jove.

5 This sentiment is much more correctly expressed
 in the quarto:—

' O sword, I'll honour thee for this, and in my chamber
 shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,
 For this great service thou hast done to me.'

6 Johnson erroneously interprets this, 'In supposing
 that I am proud of my victory.' Iden evidently means
 that Cade wrongs him by undervaluing his prowess.

7 Not to dwell upon the wickedness of this horrid
 wish, with which Iden debases his character, the whole
 of this speech is wild and confused. The quarto is more
 favourable both to Iden's morality and language. This
 faulty amplification was owing to the desire of expand-
 ing a scanty thought in the old play. It can hardly be
 treated as an interpolation, however we may desire to
 think it such.

8 i. e. balance my hand.

9 York means to say, 'If I have a soul, my hand
 shall not be without a sceptre.'

' I am far better born than is the king :
 ' More like a king, more kingly in my
 ' thoughts :
 ' But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
 ' Till Henry be more weak, and I more
 ' strong.—
 ' O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
 ' That I have given no answer all this while ;
 ' My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 ' The cause why I have brought this army hither,
 ' Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
 ' Seditious to his grace and to the state.
 ' *Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part :
 ' But if thy arms be to no other end,
 ' The king hath yielded unto thy demand ;
 ' The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
 ' *York.* Upon thine honour, is he prisoner ?
 ' *Buck.* Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
 ' *York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my
 ' powers.—
 ' Soldiers, I thank you all : disperse yourselves ;
 ' Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
 ' You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
 ' And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
 ' Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
 ' As pledges of my fealty and love,
 ' I'll send them all as willing as I live ;
 ' Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
 ' Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
 ' *Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission :
 ' We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

' *K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend no
 ' harm to us,
 ' That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?
 ' *York.* In all submission and humility,
 ' *York* doth present himself unto your highness.
 ' *K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces thou
 ' dost bring ?
 ' *York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence ;
 ' And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
 ' Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE'S Head.

' *Hen.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
 ' May pass into the presence of a king,
 ' Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
 ' The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
 ' *K. Hen.* The head of Cade ?—Great God, how
 ' just art thou !—
 ' O, let me view his visage being dead,
 ' That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
 ' Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew
 ' him ?
 ' *Iden.* I was, an't like your majesty.
 ' *K. Hen.* How art thou call'd ? and what is thy
 ' degree ?
 ' *Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name ;
 ' A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
 ' *Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
 ' He were created knight for his good service.
 ' *K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down ; [*He kneels.*] Rise
 ' up a knight.
 ' We give thee for reward a thousand marks ;
 ' And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
 ' *Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
 ' And never live but true unto his liege !
 ' *K. Hen.* See, Buckingham ! Somerset comes
 ' with the queen :
 ' Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

1 Iden has before said :—

' Lord, who would live turmoiled in a court,
 ' And may enjoy such quiet walks as these,' &c.
 This is strictly a picture of poor human nature. He falls
 at enjoyments which he supposes out of his reach ; but
 no sooner are they offered to him, but he embraces them
 eagerly. Shakspeare has in this instance followed the
 old play.

2 ' *Mysus et Emonia juvenis qua cuspidis vulnus
 Senserat, hac ipsa cuspidis sensit opem.*
Propert. lib. ii. El. 1.

3 Custody, confinement.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET.

' *Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide
 ' his head,
 ' But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
 ' *York.* How now ! Is Somerset at liberty ?
 ' Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
 ' And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
 ' Shall I endure the sight of Somerset ?—
 ' False king ! why hast thou broken faith with me,
 ' Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse ?
 ' King did I call thee ? no, thou art not king ;
 ' Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
 ' Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
 ' That head of thine doth not become a crown ;
 ' Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
 ' And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
 ' That gold must round engirt these brows of mine ;
 ' Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
 ' Is able with the change to kill and cure.
 ' Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
 ' And with the same to act controlling laws.
 ' Give place ; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
 ' O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.
 ' *Som.* O monstrous traitor !—I arrest thee, York,
 ' Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown :
 ' Obey, audacious traitor ; kneel for grace.
 ' *York.* Would'st have me kneel ? first let me
 ' ask of these,
 ' If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
 ' *Sirrah,* call in my sons to be my bail ;
 ' [*Exit an Attendant.*]
 ' I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
 ' They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
 ' *Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford ; bid him come
 ' amain,
 ' To say, if that the bastard boys of York
 ' Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
 ' *York.* O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
 ' Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge !
 ' The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
 ' Shall be their father's bail : and bane to those
 ' That for my surety will refuse the boys.

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET
 with Forces, at one side ; at the other, with Forces
 also, Old CLIFFORD and his Son.*

' See, where they come ; I'll warrant they'll make
 ' it good.
 ' *Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to deny
 ' their bail.
 ' *Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord the
 ' king ! [*Kneels.*]
 ' *York.* I thank thee, Clifford : Say, what news
 ' with thee ?
 ' Nay, do not fright us with an angry look ;
 ' We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again ;
 ' For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
 ' *Clif.* This is my king, York, I do not mistake ;
 ' But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do :
 ' To Bedlam with him ? is the man grown mad ?
 ' *K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford ; a bedlam and ambitious
 ' humour
 ' Makes him oppose himself against his king.
 ' *Clif.* He is a traitor ; let him to the Tower,
 ' And chop away that factious pate of his.
 ' *Q. Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey ;
 ' His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
 ' *York.* Will you not, sons ?
 ' *Edw.* Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
 ' *Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons
 ' shall.

4 This has been thought an anachronism ; but *Stowe*
 shows that it is not : ' Next unto the parish of St. But-
 toph is a fayre Inne for receipt of travellers ; then an
 hospital of S. Mary of Bethlem, founded by Simon
 Fitz-Mary, one of the Sherifes of London, in the yeare
 1246. He founded it to have bene a priorie of canons
 with brethren and sisters, and King Edward the Third
 granted a protection, which I have scene, for the brethren
Milicia beata Maria de Bethlem, within the citie
 of London, the 14th yeare of his raigne. It was an *hoc
 pitall* for distracted people.—*Surrey of London*, p.
 127, 1262.

* *Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
 * *York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
 * I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.
 * Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
 * That, with the very shaking of their chains,
 * They may astonish these fell lurking curs;
 * Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drama. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.

* *Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
 * And manacle the bearward in their chains,
 * If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
 * * *Rich.* O! have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
 * Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
 * Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
 * Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cried:
 * And such a piece of service will you do,
 * If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.
 * * *Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
 * As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
 * * *York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
 * * *Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

* *K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
 * Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
 * Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
 * What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
 * And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
 * O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
 * If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
 * Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
 * Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
 * And shame thine honourable age with blood?
 * Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
 * Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
 * For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
 * That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
 * * *Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself
 * The title of this most renowned duke;
 * And in my conscience do repute his grace
 * The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
 * * *K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
 * * *Sal.* I have.
 * * *K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
 * * *Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
 * But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
 * Who can be bound by any solemn vow
 * To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
 * To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
 * To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 * To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
 * And have no other reason for this wrong,
 * But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
 * * *Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
 * * *K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
 * * *York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
 * I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

1 The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their crest.

2 Bear-baiting was not only a popular but a royal entertainment in the poet's time. See Stowe's account of Queen Elizabeth's amusements of this kind, or Laneham's Letter concerning the entertainments at Kenilworth Castle. 'Being suffer'd to approach the bear's fell paw' may be the meaning; but it is probable that *suffer'd* is used for *made to suffer*.

3 A *burgonet* is a helmet; a Burgundian's steel cap or casque.

4 One on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma. It was originally and properly 'a person who had been branded with a hot iron for some crime. One notably defamed for naughtiness.' See Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616; or Blount's *Glossography*. 1674.

H

* *Clif.* The first I wear'd thee, if dreams prove true.

* *War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again.

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

* *Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
 Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
 And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
 Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

* *War.* Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
 This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,

(As on a mountain top the cedar shows,
 That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
 Even to affright these with the view thereof.)

* *Clif.* And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,

And tread it under foot with all contempt,
 Despight the bearward that protects the bear.

* *Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,
 To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

* *Rich.* Fye! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
 For you shall sup with *Jesus Christ* to-night.

* *Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

* *Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.
 [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II. Saint Albans. *Alarms: Excessions. Enter WARWICK.*

* *War.* Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
 And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air!—
 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

* How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

* *York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;

* But match to match I have encounter'd him,
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
 Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

* *War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.
 * *York.* Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
 For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

* *War.* Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st—

* As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
 It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit WARWICK.]

* *Clif.* What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

* *York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in love,

* But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

* *Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem.

* But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

* *York.* So let it help me now against thy sword,

* As I in justice and true right express it!

* *Clif.* My soul and body on the action both!—

* *York.* A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

[They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.]

* *Clif.* *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [Dies.]

5 In the old play:—

* The bonneted gray, that e'er was bred in north.

6 This passage will remind the classical reader of Achilles' conduct in the twenty-second Iliad, v. 208, where he expresses his determination that Hector should fall by no other hand than his own.

7 A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake.

8 The author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon with him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland. At the beginning of the third part of this drama the poet has forgot this circumstance, and

* *York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

* Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!

[*Exit.*]

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

* *Y. Clif.* Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:

* Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
* Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
* Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
* Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
* Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly:
* He that is truly dedicate to war,
* Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
* Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
* The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
* [Seeing his dead Father.

* And the promised flames of the last day
* Kait earth and heaven together!

* Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

* Particularities and petty sounds

* To cease!¹—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

* To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve²

* The silver livery of advised³ age;

* And, in thy reverence,⁴ and thy chair-days, thus

* To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,

* My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,

* It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;

* No more will I their babes: tears virginal

* Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;

* And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,

* Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

* Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:

* Meet I an infant of the house of York,

* Into as many goblets will I cut it,

* As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:⁵

* In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

* Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:

[*Taking up the body.*]

* As did Æneas old Anchises bear,

* So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders:

* But then Æneas bare a living load,

* Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*]

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET,

fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there:—

* For underneath an alchouse's paltry sign,

* The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset

* Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—

* Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:

* Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter KING HENRY,

QUEEN MARGARET, and others, retreating.

* *Q. Mar.* Away, my lord! you are slow; for

* shame, away!

there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:—

* Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
* Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
* Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

These lines were adopted by Shakspere from The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, upon which the Third Part of King Henry VI. is founded.

1 *Premised* is sent before their time. The sense is 'let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now.'

2 *To cease* is to stop, a verb active.

3 *To achieve* is to arrive at, or accomplish.

4 *i. e.* circumspect, cautious.

5 In that period of life which is entitled to command reverence. *Reverends cantica.* Shakspere has used the word in the same manner in As You Like It, where Orlando says to his brother (speaking of their father) 'thou art indeed nearer to his reverence.'

6 When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into several pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her.

7 The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction of Jourdain the witch in the first act:—

* Let him shun castles:
* Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
* Than where castles mounted stand.

Such equivocal predictions were much in vogue in early times and the fall of many eminent persons is by the

* *K. Hen.* Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

* *Q. Mar.* What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:

* Nor is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,⁸

* To give the enemy way: and to secure us

* By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum after off.*]

* If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom⁹

* Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape

* (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)

* We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;

* And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,

* May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

* *Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischief set,

* I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;

* But fly you must; uncurable discomfit

* Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.¹⁰

* Away, for your relief! and we will live

* To see their day, and them our fortune give:

* Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Fields near Saint Albans. Alarum:*

Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD

PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with

Drum and Colours.

* *York.* Of Salisbury, who can report of him;

* That winter lion, who, in rage forgets

* Aged contusions and all brush of time;¹¹

* And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,¹²

* Repairs him with occasion? this happy day

* Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,

* If Salisbury be lost.

* *Rich.* My noble father

* Three times to-day I help him to his horse,

* Three times bestrid him,¹³ thrice I led him off,

* Persuaded him from any further act:

* But still, where danger was, still there I met him;

* And like rich hangings in a homely house,

* So was his will in his old feeble body.

* But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

* *Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;

* By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:

* God knows, how long it is I have to live;

* And it hath pleas'd him,¹⁴ that three times to-day

* You have defended me from imminent death.—

* Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;¹⁵

* 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,

* Being opposites of such repairing nature.¹⁶

* *York.* I know, our safety is to follow them;

* For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,

Chronicles represented as accomplishing them: being delivered in obscure terms, any fortuitous event was the more readily supposed to verify them.

8 This line, Steevens observes, may serve to counterbalance his emendation of a passage at the commencement of the third scene, Act iv. of Macbeth, where he proposed to read 'and wisdom is it to offer,' &c. See note on that passage.

9 This expression, the *bottom* of all our fortunes, is peculiarly Shakspere's; he has it in King Henry IV. Part i.—

* The very *bottom* and the soul of hope,
* The very *list*, the very utmost bound
* Of all our fortunes.

10 *Parts* may stand for *parties*; but I cannot help thinking that it is an error for *party*; by which, as Mr. Tyrwhitt and Steevens observe, the *jingle of hearts* and *parts* would be avoided.

11 Warburton would substitute 'all *brush* of time.' But, as Steevens observes, 'the *brush* of time' is the gradual detrition of time.

12 *i. e.* the height of youth: the *brow* of a hill is its summit.

13 That is 'three times I saw him fallen, and striding over him'—defended him till he recovered.'

14 *i. e.* we have not secured that which we have acquired.

15 *i. e.* being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat. To *repair*, in ancient language, was to *renovate*, to restore to a former condition.

' To call a present court of parliament.
' Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth :—
' What says Lord Warwick ? shall we after them ?
War. After them ! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day :

Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets :—and to London all !
And more such days as these to us befall !
[Marches]

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE action of this play opens just after the first battle of St. Albans [May 23, 1455,] wherein the York faction carried the day ; and closes with the murder of King Henry VI. and the birth of Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward V. [November 4, 1471.] So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years. The title of the old play, which Shakspeare altered and improved, is 'The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henry the Sixth : with the whole Contention between the Two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke : as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his Servants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his Shoppe under St Peter's Church in Cornwal, 1595.' There was another edition in 1600 by the same publisher : and it was repro-

duced with the name of Shakspeare on the title page, printed by T. P. no date, but ascertained to have been printed in 1619. The present historical drama was altered by Crown, and brought on the stage in 1690, under the title of The Miseries of Civil War. Surely the works of Shakspeare could have been little read at that period ; for Crown, in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own composition :—
' For by his feeble skill 'tis built alone,
The divine Shakspeare did not lay one stone.'
Whereas the very first scene is that of Jack Cade, copied almost verbatim from the Second Part of King Henry VI. and several others from this Third Part, with as little variation.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH :
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.
LEWIS XI. King of France.
DUKE of SOMERSET,
DUKE of EXETER,
EARL of OXFORD,
EARL of NORTHUMBERLAND,
EARL of WESTMORELAND
LORD CLIFFORD,
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards
King Edward IV.
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,
DUKE of NORFOLK,
MARQUIS of MONTAGUE,
EARL of WARWICK,
EARL of PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD,

Lords on King Henry's side.

his Sons.

of the Duke of York's Party.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } *Under to the Duke of*
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } *York.*
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.
LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey. SIR WIL-
LIAM STANLEY. SIR JOHN MORTIMER.
SIR JOHN BOMBERVILLE. Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A
Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A
Son that has killed his Father. A Father that has
killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and
King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, during part of the third act, in France ;
during all the rest of the war in England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. The Parliament House.
Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party break in.
Then, enter the DUKE of YORK, EDWARD,
RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK,
and others, with white Roses, in their Hats.
Warwick.
I WONDER, how the king escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the
north,
He slyly stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,

Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
' Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
' Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
' Charg'd our main battle's front ; and, breaking in,
' Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edm. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Bucking-
ham,
' Is either slain, or wounded dangerous :
I cleft his heaver with a downright blow ;
' That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[Showing his bloody Sword.]
Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's
blood, *[To York, showing him]*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

1 This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition ; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former.—Johnson.

2 See the former play, p. 268. Shakspeare has fallen into this inconsistency by following the old play in the construction of these dramas.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the DUKES of SOMERSET'S HEAD.*]

* *York.* Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—

What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norfolk. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York, Before I see thee seated in that throne, Which now the house of Lancaster usurps, I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close. This is the palace of the fearful king,

'And this the regal seat: possess it, York: For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

'For hither we have broken in by force.

Norfolk. We'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords;—

'And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

'Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

[*They retire.*]

* *York.* The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,

'But little thinks we shall be of her council:

'By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd, Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king; And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

'*York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute; I mean to take possession of my right.

Rich. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

'The proudest he that holds up Lancaster, Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.'

'Fill plant Plantagenet, foot him up who dares:— Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[*WARWICK LEADS YORK TO THE THRONE, who seats himself.*]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, with red Roses in their Hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, Even in the chair of state! belike, he means [Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,] To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.— Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—

And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

Norfolk. If he not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!

Cliff. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

'My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Cliff. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he; He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.

1. Shakespeare was also led into this anachronism by the old plays. At the time of the first battle of St. Albans, where Richard is represented to have fought in the last scene of the preceding play, he was not one year old; having been born at Fotheringay Castle, October 31, 1454. At the time to which the third scene of the present act refers, he was but six years old; and in the fifth act, in which Henry is represented as having been killed by him in the Tower, not more than sixteen and eight months.

2 The allusion is to falconry. Hawks had sometimes hute bells hung on them, perhaps to scare the birds; that is, to fright them from rising.

3 The old play reads 'as the kingdom is.' Why Shakespeare altered it, it is not easy to say, for the new

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

Norfolk. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them, And they have troops of soldiers at their back?

Exc. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!

Onsets of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the Duke.*]

The factions duke of York, descend my throne, And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet: I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.

Exc. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York!

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.'

Exc. Thy father was a traitor to the crown,

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown, in following this usurping Henry.

Cliff. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.

'*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

'*York.* It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster: And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget, That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates.

'*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons, Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

'*Cliff.* Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words, I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,

As shall revenge his death, before I stir,

'*War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown? If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York; Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March; I am the son of Henry the Fifth,

Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop, And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith⁶ thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I; When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks you lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother [To York,] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand caviling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

line only exhibits the same meaning more obscurely. York means that the dukedom was his inheritance from his father, as the earldom of March was his inheritance from his mother. His title to the crown was not as duke of York, but as earl of March, and by naming that, he covertly asserts his right to the crown.

4 Another mistake of the author of the old play, York's father was earl of Cambridge, and was beheaded in the lifetime of his elder brother, Edward duke of York.

5 The military reputation of King Henry V. is the sole support of his son. The name of King Henry the Fifth dispersed the followers of Cade.

6 Since. A contraction of *sithence*.

York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,
 For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
 No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
 'Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;
 And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
 Shall be my winding-sheet.'—Why faint you, lords?
 'My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
 Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king:
 'For Richard in the view of many lords,
 Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;
 Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
 And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
 Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?¹

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
 But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
 Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern

power,—
 'Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
 Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
 Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
 Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
 May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
 'Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
 What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
 Or I will fill the house with armed men,
 And, e'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
 Write up his title with usurping blood.

Clif. *[He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.]*
 'K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:—

'Let me, for this my life time, reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
 And thou shalt reign in quiet whilst thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
 Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?
War. What good is this to England, and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us?
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

* *West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

* In whose cold blood no spark of honour bid's.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
 'And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
 Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and WESTMORELAND.]

* *War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge,² and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
 But, be it as it may:—I here entail

'The crown to thee, and to thine heirs forever;
 Conditionally, that here thou take an oath,
 To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
 To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

* And neither³ by treason, nor hostility,
 * To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[Coming from the Throne.]
War. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!
[Sinet. The Lords come forward.]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

North. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[Exeunt YORK, and his Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, SOLDIERS, and Attendants.]

* *K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray⁴ her anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. *[Going.]*

* *Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

* *Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?
 * Ah, wretched man! 'would, I had died a maid,

* And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
 * Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!

* Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
 * Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;

* Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
 * Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;

* Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

* Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,

* And disinherited thine only son.

* *Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me:
 * If you be king, why should not I succeed?

* *K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;—

* The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.
 * *Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

querod, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle but passion.—*Johnson.*

4 Malone asserts that neither, either, brother, and many similar words, were used by Shakespeare as monosyllables. Stevens doubts this, with seeming propriety, and observes that the versification of this and the preceding play, has many lines as unmetrical and irregular as this.

5 Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

6 Berray, disposer.

1 Perhaps Gray had this passage in mind when he wrote:—

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race.'

2 I. e. detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty.

3 They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been con-

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
 And given unto the house of York such head,
 * As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
 * To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
 * What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
 * And creep into it far before thy time?
 * Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
 * Stern Faulconbridge¹ commands the narrow seas;
 The duke is made protector of the realm;
 * And yet shalt thou be safe? * such safety finds
 * The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
 * Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
 * The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
 * Before I would have granted to that act.
 * But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:
 * And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
 * Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
 * Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
 * Whereby my son is disinherited.
 The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
 * And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
 * And utter ruin of the house of York.
 * Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;
 * Our army's ready: Come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field, I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt QUEEN MARGARET, and the Prince.*]

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,

* Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
 * Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;
 * Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
 * Will coast² my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
 * Tire³ on the flesh of me, and of my son!
 * The loss of those three lords' torments my heart:
 * I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
 * Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.
 * *Ere.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield in Yorkshire. *Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.*

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

1 The queen's reproach is founded on a position long received among politicians, that the loss of kingly power is soon followed by loss of life.

2 The person here meant was Thomas Nevill, bastard son to the Lord Faulconbridge, 'a man (says Hall) of no lesse corage than audacie, who for his cruel conditions was such an apt person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the world in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an ill hazard.' He had been appointed by Warwick, vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends, should escape untaken or un-drowned: such, at least, were his instructions with respect to the friends and favourers of King Edward after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death, he fell into poverty, and robbed, both by sea and land as well friends as enemies. He once brought his ships up the Thames, and with a considerable body of the men of Kent and Essex, made a spirited assault on the city, with a view to plunder and pillage, which was not repelled but after a sharp conflict, and the loss of many lives; and, had it happened at a more critical period, might have been attended with fatal consequences to Edward. After roving on the sea some little time longer, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded. See Hall and Holinshed.—*Ritton.*

3 To coast is, apparently, to pursue, to hover about

Enter York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:

I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority over him that swears;

Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

*Therefore, to arms. * And, father, do but think,*

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;

** Within whose circuit is Elysium,*

** And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.*

** Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,*

** Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed*

** Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.*

York. Richard, enough; I will be king or die.—

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—

Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,

And tell him privily of our intent.—

You, Edward, shalt unto my Lord Cobham,

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,

Witty and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—*

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,

But that I seek occasion how to rise;

And yet the king not privy to my drift,

Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger.**

But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,¹⁰

any thing. The old form of the word appears to have been *costoye*, or *costoic*, from the French *costoyer*, to pursue a course alongside an object, to watch it.

4 To *toe* is to tear; to feed like a bird of prey.

5 i. e. of Northumberland, Westmoreland; and Clifford, who had left him in disgust.

6 Shakespeare seems to have thought York and Montague brothers-in-law. But Montague was brother to Warwick; Warwick's daughter was married to a son of York, but not during the life of York. Steevens thought that as Shakespeare uses the expression *brothers* of the war in King Lear, something of the kind might be meant here.

7 The obligation of an oath is here eluded by a very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper, taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself, in the foregoing play, was rational and just.—*Johnson.*

8 Of sound judgment.

9 The folio reads 'Enter Gabriel.' It was the name of the actor, probably Gabriel Singer, who played this insignificant part. The emendation is from the old play, and was made by Theobald.

10 I know not (says Johnson) whether the author intended any moral instruction, but he that reads this has

' Intend here to besiege you in your castle ;
' She is hard by with twenty thousand men ;
' And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
* *York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—
' Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;
' My brother Montague shall post to London !
' Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
' Whom we have left protectors of the king,
' With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
' And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
* *Mont.* Brother, I go ; I'll win them, fear it not !
' And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!

' You are come to Sandal in a happy hour ;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

' *York.* What, with five thousand men ?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general ; What should we fear ?

[*A March afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums ; let's set our men in order ;

' And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
' *York.* Five men to twenty !—though the odds be great,

' I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

' Many a battle have I won in France,

' When as the enemy hath been ten to one ;

' Why should I not now have the like success ?

[*Alarum. Escant.*

SCENE III. *Plains near Sandal Castle. Alarum : Escursions. Enter* RUTLAND, and his Tutor.

' *Rut.* Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands ?

Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, and *Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the wreat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,⁵—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,

' Least thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,

That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

' *Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

' That trembles under his devouring paws ;

' And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey ;

' And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—

' Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

' And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die ;—

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

a striking admonition against precipitancy, by which we often use unlawful means to do that which a litle delay would put honestly in our power. Had York stayed but a few moments, he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury.

1 ' A press called Sir Robert Aspell.' *Hall*, fo. 90.

2 I. e. the father of which brat, namely the duke of York.

3 Steevens remarks that the epithet *devouring*, which might well have characterized the whole animal, is oddly enough bestowed on his paws.

4 Rutland was born in 1448 ; or at latest, according to Hall, in 1448, and Clifford's father was slain at the battle of St. Albans, in 1455. Consequently Rutland was then at least seven years old, more probably twelve.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again ;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and hard thine,

Were not revenge sufficient for me ;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;

' And till I root out their accursed line,

' And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death :—

To thee I pray ; sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

' *Rut.* I never did thee harm : Why wilt thou slay me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;

Lost, in revenge thereof,—sith⁶ God is just,—

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause ?

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die.

[*CLIFFORD stabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laetis summa sit ista tuus !*

[*Exit.*

Clif. Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet !

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,

Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Alarum. Enter* YORK.

' *York.* The army of the queen hath got the field—

' My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;

' And all my followers to the eager foe

' Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,

' Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starv'd wolves.

' My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them :

But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown, by life, or death.

' Three times did Richard make a lane to me ;

' And thrice cried,—*Courage, father ! fight it out !*

' And full as oft came Edward to my side,

With purple falchion painted to the hilt,

' In blood of those that had encounter'd him

' And when the hardiest warriors did retire,

' Richard cried,—*Charge ! and give no foot of ground !*

' And cried,—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb !*

' *A sceptre, or an earthy sepulchre !*

With this we charg'd again : but, out, alas !

' We bodg'd⁷ again ; as I have seen a swan

' With bootless labour swim against the tide,

' And spend her strength with overmatching waves.

[*A short Alarum within.*

' Ah, hark ! the fatal followers do pursue ;

' And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury ;

' And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury !

' The sands are number'd, that make up my life ;

' Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

⁵ Since.

⁶ This line is in Ovid's Epistle from Phillis to Demophon. The same quotation is in Nash's *Hare* with you to Saffron Walden, 1806.

⁷ Those were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. See *Graffon's Chronicle*, p. 649.

⁸ *Bodged* is probably the same as *budged*, from *bouger*, French. Steevens thought that it was the same, as *bogged*, i. e. made bad, or bungling work of the attempt to rally. But the following passage, in which Coriolanus speaks of his army who had fled from their adversaries, seems decisive :—

' The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did *budge*.
From rascals worse than they.'

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

‘ Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—

‘ I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
‘ I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show’d unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.¹

York. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
‘ A bird that will revenge upon you all:

‘ And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate’er you can afflict me with.

‘ Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;

‘ So doves do peck the falcon’s piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives ’gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,

‘ And, in thy thought o’errun my former time:

* And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice,

‘ Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[Draws.]

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand

causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor’s life:
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When he might spurn him with his foot away?

It is war’s prize² to take all vantages;

‘ And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK is taken prisoner.]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer’d

booty;

So true men³ yield, with robbers so o’ermatch’d.

North. What would your grace have done unto

him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come make him stand upon this molehill here;

‘ That taught⁴ at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—

* What! was it you that would be England’s king?

Was’t you that revell’d in our parliament,

And made a proclamation of your high descent?

Where are your messes of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

‘ And where’s that valiant crookback prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain’d this napkin⁵ with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier’s point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

‘ Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr’ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

What, hath thy fery heart so parch’d thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland’s death?

* Why art thou patient, man? thou should’st be mad;

* And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Thou would’st be fed’d, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—

A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a paper Crown on his Head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took King Henry’s chair;

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it that great Plantagenet

Is crown’d so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king,

Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale⁶ your head in Henry’s glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O, ’tis a fault too unpardonable!

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.⁷

Clif. That is my office, for my father’s sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let’s hear the orisons he makes.

York. She wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
‘ Whose tongue more poisons than the adder’s tooth!
How ill beseeiming is it in thy sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
‘ Upon their woens, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, visorlike, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam’st, of whom deriv’d,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.

Thy father bears the type⁸ of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
‘Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
‘Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir’d;
The contrary doth make thee wonder’d at:
‘Tis government,⁹ that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.¹⁰
O, tyger’s heart, wrapp’d in a woman’s hide!
How could’st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman’s face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
‘ Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

upon a molehill, on whose heade they put a garland in
stead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made
of segges or bulrushes, and having so crown’d him
with that garlande, they kneeled down afore him, as
the Jews did to Christe, in scorn, saying to him, Haile
king without rule, haile, king without heritage, haile,
duke and prince without people or possessions. And,
at length, having thus scorn’d hym with these and di-
verse other the like despitefull wordes, they strooke
off his heade, which (as ye have heard) they presented
to the queen.¹¹

7 Impale, encircle with a crown. 8 Kill him.

9 I. e. the crown, the emblem or symbol of royalty.

10 Government, in the language of the time signified
evenness of temper, and decency of manners.

11 The north.

1 Noontide point on the dial.

2 Prize here must have the same meaning as *prize* in French, or *presa* in Italian, i. e. a *hold* or *advantage* that may be taken. Unless we can imagine that it signifies *licitum est*, ‘it is *prized* or *esteemed* lawful in war,’ &c. *Prize*, *prize*, and *prize* were used indiscriminately by our ancestors.

3 Honest men.

4 Reached. Vide note on Part II. of this play, Act II.

5c. 2.

6 Handkerchief.

7 According to Hall the paper crown was not placed on York’s head till after he was dead; but Hollinshed, after having copied Hall, says:—‘Some write that the duke was taken alive and in derision caused to stand

* Bidd'st thou me rage, why, now thou hast thy wish:
 * Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
 * For raging wind blows up incessant showers.
 And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.¹
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
 * And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
 * 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false French-
 woman.
North. Beshrew me, but his passions² move me so,
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
 with blood:
 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
 O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
 This cloth thou dipp'st in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[*He gives back the Handkerchief.*]
 And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;³
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
 And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
 There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
 curse;
 And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughterman to all my kin,
 * I should not for my life but weep for him,
 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.
Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord North-
 umberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
 And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's
 death.

[*Stabbing him.*]
Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted
 king.
York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
 * My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
 thee.

[*Dies.*]
Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gate;
 So York may overlook the town of York.⁴
 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire. Drums. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.*

* *Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
 * Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
 * From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
 * Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
 * Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;

1 We meet with the same thought in Shakspeare's *Rape of Lucrece* :—

'This windy tempest, till it blots up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more:
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er,
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,
 Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.'

2 *Passions for griefs.*
 3 'Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds.'

4 This gallant prince fell by his own imprudence, in consequence of leading an army of only five thousand men to engage with twenty thousand, and not waiting for the arrival of his son the earl of March, with a large body of Welshmen. He and Cecily his wife, with his son Edmund, earl of Rutland, were originally buried in the chancel of Fotheringay church. Peacham, in his *Complete Gentleman*, 1627, p. 168, gives an account of the destruction of their monuments, of the disinterment, &c.; and of their reinterment in the church, by command of Queen Elizabeth, under a mean monument of plaster.

5 Demeaned himself.

* Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
 * The happy tidings of his good escape.
 * How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
 Where our right valiant father is become.
 * I saw him in the battle range about;
 * And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
 * Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
 As doth a lion in a herd of beat:⁶
 * Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
 * Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry.
 * The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
 * So far'd our father with his enemies:
 * So fled his enemies my warlike father;
 * Methinks, 'tis prize' worth to be his son.
 See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!⁷
 * How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 * Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!
Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect
 sun.⁸

Not separated with the racking clouds,⁹
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
 See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
 In this the heaven figures some event.

* *Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never
 heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
 That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
 * Each one already blazing by our meeds,¹¹
 Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
 * And overshadow the earth, as this the world.
 * What's'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my target three fair shining suns.

* *Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters;—by your
 leave I speak it,
 * You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

* But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
 * Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
 When as the noble duke of York was slain,
 * Your princely father, and my loving lord.
 * *Edw.* O, speak no more! for I have heard too
 much.¹²

* *Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
 * *Mess.* Environed he was with many foes;
 * And stood against them as the hope of Troy;¹³
 * Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
 * But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
 * And many strokes, though with a little axe,
 * Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
 * By many hands your father was subdu'd;
 * But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
 * Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
 * Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
 * Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
 * The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,

6 Neat cattle, cows, oxen, &c.
 7 *Prize* is here again used for *estimation*.

8 *Aurora* takes for a time her farewell of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.

9 This circumstance is mentioned both by Hall and Holinshed. At which time the sun (as some write) appeared to the earl of March like three suns, and suddenly joynd altogether in one; upon which sight hee tooke such courage, that he secretly setting on his enemies put them to flight; and for this cause some imagined that he gave the sun in his full brightness for his badge or cognizance.—*Holinshed.*

10 I. e. the clouds floating before the wind like a rack or vapour. This verb, though now obsolete, was formerly in common use; and it is now provincially common to speak of the rack of the weather.

11 *Meed* anciently signified *merit* as well as reward, and is so explained by Cogrove, Phillips, and others.

12 The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death.

13 Hector.

' A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
 ' Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain :
 ' And, after many scorn, many foul taunts,
 ' They took his head, and on the gates of York
 ' They set the same ; and there it doth remain,
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon ;
 ' Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !—
 ' O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
 ' The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
 ' And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
 ' For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd
 thee !—

Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
 Ah, would she break from hence ! that this my body
 ' Might in the ground be closed up in rest :
 ' For never henceforth shall I joy again,
 ' Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :
 ' Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
 burden ;

* For selfsame wind, that I should speak withal,
 * Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
 * And burn me up with flames that tears would
 quench.

* To weep, is to make less the depth of grief :
 * Tears, then, for babes ; blows, and revenge, for
 me !—

' Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
 ' Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with
 thee ;

' His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
 Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :
 ' For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
 ' Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with
Forces.

War. How now, fair lords ? What fare ? what
 news abroad ?

' *Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should re-
 count

Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
 Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
 The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
 O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick ! Warwick ! that Plantagenet,
 Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
 Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.¹

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in
 tears :

And now to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
 Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
 Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
 Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
 I then in London, keeper of the king,
 Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
 And very well appointed, as I thought,
 March'd towards Saint Albans to intercept the queen,
 Bearing the king in my behalf along :
 For by my scouts I was advertised,
 That she was coming with a full intent
 To dash our late decree in parliament,
 ' Touching King Henry's oath, and your succession.
 Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met,
 Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought :
 But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,

That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen ;
 Or whether 'twas report of her success ;
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
 ' Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
 I cannot judge : but, to conclude with truth,
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
 Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 ' Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay, and great rewards :
 But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight,
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled ; the king, unto the queen ;
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
 In haste, posthaste, are come to join with you ;
 For in the marches here, we heard you were,
 Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle
 Warwick ?

And when came George from Burgundy to England ?
 ' *War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the
 soldiers :

And for your brother,—he was lately sent
 From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
 ' With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
 fled :

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
 But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou
 hear :

For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
 Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
 And wring the awful sceptre from his fist ;
 Were he as famous and as bold in war,
 As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick : blame me
 not ;

'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
 But, in this troublesome time, what's to be done ?
 Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
 Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads ?
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes

Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ?
 If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you
 out ;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
 Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
 With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
 And of their leather, many more proud birds,
 Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.

He swore consent to your succession,
 His oath enrolled in the parliament ;
 And now to London all the crew are gone,
 To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
 May make against the house of Lancaster.

' Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong
 Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
 With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
 Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,

' Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
 Why, *Via* ! to London will we march amain ;

And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 ' And once again cry—Charge upon our foes !

But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick
 speak :

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
 ' That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean ;

1 Thus in Spenser's Hymn of Heavenly Beauty :—

'—like the native bird of eagle's kind,
 On that bright sun of glory fix thine eyes.'

2 This meeting was at Chipping Norton, according to
W. Wreaser, p. 488.

3 A common ancient expression for killed ; from the
French faire mourir.

4 The ages of the duke of York's children will show
 far historic truth is departed from in the present
 play. The battle of Wakefield was fought on the 29th

of December, 1460, when Edward was in his nineteenth
 year, Rutland in his eighteenth, George of York, after-
 wards duke of Clarence, in his twelfth, and Richard
 only in his ninth year.

5 This circumstance is not warranted by history. Cla-
 rence and Gloster (as they were afterwards created)
 were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of
 Wakefield, and did not return until their brother Edward
 had got possession of the crown. The duchess of Bur-
 gundy was not their aunt, but a third cousin.

' And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!
War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
' The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
' Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant *Richard*,—*Montague*,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
' But sound the trumpets, and about our task.
' *Rick.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as
steel,
' (As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)
' I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.
' *Edw.* Then strike up, drums;—*God*, and *Saint*
George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?
Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by
me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors: Let's
away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Before York. *Enter KING HENRY,
QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES,
CLIFFORD and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.*
Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town
of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
' Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
' *K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear
their wreck;—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Without revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
' And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinheret him,
' Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
' Which sometime they have used with fearful flight),
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
What my great grandfather and grandsire got,

1 Why, then, things are as they should be; it falls
out right.

2 Foolishly.
3 The king quotes two proverbs; the one—' Ill gotten
goods never prosper'; the other—' Happy the child
whose father went to the devil.' This last he must be
supposed to use interrogatively, as disputing the truth
of it: ' Was it always happy for that son?' &c. This
interpretation sets the king's reasoning right.

4 I. e. arrange your host, put your host in order. *Dar-*
raign is used by Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser.

5 Happy was the queen in her two battays, but
unfortunate was the king in all his enterprises; for
where his person was present the victorie fledde ever

My careless father fondly gave away?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him—
K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
' But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
' As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
' Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know,
' How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!
' *Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits; our
foes are nigh,
' And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
' You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
' Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently,—
Edward, kneel down.
K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.
Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.
Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
' For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
' Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.
Clif. I would, your highness would depart the
field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our
fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore
I'll stay.
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, *Saint*
George!

*March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD,
WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Sol-*
diers.

' *Edw.* Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel
for grace,
' And set thy diadem upon my head;
' Or bid the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting
boy!
' Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
' Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee!
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
' To blot out me, and put his own son in.

from him to the other parts.—*Hall's Chronicle.* Henry
VI. fol. c. Drayton has enlarged upon this superstitious
belief in his *Miseries of Queen Margaret*.

6 Edward's argument is founded on an article said to
have been in the compact between Henry and the duke
of York: ' That if the king did closely or openly
sue, or go about to compass or imagine the death or
destruction of the sayde duke or his blood, then he shoulde
forget the crowne, and the duke of Yorke to take it.'—
Hall. If this had been one of the articles of the compact,
the duke having been killed at Wakefield, his
eldest son would now have a title to the crown; but
Maloué doubts whether it ever made part of that agree-
ment. The poet followed Hall.

Cliff. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father, but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!
Cliff. Ay, crookback; here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Cliff. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick? dare you speak?
When you and I met at St. Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Cliff. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-sworn heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Cliff. I slew thy father: Call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sunset, I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I pry'thee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
Cliff. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd.
Cliff. That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,¹
'As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iros of Naples, hid with English gilt,²
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel³ should be call'd the sea,)
'Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extrah't,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?'

1—It is my firm persuasion.

2 See the Second Part of King Henry VI. Act v. Sc. 1.
3 *Gilt* is a superficial covering of gold.
4 A *channel* in the poet's time signified what we now call a *kenel*; which word is still pronounced *channel* in the north.

5 To show thy meanness of birth by thy indecent railing.

6 *A wisp of straw* was often applied as a mark of opprobrium to an immodest woman, a scold, or similar offenders; even showing it to a woman was, therefore, considered as a grievous affront. A *caffet* was a lewd woman; but a term often given to a *scold*.

7 I. e. a cuckold. In *Troilus and Cressida*, *Thersites*, speaking of *Meneclaus*, calls him 'The godly transformation of Jupiter there,—the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds.'

Edw. A wisp of straw⁴ were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless caffet know herself.—
* Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
* Although thy husband may be *Meneclaus*;
* And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
* By that false woman, as this king by thee.
' His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
' Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
' That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
' For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
Geo. But, when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
' And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
' Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
' We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *A Field of Battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.* *Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
' And spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
' For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

* *Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
' Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
' What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?
' *Edw.* Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
' And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
' Thy brother's blood the thirdest earth hath drunk,⁸
' Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
' And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—

8 Shakspeare has here, perhaps, intentionally thrown three different actions into one. The principal action took place on the eve of Palm Sunday, 1461. This battle (says Carte) decided the fate of the house of Lancaster, overturning in one day an usurpation strength ened by sixty-two years' continuance, and established Edward on the throne of England.

9 — Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is lost despair. Milton.

10 The brother here mentioned is no person in the drama, but a natural son of Salisbury. Holinshed, relating the death of Lord Clifford in this action at Ferry-bridge, on the 29th of March, 1461, says, 'He was slain, and with him the bastard of Salisbury, brother to the earl of Warwick, a valiant young gentleman, and of great audacity.'

Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
 * Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!
 * So underneath the belly of their steeds,
 * That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 * The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

* War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood!

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.

* Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,

* Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;

* And look upon,¹ as if the tragedy

* Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?

* Here on my knee I vow to God above,

* I'll never pause again, never stand still,

* Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,

* Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;

* And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—

* And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,

* I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,

Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!

* Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,

* That to my foes this body must be prey,—

* Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,

* And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—

* Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,

Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

* Rick. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle

Warwick,

* Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—

* I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,

* That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

* War. Away, away! Once more sweet lords,

farewell.

* Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,

* And give them leave to fly that will not stay;

* And call them pillars, that will stand to us;

* And, if they thrive, promise them such rewards

* As victors wear at the Olympian games:

* This may plant courage in their quailing² breasts;

* For yet is hope of life, and victory.—

* Fore-slow³ no longer, make we hence again.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the Field. Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.*

* Rick. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:

* Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,

* And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,

* Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.⁴

* Cliff. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:

This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York;

And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;

And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,

And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and

brother,

To execute the like upon thyself;

And so, have at thee.

[They fight. WARWICK enters; CLIFFORD flies.]

* Rick. Nay, Warwick, single out some other

chase;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.⁵

[Exeunt.]

¹ Look upon for look on, i. e. are mere spectators.

² Quailing is sinking into dejection.

³ To fore-slow is to delay, to loiter.

⁴ Fore-slow no time; sweet Lancaster, let's march.
Marlowe's Edward III.

⁵ — non si te ferreus agger
 Ambiat.
Statius, Theb. ii. v. 452.

⁶ Two very similar lines in the preceding play are spoken of Richard's father by Clifford's father:—

* Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase;

* For I myself must hunt this deer to death.⁷

⁷ The leading thought in both these soliloquies is borrowed from Holinshed, p. 665. 'This deadly conflict continued ten hours in doubtful state of victrorie, uncertaine heaving and setting on both sides,' &c. Steevens points out a similar comparison in Virgil, *Æn. lib. x. ver. 364*, which originates with Homer, *Iliad xiv.*

⁸ This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing inter-

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field. Alarm. Enter KING HENRY.*

* K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,⁸

* When dying clouds contend with growing light;

* What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

* Can neither call it perfect day, nor night,

* Now aways it this way, like a mighty sea,

* Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;

* Now aways it that way, like the selfsame sea

* Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind;

* Sometime, the flood prevails; and then the wind;

* Now, one the better; then, another best;

* Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

* Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered;

* So is the equal poise of this fell war.

* Here on this molehill will I sit me down;

* To whom God will, there be the victory!

* For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,

* Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,

* They prosper best of all when I am thence.

* 'Would, I were dead! if God's good will were so:

* For what is in this world, but grief and woe?

* O God! methinks, it were a happy life,⁹

* To be no better than a homely swain;

* To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

* To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,

* Thereby to see the minutes how they run;

* How many make the hour full complete,

* How many hours bring about the day,

* How many days will finish up the year,

* How many years a mortal man may live.

* When this is known, then to divide the times;

* So many hours must I tend my flock;

* So many hours must I take my rest;

* So many hours must I contemplate;

* So many hours must I sport myself;

* So many days my ewes have been with young;

* So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau;

* So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:

* So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,

* Pass'd over to the end they were created,

* Would bring white hairs upon a quiet grave.

* Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!

* Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade

* To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,

* Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy

* To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?

* O, yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.

* And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,

* His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,

* His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade

* All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,

* Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,

* His viands sparkling in a golden cup,

* His body couched in a curious bed,

* When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarm. Enter a Son that has killed his Father,⁸ dragging in the dead Body.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody.—

* This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,

change, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity.—*Johnson.* There are some verses preserved of Henry VI. which are in a strain of the same pensive moralizing character. The reader may not be displeas'd to have them here subjoin'd, that he may compare them with the congenial thoughts the poet has attributed to him:—

* Kingdoms are but cares;

* State is devoid of stay;

* Riches are ready snares,

* And hasten to decay.

* Pleasure is a privy [game],

* Which vice doth still provoke;

* Pomp unprompt; and fame a flame;

* Power a smouldering smoke.

* Who meaneth to remove the rock

* Out of his slimy mud,

* Shall mire himself, and hardly scape

* The swelling of the flood.⁹

⁸ These two horrible instances are selected to show

* May be possessed with some store of crowns ;
 * And I, that haply take them from him now,
 * May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 * To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
 * Who's this ?—O God ! it is my father's face,
 * Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
 * O heavy time, begetting such events !
 * From London by the king was I press'd forth ;
 * My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
 * Came on the part of York, press'd by his master ;
 * And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 * Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
 * Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did !—
 * And pardon, father, for I knew not thee !—
 * My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;
 * And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.
 * *K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !
 * Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
 * Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
 * Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear ;
 * And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
 * Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.¹

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the Body in his arms.

* *Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 * Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold ;
 * For I have bought it with a hundred blows.—
 * But let me see :—is this our foeman's face ?
 * Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son !—
 * Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 * * Throw up thine eye ; see, see, what showers arise,
 * * Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 * * Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !—
 * * O, pity, God, this miserable age !—
 * * What stratagems,² how fell, how butcherly,
 * * Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 * * This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !—
 * * O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 * * And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !³
 * *K. Hen.* Woe above woe ! grief more than common grief !
 * * O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds !
 * * O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !—
 * * The red rose and the white are on his face,
 * * The fatal colours of our striving houses :
 * * The one, his purple blood right well resembles ;
 * * The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present !
 * * With one rose, and let the other flourish !
 * * If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
 * *Son.* How will my mother, for a father's death,
 * * Take on⁴ with me, and ne'er be satisfied !
 * *Fath.* How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
 * * Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied !
 * *K. Hen.* How will the country, for these woful chances,
 * * Misthink⁵ the king, and not be satisfied !
 * * *Son.* Was ever son, so rued a father's death ?
 * * *Fath.* Was ever father, so bemoan'd a son ?
 * * *K. Hen.* Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' woe ?
 * * Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much.
 * * *Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit with the Body.*]
 * * *Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet ;

the innumerable calamities of civil war. Raphael has introduced the second of these incidents in his picture of the battle of Constantine and Maxentius.

1 The king intends to say that the state of their hearts and eyes shall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war; all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves.

2 *Stratagems* here means *direful events*.

3 Of these obscure lines the following explanation by Henley is the most probable which has been offered :—Had the son been younger he would have been precluded from the levy which brought him to the field; and had the father recognized him before their mortal encounter, it would not have been too late to have saved him from death.

4 To *take on* is a phrase still in use in common parlance, and signifies to *persist in clamorous lamentation*.

* My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre ;
 * For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
 * My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;
 * And so obsequious⁶ will thy father be,
 * * Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
 * * As Priam was for all his valiant sons,
 * I'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,
 * For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
 * [*Exit, with the Body.*]

* *K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
 * Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums : Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.

* *Prince.* Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are fled,
 * And Warwick rages like a chafed bull :
 * Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
 * *Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post again,
 * Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
 * Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
 * With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
 * And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
 * Are at our backs ; and therefore, hence again.
 * *Exc.* Away ! for vengeance comes along with them ;
 * Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed ;
 * Or else come after, I'll away before.
 * *K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter ;
 * Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
 * Whither the queen intends. Forward ; away !
 * [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.*

* *Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
 * Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
 * O, Lancaster ! I fear thy overthrow,
 * More than my body's parting with my soul.
 * My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee ;
 * * And, now I fall, thy tough mixtures melt ;
 * Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
 * The common people swarm like summer flies :
 * And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun ?
 * And who shines now but Henry's enemies ?
 * O Phœbus ! hadst thou never given consent
 * That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
 * Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth :
 * And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
 * Or as thy father, and his father did,
 * Giving no ground unto the house of York,
 * * They never then had sprung like summer flies :
 * * I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
 * Had left no mourning widows for our death,
 * And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 * For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?
 * * And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity ?
 * * Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds ;
 * * No way to fly, nor strength to hold out fight :
 * * The foe is merciless, and will not pity ;
 * * For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
 * * The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 * And much effuse of blood doth make me faint :—

5 Think unfavourably of.

6 *Obsequious* is here careful of *obsequies* or funeral rites. See *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 1.

7 In the old play the stage direction adds, *with an arrow in his neck*. It is thought that Beaumont and Fletcher ridiculed this, by introducing Ralph, the grocer's apprentice, in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, with a forked arrow through his head. The circumstance is related by Holinshed, p. 664 :—'The Lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget suddenly, with an arrow (as some saie) without a head, was stricken into the throte, and immediately rendered his spirit.'

8 Hence perhaps originated the following passage in *The Bard of Gray* :—

'The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,
 * Gone to salute the rising morn.'

Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest ;
 ' I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[He faints.]

Alarm and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

' *Eds.* Now breathe we, lords ; good fortune bids us pause,
 ' And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.'—

* Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen ;—
 ' That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
 ' As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
 ' Command an argoy to stem the waves.

' But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them ?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape :

For, though before his face I speak the words,
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave :
 ' And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[Clifford groans, and dies.]

Eds. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave ?

Rick. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.¹

Eds. See who it is : and now the battle's ended,
 ' Friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

' *Rick.* Revolve that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford ;

' Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
 ' In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,

' But set his murdering knife unto the root
 ' From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,

' I mean our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there :

' Instead whereof, let this supply the room ;
 Measure for measure must be answered.

Eds. Bring forth that fatal screechowl to our house,

' That nothing sung but death² to us and ours :

' Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
 ' And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the Body forward.]

War. I think his understanding is bereft :—
 Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee ?—

Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,
 And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rick. O, 'would he did ! and so, perhaps, he doth ;

' 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,

' Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
 ' Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.⁴

Rick. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Eds. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

' *Rick.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Eds. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now ?

War. They mock thee, Clifford ! swear as thou wast wont.

' *Rick.* What, not an oath ? nay, then the world goes hard,

' When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath :
 I know by that, he's dead ; And, by my soul,

' If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
 That I in all despite might rail at him,

' This hand should chop it off ; and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
 York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead : Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
 And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king.

' From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen :

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;
 ' And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again :
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.

First, will I see the coronation ;
 ' And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Eds. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be :

* For on thy shoulder do I build my seat ;
 * And never will I undertake the thing,

* Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
 ' Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster ;—

' And George, of Clarence ;—Warwick, as ourself,
 ' Shall do, and undo, as him please best.

Rick. Let me be duke of Clarence ; George, of Gloster ;

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.⁵

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation ;
 Richard, be duke of Gloster : Now to London,

To see these honours in possession. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Chase in the North of England.

Enter Two Keepers,⁶ with Crossbows in their Hands.

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake⁷ we'll shroud ourselves ;

' For through this laund⁸ anon the deer will come ;
 ' And in this covert will we make our stand,

' Culling the principal of all the deer.

* 2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

* 1 *Keep.* That cannot be ; the noise of thy crossbow

* Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

* Here stand we both, and aim we at the beat :

* And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

1 Thus in King Richard III. :—

Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
 2 *Departing for separation. To depart, in old language, is to part. Thus in the old marriage service :—*

Till death us depart.'

3 We have this also in King Richard III. :—
 ' Out on you, owls ! nothing but songs of death.'

4 *Sour words ; words of asperity. ' Veris eagre or sowe : peracerous.'—Baret.*

5 Alluding to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock and Humphrey, duke of Gloster. The author of the old play, in which this line is found, had a passage of Hall's Chronicle in his thoughts, in which the unfortunate ends of those who had borne the title is recounted : he thus concludes :—' So that this name of Gloucester is taken for an unhappie and unfortunate stile, as the proverb speaks of Segano's horse, whose ryder was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie.'

6 In the folio copy, instead of two keepers, we have through negligence the names of the persons who re-

presented these characters, *Sincklo* and *Humphrey*.

Humphrey was probably Humphrey Jefferes, mentioned in Mr. Henslowe's manuscript ; *Sincklo* we have before mentioned, his name being prefixed to some speeches in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*. Hall and Holinshed tell us that Henry VI. 'was no sooner entered into England but he was known and taken of one Cantlow, and brought to the king.' It appears, however, from records in the duchy office, that King Edward granted a rent-charge of one hundred pound to Sir James Harington, in recompense of his great and laborious diligence about the capture and detention of the king's great traitor, rebel, and enemy, lately called Henry the Sixth, made by the said James and likewise annuities to Richard and Thomas Talbot, Esquires,—Talbot, and Levesey, for their services in the same capture. Henry had been for some time harboured by James Maychell of Crakenhorpe, Westmoreland. See Rymer's *Fœdera*, xl. 548, 575.

7 Thicket.

8 A plain extended between woods, a *laune*.

* I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
* In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
* 2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a Prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
* To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
* No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
* Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
* Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
* No humble suitors press to speak for right,
* No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

* 1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
* This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

* *K. Hen.* Let me embrace these our adversaries;
* For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

* 2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

* 1 *Keep.* Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
* Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
* To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
* Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;

* For Warwick is a subtle orator,
* And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

* By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
* For she's a woman to be pitied much:

* Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
* Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

* The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
* And Nero will be tainted with remorse,

* To hear, and see, her complaints, her brinish tears.
* Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;

* That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:
* Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
* Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;¹

* And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
* With promise of his sister, and what else,

* To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
* O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,

* Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.²
* 2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

* *K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to:

* A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

* 2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

* *K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind:⁴ and that's enough.

* 2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

* *K. Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

* Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
* Nor to be seen: 'my crown is call'd, content;

* A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.
* 2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content, and you, must be contented
* To go along with us: for, as we think,

* You are the king, King Edward hath depos'd,
* And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
* Will apprehend you as his enemy.

* *K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath?

* 2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath, nor will not now.

* *K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

* 2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

* *K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old;

* My father and my grandfather were kings;
* And you were sworn true subjects unto me;

* And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
* 1 *Keep.* No;

For we were subjects, but while you were king.
* *K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

* Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
* Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

* And as the air blows it to me again,
* Obeying with my mind when I do blow,

* And yielding to another when it blows,
* Commanded always by the greater gust;

* Such is the lightness of you common men.
* But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin

* My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
* Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;

* And be you king; command, and I'll obey.
* 1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

* *K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,
* If he were seated as King Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.
* *K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:

* And what God will, then let your king perform;
* And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London. A Room in the Palace.
* *Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY.*

* *K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
* This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;

* Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
* The worthy gentleman did lose his life.⁵
* *Glo.* Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;

* It were dishonour, to deny it her.

1 Thus also in King Richard II. :-
* Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king.

It is observable that this line is one of those additions to the original play which are found in the folio and not in the quarto.

2 This line has already occurred in the former Act. :-
* Inferring arguments of mighty force.

In the old play the line occurs but once.

3 The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen. — *Steevens.*

4 Malone thinks that there is an allusion here to an old poem by Sir Edward Dyer, beginning—'My mind to me a kingdom is.' See it in Percy's Reliques, 3d edition, vol. i. p. 293.

5 This is in every particular a falsification of history. Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans

fighting on the side of King Henry; and so far is it from being true that his lands were seized by the conqueror (Queen Margaret) that they were in fact seized by King Edward after his victory at Towton, 1461. The present scene is laid in 1464. Shakspeare followed the old play in this instance; but when he afterwards had occasion to mention this matter in writing his King Richard III he stated it truly as he found it in the Chronicles. In Act i. Sc. 2 of that play, Richard, addressing himself to Queen Elizabeth (the Lady Grey of the present scene,) says:—

'In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
(And, Rivers, so were you):—was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?'

Malone says that this circumstance, among numerous others, proves incontestably that Shakspeare was not the original author of this and the preceding play.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glo. Yea! is it so?
 I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
 Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps
 the wind?
Glo. Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;¹
 And come some other time, to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook
 delay:
 'May it please your highness to resolve me now;
 And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you
 all your lands,
 And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take advantages.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow?
 tell me.
Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her.
Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her
 two.
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by
 him.
K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their
 father's land.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this wi-
 dow's wit.
Glo. Ay, good leave² have you; for you will
 have leave,
 'Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
 [GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire to the
 other side.
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love
 your children?
L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do
 them good?
L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain
 some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do
 them good.
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be
 got.
L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your high-
 ness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I
 give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me
 to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my
 boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot
 do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean
 to ask.
L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace
 commands.
Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears
 the marble.
Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must
 melt.
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear
 my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a
 subject.
K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely
 give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand
 thanks.
Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a
 curt'sy.
K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I
 mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving
 liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.
 What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks,
 my prayers;
 'That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such
 love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought
 you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my
 mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I per-
 ceive
 * Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in
 prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy hus-
 band's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my
 dower;
 For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children
 mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them
 and me.
 But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
 'Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
 Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request;
 No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an
 end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her
 brows.
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her re-
 plete with modesty;
 * Her words do show her wit incomparable;
 * All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
 One way, or other, she is for a king;
 And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
 Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious
 lord:
 I am a subject fit to jest withal,
 But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to
 thee,
 I speak no more than what my soul intends;
 And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
 'I know I am too mean to be your queen:
 And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my
 queen.
L. Grey. 'I will grieve your grace, my sons should
 call you—father.
K. Edw. No more, than when thy daughters call
 thee mother.
 Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children,
 And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
 Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
 To be the father unto many sons.
 'Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for
 shift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two
 have had.

1 A very lively and spritely dialogue; the reciproca-
 tion is quicker than is common in Shakspeare.—*John-*
son

2 This phrase implies readiness of assent.
 3 i. e. seriousness.

* *Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.
 * *K. Edw.* You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
 * *Clor.* To whom, my lord?
 * *K. Edw.* Why, Clarence, to myself.
 * *Glo.* That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
 * *Clor.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
 * *Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.
 * *K. Edw.* Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
 Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

* *Nob.* My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
 And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.
 * *K. Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
 * And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
 * To question of his apprehension.—
 * Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourable.

[*Escort KING EDWARD, LADY GREY, CLARENCE, and Lord.*]

* *Glo.* Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
 Would, he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
 * That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
 * To cross me from the golden time I look for!
 * And yet, between my soul's desire and me
 * (The lustful Edward's title buried)
 * Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
 * And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
 * To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
 A cold premeditation for my purpose!
 * Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
 * Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 * And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
 * Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
 * And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
 * Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
 * So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
 * And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
 * And so I say—I'll cut the causes off;
 * Flattering me with impossibilities.—
 * My eye's too quick, my heart o'erween's too much,
 * Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
 * Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
 * What other pleasure can the world afford?
 * I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
 * And deck my body in gay ornaments,
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
 * O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
 * Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
 * And, for I should not deal in her soft laws
 * She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
 * To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
 * To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;
 * To shape my legs of an unequal size;
 * To disproportion me in every part,
 * Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,¹
 * That carries no impression like the dam.
 And am I then a man to be belov'd?
 * O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.

¹ It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of bears are produced in the same state with those of other animals.—*Johnson.*

² Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counterbalance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is that the deformed, like all other men, are displeas'd with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt.—*Johnson.*

³ I.e. encircled. Stevens would read with Hanmer:—
 * 'Until my head that this misshap'd trunk bears.'

* Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 * But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 * As are of better person than myself,²
 * I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
 * And, whilst I live, to account this world but hell,
 * Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this head,
 * Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
 * And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 * For many lives stand between me and home:
 * And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
 * That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
 * Seeking a way, and straying from the way
 * Not knowing now to find the open air,
 * But toiling desperately to find it out,—
 * Torment myself to catch the English crown:
 * And from that torment I will free myself,
 * Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 * And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
 * And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 * And frame my face to all occasions.
 * I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 * I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 * I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 * Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
 * And, like a Sinon, take another Troy;
 I can add colours to the camelion;
 * Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
 * And set the murd'rous Machiavel⁴ to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 * Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit*]

SCENE III. France. A Room in the Palace.
Flourish. Enter LEWIS, the French King, and
 LADY BONA, attended; the King takes his State.
 Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD her Son, and the EARL OF OXFORD.

* *K. Lew.* Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state,
 * And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.
 * *Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
 Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
 * Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
 * Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
 * But now mischance hath trod my title down,
 * And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
 * Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
 * And to my humble seat conform myself.
 * *K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs
 this deep despair?
 * *Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes
 with tears,
 * And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
 * *K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
 * And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
 [Sits her by him.]
 * To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
 * Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
 * Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
 * It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Otherwise, he observes, the trunk that bears the head is to be encircled with the crown, and not the head itself

⁴ The old play reads with more propriety:—
 * 'And set the aspiring Cataline to school.'

By which the anachronism is also avoided. Machiavel is mentioned in various books of the poet's age as the great exemplar of profound politicians. An amusing instance of the odium attached to his name is to be found in Gill's *Logonomia Anglica*, 1621:—'Et ne semper Sidneios loquamur, audi epilogum fabule quam docuit Boreall dialecto poeta, titulumque fuit reus Machiavellus:—

'Machil iz hanged
 And brenned iz his buks:
 Though Machil iz hanged
 Yet he iz not wranged,
 The D'el haz him fanged
 In his crukes cluka.'

* *Q. Mar.* These gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
 * And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
 * Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
 * That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
 * Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
 * And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
 * While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
 * Usurps the regal title, and the seat
 * Of England's true anointed lawful king.
 * This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
 * With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
 * Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
 * And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
 * Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
 * Our people and our peers are both misled,
 * Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
 * And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.
 * *K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
 * While we bethink a means to break it off.
 * *Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.
 * *K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.
 * *Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
 * And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, 1 attended.

* *K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?
 * *Q. Mar.* Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.
 * *K. Lew.* Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[Descending from his State, Queen MARGARET rises.

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
 * For this is he that moves both wind and tide.
 * *War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
 My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
 I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
 First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
 And, then, to crave a league of amity;
 And, lastly, to confirm that amity
 With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafest to grant
 That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
 To England's king in lawful marriage.
 * *Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.¹

War. And, gracious madam, *[To BONA,]* in our king's behalf,
 ' I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
 To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
 Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.
 * *Q. Mar.* King Lewis,—and Lady Bona,—hear me speak,
 ' Before you answer Warwick. His demand
 * Springs not from Edward's well meant honest love,
 * But from deceit, bred by necessity;
 * For how can tyrants safely govern home,
 * Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
 * To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—

1 This nobleman's embassy and commission, the insult he receives by the king's hasty marriage, and his consequent resolution to avenge it, with the capture, imprisonment, and escape of the king, Shakespeare found in Hall and Hollinshed; but later as well as earlier writers of better authority, incline us to discredit the whole; and to refer the rupture between the king and his political creator to other causes. Perhaps we need seek no further than that jealousy and ingratitude which is but too often experienced in those who are under great obligations—too great to be discharged. There needs no other proof how little our common histories are to be depended on, than this fabulous story of Warwick and the Lady Bona. The king was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Widville, in 1463, and in February, 1465, Warwick actually stood sponsor to the Princess Elizabeth, their first child. It should seem from the

* That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
 * Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
 * Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage,
 * Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
 * For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
 * Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince. And why not queen?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
 And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.
Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
 Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
 And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
 ' Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
 And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
 Who by his prowess conquered all France:
 From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
 You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
 All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
 Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.

But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
 Of threescore and two years; a silly time
 To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
 * *Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy hege,

* Whom thou obey'st thirty and six years,
 And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
 Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
 For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

* *Oxf.* Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
 ' My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
 Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
 Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
 ' When nature brought him to the door of death?²
 No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
 This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.
 * *K. Lew.* Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
 ' Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
 ' While I use further conference with Warwick.
 * *Q. Mar.* Heaven grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

[Retiring with the Prince and Oxford.]
 * *K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
 ' Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
 ' To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
 * *K. Lew.* But is he gracious in the peoples' eye?
War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.³
 * *K. Lew.* Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
 ' Tell me for truth the measure of his love
 ' Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
 As may beseech a monarch like himself,
 Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
 That this his love was an eternal plant;⁴
 Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
 The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;

Annals of W. of Wyrester, that no open rupture had taken place between the king and Warwick, up to the beginning of November, 1463; at least nothing appears to the contrary in that historian, whose work is unfortunately defective from that period.

2 There is nearly the same line in a former speech of Margaret's. It is found in its present situation alone in the old play.

3 This passage unavoidably brings to mind that admirable image of *old age* in Sackville's *Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates*:—

' His withered fist still knocking at death's door.'

4 He means 'that Henry was unsuccessful in war,' having lost his dominions in France, &c.

5 In the language of Shakespeare's time, by an *eternal plant* was meant what we now call a perennial one.

Exempt from envy,¹ but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:
Yet I confess, [To WAR.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

* *K. Lew.* Thou, Warwick, thus—Our sister shall
be Edward's;

* And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
* Touching the jointure that your king must make,
* Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

* *Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device

* By this alliance to make void my suit;

* Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

* *K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret;

* But if your title to the crown be weak,—

* As may appear by Edward's good success,—

* Then 'tis but reason, that I he releas'd

* From giving aid, which late I promised.

* Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand.

* That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;

Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.

And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—

You have a father able to maintain you;—

And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

* *Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and shameless War-

wick, peace;

* Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!²

* I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,

* Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold

* Thy sly conveyance,⁴ and thy lord's false love;

* For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[A Horn sounded within.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for

you;

Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague.

These from our king unto your majesty.—

And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[To MARGARET. They all read their Letters.

Q. Mar. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he

were nettled:

* I hope, all's for the best.

* *K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and

yours, fair queen?

* *Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with un-

hop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady

Grey?

* And now, to sooth⁵ your forgery and his,

* Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

* Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

* Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

* *Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before:

This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's hos-

tenesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of

heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

1 Stevens thinks that *envy* in this place, as in many

others, is put for *malice* or *hatred*. His situation places

him above these, though it cannot secure him from female

disdain.

2 Johnson is inclined to think this ironical. The por-

varity of Margaret's father being a frequent topic of re-

proach.

3 The queen here applies to Warwick the very words

that King Edward, p. 69, addresses to the Deity. It seems

doubtful whether these words in the former instance are

not in the old play addressed to Warwick also.

4 *Conveyance* is used for any crafty artifice. The

word has already been explained. Vide King Henry

VI. Part I. Act i. Sc. 3.

No more my king, for he dishonours me;

But most himself, if he could see his shame,—

Did I forget, that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?⁶

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right;

* And am I guerdon'd⁶ at the last with shame?

* Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.

* And, to repair my honour lost for him,

* I here renounce him, and return to Henry:

* My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor;

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

* *Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have turn'd my

hate to love;

* And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

* And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend

That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:

* And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,

* He's very likely now to fall from him;

* For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

* Or than for strength and safety of our country.

* *Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be re-

veng'd,

* But by the help to this distressed queen?

* *Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall poor

Henry live,

* Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

* *Bona.* My quarrel, and this English queen's,

are one.

* *War.* And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with

yours.

* *K. Lew.* And mine with hers, and thine, and

Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,

You shall have aid.

* *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at

once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in

post;

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—

That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,

To reveal it with him and his new bride:

* Thou seest what's past, go fear⁷ thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower

shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

* *Q. Mar.* Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid

aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me

wrong;

And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

There's thy reward; be gone.⁸ [Exit Mess.

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,

And Oxford, with five thousand men,

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:

* And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

* And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

* Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—

* What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

5 To *sooth*, in ancient language, was 'to countenance

a falsehood or forged tale, to uphold one in his talk,

and affirm it to be true which he speaketh.' *Baret.*

Malone blunders strangely, taking to *sooth* in its modern

acceptation of *soften*.

6 King Edward did attempt a thing once in the

earle's house, which was much against the earle's hos-

tenesty (whether he would have deflow'd his daughter

or his niece, the certainty was not for both their hon-

ours revealed), for surely such a thing was attempted

by King Edward. — *Hollinshead*, p. 668.

7 Rewarded. 8 Fright.

9 Here we are to suppose that, according to ancient

custom, Warwick makes a present to the herald or

messenger, who in the old play is called a *Post*. See

note on King Henry V. Act iii. Sc. vii.

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter,¹ and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:—

*Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.*

** Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;

** And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.*
[*He gives his hand to WARWICK.*]

** K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but WARWICK.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale,² but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, and others.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you

of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?

** Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?*

** Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;

** How could he stay till Warwick made return?*

** Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others.

** Glo.* And his well chosen bride.

** Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

** K. Edu.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

** Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,

That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

** K. Edu.* Suppose, they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

** Glo.* And you shall have your will, because our king:

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

** K. Edu.* Yes, brother Richard, are you offended too?

** Glo.* Not I:

** No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd*

1 This is a departure from the truth of history, for Edward prince of Wales was married to Anne, second daughter of the earl of Warwick. In fact Isabella, his eldest daughter, was married to Clarence in 1468.

2 A *stale* here means a *stalking horse*, a pretence.

3 See King John, note on the final speech.

' Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

** K. Edu.* Setting your scorn, and your mistake, aside,

' Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey

' Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—

' And you, too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

** Clar.* Then this is my opinion,—that king Lewis

' Becomes your enemy, for mocking him

' About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

** Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

' Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

** K. Edu.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,

' By such invention as I can devise?

** Mont.* Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth

' Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

** Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itself

' England is safe, if true within itself?

** Mont.* Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

** Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting France:

** Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,⁴*

** Which he hath given for fence impregnable,*

** And with their helps only defend ourselves;*

** In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.*

** Clar.* For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves

' To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

** K. Edu.* Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;

** And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.*

** Glo.* And yet, methinks your grace hath not done well,

' To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales

' Unto the brother of your loving bride;

' She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:

' But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

** Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir?

' Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,

' And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

** K. Edu.* Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,

' That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

** Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment;

' Which being shallow, you shall give me leave

' To play the broker in mine own behalf;

' And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

** K. Edu.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,

' And not be tied unto his brother's will.

** Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleased his majesty

' To raise my state to title of a queen,

' Do me but right, and you must all confess

' That I was not ignoble of descent,⁵

** And meaner than myself have had like fortune.*

** But as this title honours me and mine,*

** So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,*

** Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.*

⁴ This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England.—Johnson.

⁵ Until the Restoration minors coming into possession of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who bestowed them on his favourites, or in other words gave them up to plunder, and afterwards disposed of them in marriage as he pleased. I know not (says Johnson) when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards.

⁶ Her father was Sir Richard Widville, Knight, afterwards earl of Rivers; her mother Jaqueline, duchess dowager of Bedford, who was daughter of Peter of Luxemburg, earl of St. Paul, and widow of John duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V.

* *K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:

* What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
* So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
* And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
* Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
* Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
* Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
* And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
* *Glo.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

* *K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
* From France?

* *Mess.* My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,

* But such as I, without your special pardon,
* Dare not relate.

* *K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,

* Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.

* What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?
* *Mess.* At my depart, these were his very words;
* Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—

* That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
* To reneil it with him and his new bride.

* *K. Edw.* Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.

* But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

* *Mess.* These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain;

* Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
* I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

* *K. Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little less;

* She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
* For I have heard, that she was there in place.¹

* *Mess.* Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds are done.²

* And I am ready to put armour on.

* *K. Edw.* Helike, she minds to play the Amazon.
* But what said Warwick to these injuries?

* *Mess.* He, more incens'd against your majesty
* Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words;
* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
* And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

* *K. Edw.* Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

* Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
* They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

* But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

* *Mess.* Ay, gracious sovereign; they are solink'd in friendship,

* That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

* *Clar.* Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.³

* Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
* For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;

* That though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
* I may not prove inferior to yourself.—

* You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.⁴

Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.

* *Glo.* Not I:

* My thoughts aim at a further matter; I

* Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

[Aside.]

* *K. Edw.* Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

* Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;

* And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
* Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
* Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
* They are already, or quickly will be landed:
* Myself in person will straight follow you.

[Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.]

* But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
* Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
* Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
* Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
* If it be so, then both depart to him;
* I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;
* But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
* Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
* That I may never have you in suspect.

* *Mont.* So God help Montague, as he proves true!

* *Hast.* And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

* *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

* *Glo.* Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

* *K. Edw.* Why so; then am I sure of victory.
* Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
* Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Plain in Warwickshire. *Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.*

* *War.* Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
* The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

* But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come:—
* Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

* *Clar.* Fear not that, my lord.

* *War.* Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;

* And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
* To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
* Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
* Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
* Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
* But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

* And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
* Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
* His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
* And but attended by a simple guard,
* We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
* Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:

* That as Ulysses,⁵ and stout Diomedes,
* With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
* And brought from thence the Thracian fatal

* steeds;⁶

* So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
* At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,

* And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
* For I intend but only to surprise him.—

* You, that will follow me to this attempt,
* Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[They all cry Henry!

* *Why,* then, let's on our way in silent sort:
* For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Edward's Camp, near Warwick.
Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's Tent.

* 1 *Watch.* Come on my masters, each man take his stand;

* The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

* 2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

* 1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow

¹ In place signifies there present. The expression is of frequent occurrence in old English writers. It is from the French *en place*.

² I. e. my mourning is ended.

³ This is consonant with the former passage of this play, though at variance with what really happened.

⁴ Johnson has remarked upon the actual improbability of Clarence making this speech in the king's hearing. Shakespeare followed the old play, where this line is also found. When the earl of Essex attempted to

raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, 'They that love me, follow me.'

⁵ See the tenth book of the *Iliad*. These circumstances were accessible, however, without reference to Homer in the original.

⁶ We are told by some of the writers of the Trojan story, that the capture of these horses was one of the necessary preliminaries of the fate of Troy.

* Never to lie and take his natural rest,
* Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

* 2 *Watch*. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,

* If Warwick be so near as men report.

* 3 *Watch*. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that

* That with the king here resteth in his tent?

* 1 *Watch*. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

* 3 *Watch*. O, is it so? But why commands the king,

* That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
* While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

* 2 *Watch*. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

* 3 *Watch*. Ay; but give me worship and quietness,

* I like it better than a dangerous honour.¹

* If Warwick know in what estate he stands,

* 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

* 1 *Watch*. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

* 2 *Watch*. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,

* But to defend his person from night foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.

* *War*. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch*. Who goes there?

* 2 *Watch*. Stay, or thou diest.

[*WARWICK, and the rest, cry all—Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, Arm! Arm! WARWICK, and the rest, following them.*]

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding. Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the King out in a Gown, sitting in a Chair; GLOSTER and Hastings fly.

* *Som*. What are they that fly there?

* *War*. Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

* *K. Edw*. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,

Thou call'dst me king?

* *War*. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

* When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

* Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors;

Nor how to be contented with one wife;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;

Nor how to study for the people's welfare;

Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

* *K. Edw*. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

* Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.

* Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

* Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,

* Edward will always bear himself as king:

* Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,

* My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

* *War*. Then, for his mind,² be Edward England's king:

[*Takes off his Crown.*]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

* And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—

* My lord of Somerset, at my request,

* See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd

* Unto my brother, archbishop of York.

* When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

* I'll follow you, and tell what answer

* Lewis, and the Lady Bona, send to him:

Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

1 This honest watchman's opinion coincides with that of Palstaff. See the First Part of King Henry IV Act V Sc. 2.

* *K. Edw*. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

* It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit KING EDWARD, led out; SOMERSET with him.*]

* *Oxf*. What now remains, my lords, for us to do?

* But march to London with our soldiers?

* *War*. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

* To free King Henry from imprisonment,

And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

* *Riv*. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

* *Q. Eliz*. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,

* What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

* *Riv*. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

* *Q. Eliz*. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

* *Riv*. Then is my sovereign slain?

* *Q. Eliz*. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

* Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

* Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares;

* And, as I further have to understand,

* Is now committed to the bishop of York,

* Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

* *Riv*. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:

* Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:

* Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

* *Q. Eliz*. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.

* And I the rather wean me from despair,

* For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

* This is it that makes me bridle passion,

* And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

* Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

* And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

* Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

* King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

* *Riv*. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

* *Q. Eliz*. I am informed, that he comes towards London,

* To set the crown once more on Henry's head:

* Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.

* But to prevent the tyrant's violence

* (For trust not him that hath once broken faith,

* I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,

* To save at least the heir of Edward's right;

* There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.

* Come, therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;

* If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.³

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, and others.

* *Glo*. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,

* Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,

* Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

* Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,

* Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands

* He hath good usage and great liberty;

* And often, but attended with weak guard,

* Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

* I have advertis'd him by secret means,

* That if, about this hour, he make his way,

* Under the colour of his usual game,

* He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,

* To set him free from his captivity.

2 i. e. in his mind; as far as his own mind goes.

3 Shakspeare follows Holinshed in the representation here given of King Edward's capture and imprisonment. The whole, however, is untrue. Edward was never in the hands of Warwick.

Enter King EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

* *K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—

* *Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,*

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

* *Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste; your horse stands ready at the park corner.

* *K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?

* *Hast.* To Lynn, my lord: and ship from thence to Flanders.

* *Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

* *K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

* *Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

* *K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

* *Hunt.* Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

* *Glo.* Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

* *K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A Room in the Tower.* *Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, Young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

* *K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

* *Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;*

* *And turn'd my captive state to liberty,*

* *My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;*

* *At our enlargement what are thy due fees?*

* *Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

* *But, if an humble prayer may prevail,*

* *I then crave pardon of your majesty.*

* *K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

* *Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,*

* *For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:*

* *Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds*

* *Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,*

* *At last, by notes of household harmony,*

* *They quite forget their loss of liberty.—*

* *But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,*

* *And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;*

* *He was the author, thou the instrument.*

* *Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,*

* *By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;*

* *And that the people of this blessed land*

* *May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;*

* *Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,*

* *I here resign my government to thee,*

* *For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.*

* *War.* Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;

* *And now may seem as wise as virtuous,*

* *By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,*

* *For few men rightly temper with the stars:¹*

* *Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,*

* *For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.²*

* *Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,

* *To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,*

* *Adjung'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,*

* *As likely to be blest in peace, and war;*

* *And therefore I yield thee my free consent.*

* *War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.

¹ Few men accommodate themselves to their destiny, or adapt themselves to circumstance.

² See note 1, p. 78.

³ This was adopted from Hall by the author of the old play; Hollinshed also copies Hall almost verbatim:—'Whom when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him, Lo, surely this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give room and place.' p. 678. Henry earl of Richmond, was the son of Edmund earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter to John the

* *K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;

* *Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,*

* *That no dissension hinder government:*

* *I make you both protectors of this land;*

* *While I myself will lead a private life,*

* *And in devotion spend my latter days,*

* *To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.*

* *War.* What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

* *Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent:

* *For on thy fortune I repose myself.*

* *War.* Why then, though loath, yet must I be content:

* *We'll yoke together, like a double shadow*

* *To Henry's body, and supply his place:*

* *I mean, in bearing weight of government,*

* *While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.*

* *And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,*

* *Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,*

* *And all his lands and goods be confiscate.*

* *Clar.* What else? and that succession be determin'd.

* *War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

* *K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

* *Let me entreat (for I command no more)*

* *That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,*

* *Be sent for, to return from France with speed:*

* *For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear*

* *My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.*

* *Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed,

* *K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,

* *Of whom you seem to have so tender care?*

* *Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

* *K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers [*Lays his Hand on his Head.*]

* *Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,*

* *This pretty lad³ will prove our country's bliss.*

* *His looks are full of peaceful majesty;*

* *His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,*

* *His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself*

* *Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.*

* *Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,*

* *Must help you more than you are hurt by me.*

Enter a Messenger.

* *War.* What news, my friend?

* *Mess.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,

* *And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.*

* *War.* Unsavoury news: But how made he escape?

* *Mess.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,

* *And the Lord Hastings, who attended⁴ him*

* *By secret ambush on the forest side,*

* *Escap'd from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;*

* *Counting was his daily exercise.*

* *War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.

* *But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide*

* *A salve for any sore that may betide.*

[*Exeunt King HENRY, WAR. CLAR. Lieut.*

and Attendants.]

* *Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:

* *For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;*

first duke of Somerset. Edmund was half brother to King Henry VI. being the son of that king's mother, Queen Catharine, by her second husband, Owen Tudor. Henry the Seventh, to show his gratitude to Henry VI. for this early presage in his favour, solicited Pope Julius to canonize him a saint; but either would not pay the price, or, as Bacon supposes, the pope refused lest 'as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honour might be diminished if there were not a distance kept between innocents and saints.'

⁴ i. e. waited for him.

- * And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
- * As Henry's late presaging prophecy
- * Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
- * So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
- * What may befall him, to his harm, and ours :
- * Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
- * Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
- * Till storms be past of civil enmity.
- * *Oxf.* Ay ; for if Edward repossess the crown,
- * 'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.
- * *Som.* It shall be so ; he shall to Britany.
- * Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Before York. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Forces.*

- * *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest ;
- * Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
- * And says—that once more I shall interchange
- * My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
- * Well have we pass'd, and now repass the seas,
- * And brought desired help from Burgundy :
- * What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
- * From Ravenspurg haven¹ before the gates of York,
- * But that we enter, as into our dukedom ?
- * *Glo.* The gates made fast !—Brother, I like not this ;
- * For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
- * Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.
- * *K. Edw.* Tush, man ! abodements must not now affright us :
- * By fair or foul means we must enter in,
- * For hither will our friends repair to us.
- * *Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

- * *May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
- * And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;
- * For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
- * *K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
- * Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
- * *May.* True, my good lord ; I know you for no less.
- * *K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom ;
- * As being well content with that alone.
- * *Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
- * He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*]
- * *Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt ?
- Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends.
- * *May.* Ay, say you so ? the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*]
- * *Glo.* A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon !
- * *Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,
- * So'twere not 'long of him :² but, being enter'd,
- * I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
- * Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and Two Aldermen, below.

- * *K. Edw.* So, master mayor : these gates must not be shut,
- * But in the night, or in the time of war.
- * What ! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys ; [*Takes his Keys.*]
- * For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
- * And all those friends that deign to follow me.

1 In the old play this is written *Ravenspurghaven*, we may therefore infer that such was the pronunciation.

2 The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed.

* Report. Vide *Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. 7.

* Know.

3 This scene is perhaps the worst contriv'd of any in

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, and FLOWERS, marching.

- Glo.* Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
- * *K. Edw.* Welcome, Sir John ! But why come you in arms ?
- * *Mont.* To help King Edward in his time of storms, As every loyal subject ought to do.
- * *K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery : But we now forget
- * Our title to the crown ! and only claim
- * Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
- * *Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again ; I came to serve a king, and not a duke,—
- * Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A March begun.*]

- * *K. Edw.* Nay, stay, Sir John, a while ; and we'll debate,
- * By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
- * *Mont.* What talk you of debating ? in few words,
- * If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
- * I'll leave you to your fortune ; and be gone,
- * To keep them back that come to succour you :
- Why should we fight, if you pretend no title ?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points ?

- * *K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim ;
- * Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
- * *Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit ! now arms must rule.
- * *Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

- * Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand ;
- * The bruit¹ thereof will bring you many friends.
- * *K. Edw.* Then be it as you will ; for 'tis my right,
- * And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself ; And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet ; Edward shall be here proclaim'd :—

- * Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation,

[*Gives him a Paper. Flourish.*]

Sold. [*Reads.*] Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the Fourth !

* *K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery ;—and thanks unto you all.

* If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

* Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York :

* And, when the morning sun shall raise his car

* Above the border of this horizon,

* We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates ;

* For, well I wot,² that Henry is no soldier.—

* Ah, froward Clarence !—how evil it bessems thee,

* To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother !

* Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—

* Come on, brave soldiers ; doubt not of the day ;

* And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.³ London. *A Room in the Palace. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAIGNE, EXETER, and OXFORD.*

War. What counsel, lords ? Edward from Belgia, With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,

Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,

And with his troops doth march amain to London ;

* And many giddy people flock to him.

these plays. Warwick has but just gone off the stage, when Edward says :—

* And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course, Where peremptory Warwick now remains.

In the original play this scene follows immediately after King Henry's observations on young Richmond, the sixth scene of the present play.

* *Oxf.* Let's levy men and beat him back again.¹
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
 Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted

friends,
 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
 Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
 Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
 The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
 Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
 Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
 Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:
 And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
 In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
 My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
 Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
 Or modest Dian, circl'd with her nymphs,—
 Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
 Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
 Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's
 true hope.²

* *Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.
 * *K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

* *Mont.* Comfort, my lord,—and so I take my
 leave.

* *Oxf.* And thus, [*Kissing Henry's hand,*] I seal
 my truth, and bid adieu.

* *K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

* And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR, CLAR. OXF. and MONT.*]

* *K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.
 * *Cousin of Exeter,* what thinks your lordship?

* Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field
 * Should not be able to encounter mine.

* *Ess.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

* *K. Hen.* That's not my fear, my meed³ hath
 got me fame.

* I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

* Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

* My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

* My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

* My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:

* I have not been desirous of their wealth,

* Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,

* Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd?

* Then why should they love Edward more than me?

* No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;

* And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

* The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaster! A Lancaster!

Ess. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

* *K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear
 him hence,

* And once again proclaim us king of England.—

* You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:

* Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,

* And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—

* Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with KING HENRY.*]

* And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,

* Where peremptory Warwick now remains:*

¹ This line, in the folio copy, is given to the king, to whose character it is so unsuitable, that it has been thought best to give it to Oxford, who is the next speaker in the old play.

² Shakspeare has twice repeated this passage, which made an impression upon him in the old play. He has applied the same expression to the duke of York, where his overthrow at Wakefield is described:—

'Environed he was with many foes,
 And stood against them as the hope of Troy
 Against the Greeks.'

In the former instance no trace is to be found of these lines in the old play. Several similar repetitions are found in this Third Part of King Henry VI.

³ Meed.

* The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
 * Cold biting winter mars our hop'd for hay.⁴
 * *Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,
 * And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
 * Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
 [*Exeunt*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Coventry. *Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, Two Messengers, and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

* *1 Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

* *2 Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

* *War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

* And, by the guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

* *Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces.

* And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*]

* *War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

* *Som.* It is not his, my lord: here Southam lies:

* The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

* *War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

* *Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. *Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces, marching.*

* *K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

* *Glo.* See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts,⁴ or how are they seduc'd,
 That we could hear no news of his repair?

* *K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

* Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?

* Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,

* And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

* *War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
 Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
 And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—
 the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

* *War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

* *Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;

* I'll do thee service for so good a gift.
 * *War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

* *War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
 And, weakening, Warwick takes his gift again:
 And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

⁴ Warwick has but just left the stage, declaring his intention to go to Coventry. How then could Edward know of that intention? Shakspeare here again followed the old play. Some of the old dramatic writers seem to have thought that all the persons of the drama, must know whatever was known to the writers themselves, or to the audience.

⁵ The allusion is to the proverb, 'Make hay while the sun shines.'

⁶ Thus in King John:—

'O, where hath our intelligence been drunk!
 Where hath it slept?'

⁷ That is, enroll myself among thy dependants. Cowell informs us that *servitium* is 'that service which the tenant, by reason of his fee, oweth unto his lord.'

* *K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
 ' And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
 What is the body, when the head is off?
 ' *Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
 But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
 ' The king was silyly finger'd from the deck!¹
 You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,²
 And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.
 * *Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel
 down, kneel down:
 * Nay, when?' strike now, or else the iron cools.
 * *War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
 * And with the other fling it at thy face,
 * Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
 * *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and
 tide thy friend;
 * This hand, fast wound about thy cold-black hair,
 * Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off,
 * Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
 * *Wind-changing Warwick now can change no
 more.*

Enter OXFORD, with Drum and Colours.

* *War.* O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford
 comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*OXFORD and his Forces enter the City.*

' *Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too.

' *K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.

* Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,

* Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

' If not, the city, being but of small defence,

' We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the City.*

' *Glo.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this
 treason

' Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

* *K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater
 victory;

* My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Drum and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the City.*

' *Glo.* Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
 Have sold their lives unto the house of York;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps
 along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;

* With whom an upright zeal to rights prevails,

* More than the nature of a brother's love:—

* Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick
 calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this
 means;

[*Taking the red Rose out of his Cap.*

' Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruinate my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime³ the stones together,

' And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, War-
 wick,

' That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt,⁴ unnatural,

' To bend the fatal instruments of war
 ' Against his brother, and his lawful king?
 * Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
 * To keep that oath, were more impiety
 * Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
 * I am so sorry for my trespass made,
 * That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 * I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
 * With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee
 * (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
 * To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
 ' Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
 ' *K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times
 more belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate,
 ' *Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-
 like.

War. O passing' traitor, perjurd, and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the
 town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

' *War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and
 leads the way:—

Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory.

[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Field of Battle near Barnet. Alarums, and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK wounded.*

* *K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die
 our fear;

* For Warwick was a bug,⁵ that fear'd us all.—

* Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,

* That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend, or
 foe,

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

* My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
 shows

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;⁶

Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,

* And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

* These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
 black veil,

* Have been as perfect as the mid-day sun,

* To search the secret treasons of the world:

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,

Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;

For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?

And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!

My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,

Is nothing left me, but my body's length!⁷

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

1 A pack of cards was anciently termed a *deck* of cards, or a pair of cards. An instance of a pack of cards being called a *deck*, occurs in the *Severine* Paper for January, 1793. The term is said to be still used in Ireland.

2 The palace of the bishop of London.

3 This expression of impatience has been already noticed in *The Tempest*, and *King Richard II.*

4 The first of these noblemen was Edmund, slain at the battle of St. Albans, 1455. The second was Henry his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463.

The present duke, Edmund, brother to Henry, was

taken prisoner at Tewkesbury, 1471, and there beheaded; his brother John losing his life in the same fight.

5 i. e. To cement.

6 i. e. *stupid*, insensible of paternal fondness.

7 i. e. exceeding, egregious. 'A passing impudent fellow; insinuator impudens.'—*Baret.*

8 Warwick was the *bugbear* that frightened us all.

9 'All the fowls of heaven made their nest in his tongs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young.'—*Ezekiel*, c. xxxi.

10 Cedus coemptus salibus, et domo Villaque.

Hor.

— More sola fastat

Quantula sint hominum corporacula. *Juv.*

Camden mentions in his *Remaines*, that Constantine, in

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

* *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
 * We might recover all our loss again!
 * The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
 * Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'st thou fly!
 * *War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
 * If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
 * And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
 * Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
 * Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
 * That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
 * Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
 * *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
 * And, to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
 * And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.
 * And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
 * Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
 * That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
 * I will might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
 * O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest to his soul!—
 Fly, lords, and save yourselves: for Warwick bids
 You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [*Dies.*
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great
 power! [*Exeunt, bearing of WAR. Body.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field. Flourish.*
 Enter KING EDWARD in triumph; with CLARENCE,
 GLOSTER, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward
 course,
 * And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
 * But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
 * I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
 * That will encounter with our glorious sun,
 * Ere he attain his caseful western bed:
 * I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen
 * Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
 * And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
 * *Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
 * And blow it to the source from whence it came:
 * Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
 * For every cloud engenders not a storm.
 * *Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
 * And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
 * If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
 * Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
 * *K. Edw.* We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
 * That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury;
 * We having now the best at Barnet field,
 * Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
 * And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
 * In every county as we go along.
 * Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.

[*Exeunt.*
 SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury. March.*
 Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD,
 SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

* *Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and
 wait their loss,
 * But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

order to dissuade a person from covetousness, drew out
 with his lance the length and breadth of a man's grave,
 adding, 'This is all thou shalt have when thou art
 dead, if thou canst happily get so much.'

Johnson observes that Warwick's mention of his
 parks and manors diminishes the pathetic of these lines.
 It is true that it is something in the strain of the whin-
 ing ghosts of the Mirror for Magistrates; but it was the
 popular style of the time: Cavendish, in his Metrical
 Legends, introduces Wolsey's shade lamenting to leave
 his palaces and gardens.

1 The old play has this line:—
 'Which sounded like a clamour in a vault.'
 I cannot but think that clamour is an error of the press
 in the first folio. 'The indistinct gabble of undertakers

* What though the mast be now blown overboard,
 * The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
 * And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
 * Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
 * Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
 * With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
 * And give more strength to that which hath too
 much?

* Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
 * Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
 * Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
 * Say, Warwick was our anchor: What of that?
 * And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
 * Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of
 these?

* Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
 * And Somerset another goodly mast?
 * The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
 * And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
 * For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
 * We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
 * But keep our course, though the rough wind say

—no,
 * From shelves and rocks that threaten us with
 wreck.

* As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
 * And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
 * What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
 * And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
 * All these the enemies to our poor bark.
 * Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
 * Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
 * Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
 * Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
 * This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 * In case some one of you would fly from us,
 * That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 * More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and
 rocks.

* Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
 * 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

* *Prince.* Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit,
 * Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 * Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 * And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
 * I speak not this, as doubting any here:
 * For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
 * He should have leave to go away betimes;
 * Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
 * And make him of like spirit to himself.
 * If any such be here, as God forbid!
 * Let him depart, before we need his help.

* *Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage!
 And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
 * O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
 Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou live,
 To bear his image, and renew his glories!

* *Som.* And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
 * Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
 * If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

* *Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset:—sweet
 Oxford, thanks.

* *Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath
 nothing else.

(says Steevens,) while they adjust a coffin in a family
 vault, will abundantly illustrate the preceding simile.
 Such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate sounds might
 have attracted our author's notice; it has too often
 forced itself on mine.

2 *Arriv'd* is here used in an active form.

3 This speech in the original play is expressed in eleven
 lines. Malone thanks its extraordinary expansion
 into thirty-seven lines a decisive proof that the old play
 was the production of some writer who preceded Shak-
 speare.

4 Thus Jaques moralizing upon the weeping stag in
 As You Like It, Act I. Sc. 2—

—Thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving the sum of more
 To that which has too much.

A similar thought is found in Shakpeare's Lover's Com-
 plaint.

Enter a Messenger.

'*Mess.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
'*Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy,
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
'*Som.* But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.
'*Q. Mar.* This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.
'*Oxf.* Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.

'*K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
'Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
'Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
'I need not add more fuel to your fire,
'For, well I wot,² ye blaze to burn them out:
'Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.
'*Q. Mar.* Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
'My tears gainsay;³ for every word I speak,
'Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
'Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
'Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
'His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
'His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
'And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
'You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
'Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[*Exeunt both Armies.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the same. Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, Prisoners.*

'*K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes castle⁴ straight:
For Somerset,⁵ off with his guilty head.
'Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
'*Oxf.* For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
'*Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune. [*Exeunt Oxf. and Som. guarded.*]
'*Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,
'To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
'*K. Edw.* Is proclamation made,—that who finds Edward,
'Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
'*Glo.* It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

'*K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:
'What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
'Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
'For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
'And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
'*Prince.* Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
Reign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

1 This scene is ill contrived, in which the king and queen appear at once on the stage at the head of opposing armies. It had been easy to make one retire before the other entered.—*Johnson.*

2 Know.

3 Unsay, deny.

4 A castle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years.

5 See note 4, on p. 83.

6 We have nearly the same words in the *Tempest*—
'O, my heart bleeds,

'To think of the term that I have turn'd you to.'

7 The prince calls Richard *Esop* for his crooked-

'*Q. Mar.* Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
'*Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

'*Prince.* Let *Esop*' fable in a winter's night;

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

'*Glo.* By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

'*Q. Mar.* Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

'*Glo.* For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

'*Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

'*K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm⁸ your tongue.

'*Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

'*Prince.* I know my duty, you are all un dutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjurd George,
And thou mishapen Dick, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are:—

'And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

'*K. Edw.* Take that, the likeness of this railer here.⁹ [*Stabs him.*]

'*Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [*Glo. stabs him.*]

'*Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury. [*Clar. stabs him.*]

'*Q. Mar.* O, kill me too!

'*Glo.* Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*]

'*K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

'*Glo.* Why should she live, to fill the world with words?¹⁰

'*K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

'*Glo.* Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother:
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

'Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

'*Clar.* What? what?

'*Glo.* The Tower, the Tower! [*Exit.*]

'*Q. Mar.* O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

'Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They, that stabb'd Caesar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

'If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

'He was a man; this, in respect, a child;

'And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

'What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

'No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—

'And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—

'Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

'How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

'You have no children, butchers! if you had,¹¹

'The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

'But if you ever chance to have a child

'Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

'As, deathmen! you have rid¹² this sweet young

prince!

'*K. Edw.* Away with her; go, bear her hence

performe.

'*Q. Mar.* Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me

here;

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

'*Clar.* By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

'*Q. Mar.* Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do

thou do it.

'*Clar.* Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not

do it?

ness; and the poet following nature makes Richard highly incensed at the reproach.

8 See *King Henry VI.* Part II. Act iv. Sc. 1.

9 That is, 'thou who art the likeness,' &c. The old copies describe Edward as striking the first blow, and Gloucester the next; and this is according to history, which informs us that Edward smote the prince with his gauntlet, on which the rest dispatched him.

10 I. e. dispute, contention.

11 The same sentiment is repeated by Macduff in the tragedy of *Macbeth*; and this passage may serve as a comment on that.

12 To rid is to cut off, to destroy

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself; 'Twas sin before,¹ but now 'tis charity.
 'What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher, Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou? Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed; Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess, To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

'Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
 'With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
 'And see our gentle queen how well she fares;

'By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. London. A Room in the Tower.

KING HENRY is discovered sitting with a Book in his Hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord: What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
 Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,

* And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

* **Glo.** Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*]

* **K. Hen.** So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

* So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
 * And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
 What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

* **K. Hen.** The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,

'With trembling wings misdoubteth² every bush:

And I, the hapless male³ to one sweet bird

Have now the fatal object in my eye,

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

* **Glo.** Why, what a peevish⁴ fool was that of Crete,

'That taught his son the office of a fowl?

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

* **K. Hen.** I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;

'The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

'Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,

'Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

* Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!

* My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,

Than can my ears that tragic history.—

* But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

* **Glo.** Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

* **K. Hen.** A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;

'If murdering innocents be executing,

'Why, then thou art an executioner.

* **Glo.** Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

* **K. Hen.** Had'st thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophecy,—that many a thousand,

'Which now mistrust no parcel⁵ of my fear;

'And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

'And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—

1 She alludes to the desertion of Clarence.

2 To *misdoubt* is to suspect danger, to fear.

3 The word *male* is here used in an uncommon sense, for the male parent: the sweet bird is evidently his son Prince Edward.

4 *Peevish*, in the language of our ancestors, was used to signify *mad* or *foolish*. See note on Comedy of Errors, Act iv. Sc. 1.

5 Who suspect no part of what my fears presage.

6 To *rook*, or *rook*, is to cower down like a bird at roost or on its nest. The word is of very ancient use in our language.

'Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
 'And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
 'Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

'The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down

trees;

The raven rook'd⁶ her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;

'To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,

To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world;

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

'Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy

speech; [*Stabs him.*]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

* **K. Hen.** Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*]

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

'O, may such purple tears be always shed

'From those that wish the downfall of our house!

'If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither.

[*Stabs him again.*]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward:

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

'And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,

O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth.

'And so I was; which plainly signified—

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

'Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.⁷

I have no brother, I am like no brother:

'And this word—love, which greybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me; I am myself alone.—

Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light

But I will sort⁸ a pitchy day for thee:

For I will buz abroad such prophecies,

'That Edward shall be fearful of his life;

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

'King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:

'Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;

Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—

'I'll throw thy body in another room,

And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. The same. A Room in the Palace,

KING EDWARD is discovered sitting on his Throne;

QUEEN ELIZABETH with the infant Prince, **CLARENCE**, **GLOSTER**, **HASTINGS**, and others, near him.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal

throne,

Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,

Have we mow'd down,⁹ in tops of all their pride!

Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd

For hardy and undoubted champions:

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,

And two Northumberland; two braver men

Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:

7 ——— rudis indigestaque moles. *Ovid. Met. l. 7.*

8 Dryden seems to have had this line in his mind when writing his *Cædippus* :—

'It was thy crooked mind hunch'd out thy back,

And wander'd in thy limbs.'

9 Select, choose out.

10 A kindred image occurs in King Henry V. :—

'mowing like grass
 Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.'

‘ With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,

That in their chains fetter’d the king’s lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar’d.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy :—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watch’d the winter’s night ;
‘ Went all a foot in summer’s scalding heat,
That thou might’st repose the crown in peace ;
‘ And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I’ll blast his harvest, if your head were laid ;
For yet I am not look’d on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain’d so thick, to heave ;
And hence it shall some weight, or break my back :—
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.¹

[*Aside.*

K. Edu. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen ;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edu. Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy brother, thanks.²

‘ *Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang’st,

‘ Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit :—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss’d his master ;

‘ And cried—all hail ! when as he meant— } *Aside.*
all harm.

K. Edu. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country’s peace, and brothers’ loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret ?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath pawn’d the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edu. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befit the pleasures of the court ?

Sound, drums and trumpets !—farewell, sour annoy !

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Gloucester may be supposed to touch his head and look significantly at his hand.

² The old quarto play appropriates this line to the queen. The first and second folio, by mistake, have given it to Clarence. In Stevens’s copy of the second folio, which had belonged to King Charles the First, his majesty had erased *Cl.* and written *King* in its stead. Shakespeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast a royal name.

THE three parts of King Henry VI. are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being supposititious, and are declared by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakspeare’s. Mr. Theobald’s suspicion arises from some obsolete words ; but the phraseology is like the rest of the author’s style ; and single words, of which, however, I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason ; but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred : in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author’s works, one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissemblance of style and heterogeneity of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare’s. These plays, considered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finished than those of King John, King Richard II. or the tragic scenes of King Henry IV. and V. If we take these plays from Shakspeare, to whom shall they be given ? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers ?

Of these three plays I think the second is the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind ; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his Queen, King Edward, the Duke of Gloster, and the Earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of King Henry VI. and of King Henry V. are so apparently mutilated and imperfect, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of Shakspeare. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by some auditor, who wrote down during the representation what the time would permit ; then, perhaps, filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and, when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer.—JOHNSON.

* This note by Dr. Johnson has been preserved notwithstanding the full answer to his argument which is given in the abstract of Malone’s dissertation prefixed to these plays, which discriminates between what is and what is not from the hand of our great poet. ‘ No fraudulent copyist (says Malone) or short-hand writer would have invented circumstances totally different from those which appear in Shakspeare’s new modelled draughts, as exhibited in the folio, or insert whole speeches of which scarcely a trace is to be found in that edition.’

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS Tragedy, though called in the original edition 'The Life and Death of King Richard the Third,' comprises only fourteen years. The second scene commences with the funeral of King Henry VI, who is said to have been murdered on the 31st of May, 1471. The imprisonment of Clarence, which is represented previously in the first scene, did not, in fact, take place till 1477-8.

Several dramas on the present story had been written before Shakspeare attempted it. There was a Latin play on the subject, by Dr. Legge, which had been acted at St. John's College, Oxford, some time before the year 1668. And a childish imitation of it, by one Henry Lacey, exists in MS. in the British Museum; (MSS. Harl. No. 6926;) it is dated 1586. In the books of the Stationers' Company are the following entries:—'Aug. 15, 1593, A Tragical Report of King Richard the Third: a ballad.' June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry: 'An enterlude, intitled the Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is shown the Deathe of Edward the Fourth, with the Smotherings of the Two Princes in the Tower, with the lamentable Ende of Shore's Wife, and the Contenton of the Two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke.' A single copy of this ancient Interlude, which Mr. Boswell thinks was written by the author of *Lochrine*, unfortunately wanting the title-page, and a few lines at the beginning, was in the collection of Mr. Rhodes, of Lyon's Inn, who liberally allowed Mr. Boswell to print it in the last Variorum edition of Shakspeare.* It appears evidently to have been read and used by Shakspeare. In this, as in other instances, the bookseller was probably induced to publish the old play, in consequence of the success of the new one in performance, and before it had yet got into print.

Shakspeare's play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 30, 1597, by Andrew Wise, and was then published with the following title:—'The Tragedy of King Richard the Third: Containing his treacherous Plots against his Brother Clarence; and the pitiful Murder of his innocent Nephewes; his tyrannical Usurpation: with the whole course of his detested Life, and most deserved Death. As it hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Printed by Valentine Sims, for William Wise, 1597.' It was again reprinted, in 4to, in 1598, 1602, 1613 or 1613, 1622, and twice in 1629.

This play was probably written in the year 1593 or 1594. One of Shakspeare's Richards, and most probably this, is alluded to in the Epigrams of John Weever,† published in 1599; but which must have been written in 1595.

AD GULIELMUM SHAKESPEARE.

Honie-tong'd Shakspeare, when I saw thine issue,
I swore Apollo got them, and none other:
Their roste-tainted features clothed in tissue,
Some heaven-born goddesse said to be their mother.
Rose cheek't Adonis with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her,
Chaste Lucrecia, virgine-like her dresses,
Proud lust-stung Tarquine, seeking still to prove her,
Romeo, Richard, more whose names I know not,
Their sugred tongues and power atractive beauty,

* A complete copy of Creede's edition of this curious Interlude, (which upon comparison proved to be a different impression from that in Mr. Rhodes's collection,) was sold by auction by Mr. Evans very lately. The title was as follows:—'The true Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is showne the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable end of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women; and lastly, the conjunction of the two noble Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was played by the Queenes Maiesties players. London, printed by Thomas Creede; and are to be sold by William Barley at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church door, 1594; 4to.' It is a circumstance sufficiently remarkable that but a single copy of each of the two editions of this piece should be known to exist.

† This very curious little volume, which is supposed to be unique, is in the possession of Mr. Comb, of Hen-

Say they are saints, although that saints they shew not,
For thousand vowes to them subjective dute,
They burn in love thy children Shakspeare let them,
Go wo thy muse more nymphish brood beget them.

21th Epig. 4th Weekes.

The character of Richard had been in part developed in the last parts of King Henry VI. where, Schlegel observes, 'his first speeches lead us already to form the most unfavourable prognostications respecting him: he lowers obliquely like a thunder-cloud on the horizon, which gradually approaches nearer and nearer, and first pours out the elements of devastation with which it is charged when it hangs over the heads of mortals.' 'The other characters of the drama are of too secondary a nature to excite a powerful sympathy; but in the background the widowed Queen Margaret appears as the fury of the past, who calls forth the curse on the future: every calamity which her enemies draw down on each other, is a cordial to her revengeful heart. Other female voices join, from time to time, in the lamentations and imprecations. But Richard is the soul, or rather the demon, of the whole tragedy, and fulfils the promise which he formerly made to

— set the murderous Machiavel to school.'

Besides the uniform aversion with which he inspires us, he occupies us in the greatest variety of ways, by his profound skill in dissimulation, his wit, his prudence, his presence of mind, his quick activity, and his valour. He fights at last against Richmond like a desperado, and dies the honourable death of the hero on the field of battle.—But Shakspeare has satisfied our moral feelings.—He shows us Richard in his last moments already branded with the stamp of reprobation. We see Richard and Richmond on the night before battle sleeping in their tents; the spirits of those murdered by the tyrant, ascend in succession and pour out their curses against him, and their blessings on his adversary. These apparitions are, properly, merely the dreams of the two generals made visible. It is no doubt contrary to sensible probability, that their tents should only be separated by so small a space; but Shakspeare could reckon on poetical spectators, who were ready to take the breadth of the stage for the distance between the two camps, if, by such a favour, they were to be recompensed by beauties of so sublime a nature as this series of spectres, and the soliloquy of Richard on his awaking.‡

Steevens, in part of a note, which I have thought it best to omit, observed that the favour with which the tragedy has been received on the stage in modern times 'must in some measure be imputed to Cibber's reformation of it.' The original play was certainly too long for representation, and there were parts which might, with advantage, have been omitted in representation, as 'dramatic encumbrances;' but such a clumsy piece of patchwork as the performance of Cibber, was surely any thing but 'judicious;' and it is only surprising, that the taste which has led to other reformations in the performance of our great dramatic poet's works, has not given to the stage a judicious abridgment of this tragedy in his own words, unencumbered with the superfluous transpositions and gratuitous additions which have been so long inflicted upon us.

The title is as follows:—'Epigrammes in the old est Cut and newest Fashion. A wise seven Hours (in so many Weekes) Studie. No longer (like the Fashion) not unlike to continue. The first seven, John Weever. *Sic voluisse sit valuisse.* At London: printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushele; and are to be sold at his shop, at the great north doore of Paules. 1599. 12.' There is a portrait of the author, engraved by Cecil, prefixed. According to the date upon this print, Weever was then twenty-three years old; but he tells us, in some introductory stanzas, that when he wrote the Epigrams, which compose the volume, he was not twenty years old; that he was one

'That twenty twelvemonths yet did never know.'
Consequently, these Epigrams must have been written in 1595.

‡ Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, vol. II. p. 246.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards } *Sons to*
King Edward V. } *the King.*
RICHARD, Duke of York,
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,
RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, after- } *Brothers to the*
wards King Richard III. } *King.*
A young Son of Clarence.
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King
Henry VII.
CARDINAL BOUCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK: EARL OF SURRY, his Son.
EARL RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen.
MARQUIS OF DORSET, and LORD GREY, her Sons.
EARL OF OXFORD. LORD HASTINGS. LORD
STANLEY. LORD LOVELL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN. SIR RICHARD RAT-
CLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. SIR JAMES TYRRELL.
SIR JAMES BLOUNT. SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the
Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest. Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.
MARGARET, Widow of King Henry VI.
DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward IV.
Clarence, and Gloster.
LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales,
Son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to
the Duke of Gloster.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants, two Gentlemen, a
 Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Mes-
 sengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A Street. Enter GLOSTER.
 Gloster.

Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun¹ of York;
 And all the clouds, that lour'd upon our house,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;²
 Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.³
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
 And now,—instead of mounting barbed⁴ steeds,
 To fight the souls of fearful adversaries,—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.⁵
 But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,⁶
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity;
 And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
 I am determined to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions⁷ dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
 In deadly hate the one against the other;
 And, if King Edward be as true and just,

As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
 About a prophecy, which says—that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.⁸
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence
 comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.
 Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
 That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?
 Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
 He should, for that, commit your golfathers:—
 O, behke, his majesty hath some intent,
 That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.

But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
 Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
 As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,

He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
 And says—a wizard told him, that by G
 His issue disinherited should be;
 And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought, that I am he:
 These, as I learn, and such like toys⁹ as these,
 Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are sul'd by women:
 'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
 My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
 That tempers¹⁰ him to this extremity.

Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
 Antony Woodville, her brother there,
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower;
 From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
 We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure;

1 The cognizance of Edward IV. was a sun. In memory of the three suns which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross.

2 Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory,
 Rape of Lucrece.

3 Dances.

4 I. e. steeds caparisoned or clothed in the trappings of war. The word is properly *barbed*, from *equus bardatus*, Latin of the middle ages.

5 Is the warlike sound of drum and trumpet turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute? The neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances.—*Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe*, 1604. There is a passage in the

Legend of the Death of King Richard III. in the Mirror for Magistrates, evidently imitated from Shakspeare.

6 Feature is proportion, or beauty, in general. By *dissembling* is not meant hypocritical nature, that pretends one thing and does another; but nature, that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body.

7 Preparations for mischief.

8 This is from Holinshed. Philip de Comines says that the English at that time were never unfurnished with some prophecy or other, by which they accounted for every event.

9 I. e. fancies, freaks of imagination.

10 I. e. frames his temper, moulds it to this extremity. This word is often used in the same figurative sense by Spenser and other contemporaries of Shakspeare.

But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,¹
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Braken-
bury,

You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years;² fair, and not jealous:
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought
to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell
thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou be-
tray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and,
withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and
will obey.³

Glo. We are the queen's subjects,⁴ and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,—
Were it, to call king Edward's widow—sister,—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:⁵
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.
[*Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and
Guard.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er re-
turn,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners
must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

¹ The Queen and Shore.

² This odd expression was preceded by others
equally singular, expressing what we now call 'an ad-
vanced age.'

³ This and the three preceding speeches were proba-
bly all designed for prose. It is at any rate impossible
that this line could have been intended for metre.

⁴ i. e. the lowest of her subjects. This substantive is
found in Psalm xxxv. 15.—'Yea the very subjects came
together against me unawares, making mouths at me,
and ceased not.'

⁵ He means, 'or else be imprisoned in your stead'

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: and so shall Clarence
too;

For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.
Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad in-
deed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:⁶
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father:

The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and
reigns;

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
—[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street. Enter
the Corps of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, borne
in an open Coffin, Gentlemen bearing Halberds, to
guard it; and LADY ANNE as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable
load,—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously⁷ lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster—
Poor keyceld⁸ figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these
wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

To lie signified anciently to *reside*, or remain in a place,
as appears by many instances in these volumes.

⁶ A *mew* was a place in which falcons were kept,
and being confined therein, while moulting, was meta-
phorically used for any close place or places of confine-
ment. The verb to *mew* was formed from the substan-
tive.

⁷ Lady Anne, the betrothed widow of Edward prince
of Wales. See King Henry VI. Part III.

⁸ Funereal.

⁹ A *key*, on account of the coldness of the metal of
which it is composed, was often employed to stop any
slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old
writers.

May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!¹
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taxen from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whilst I lament King Henry's corpse.
[The Bearers take up the Corpse, and advance.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corpse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corpse; or, by Saint Paul,

I'll make a corpse of him that disobeys.²
I Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[The Bearers set down the Coffin.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Fool devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not:

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold this pattern³ of thy butcheries;—
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!⁴—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd⁵ infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not?

Anne. Why then, they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest; Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt⁶ upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;

For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle Lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method;—
Is not the cause of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accur'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'erwhelm'd thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

1 i. e. disposition to mischief.
2 'I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.'—Hamlet.
3 Example.
4 This is from Hollinshed. It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain

the reason. The opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or northern nations, from whom we descended; for they practised this method of trial in doubtful cases.—See Pitt's Atlas; Sireden, p. 26.

5 Diffus'd anciently signified dark, obscure, strange, uncouth, or confused.

6 i. e. the crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of Lady Anne's husband on Edward.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo.

Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo.

Here: [*She spits at him.*]

Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.²

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—

No,—when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death;

And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain:—in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;⁴

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend, nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;

But now thy beauty is propo'd my fee,

My proud heart ayes, and prompts my tongue to

speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengful heart cannot forgive,

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adorest thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.*]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;—

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.⁵

Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young

Edward;—

[*She again offers at his breast.*]

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,

This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,

Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

1 See notes on King Henry V. Act v. Sc. 2; and King Henry VI. Part II. Act III. Sc. 2.

2 We have the same expression in Venus and Adonis applied to love:—

'For I have heard it is a life in death

That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.'

Pope adapts it:—

'a living death I bear,

Says Dapperwit, and auk beside his chair.'

3 Pitiful.

4 Here is an apparent reference to King Henry VI.

Part III. Act. II. Sc. 1.

5 Shakespeare countenances the observation that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty.

6 Crosby Place is now Crosby Square, in Bishopsgate Street. This magnificent house was built in 1486, by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman. He died in 1475. The ancient hall of this fabric is still remaining, though divided by an additional floor, and encumbered with modern galleries, having been converted into a place of worship for Antinomians, &c. The upper part of it was

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give.

[*She puts on the ring.*]

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad

designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to Crosby-place:⁶

Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,

At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—

I will with all expedient⁷ duty see you:

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me

too,

To see you are become so penitent.—

Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve.

But, since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.⁸

[*Exit LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, and*

BERKLEY.]

Glo. Sirs, take up the corpse.

Genl. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White Friars; there attend my coming

[*Exit the rest, with the Corpse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against

me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all this world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?⁹

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—

The spacious world cannot again afford:

lately the warehouse of an eminent packer. Sir J.

Crosby's tomb is in the neighbouring church of St. Helen the Great.

7 i. e. expeditious.

8 Cibber, who altered King Richard III. for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the improbability of this scene, that he thought it necessary to make Tressel say:—

'When future chronicles shall speak of this,

They will be thought romance, not history.'

The embassy under Lord Macartney to China witnessed

the representation of a play in a theatre at Tien-sing

with a similar incongruous plot.

9 This fixes the exact time of the scene to August,

1471. King Edward, however, is introduced in the

second act dying. That king died in April, 1483; conse-

quently there is an interval between this and the next

act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is re-

presented in the preceding scene as committed to the

Tower before the burial of King Henry VI. was in fact

not confined nor put to death till March, 1477-8, several

years afterwards.

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,¹
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.²
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn you fellow in³ his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*
Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt
his majesty
Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:⁴
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.⁵

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond,⁶ good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

1 A small coin, the twelfth part of a French *ouis*.
2 Marvellous is here used adverbially. A proper man, in old language, was a well-proportioned one.

3 In for into.

4 Determin'd signifies the final conclusion of the will: concluded, what cannot be altered by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment.

5 By inadvertence, in the old copies *Derby* is put for *Stanley*. The person meant was Thomas Lord Stanley, lord steward of King Edward the Fourth's household. But he was not created earl of Derby, till after the accession of King Henry VII. In the fourth and fifth acts of this play, he is every where called *Lord Stanley*.

6 Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first duke of

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement

Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn⁷ them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—

I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—

Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd⁸ complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:

The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any sutor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send: that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack⁹ became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloster;

You envy my advancement, and my friends';
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful height,

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty

Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?

Sunerset. After the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond, half-brother to King Henry VI. by whom she had only one son, afterwards King Henry VII., she married Sir Henry Stafford, uncle to Humphrey, duke of Buckingham.

7 I. e. summon.

8 *Lewd* here signifies *idle, ungracious; and not rude, ignorant*, as Stevens asserts.

9 I. e. I cannot tell what to say or think of it.

10 This proverbial expression at once demonstrates the origin of the term *Jack*, so often used by Shakspere. It means one of the very lowest class of people, among whom this name is most common and familiar.

—She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not ? She may,—ay, marry, may
she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she ?
Glo. What, marry, may she ? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too ;
I wis,¹ your grandam had a worse match.
Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs :
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at :
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I be-
seech thee !
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.
Glo. What ? threat you me with telling of the
king ?
Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said
I will avouch, in presence of the king :
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
Tis time to speak, my pains² are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out, devil ! I remember them too well :
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband
king,
I was a packhorse in his great affairs ;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends ;
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or
thine.
Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband
Grey,

Were factors for the house of Lancaster ;—
And, Rivers, so were you :—Was not your husband
in Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain ?³
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are ;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father War-
wick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon !
Q. Mar. Which God revenge !

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown :
And, for his meed,⁴ poor lord, he is mew'd up :
I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine ;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. His thee to hell for shame, and leave
this world,
Thou catodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king ;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

¹ I. e. I think.

² Labour.

³ See note on King Henry VI. Part III. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Margaret's battle is Margaret's army.

⁴ Reward.

⁵ To pill is to pillage. It is often used with to poll or strip. 'Kildare did use to pill and poll his friends, tenants, and reteyners.'—*Holinshed.*

⁶ Gentle is here used ironically.
⁷ 'What dost thou in my sight.' This phrase has been already explained in the notes to Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. Sc. 3. In As You Like It, Act I. Sc. 1, Shakespeare again plays upon the word make, as in this instance :—

'Now, sir, what make you here ?
Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.'
⁸ Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham, in 1464, and Edward issued a proclamation pro-

Glo. If I should be—I had rather be a pedlar :
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof !

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king ;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof ;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*]
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd⁵ from me :
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me ?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects ;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels ?—
Ah, gentle⁶ villain, do not turn away !

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st⁷ thou in
my sight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd ;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death ?⁸

Q. Mar. I was ; but I do find more pain in ban-
ishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou a kingdom ;—all of you, allegiance :
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours ;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
paper,

And with thy scorn's drew'st rivers from his eyes ;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee ;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd⁹ thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was re-
ported.

Ders. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see
it.¹⁰

Q. Mar. What ! were you snarling all, before I
came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me !
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but¹¹ answer for that peevish brat ?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven.—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses !—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,¹²
As ours by murder, to make him a king !
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence !
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Oulive thy glory, like my wretched self !
Long may'st thou live, to wait thy children's loss ;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
Long die thy happy days before thy death ;

hibiting any of his subjects from aiding her return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till April, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Regnier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. So that her introduction in the present scene is a mere poetical fiction.

⁹ To plague in ancient language is to punish. Hence the scriptural term of the plagues of Egypt.

¹⁰ See King Henry VI. Part III. Act I. Sc. 2 :—

'What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland.'

¹¹ But is here used in its exceptive sense : could all this only, or nothing but (i. e. be out or except) this answer for the death of that brat.

¹² Alluding to his luxurious life.

And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd
hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou
shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!¹
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did: but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse
against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,²
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd
toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all
mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught
your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me
duty.

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dora. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are mala-
pert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current;³

¹ 'Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog.' It was an old prejudice which is not yet quite extinct, that those who are defective or deformed, are marked by nature as prone to mischief. She calls him *hog*, in allusion to his cognizance, which was a boar. The expression (says Warburton) is fine; remembering her youngest son, she alludes to the ravage which hogs make with the finest flowers in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons.' The rhyme for which Collingborne was executed, as given by Heywood in his *Metrical History of King Edward IV.* will illustrate this:—

'The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog,
Doe rule all England under a hog,
The crooke backt bores the way hath found
To root our roses from our ground,
Both flower and bud will be confound,
Till king of beasts the swine be crown'd:
And then the dog, the cat, and rat
Shall in his trough feed and be fat.'

The persons aimed at in this rhyme, were the king, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovell.

O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake
them:

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it,
marquis.

Dora. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our airy bulleth in the cedar's top,
And dalfies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade!—alas!
alas!—

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright outshining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your airy bulleth in our airy's nest:—
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:

Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!⁴ [*Exit.*]

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her
curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse, why she's at
liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do anybody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid:

² Alluding to Gloucester's form and venom. A *bottled spider* is a large, bloated, glossy spider: supposed to contain venom proportionate to its size.

³ He was created marquis of Dorset in 1476. The scene is laid in 1477-8.

⁴ *Aiery* for brood. This word properly signified a brood of eagles, or hawks; though in later times often used for the nest of those birds of prey. Its etymology is from *eyren*, eggs; and we accordingly sometimes find it spelled *eyry*. The commentators explained it *nest* in this passage, according to which explanation the meaning a few lines lower would be, 'your nest bulleth in our nest's nest!'

⁵ It is evident, from the conduct of Shakespeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices, even in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which Queen Margaret had ranted against them, and he could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them.—*Walpole.*

He is frank'd¹ up to fattening for his pains;—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that have done seath² to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty both call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go
with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]
Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do bewep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ:
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter Two Murderers.

But *soft*, here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates?
Are you now going to despatch this thing?

1 Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the
warrant,

That we may be admitt'd where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:

[*Gives the Warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
prate,

Talkers are no great doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes
drop tears:³

I like you, lads:—about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.

1 Murd. We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Tower.
Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray
you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
Tower,

¹ A *frank* is a pen or coop in which hogs and other animals were confined while fattening. To be *franked up* was to be closely confined. To *franch*, or *frank*, was to stuff, to cram, to fatten.

² Harm, mischief.

³ This appears to have been a proverbial saying. It occurs again in the tragedy of *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, 507:—

'Men's eyes must millstones drop, when fools shed tears.'

⁴ Clarence was desirous to assist his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure lands after the death of her husband, Charles duke of Burgundy, who was killed at Nancy, in January, 1476-7. Isabel, the wife of Clarence, being then dead (poisoned by the duke of Gloucester, as it has been conjectured,) he wished to have married Mary, the daughter and heir

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy:⁴
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; and thence we look'd toward Eng-
land,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O lord! methought, what pain it was to drown
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears:⁵
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued⁶ jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea,
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the silly bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,⁷
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?
Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood,⁸ and he shriek'd out aloud,—
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeing,⁹ perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;*
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Enviror'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No, marvel, lord, though it affrighted you!
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites
me!

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife,¹⁰ and my poor children:—

of the duke of Burgundy; but the match was opposed by Edward, who hoped to have obtained her for his brother-in-law, Lord Rivers, and this circumstance has been suggested as the principal cause of the breach between Edward and Clarence. Mary of Burgundy however chose a husband for herself, having married, in 1477, Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederic.

⁵ See a note on Milton's *Lycidas*, v. 157. Milton's *Minor Poems*, by T. Warton, ed. 1791.

⁶ *Unvalued* for *irrevaluable*, not to be valued, inestimable.

⁷ *Vast* is *waste*, *desolate*. *Vastum* pro *inane*.

⁸ *Bulk*, i. e. *breast*. See note on Hamlet, Act II. Sc. 1.

⁹ Lee has transplanted this image into his *Mithridates*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

¹⁰ *Fleeing* or *flying*, in old language, was used for *uncertain*, *inconstant*, *fluctuating*.

¹¹ The wife of Clarence died before he was apprehended and confined in the Tower.

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!—

[CLARENCE reposes himself on a Chair.
Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,¹
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:²
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the Two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 Murd. O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than tedious:—

Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[A Paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:— I will not reason what is meant hereby, Because I will be guiltless of the meaning. Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep: I'll to the king; and signify to him, That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: Fare you well. [Exit BRAKENBURY.

2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 Murd. No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 Murd. Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 Murd. The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 Murd. What? art thou afraid?

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 Murd. I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2 Murd. So I am, to let him live.

1 Murd. I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 Murd. Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 Murd. 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 Murd. Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

2 Murd. In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 Murd. So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 Murd. What, if it come to thee, again?

¹ This line may be thus understood. 'The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles: but it would inpress the purpose of the speaker, and correspond better with the following lines, if it were read:—
'Princes have but their titles for their troubles.'

Johnson.

² They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications.

³ One villain says, Conscience is at his elbow, persuading him not to kill the duke. The other says, take the devil into thy mind, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not. Perhaps conscience is here personified, as in Launcelot's dialogue in the Merchant of Venice; but however that may be, Shakspeare would have used him for it without scruple.

6 l. e. a bold courageous fellow.

2 Murd. I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found: it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.²

1 Murd. I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 Murd. Take him over the coward's with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the main-sewy butt, in the next room.

2 Murd. O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 Murd. Soft! he wakes.

2 Murd. S rike.

1 Murd. No, we'll reason⁴ with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks, mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to,—

Clar. To murder me!

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you? Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,

To slay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest⁵ have given their verdict up Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence's death? Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful. I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

5 Head.

6 l. e. talk with him

7 Quest was the term for a jury. 'A quest of twelve men, Duodecim viratus.'—Baret. In Hamlet we have

'crowners' quest law.'

Shakspeare has followed the current tale of his own time. But the truth is, that Clarence was tried and found guilty by his peers, and a bill of attainder was afterwards passed against him. According to Sir Thomas More, his death was commanded by Edward; but he does not assert that the duke of Gloster was the instrument. Polydore Virgil says, though he talked with several persons who lived at the time, he never could get any certain account of the motives that induced Edward to put his brother to death.

⁸ This line was altered, and the subsequent line omitted, by the editors of the folio, to avoid the possibility of the question.

That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

3 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl
on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous
blade,

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and
defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful
law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear! degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake;

He sends you not to murder me for this;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed;

O, know you, that he doth it publicly;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant springing, brave Plantagenet,²

That princely novice,³ was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy
fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee?

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hired for meed,⁴ go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloucester;

Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloucester
hates you.⁵

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both *Murd.* Aye, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,

He little thought of this divided friendship:

Bid Gloucester think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to
weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you
deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,

And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die,
my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me?—
Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not
do, [Stabs him.]
I'll drown you in the malmsy-butt within.

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!

How fair, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that
thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have
been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his
brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.]

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace. Enter
KING EDWARD (led in sick), QUEEN ELIZABETH,
DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM,
GREY, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good
day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred⁶, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging
hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

King Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your
king;

Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

from Sir John Paston to his brother, dated Feb 14,

1471-2:—'Yesterday the king, the queen, my lords of
Clarence and Gloucester went to Shene to pardon; men
say, not all in charity. The king entreteach my lord of
Clarence for my lord of Gloucester; and, as it is said,
he answereth, that he may well have my lady his sis-
ter-in-law, but they shall part no livelihood, as he
salk; so, what will fall, can I not say.'—*Paston's Let-
ters*, vol. ii. p. 91.

⁶ i. e. do not merely cloak and conceal your ill-will to
each other, but eradicate it altogether from your bosoms,
and swear to love each other.

1 See note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

2 *Blooming* Plantagenet, a prince in the *spring* of
life.

3 *Youth*, one yet new to the world.

4 *Reward*.

5 *Walpole* rightly suggested, from the Chronicle of
Croyland, that the true cause of Gloucester's hatred to Claren-
ce was, that Clarence was unwilling to share with
his brother that moiety of the estate of the great earl of
Warwick, to which Gloucester became entitled on his mar-
riage with the younger sister of the duchess of Clarence,
Lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward
prince of Wales. This is fully confirmed by a letter

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more
remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love
lord marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. *(Embraces DORSET.)*

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou
this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace *(To the Queen)*, but with all du-
teous love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

(Embracing RIVERS, &c.)

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble
duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and
queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the
day:—

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:—

Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne

By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love:—

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious service;—

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us:—

Of you, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, of you,—

That all without desert have frown'd on me:—

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen: indeed, of all.

I do not know that Englishman alive,

With whom my soul is any jot at odds,

More than the infant that is born to-night;

I thank my God for my humility.¹

¹ Milton has this observation:—"The poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closest companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place. I intended (saith he), not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies. The like saith Richard:—

"I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility."

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the poet used not much licence in depart-

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

(They all start.)

You do him injury to scorn his corpse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows
he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsok his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was re-
vers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,²
That came too lag to see him buried:—

God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,³
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pry'thee, peace; my soul is full of
sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou re-
quest'st?

Stan. The forfeit,⁴ sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
death,⁵

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?⁶

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,

When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king!*

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?

All this from my remembrance british wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—

But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself

For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;

ing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep
dissembler, not of his affections only, but his religion.⁷

² This is an allusion to a proverbial expression which
Drayton has verified in his *Baron's Wars* :—

'Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go,
Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow.'

Can'to II. Ed. 1619.

³ We have the same play on words in *Macbeth* :—
'— the near in blood,

'The nearer bloody.'

⁴ He means the remission of the forfeit.

⁵ This lamentation is very tender and pathetic. The
recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very
natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour
to communicate the crime to others.—*Johnson.*

The hint for this pathetic speech is to be found in *Sir Thomas
More's History of Edward V.* inserted in the *Chronicles.*

⁶ i. e. be circumspect, deliberate, or consider what I
was about.

Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.¹ O,
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers,
Dorset, and Grey.*]

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you
not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* Enter the DUCHESS OF
YORK,² with a Son and Daughter of CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your
breast;

And cry—O Clarence, my unhappy son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins,³ you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death:
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then grandam, you conclude that he is
dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love
you well:

Incapable⁴ and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloucester
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
shapes,

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs⁵ he drew out this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble,⁶ grand-
dam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, distractedly; RIVERS,
and DORSET, following her.

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and
weep?

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:—

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.

Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?

Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;

That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:⁷

But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;

And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee;

But death hath snatch'd my husband from my arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,
To overgo thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's
death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and
Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and
he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's
gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they
are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcel'd,⁸ mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much dis-
pleas'd,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing;
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd, in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HAS-
TINGS, RATCLIFF, and others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;

But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knees
I crave your blessing.

¹ Hastings was lord chamberlain to King Edward IV.
² Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville, first earl of
Westmoreland, and widow of Richard duke of York,
who was killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1460. She
survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the
year 1493.

³ The duchess is here addressing her grand-children;
but cousin seems to have been used instead of our kins-
man and kinswoman, and to have supplied the place of
both.

⁴ Unsusceptible.

⁵ This word gave no offense to our ancestors; one in-

stance will show that it was used even in the most re-
fin'd poetry:—

And on thy dugs the queen of love doth tell
Her godhead's power in scrowies of my desire.

Constable's Sonnets, 1594, Dec. vi. Son. 4

⁶ In the language of our elder writers, to *dissemble*
signified to feign or simulate, as well as to cloak or con-
ceal feelings or dispositions. Milton uses *dissembler* in
this sense in the extract in a note on a former page.

⁷ The children by whom he was reproached.

⁸ Divided.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.*] I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swain hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet un-govern'd:

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:^a
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow,
Madam, and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures^b in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]
Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index^c to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistency,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Street. Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; the king's dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:^d

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed.

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

1 Edward, the young prince, in his father's lifetime, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as prince of Wales; under the governance of Anthony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welchmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages.—*Vide Holinshed.*

2 This speech seems rather to belong to Hastings, who was of the duke of Gloster's party. The next speech might be given to Stanley.

3 i. e. your judgments, your opinions.

4 That is *preparatory*, by way of *prelude*.

5 An ancient proverbial saying, noticed in The English Courtier and Country Gentlemen, 4to. bk. i. 166.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublesome world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!^e

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage,^f council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Slood the state so? no, no, good friends,
God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace:

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst: all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason^g almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a brist'rous storm.^h
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter the Archbishop of York, the young DUKE of YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS of YORK.*

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stoa-Stratford;

And at Northampton they do rest to-night:ⁱ
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Hath almost overtaken him in his growth.

sign. B: — as the proverb saith *seldome come the better*. Val. That proverb indeed is ancient, and for the most part true.

5 'Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.'

Ecclesiast. c. x.

Shakspeare found it cited in the duke of Buckingham's speech to the citizens in More's *Richard III.*

7 We may hope well of his government under all circumstances; we may hope this of his council while he is in his nonage, and of himself in his riper years.

8 See note 6, p. 97.

9 'Before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest.'—*From More's Richard III. copied by Holinshed, III. 731.*

10 This is the reading of the folio. The quarto of 1607 reads:—

'Last night I hear they lay at Northampton:

At Stoa-Stratford will they be to-night.'

By neither reading can the truth of history be preserved. According to the reading of the quarto the same would

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; Ay, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young:
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse? why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous¹ boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger:

What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord,

As grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes,

Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;

Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;

Insulting tyranny begins to jut²

Upon the innocent and awless throne:—

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!

be on the day on which the king was journeying from Northampton to Stratford; and of course the messenger's account of the peers being seized, &c. which happened on the next day after the king had lain at Stratford, is inaccurate. If the folio reading be adopted the scene is indeed placed on the day on which the king was seized; but the archbishop is supposed to be apprized of a fact which, before the entry of the messenger, he manifestly does not know; namely, the duke of Gloster's coming to Stratford the morning after the king had lain there, taking him forcibly back to Northampton, and seizing the Lords Rivers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the queen herself, the person most materially interested in the welfare of her son, did not hear of the king's being carried back from Stony Stratford to Northampton till about midnight of the day on which this violence was offered to him by his uncle. See *Hall*, Edward V. fol. 6. Malone thinks this an unanswerable argument in favour of the reading of the quarto; while Steevens thinks it a matter of indifference, but prefers the text of the folio copy on account of the verification.

How many of you have mine eyes beheld?

My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss;
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:—O, preposterous
And frantic courage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—

Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go. [To the Queen.]

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep;³ And so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours!

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. London. A Street. *The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER,⁴ and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.⁵

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:

I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet divid'd into the world's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a man,

Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,

Seldom, or never, jumpeth⁶ with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words;

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.— [Exit Mayor, &c.]

I thought, my mother, and my brother York,

Would long ere this have met us on the way:

Fye, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not

To tell us whether they would come, or no.

¹ *Parlous* is a popular corruption of *perilous*; jocularly used for *alarming*, *amazing*.

² The quarto reads to *jet*, which Mr. Boswell thought preferable; but the folio is right. 'To *jut* upon the throne,' is to make *inroads* or *invasions* upon it. See Cooper's Dictionary, 1384. in voce *incursu*. *Avilous* is not producing awe, not reverenced.

³ Afterwards, however, this obsequious archbishop [Rotheram] to ingratiate himself with Richard III. put his majesty's badge, the *dog*, upon the gate of the Public Library at Cambridge.

⁴ Thomas Bourchier was made a cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury in 1464. He died in 1486.

⁵ London was anciently called *Camera Regis*. See Coke's Institutes, 4. 243; Camden's Britannia, 374; and Ben Jonson's Entertainment to King James, passing to his Coronation. London is called the king's special chamber in the duke of Buckingham's oration to the citizens (apud More), which Shakspeare has taken other phrases from.

⁶ To *jump* with, is to agree with, to suit, or correspond with.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I, The queen your mother, and your brother York, have taken sanctuary: The tender prince would fain have come with me to meet your grace, But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fye! what an indirect and peevish course Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace Persuade the queen to send the duke of York Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him, And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the duke of York, Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid We should infringe the holy privilege Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land, Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord, Too ceremonious, and traditional!

Weigh it but with the grossness² of this age, You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted

To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place, And those who have the wit to claim the place:

This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it; And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:

Then, taking him from thence, that is not there, You break no privilege nor charter there.

Off have I heard of sanctuary men; But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.³

Card. My lord, you shall o'errule my mind for once.—

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me? *Hast.* I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]

Sav. uncle Gloucester, if our brother come, Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self. If I may counsel you, some day, or two,

Your highness shall repose you at the Tower: Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:— Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place; Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported Successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd; Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,

1 *Ceremonious* for *superstitious*; *traditional* for *adherent to old customs*.

2 *Grossness* here means *plainness, simplicity*. Warburton, not understanding the word, would have changed it. Johnson has misinterpreted it; and Malone, though he defends the reading, leaves it unexplained.

3 This argument is from *More's History*, as printed in the *Chronicles*, where it is very much enlarged upon.

* *Verily I have often heard of saintuary men, but I never heard erate of saintuarie chyldren* &c. &c. But he can be no saintuarie manne, that neither hath wisdom to desire it, nor mallice to deserve it, whose lyfe or hoberye can by no lawfull process stand in jeopardy.

And he that taketh one oute of saintuarie to dooe hym good, I saye plainly that he breaketh no saintuarie.—*More's History of Kinge Richard the Thirde*. Edit. 1821, p. 48.

4 *l. s. recounted*. *Minsheu*, in his *Dictionary*, 1617, besides the verb *retail*, in the mercantile sense, has the verb to *retaille* or *retell*.

5 'I have knowne children languishing in the splene, abstracted and altered in temper, talke with gravity and wisdom surpassing those tender years, and their judgments carrying a marvellous imitation of the wisdom

As 'twere retail'd⁴ to all posterity, Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say; do ne'er live long.⁵ [*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle? *Glo.* I say, without characters, fame lives long.

Thus, like the formal⁶ vice, Iniquity, I moralize two meanings in one word. [*Aside.*]

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man; With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His wit set down to make his valour live. Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;

For now he lives in fame, though not in life.— I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord? *Prince.* An if I live until I be a man,

I'll win our ancient right in France again, Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly⁷ have a forward spring. [*Aside.*]

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so I must call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours: Too late⁸ he died, that might have kept that title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty. *Glo.* How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord, You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The prince my brother hath outgrown me far. *Glo.* He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle? *Glo.* O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I. *Glo.* He may command me, as my sovereign;

But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger. *Glo.* My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother? *York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give. *Glo.* A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it? *Glo.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts: In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear. *York.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.⁹

Glo. What would you have my weapon, little lord? *York.* I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How? *York.* Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

of the ancient, having after a sorte attained that by disease which other have by course of years; whereon I take it the proverbe ariseth, that they be of shorte life who are of wit so pregnant.—*Bright's Treatise of Melancholy*, 1586, p. 62.

6 For an account of the vice in old plays, see note on *Twelfth Night*, Act iv. Sc. 2. 'He appears (says Mr. Gifford) to have been a perfect counterpart of the harlequin of the modern stage, and had a two-fold office, to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and, at the same time, to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend, or the latter driven roaring from the stage by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender.'

7 'Short summers commonly have a forward spring.' So in an old proverb preserved by Ray:—

'There's lightning lightly before thunder.'

8 *Lately*.

9 This taunting answer of the prince has been misinterpreted: he means to say, 'I hold it cheap, or care but little for it, even were it heavier than lead.'

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.¹

Buck. With what a sharp provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence's angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.

But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal,
and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed² by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;³
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—

Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons w^gd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will
not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided⁴ councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him,
Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

¹ York alludes to the protuberance on Gloucester's back,
which was commodious for carrying burdens.

² I. e. incited, instigated.

³ Capable is quick of apprehension, susceptible, intelligent.

⁴ But the prosequence, and the duke after they had sent to the lord cardinal, the Lord Stanley, and the Lord Hastings, then lord chamberlain, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation in one place, as fast were they in another place, contriving the contrary to make the prosequence king. The Lord Stanley, that was after earl of Derby, wisely mistrusted him, and said unto the Lord Hastings that he much mistyked these two several counsels.—*Holinshed, from Sir T. More.*

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both. [*Exit Catesby.*]

Buck. Now, my lord, w^t shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The caridon of Hereford, and all the movables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.⁵ Before Lord Hastings' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord,— [*Knocking.*]

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from Lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—

Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreamt
To-night the boar had rased⁶ off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—

If presently, you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour, and myself, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance:⁷
And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond⁸
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*]

Enter Catesby.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean
the crown?

Cate. Aye, my good lord.

⁵ Every material circumstance in this scene is from Holinshed, except that it is a knight with whom Hastings converses instead of Buckingham.

⁶ This term rased or rashed, is always given to describe the violence inflicted by a boar. By the boar, throughout this scene, is meant Gloucester, in allusion to his crest.

⁷ This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakspere's time; it was indifferently used with your lordship. See any old lexicon or dictionary of that age.

⁸ Instance is here put for modesty, cause.

⁹ Weak, silly.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Cateby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your bear-spear, man?
Fear you the bear, and go so unprovoked?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; and good morrow,
Cateby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,¹
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;

And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.

This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;²
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot'st you what, my lord?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow. [*Exeunt STAN. and CATEBY.*]

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

1 Cross.

2 I. e. suspect it of danger.

3 Know.

4 That is, continue it.

5 See note 1 on the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

6 Exercise probably means religious exhortation or lecture.

7 From the continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1542, where the account given originally by Sir Thomas More is transcribed with some additions, it appears that the person who held this conversation with Hastings was Sir Thomas Howard, who is introduced in the last act of this play as earl of Surrey.

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet.
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now I tell thee (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me. [*Throwing him his purse.*]

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*]

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John,⁸ with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;⁹
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:
Your honour hath no shiving¹⁰ work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came ino' my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:

I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*]

Come, will you go?
Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Pomfret. *Before the Castle.* *Enter RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY,⁹ and VAUGHAN, to Execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day, shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch; the limit¹⁰ of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

8 Confession.

9 Queen Elizabeth Grey is deservedly pined for the loss of her two sons: but the royalty of their birth has engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son, Sir Richard Grey. It is remarkable how slightly the death of Earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the lord chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story from the tragic rather than the historic authors.—*Walpole.*

10 The limit for the limited time.

And for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Ral. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.¹

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Tower.
BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the Bishop
of Ely,² CATESBY, LOVEL, and others, sitting at
a Table: Officers of the Council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met

Is—to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.³

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward⁴ with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,—

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;

Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine:

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lord, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue,⁵ my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there;⁶

I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit Ely.*]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

¹ We have this word in the same sense again in Shakespeare's twenty-second Sonnet:—

'Then look I death my days should expiate.'

I cannot but think with Steevens that it is an error of the press for *expiate*.

² Dr. John Morton, who was elected to the see of Ely in 1478. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1485, and appointed lord chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV.; and was a principal agent in procuring Henry, when abroad, to enter into a covenant for the purpose.—*See More's Life of Richard III.*

³ The only thing wanting is appointment of a particular day for the ceremony.

⁴ Intimate, confidential.

⁵ See note on Hamlet, Act II. Sc. 2.

⁶ This circumstance of asking the bishop for some of his strawberries seems to have been mentioned by the old historians merely to show the unusual affability and good humour which the dissembling Gloucester affected at the very time he had determined on the death of Hastings. It originates with Sir Thomas More, who mentions the protector's entrance to the council: 'fyrsse about

That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's thron.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;

For I myself am not so well provided;

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,

When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.

I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,

Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;

For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,

By any likelihood' he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve

That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,

Makes me most forward in this noble presence

To doom the offenders: Whoso'er they be,

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm

Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up;

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,

Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,

That by their witchcraft thus have moved me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor;—

Off with his head: now, by Saint Paul, I swear,

I will not dine until I see the same.—

Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;

The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with Glo. and Buck.*]

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me:

For I, too fond, might have prevented this:

Stanley did dream the bear did raise his helm;

But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,⁷

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,

As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me:

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

ix of the clocke, saluting them curtesly, and excusing himself that he had ben from them so long, saying merrily that he had been a slepe that day. And after a litle talking with them he said unto the bishop of Elye, my lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborne, I require you let us have a messe of them.' It is remarkable that this bishop (Morton) is supposed to have furnished Sir Thomas More with the materials of his history, if he was not the original author of it. See Preface to More's Life of Richard III. ed. 1821.

⁷ I. e. semblance, appearance.

⁸ For foot-cloth see note on King Henry VI. Part 2 Act iv. Sc. 7. A foot-cloth horse was a palfrey covered with such housings, used for state; and was the usual mode of conveyance for the rich, at a period when carriages were unknown.

This is from Holinshed, who copies Sir Thomas More:—'In riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he [Hastings] was beheaded, his horse twice or thrice stumbled with him, almost to the falling; which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whom no such mischance is toward: yet hath it bene of an old rite and custome observed as a token oftentimes notable foregoing some great misfortune.'





PLATE I. THE GREEK TEMPLE.

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As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,¹
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.²

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Same. The Tower Walls. Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour, and marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Fremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending³ deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices.
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF,⁴ with HASTINGS' Head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation⁵ with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

¹ *Nescius aure fallacia.*—*Horace.*

William Lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catherine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville, earl of Salisbury, and widow of William Lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by King Henry VII. In the first year of his reign. The daughter of Lady Hastings, by her first husband, was married to the marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play.

² Those who now smile at me shall shortly be dead themselves.

³ *e. pretending*

⁴ The quarto has '*Enter Catesby with Hastings' head.*' For this absurd alteration, by which Ratcliff is represented at Pomfret and in London at the same time, it is probable the editors of the folio have to answer.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert⁶ shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plott'd in the council-house,

To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death:
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess

The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may

Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,

As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:

And do not doubt, right noble princes both,

But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens

With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,

To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,⁶

Yet witness what you hear we did intend:

And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.

The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:

Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son

Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.⁷

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;

Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his lustful eye, or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—

Tell them when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,

My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,

Found, that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,

Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;

Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,

⁵ *i. e. familiar intercourse: what is now called 'criminal conversation.'*

⁶ 'Too late of our intent.' In common speech a similar phrase is sometimes used; viz. 'to come short of a thing.' Mason would have changed *of* to *for*.

⁷ This person was *one Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer, at the *Crozon* in Cheapside. These topics of Edward's cruelty, lust, unlawful marriage, &c. are enlarged upon in that most extraordinary invective, the petition presented to Richard before his accession, which was afterwards turned into an act of parliament. *Parl. Hist.* 2. p. 396. See also the duke of Buckingham's speech to the citizens in *More's History*, as copied by the *Chronicles*.

As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*To CAT.*] to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's Castle.

[*Re-enter LOVEL and CATESBY.*]

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence² out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *A Street. Enter a Scrivener.*

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good Lord
Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent³ was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.⁴

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. Court of Baynard's Castle. Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's
children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,⁵
And his contract by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France;⁶
And his resemblance, being not like the duke,
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,

¹ Baynard's Castle was originally built by Baynard, a nobleman who (according to Stowe) came in with the conqueror. It had belonged to Richard duke of York, but was now Edward the Fifth's. This edifice, which stood in Thames Street, has been long pulled down; it is said that parts of its strong foundations may be seen at low water.

² Edward Earl of Warwick, who, the day after the battle of Bosworth, was sent by Richard from his confinement at Sheriff-Hutton Castle to the Tower, without even the shadow of an allegation against him, and who was afterwards cruelly sacrificed to a scruple of Ferdinand king of Spain, who was unwilling to marry his daughter Katharine to Arthur prince of Wales while he lived, conceiving that his claim might interfere with Arthur's succession to the crown. He was beheaded in 1433. Margaret, afterwards married to Sir Richard Pole, the last princess of the house of Lancaster, who was restored in blood in the fifth year of Henry VIII. and afterwards in the thirty-first year of his reign [1540,] barbarously led to the block at the age of seventy, for some offence conceived at the conduct of her son Cardinal Pole.

³ I. e. the original draft from which the engrossment was made. This circumstance, like the others, in the play, is taken from Holinshed, who follows Sir Thomas More.

⁴ I. e. seen in silence, without notice or detection.

⁵ The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage, to obstruct which his mother alleged a precontract between them. But Elizabeth Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been

Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
I laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—God save Richard, England's royal king!

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word:
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hur'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God save King Richard!
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they? Would
they not speak?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend⁷ some
fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descent:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to the⁸ for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads: the lord mayor
knocks. [*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,

his concubine. Edward, however, had been married to Lady Eleanor Butler, widow of Lord Butler of Sudely, and daughter to the great earl of Shrewsbury. On this ground his children were declared illegitimate by the only parliament assembled by King Richard III.; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.

⁶ This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the duke of Clarence when he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue after the death of Henry VI. Sir Thomas More says that the duke of Gloster, soon after Edward's death, revived this scandal. Walpole thinks it highly improbable that Richard should have urged such a topic to the people, or start doubts of his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers, to be raised and bandied about before the multitude. He has also shown that Richard lived in perfect harmony with his mother, and lodged with her in her palace at this very time.—*Historical Doubts*, 4to. 1768.

⁷ It would not be difficult (says Mr. Reed) to fill whole pages with instances to prove that *status* was formerly a word of three syllables; and there are several passages in Shakespeare where it is necessary so to pronounce it. It has been thought advisable in these instances to adhere to the old orthography, *statua*, which distinguishes it as a trisyllable, as in the present instance.

⁸ Pretend.

⁹ Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and if (says Richard) you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt we shall bring all to a happy issue.

Divinely bent to meditation ;
And in so worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;

Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep debates, in matter of great moment,
No less important than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,¹
But on his knees : as meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtizans,
But meditating with two deep divines ;
Not sleeping, to engross² his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul :
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof :

But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.
May. Marry, God defend, his grace should say
as may³

Buck. I fear, he will : Here Catesby comes again :—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace ?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before.
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[Exit CATESBY.]

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence ;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, in a Gallery above, between two Bishops. CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand ;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our request ;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, an I right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology ;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgraceful in the city's eye ;
And I that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord ; Would it might please your grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :
Whilst, in the midstness of your sleepy thoughts
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,⁴
And almost shoulder'd⁵ in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

Which to recure,⁶ we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land :
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain :
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fiteeth my degree or your condition :
If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
And, then in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitely thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe revenue and due of birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook so mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;
(And much I need' to help you, if need were ;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;

But the respects thereof are nice⁷ and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.

You say, that Edward is your brother's son ;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :

For first he was contract to Lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow ;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.

These both put by, a poor petitioner,⁸
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.⁹

To have declension and loath'd bigamy.¹⁰

¹ I. e. a couch, or sofa.

² Fatten, pamper.

³ This pious and courtly mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to Doctor Shaw, whom Richard employed to prove his title to the crown from the pulpit at Paul's Cross.

⁴ Shakespeare seems to have remembered the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable sermon at St. Paul's Cross:—

'Bastard slips shall never take deep root.'

⁵ *Shoulder'd in* has the same meaning as *rudely thrust into*.

⁶ *Recure*. The word is frequently used by Spenser ; and both as a verb and a substantive by Lyly.

⁷ And I want *much* of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed.

⁸ Weak, silly.

⁹ See King Henry VI. Part III. Act III.

¹⁰ *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274 (adopted by a statute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *Polygamy*, or having two wives at once ; as it consisted in either mar-

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,¹
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. A as, why would you heap those cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,

Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;

As well we know your tenderness of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,²

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And equally, indeed, to all estates;—

Yet know, wher' you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king;

But we will plant some other in your throne;

To the disgrace and downfall of your house.

And, in this resolution, here we leave you;

Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their

sum;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.

Glouin of Buckingham.—and you sage, grave men,—

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

To bear her burden, wher' I will, or no,

I must have patience to endure the load:

But if black scandal, or foul-far'd reproach,

Attend the sequel of your imposition,

Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me

From all the impure blots and stains thereof;

For God he knows, and you may partly see,

How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will

say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—

Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be

crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have

it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;

And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.—

[*To the Bishops.*]

Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.³

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before the Tower.

Enter on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS of YORK, and MARQUIS of DORSET; on the other,

rying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow. This is from Sir T. More, as copied by Hall and Holinshed.

1 The duke here hints at the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By 'some alive' is meant the duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard. This is very closely copied from Sir Thomas More.

2 Pity.

3 To this act should probably be added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts; and

ANNE, DUCHESS of GLOSTER,⁴ leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece⁵ Plantagenet

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?

Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both

A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither

away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I

guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,

To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all to-

gether:

[*Enter* BRAKENBURY.]

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your pati-

ence,

I may not suffer you to visit them;⁶

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly

title!

Ha! he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Annc. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mo-

ther:

Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;⁷

I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit* BRAKENBURY.]

[*Enter* STANLEY.]

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour

hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,

And reverent looker-on of two fair queens.—

Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster.

[*To the DUCHESS of GLOSTER.*]

There to be crown'd Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

Or else I swoon with this death-killing news.

Annc. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your

grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee

gone,

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children:

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, mad-

dam:—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;

You shall have letters from me to my son

In your behalf, to meet you on the way:

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—

there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the conclusion will be more forcible.—*Johnson.*

4 We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby Place. She was married to him about the year 1471.

5 i. e. grand-daughter. The words grandcou or grand-daughter never occur in Shakspere.

6 This was the phraseology of Shakspere's time.

7 i. e. 'I may not so resign my office.'

O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice¹ hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
O, golden to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear² me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband
now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
hands,

Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow!

And, when thou weest³, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad),
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse;
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams⁴ was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complain-
ing.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for
yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!
Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of
it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune
guide thee! [To DORSET.]

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—
[To ANNE.]

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess
thou! [To Q. ELIZABETH.]

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years⁵ of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.⁶

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the
Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Room of State in the Palace. Flour-
ish of Trumpets. RICHARD, as King upon his
throne; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and
others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Bucking-
ham,—

1 A serpent supposed to originate from a cock's egg.
2 He seems to allude to the ancient mode of punish-
ing a reprobate, or other criminals, by placing a crown of
iron heated red hot upon his head.

3 It is recorded by Polydore Virgil that Richard was
frequently disturbed by terrible dreams. The veracity
of that historian has been called in doubt; but Shak-
speare followed the popular histories.

4 Shakespeare seems here to have spoken at random.
The present scene is in 1483. Richard duke of York,
the husband of this lady, had been then living, would
have been but seventy-three years old, and we may
reasonably suppose she was not older; nor did she go
speedily to her grave; she lived till 1495.

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy
advice,

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:—
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the
touch,⁷

To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—
Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would
speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be
king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned
liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward
lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince!
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
freezes:

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause,
dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve your grace immediately.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]
Cates. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.⁸

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[Aside.]
And unrespective boys: none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes;—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy,—

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting
gold

Would tempt unto a close exhibit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; go, call him
hither, boy.— [Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving witty⁹ Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untrud,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order¹⁰ for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:

5 Sorrow.
6 'To play the touch' is to resemble the touchstone.
7 Several of our ancient historians observe that this
was an accustomed action of Richard's, whether he was
pensive or angry.

8 Unrespective, i. e. devoid of cautious and prudent
consideration, inconsiderate, unregardful.

9 Secret act.
10 Witty was not at this time employed to signify a
man of fancy; but was used for sagacity, wisdom, or
judgment; or, as Baret defines it, 'having the senses
sharp, perceiving or foreseeing quicklie.'

11 I. e. take measures.

The boy is foolish,¹ and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it: for it stands me much upon,²
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.

[Exit CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.³
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?⁴

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal⁵ upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

[Whispers.]

There is no more but so;—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.⁶

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [Exit.]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he's your wife's son:—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,⁷
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

¹ Shakespeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of this youth. He was at this time, I believe, about ten years old, and we are not told by any historian that he had then exhibited any symptoms of folly. Being confined by King Henry VII. immediately after the battle of Bosworth, and his education being entirely neglected, he is described by Polydore Virgil, at the time of his death, in 1499, as an idiot; and his account, which is copied by Hollihed, was certainly a sufficient authority for Shakespeare's representation.

² i. e. it is incumbent upon me.

³ i. e. I am in blood

Seep'd in so far, that should I wade no more.

Returning were as tedious, &c. *My-beth.*

⁴ The best part of our chronicles, in all men's opinions, is that of Richard III. written as I have heard by Morton, but as most suppose by Sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England, where it is said how the king was desirous with Tyrrel to have his nephews privily murdered; and it is added, *he was then sitting on a draught; a fit carpent for such a counsel.* Sir James Tyrrel was executed for treason in the beginning of King Henry VII.

⁵ We should now say 'deal with,' but the other was the phraseology of Shakespeare's time.

⁶ The quarto has the following very characteristic line.—

'King. Shall we hear from thee, Tirril, ere we sleep?'

⁷ King Henry IV. married one of the daughters and coheirs of Humphrey Bohun, earl of Hereford; and the other was married to Thomas duke of Gloster, fifth son of King Edward III., who was created earl of Hereford,

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king?—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time,

Have told me, I being by,⁸ that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont:⁹ at which name, I started;

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold

To put your grace in mind of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,¹⁰ thou keep'st betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[Exeunt KING RICHARD and TYRREL.]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my desperate service

With such contempt? made I him king for this?

O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone

To Brecknock,¹¹ while my fearful head is on. [Exit]

SCENE III. The same. Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.

Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did forbear

To do this piece of ruthless butchery,

Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,

Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,

Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.

O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—

Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling me another

Within their alabaster innocent arms:—

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,

in 1386, by King Richard II.; his only daughter Anne having married Edmund earl of Stafford. The duke of Buckingham, (who was the grandson of this Edmund and Anne,) had some pretensions to claim a new grant of the title, but he had not a shadow of right to the moiety of the estate, which, if it devolved to King Edward IV. with the crown, was now the property of his children, or otherwise belonged to the right heirs of King Henry IV. Many of our historians, however, ascribe the breach between him and Richard, to Richard's refusing to restore him the moiety of the Hereford estate; and Shakespeare has followed them.

⁸ The duke of Gloster, according to the former play, was not by when King Henry uttered the prophecy, but the poet does not often trouble himself about such minute points of accuracy.

⁹ Hooker, who writes in Queen Elizabeth's time, in his description of Exeter, mentions this as a 'very old and ancient castle, named Rouge-mont; that is to say, Red Hill, taking the name of the red soil or earth whereupon it is situated.' It was first built, he adds, as *vome think*, by Julius Cæsar, but rather, and in truth, by the Romans after him.

¹⁰ This alludes to the *jack of the clock house*, mentioned before in King Richard II. Act v. Sc. 3. It was a figure made in old public clocks to strike the bell on the outside; of the same kind as those still preserved at St Dunstan's church in Fleet Street. Richard compares Buckingham to one of the automata, and bids him not to suspend the stroke on the clock bell, but strike, that the noise may be past, and himself at liberty to pursue his meditations. Jack was a term of contempt occurring before in this play.

¹¹ His castle in Wales

*Which, in their common beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillows lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—see anothered
The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er the frum'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge Beget your happiness, be happy then, For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death. Mean time, but think how I may do thee good, And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I herably take my leave. *[Exit.]*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close;

His daughter merrily have I match'd in marriage;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,

And Anne my wife hath hid the world good night.

Now, for I know the Bretagne's¹ Richmond sits

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,

To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATZBY.

Catz. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so blantly?

Catz. Bad news, my lord; Morton² is fled to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,

Is in the field, and will his power increase.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,

Than Buckingham and his rash levied strength.

Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful countenancing

Is laden servitor to dull delay;³

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:

These fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Go, master men: My counsel is my shield;

We cannot be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace. Enter QUEEN MARGARET.*

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow, And drop into the rotten mouth of death.⁴ Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd, To watch the waning of mine enemies.

¹ He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of Edward IV. he was kept a long time in honourable custody.

² Bishop of Ely.

³ Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay.

⁴ ——— now is his fate grown mellow, Instant to fall into the rotten jaws Of chap-fall'n death.

Marston's Antonio and Melida, 1602.

King Richard III. was printed in 1597, Marston is therefore the imitator.

⁵ Induction is preface, introduction, or prologue.

⁶ In the third scene of the first act Margaret was re-

A dire induction⁵ am I witness to, And will to France; hoping, the consequence Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical. Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers, new appearing sweets!

If 'yat your gentle souls fly in the air, And be not fix'd in doom perpetual, Hover about me with your airy wings, And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right so right⁶

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice, That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute,— Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet, Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf? When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days, Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[Sitting down.]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat; Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[Sitting down by her.]

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be meet reverent, Give mine the benefit of senory,⁷

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand. If sorrow can admit society,

[Sitting down with them.]

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:— I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him: Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him;

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept A hell hound, that doth hunt us all to death:

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes, To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;

That foul defacer of God's handy work; That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls, Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves— O upright, just, and true disposing God,

How do I thank thee, that this carnal⁸ cur

proached with the murder of young Rutland, and the death of her husband and son were imputed to divine vengeance roused by that wicked act.

¹ So just is God to right the innocent. Margaret now, perhaps, means to say, 'The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn.'

² Seniority.

³ Vide Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2.—

⁴ Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts. Its apparent signification is *cruel, sanguinary, fleshly-minded.*

Freys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pow-fellow¹ with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot,² because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate³ Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would
come,

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my
fortune;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index⁴ of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the
queen?

Where be the banding peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?

Decline all this,⁵ and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very cattiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place. And dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mis-
chance,—

These English woes shall make me smile in France.

1 i. e. partaker of or participator in the grief of others. The word appears to have been used metaphorically for an equal, a companion, or old and intimate acquaintance.

2 i. e. thrown into the bargain.

3 Adulterate is stained with adultery. Adulterate, Lat.

4 See note on Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 4:—

what act

That roars so loud and thunders in the index.
Mr. Nares suggests that the index of a pageant was probably a painted cloth hung up before a booth where a pageant was to be exhibited.

5 Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted.

6 i. e. run through all this from first to last.

7 Fast has no connection with the preceding word *forbear*; the meaning being sleep not at night, and fast during the day.

8 *Buttering* is amplifying, magnifying thy loss.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the
day;

Compare dead happiness with living woe:
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering⁸ thy loss makes the bad cancer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My woes are dull, O, quicken them
with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and
pierce like mine. [*Exit Q. MARGARET.*]

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy successors of intestate joys,¹⁰
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.¹¹

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*Dram within.*]

I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaim—

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Train, marching

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?
Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,

From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Had'st thou that forehead with a golden
crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarm,
drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—
[*Fleish. Alarms*]

Either be patient and entreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and your-
self.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your con-
dition,¹²

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in
haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

Shakspeare employed the word for the sake of the antithesis between *better* and *loss*.

9 Thus in Venus and Adonis:—

'So of concealed sorrow may be said:

Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;

But when the heart's attorney once is mute,

The client breaks as desperate of his suit.'

10 The meaning of this harsh metaphor is: The joys already possessed being all consumed and passed away, are supposed to have died intestate; that is, to have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and more verbal complaints are their successors, but inherit nothing but misery.

11 Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macbeth.

12 A spice or particle of your disposition.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Touchy¹ and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and
furious;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour comest thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,²
that call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.
'Till be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordi-
nance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Some serve³ thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*]

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her.

[*Going.*]

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with
you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty?
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy;
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births, good stars were

opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives had friends were con-
trary.

K. Rich. All unavoided⁴ is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes des-
tiny:

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my
cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle
cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy hand, all indirectly, gave direction:

mirring his supposed monument in old St. Paul's Cathed-
ral.

¹ Touchy, fretful.

² I know not what to make of this, unless we suppose

with Steevens that it is an allusion to some affair of gal-
lantry of which the duchess had been suspected. There

is no mention of any thing of the kind in the Chronicles.

Malone conjectures that *Humphrey Hour* is merely

used as a ludicrous periphrasis for *hour*, like *Tom*

Trot, for truth, in Gabriel Harvey's Letter to Spenser.

There can hardly be any allusion to the phrase of

'dining with Duke Humphrey,' used to express those

who dined upon air, or passed their dinner hour in ad-

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,⁵
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still⁶ use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes:

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling roft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of
heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle
lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise⁷ to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withhold to endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul.

Thou draw'st the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposedst, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul, I love
thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her
soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from
thy soul:

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers:
And from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be
her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen: Who
else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so: What think you
of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her
brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this indument move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

³ I. e. accompanies.

⁴ Unavoidable.

⁵ This conceit seems to have been a favourite with
Shakspeare.

⁶ I. e. constant use.

⁷ I. e. the crown, the emblem of royalty. See note on
King Henry VI. Part III. Act I. Sc. 4.

⁸ To demise is to grant, from demittere, Lat. But as
no example of the use of the word, except in legal instru-
ments, offers itself, I cannot help thinking we should
read *devise*, with the second folio.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose
but hate thee,¹

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
amended;

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.²
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity;
The king, that calls your beautiful daughter,—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl:
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience,
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys;
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail³ my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's
brother

Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this al-
liance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still
lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command,
entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King
forbids.⁴

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that last, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life
last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, length-
ens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such
sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly
told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving
tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too
quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and
dead;—

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that
is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heartstrings
break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and
my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third
usurp'd

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory;

If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self misus'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The unity, the king thy brother made,

Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The imperial metal, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;

And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.

What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By the time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time a'er-
past;

For I myself have many tears to wash

Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The children live, whose parents thou hast slaugh-
ter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;

The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd!

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.

Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast

Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill us'd o'er past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!

So thrive I in my dangerous attempt

Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!

Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!

Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!

Be opposite all planets of good luck

To my proceeding, if with pure heart's love,

¹ Tyrwhitt suggested that the sense seemed to require we should read 'but love thee,' ironically. Mason proposed 'but love thee,' ironically. Mason proposed 'but love thee,' ironically. Mason proposed 'but love thee,' ironically. Mason proposed 'but love thee,' ironically.

² 'Endur'd of her for whom you bid like sorrow.' Of is used for by; bid is the past tense from bide. S-l-c. recessit.

³ She means that his crimes would render such a marriage offensive to heaven.

⁴ Young has borrowed this thought:—

'But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend,
What day next week the'sturity shall end'

Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine:
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this;
Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so),
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not pœvin¹! found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

R. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:

Where, in the nest of spicery,² they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so
farewell.

[*Kissing her. Exit Q. ELIZABETH.*]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!³
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back;
The thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some lightfoot friend post to the duke
of Norfolk:⁴

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither; Post to Salis-

bury;

When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unskillful villain,

[*To CATESBY.*]

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness'⁵
pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—Bid him levy
straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

[*Exit.*]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salis-

bury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, be-

fore I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what
news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with
the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

¹ Foolish.

² Alluding to the phoenix.

³ Such was the real character of this queen-dowager, who would have married her daughter to King Richard, and did all in her power to alienate the marquis of Dorset, her son, from the earl of Richmond.

⁴ Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders and sudden variation of opinion.

⁵ Richard asks this question in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to answer him. But they whom he addresses, had they not been intimidated, might have

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on
him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and
Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword use
away'd?

Is the king dead, the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we?*

And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your
liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him
back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shores,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the
north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in
the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty
king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and at what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, they wouldst be gone to join
with Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you,
leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit STANLEY.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertis'd,
Sir Edward Courtenay, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms

Enter another Messenger.

² *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Gwentfords are in
arms;

And every hour more competitors⁶
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

³ *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of
death?

[*He strikes him.*]
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

⁴ *Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty,

told him that there was a male heir of the house of York
alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he
Edward earl of Warwick, the only son of the usurper's
eldest brother, George duke of Clarence; but Elizabeth,
the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and all her sisters,
had a better title than either of them. He had however
been careful to have the issue of King Edward pro-
nounced illegitimate; and as the duke of Clarence had
been attainted of high treason, he had some colour for
his bravado.

⁵ *Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty,

⁶ Competitors here means confederates.

It,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd ;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy :
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest :
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no ;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms ;

If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news ; That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power¹ landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they² must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ; while we reason here,

A royal battle might be won and lost :—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ;—the rest march on with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Lord Stanley's House.*
Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :—

That in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd³ up in hold ;
My revolt, off goes young George's head ;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Harford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him ?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley ;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
And many other of great fame and worth :
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, bid thee to thy lord ; commend me to him ;
Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented

1 The earl of Richmond embarked with about two thousand men at Harfleur, in Normandy, August 1, 1483, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welsh would receive him cordially as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Katharine of France, the widow of King Henry V.

2 *Neces* was considered as plural by our ancient writers.

3 Sir Christopher Urwick, a priest, chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who was married to the Lord Stanley. This priest, the chronicles tell us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages between the countess of Richmond and her husband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. He was afterwards almoner to King Henry VII, and refused the bishopric of Norwich. He retired to Hackney, where he died in 1527, and his tomb is, I believe, still to be seen in the church there.

4 Vide note on p. 96, ante.

He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Gives papers to SIR CHRISTOPHER.*]
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Salisbury.¹ *An open Place.* *Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him ?

Sher. No, my good lord ; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice ;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction !
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not ?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day, which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies :
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted ;
This, this, All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.²

That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.

Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.*—

Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.³

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, &c.*]

SCENE II. *Plain near Tamworth.* *Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT,⁴ SIR WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment ;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.

5 There is reason to think that Buckingham's execution took place at *Strensby*, but this is not the place to discuss the question.

6 The reason why the duke of Buckingham soliketh an interview with Richard is explained in King Henry VIII. Act I.

7 The time to which the punishment of his injurious practices or the wrongs done by him was respited.

8 Johnson thinks this scene should be added to the fourth act, which would give it a more full and striking conclusion. In the original quarto copy, 1607, this play is not divided into acts and scenes : Malone suggests that the short scene between Stanley and Sir Christopher may have been the opening of the fifth act.

9 John de Vere, earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, who, after a long confinement in Hammes Castle, in Picardy, escaped in 1484, and joined Richmond at Paris. He commanded the archers at the battle of Bosworth.

10 Sir James Blunt had been captain of the Castle of Hammes, and assisted Oxford in his escape.

In God's name, cheerily on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Of. Every man's conscience is a thousand
swords,¹

To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends
for fear;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. There, in God's
name, march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Bosworth Field. *Enter* KING
RICHARD, and *Forces*; the DUKE of NORFOLK,
EARL of SURREY, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in
Bosworth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: Ha!
must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-
night;²

[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*]

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that ac-
count:³

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction:⁴—

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter, on the other side of the Field, RICHMOND,
SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other
Lords. *Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND'S*
Tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit⁵ each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,—

1 Alluding to the proverb, 'Conscientie mille testes.'

2 Richard is reported not to have slept in his tent on the night before the battle, but in the town of Leicester.

3 Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand. But Lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise.

4 i. e. tried judgment, military skill.

5 Appoint.

6 Remains with.

7 i. e. contrive, take some pains or earnest measures.

8 By a *watch* is most probably meant a *watch-light*. The nature of which will appear from the following note of Sir Frances Kinaston upon Chaucer's Troilus and Cressida, in the very curious rhiming Latin Version of that poem which I possess in manuscript. 'This word [morter] doth plainly intimate Jeffery Chaucer to have been an esquire of the body in ordinary to the king, whose office it is, after he hath charged and set the watch of the garl, to carry in the mortar and to set it by the king's bed-side, for he takes from the cupboard a silver bason, and therein poures a litle water, and then sets a round cake of virgin wax in the midst of the bason, in the middle of which cake is a wicke of bumast, which being lighted burnes as a *watch-light* all night by the king's bed-side. It hath, as I conceive, the name of mortar for the likeness it hath when it is

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:

The earl of Pembroke keeps⁶ his regiment;—

Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent:

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me,

Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours mach
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)

His regiment lies half a mile at least

South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means⁷ to speak
with him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;

In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*]

*Enter, to his Tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK,
RATCLIFF, and CATSBY.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord:

It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was?—

And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in rea-
diness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, his thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Sir with the lark to-morrow, gentle
Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord.

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch⁸—

[*To CATSBY.*]

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves⁹ be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Nap-
thumbertand?¹⁰

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut¹¹ time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

here consumed unto a mortar wheriu you bray spices, for the flame first following the middle of the waxe cake, which is next unto it, the waxe by degrees, like the sands in a houre glasse, runs evenly from all sides to the middle to supply the wicke. This royal ceremony Chaucer wittily saines to be in Cresseld's bed-chamber, calling this kind of *watch-light* by the name of *morter*, which very few courtiers besides esquires of the body (who only are admitted after *all night* is served to come into the king's bedchamber,) do understand what is meant by it. Kinaston was himself esquire of the body to King Charles I. Baret mentions '*watching* lamps, or candles; lucerns vigiles: and *watching candles* are mentioned in many old plays. Steevens says that he has seen them represented in some of the pictures [qu. prints?] of Albert Durer.

9 i. e. the staves or poles of his lances. It was the custom to carry more than one into the field.

10 Richard calls him *melancholy* because he did not join heartily in his cause.

11 i. e. twilight. A *cock-shut* was a large net stretch- ed across a glado, and so suspended upon poles as easily to be drawn together, and was employed to catch woodcocks. These nets were chiefly used in the twilight of the evening, when woodcocks take wing to go and get water, flying generally low; and when they find any thoroughfare through a wood or range of trees, they venture through. The artificial glade made for

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that sobriety of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, thy lord.
K. Rich. Did my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent,
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
[*KING RICHARD retires into his Tent.*
ESSEX, RATCLIFF and CATBY.

RICHMOND'S Tent opens, and discovers him, and Officers, &c.
Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The sweet hours steal on,
And *Gaiety* darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war,
I, as I may (that which I would, I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George⁴
Be executed in his father's sight:
Farewell: The leisure² and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious rows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon;
God give us leisure for these rites of love:
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise³ me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exit Lords, &c. with STANLEY.*
O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still. [*Sleeps.*

The Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixth, rises between the two Tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To KING RICHARD.*
Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wrong'd souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

them to pass through were called cock-roads. Hence *cock-shut time* and *cock-shut light* were used to express the evening twilight.

1 i. e. by deputation.
2 This is from Hollinshed. The young nobleman, whom the poet calls George Stanley, was created Lord Strange in right of his wife by Edward IV. in 1482.
3 We have still a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may seem. 'I would do this if *leisure* would permit,' where *leisure* stands for *want of leisure*.
4 Welsh.
5 Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*:—
 — thy eyes' windows fall
 Like death.
6 The hint for this scene is furnished by Hollinshed, who copies from Polydore Virgil. 'It seemed to him being asleep, that he saw diverse ymages like terrible devilles which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or resce. The which strange vision

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.
Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punch'd full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

[*To RICHMOND.*
Harry, that prophes'd thou should'st be king,⁸
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish!

The Ghost of Clarence rises.
Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To KING RICHARD*
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall¹⁰ thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[*To RICHMOND.*
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise.
Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[*To KING RICHARD.*
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
[*To KING RICHARD.*
Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty
 fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

[*To KING RICHARD.*
All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
bosom [To RICHMOND.
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of Hastings rises.
Ghost. Bloody and guilty, quickly awake;
[*To KING RICHARD.*
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

[*To RICHMOND.*
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.
Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the
Tower;
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen Anne rises.
Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy
wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—

not so suddenly strake his heart with a sodayne feare, but it stuffed his head with many busy and dreadful imaginations. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for feare of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends of the morning his wonderfull vvision and fearful dreame.' The Legend of King Richard III. in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and Drayton in the twenty-second Song of his *Polyolbion*, have passages founded upon Shakespeare's description.

7 The verb to *punch*, according to its etymology, was formerly used to prick or pierce with a sharp point.

8 See the prophecy in King Henry VI. Part III. Act iv. Sc. 6.

9 i. e. *teeming* or *superabundant* wine. Shakespeare seems to have forgot that Clarence was killed before he was thrown into the Malmsey butt, and consequently could not be washed to death.

10 *Fall* is here a verb active, signifying to drop or let fall.

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;
 [To RICHMOND.]
 Dream of success and happy victory ;
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown ;
 [To KING RICHARD.]
 The last was I that felt thy tyranny ;
 O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ;
 Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !—
 I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid :

[To RICHMOND.]
 But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :
 God, and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;
 And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. KING RICHARD starts out of his dream.]

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
 Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ; I did but dream.—
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !—
 The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by :
 Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.¹
 Is there a murderer here ? No ;—Yes ; I am :
 Then fly,—What, from myself ? Great reason :

Why ?
 Lost I revenge. What ? Myself on myself ?
 I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good,
 That I myself have hate unto myself ?
 O, no : alas, I rather hate myself,
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a villain : Yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well :—Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
 Murder, stern murder, in the dirt'st degree ;
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all—Guilty ! guilty !
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me ;
 And, if I die, no soul will pity me :—
 Nay, wherefore should they ? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent : and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,——

K. Rich. Who's there ?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord ; 'tis I. The early village
 cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn :
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful
 dream !

What thinkest thou ? will our friends prove all true ?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ;
 Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
 To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exit* KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF.]

1 Buckingham's hope of aiding Richmond induced him to take up arms; he lost his life in consequence, and therefore may be said to have died for hope; hope being the cause which led to that event.

2 There is in this, as in many of the poet's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued; but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical.—Johnson.

RICHMOND wakes. *Enter OXFORD and others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
 dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
 Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard mur-
 der'd,

Came to my tent, and cried—On ! victory !

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords ?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.—
 [He advances to the troops.]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
 The leisure and enforcement of the time
 Forbids to dwell on : Yet, remember this,—
 God, and our good cause, fight upon our side :
 The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
 Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces ;
 Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
 Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
 For what is he they follow ? truly, gentlemen,
 A bloody tyrant, and a homicide ;
 One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;
 One that made means to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
 him ;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of England's chair,⁴ where he is falsely set ;

One that hath ever been God's enemy ;

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers ;

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;

If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit⁵ it in your age.

Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords ;

For me, the ransom⁶ of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.

Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;
 God, and Saint George ! Richmond, and victory !

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants,
 and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touch-
 ing Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : And what said Sur-
 rey then ?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our pur-
 pose.

K. Rich. He was i'th' right ; and so, indeed, it is.
 [Clock strikes.]

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the
 book,

3 Made means here signifies made such interest, used such dissingenuous measures.

4 England's chair is the throne. The allusion is to the practice of setting gems of little worth, with a bright coloured foil under them.

5 Requite.

6 i. e. the fine paid by me in atonement for my rash-
 ness.

7 Saint George was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy.

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,

Ret. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaults in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st
thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scroll.]

K. Rich. *Jecky of Norfolk, be not too bold.* *[Reads.]*
For Dickon's thy master is bought and sold.
A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that towards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A saum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, disdain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?

1 Steevens's notion is a strange one, that *brav'd* here means *made it splendid or fine*. The common signification of the old verb *to brave* was not what he states it to be—'to challenge or set at defiance'; but 'to look aloft, and go gaily, desiring to have the preeminence.' This is old Baret's definition, which explains the text better than Mr. Steevens has done.

2 I. e. 'this, and *superadd* to this, Saint George on our side.' The phrase, like *Saint George to borrow*, which Holinshed puts into the mouth of Richard before the battle, is a kind of invocation to the saint to act as protector; *Saint George to borrow* meaning *Saint George be our pledge or security*.

3 *Dickon* is the ancient familiarization of *Richard*.

4 Company.

5 *To restrain* is to abridge, to diminish, to withhold from.

6 Thus Holinshed.—'You see further, how a company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this foate and enterprise. And to begin with the earl of Richmond, capitaine of this rebellion, he is a Welsh milkop, brought up by my mother's means and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis duke of Britaine,' p. 766. Holinshed copied this verbatim from Hall, edit. 1548, fol. 54; but his printer has given us by accident the word *swother* instead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakspere. In the first edition of Holinshed the word is rightly printed *brother*. So that this circumstance not only shows that the poet follows Holinshed, but points out the edition used by him.

7 Fight the skies with the shivers of your lances.

8 There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies. Henry passed it, and made such a dis-

A milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-
selves:

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Breagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobbd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the beirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[Drum after of.]

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.
Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;⁹
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. Another part of the Field. *Alarum.*

Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces; to him CATSBY.

Cats. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;¹⁰
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cats. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—¹¹

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!¹¹

[Exeunt.]

position of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies; a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use.

9 I. e. *daringly opposing himself, or offering himself* as an opponent to every danger.

10 Shakspere had employed this incident with historical propriety in the First Part of King Henry IV. He had here also good ground for his poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to Polydore Virgil, was determined if possible to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the earl was; attacked his standard bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then assaulted Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew. Having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last moment.

11 In the old interlude on the subject of Richard III. which Mr. Boswell printed at the end of this play, this line stands:—

'A horse! a horse! a fresh horse!'

Burbage, the *alter Roscius* of Camden, appears to have been the original Richard. Bishop Corbet, in his *Iter Boreale*, introduces his host at Bosworth describing the battle, and

'— when he would have say'd King Richard died,
And call'd 'd J' horse' a horse'—he Burbage cried.'

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD and RICHMOND; and several fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

Lo, here, this long usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—
But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers dead,

That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose with the red:—

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—

What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided, in their dire division.—
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true successors of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

And let their heirs (God, if they will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

Abate¹ the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce² these bloody days again!
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen.

[*Exeunt.*]

THIS is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable.—JOHNSON.

Malone says, he 'agrees with Dr. Johnson in thinking that this play, from its first exhibition to the present hour, has been estimated greatly beyond its merits.' He attributes (but I think erroneously) its popularity to the detestation in which Richard's character was held at the time that Shakespeare wrote, and to the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, 'who was pleased at seeing King Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light in which he could be placed on the scene.' Steevens, in the following note, has stated the true grounds of the perpetual popularity of the play, which can only be attributed to one cause—the wonderful dramatic effect produced by the character of Richard.—S. W. S.

I most cordially join with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Malone in their opinions; and yet, perhaps, they have overlooked one cause of the success of this tragedy. The part of Richard is, perhaps beyond all others, variegated, and consequently favourable to a judicious performer. It comprehends, indeed, a trait of almost every species of character on the stage: the hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and repenting sinner, &c. are to be found within its compass. No wonder, therefore, that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderson, should at different periods have given it a popularity beyond other dramas of the same author.—STEEVENS.

¹ i. e. diminish, or take away.

² To reduce is to bring back; an obsolete sense of the word, derived from its Latin original, *reducere*.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IT is the opinion of Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, that this play was written a short time before the death of Queen Elizabeth, which happened on the 24th of March, 1603-4. The eulogium on King James, which is blended with the panegyric of Elizabeth in the last scene, was evidently a subsequent insertion, after the accession of the Scotch monarch to the throne: for Shakespeare was too well acquainted with courts to compliment, in the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth, her presumptive successor; of whom, history informs us, she was not a little jealous. That the prediction concerning King James was added after the death of the queen, is still more clearly evinced, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, by the awkward manner in which it is connected with the foregoing and subsequent lines.

After having lain by some years, unacted, probably on account of the coolness of its exhibition, it was revived in 1613, under the title of *'All is True,'* with new decorations, and a new Prologue and Epilogue: and

this revival took place on the very day, being St. Peter's, on which the Globe Theatre was burnt down. The fire was occasioned, as it is said, by the discharge of some small pieces of ordnance called *chambers* in the scene where King Henry is represented as arriving at Cardinal Wolsey's gate at Whitehall, one of which, being injudiciously managed, set fire to the thatched roof of the theatre*. Dr. Johnson first suggested that Ben Jonson might have supplied the Prologue and Epilogue to the play upon the occasion of its revival. Dr. Farmer, Steevens, and Malone, support his opinion; and even attribute to him some of the passages of the play.

Mr. Gifford has controverted this opinion of Jonson having been the author of the Prologue and Epilogue of this play, and thinks the play which was performed under the title of *All is True* was a distinct performance, and not Shakespeare's Henry the Eighth. To this it has been answered, 'That the Prologue, which has always accompanied Shakespeare's drama from its

* The circumstance is recorded by the continuator of Stowe; and in a MS. Letter of Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Fuckerling, dated London, this last of June, 1613, it is thus mentioned: 'No longer since than yesterday, while Bourgeois his company were acting at the Globe the play of Henry VIII. and there, shooting of certayne chambers in the way of triumph, the fire caught,' &c.—MS. Harl. 7002.

So in a letter from John Chamberlaine to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated London, 5th July, 1613:—'But the burning of the *Globe*, or *Playhouse*, on the Bankside, on St. Peter's day, cannot escape you; which fell out by a peale of *chambers* (that I know not upon what occa-

sion were to be used in the play), the tampion or stopple of one of them lighting in the thatch that covered the house, burn'd it to the ground in less than two hours, with a dwelling-house adjoining; and it was a great marvelle and faire grace of God that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out at.—*Winwood's Memorials*, vol. iii. p. 469.

The event is also recorded by Sir Henry Wotton, in his letter of the 2d of July, 1613, where he says, it was at 'a new play, acted by the king's players at the Bank's Side, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth.'—*Reliquie Wotton*, p. 426. Ed. 92.

first publication in 1608, manifestly and repeatedly alludes to the title of the play which was represented on the 9th of June, 1612, and which we know to have been founded on the history of King Henry the Eighth, affords a strong proof of their identity, as appears by the following passages:—

Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too," &c.

Gentle readers know
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is," &c.

'To make that only true we now intend.'

And though Sir Henry Wotton mentions it as a new play, we have Stowe and Lorkin who call it 'The play of Henry the Eighth.'

'That the Prologue and Epilogue were not written by Shakspeare is, I think, clear from internal evidence,' says Mr. Boswell; to whose opinion I have no hesitation in subscribing; but it does not follow that they were the production of Ben Jonson's pen. That gentleman has clearly shown that there was no intention of covertly sneering at Shakspeare's other works in this prologue; but that this play is opposed to a rude kind of farcical representation on the same subject by Samuel Rowley (see the first note on the Prologue). This play, or interlude, which was printed in 1605, is probably referred to in the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company:—Nathaniel Butter, Feb. 12, 1604,

That he get good allowance for the *Enterlude of King Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the wardens hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy.' Stowe has observed that 'Robert Greene had written somewhat on the same story; but there is no evidence that it was in a dramatic form: it may have been something historical, and not by the dramatic poet of that name; as Stowe cites the authority of Robert Greene, with Robert Brun, Fabian, &c. in other places of his Chronicle.

This historical drama comprises a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry VIII. (1531), and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. The poet has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536. In constructing his scenes he has availed himself largely of the eloquent narrative of Wolsey's faithful servant and biographer, George Cavendish, as copied by the Chronicles; and indeed the pathos of the Cardinal's dying scene is almost as effective in the simple narrative of Cavendish as in the play. The fine picture which the poet has drawn of the suffering and defenceless virtue of Queen Katharine, and the just and spirited, though softened, portrait he has exhibited of the impetuous and sensual character of Henry, are above all praise. It has been justly said that 'this play contains little action or violence of passion, yet it has considerable interest of a more mild and thoughtful cast, and some of the most striking passages that are to be found in the poet's works.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY. **CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.**
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK. **DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.**
DUKE OF SUFFOLK. **EARL OF SURREY.**
LORD CHAMBERLAIN. **LORD CHANCELLOR.**
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
LORD ABERGAVENNY. **LORD SANDS.**
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. **SIR THOMAS LOVELL.**
SIR ANTHONY DENNY. **SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.**
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, Gentleman Usher to Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.
Garter, King at Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council Chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.
QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour; afterwards Queen.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.
Several Lords and Ladies in the *Dumb Shows*;
Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.
SCENE—chiefly in London and Westminster: once, at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and wee,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,

I. e. faced or trimmed. This long motley coat was the usual dress of a fool.

The Prologue and Epilogue to this play are apparently not by the hand of Shakspeare. They have been attributed to Ben Jonson; but this opinion is controverted by Mr. Gifford. The intention of the writer (says Mr. Boswell) was to contrast the historical truth and taste displayed in the present play with the performance of a contemporary dramatist. 'When you see me you know me, or the famous Chronicle of King Henry the Eighth, &c. by Samuel Rowley,' in which Will Summers, the jester, is a principal character. There are other incidents in this 'merry bawdy play,'

Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion² that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,)
Will leave us never an understanding friend,
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest³ hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; then in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

besides the perversion of historical facts, which make it more than probable that it is here alluded to.

² *Opinion* seems here to mean *character*; as in King Henry IV. Part I. Act v. Sc. 4:—'Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion.' To realize that *opinion of character* is our present object, not to forfeit it by introducing absurdities.

³ *Happiest* being here used in a Latin sense for *propitious or favourable*. 'Sic bonus a *felicitate* tuis!' has been thought a reason for attributing this Prologue to Jonson; but we have shown that Shakspeare often uses words in a Latin sense.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. An Antechamber in the Palace. Enter the DUKE of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.¹

Buckingham.

Good morrow, and well met. How have you done, Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace: Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when Those suns of glory,² those two lights of men, Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:³ I was then present, saw them salute on horseback; Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung In their embracement, as they grew together; Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost The view of earthly glory: Men might say, Till this time, pomp was single; but now married To one above itself. Each following day Became the next day's master, till the last Made former wonders it's:⁴ To-day, the French, All clinquant,⁵ all in gold, like heathen gods, Shone down the English: and, to-morrow, they Made Britain, India: every man, that stood, Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too, Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear The pride upon them, that their very labour Was to them as a painting: now this mask Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night Made it a foot, and beggar. The two kings, Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst, As presence did present them; him in eye, Still him in praise: and, being present both, 'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discern'er Durst wag his tongue in censure.⁷ When these

suns (For so they phrase them) by their heralds chal- leag'd.

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit, That Bevis⁸ was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect In honour honesty, the tract of every thing

Would by a good discourser lose some life, Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal; To the disposing of it nought rebell'd, Order gave each thing view; the office did Distinctly his full function.⁹

Buck. Who did guide, I mean, who set the body and the limbs Of this great sport together, as you guess
Nor. Oyr, certes,¹⁰ that promises no element¹¹ In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he To do in these fierce¹² vanities? I wonder, That such a keech¹³ can, with his very bulk Take up the rays of the beneficial sun, And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir, There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends; For, being not propp'd by ancestry (whose grace Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon For high feats done to the crown; neither allied To eminent assistants, but, spider-like, Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note, The force of his own merit makes his way; A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye Pierce into that; but I can see his pride Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard; Or has given all before, and he begins A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil, Upon this French going-out, took he upon him, Without the privy of the king, to appoint Who should attend on him? He makes up the file¹⁴ Of all the gentry; for the most part such Too, whom as great a charge as little honour He meant to lay upon; and his own letter, The honourable board of council out, Must fetch him in he papers.¹⁵

Aber. I do know Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have By this so sicken'd their estates, that never They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many Have broke their backs with laying manors on them For this great journey.¹⁶ What did this vanity, But minister communication of A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think, The peace between the French and us not values The cost that did conclude it.

1 George Nevill, who married Mary, daughter of Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham.

2 Pope has borrowed this phrase in his Imitation of Horace's Epistle to Augustus, ver. 22:—

'Those suns of glory please not till they set.'

3 Guynes then belonged to the English, and Arde (*Ardees*) to the French; they are towns of Picardy: the valley where Henry VIII. and Francis I. met lies between them.

4 *As for as if*.

5 *Dies diem docet*. Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendour of all the former shows.

6 *i. e.* glittering, shining.

7 *i. e.* in judgment, which had the noblest appearance.

8 The old romantic legend of Bevis of Hampton. This Bevis (or Beavois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created earl of Southampton by William the Conqueror. See Camden's Britannia.

9 The course of these triumphs, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. The commission for regulating them was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place.

10 *Certes*, *i. e.* certainly, is here used as a monosyllable.

11 No initiation, no previous practice. *Elements* are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a catachresis, to a person.

12 Johnson remarks that *fierce* is here used, like the French *fier*, for *proud*.

13 A round lump of fat. The Prince calls Falstaff *tallow-keech* in the First Part of King Henry IV. Act II. Sc. 4. It has been thought that there was some allusion here to the Cardinal, being reputed the son of a butcher. We have 'Goodwife *Keech*, the butcher's wife,' mentioned by Dame Quickly, in King Henry IV. Part II. Act II. Sc. 1.

14 *List*.

15 *He papers*, a verb; *i. e.* his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the king at this interview, and addressed his letters to them.

16 In the ancient Interlude of Nature, bk. I. no date, apparently printed in the reign of King Henry VIII. a similar stroke is aimed at this expensive expedition.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd,¹ was
A thing inspir'd: and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy.—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, abodeth
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?²

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace,³ and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.⁴

Nor. Like 't your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
rock,

That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY (the purse borne before
him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries
with papers. *The* CARDINAL in his passage fixeth
his eyes on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on
him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

I Sec. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

I Sec. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck-
ingham
Shall lessen this big look.

Buck. This butcher's cur⁵ is venom-mouth'd,
and I

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.⁶

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me: and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores⁷ me with some trick: He's gone to the
king;

I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choleric question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.⁸ Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it doth singe yourself: We may outrun
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.⁹

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,¹⁰) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous
Buck. To the king I'll say it; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal¹¹ ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally.)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests¹² the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break 't the rinning.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well: for worthy Wolsey
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For, 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,¹³
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

beggar are more prized than the high descent of heredi-
tary greatness.

7 I. e. he stabs or wounds me by some artifice or
fiction.

8 Thus in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*:—

'Let passion work, and, like a hot-rod'd horse,
'Twill quickly tire itself.'

9 So in *Hamlet*:—

'Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience.'

10 Honest indignation, warmth of integrity.

11 *Equal for equality*. 12 I. e. incites, or tempts.

13 To buy and sell was a proverbial expression for
treacherously betraying.

1 Monday the xviii of June was such an hideous
storme of winde and weather, that many conjectured it
did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to fol-
low between princes.—*Holinshed*.

2 The French ambassador, being refused an au-
dience, may be said to be silenc'd.

3 A fine name of a peace: this is ironically said.

4 Conducted.

5 The common rumour ran that Wolsey was the son of
a butcher; but his faithful biographer Cavendish says
nothing of his father being in trade: he tells us that he
was 'an honest poor man's son.'

6 That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish

Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bras. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg.

Sir,

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I Arrest thee of high treason, in the name Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord, The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish Under device and practice.¹

Bras. I am sorry To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on The business present.² 'Tis his highness' pleasure, You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing, To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me, Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—

O my lord Abergavenny, fare you well.

Bras. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king [To ABERGAVENNY.] You shall to the Tower, till you know How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said, The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure By me obey'd.

Bras. Here is a warrant from The king, to attach Lord Montacute,³ and the bodies Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,⁴ One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;

These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.

Bras. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?⁵

Bras. He. Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'ergreat cardinal Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd⁶ already: I am the shadow of poor Buckingham; Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out,⁷ By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The Council Chamber. Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it, Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'the level⁸ Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person I'll hear him his confessions justify; And point by point the treasons of his master He shall again relate.

The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit

1 i. e. treachery or unfair stratagem. This word has already been amply illustrated.

2 I am sorry that I am obliged to be present, and an eye witness of your loss of liberty.

3 This was Henry Pole, grandson to George duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married Lord Abergavenny's daughter. Though restored to favour at this juncture, he was executed for another alleged treason in this reign.

4 The name of this monk of the Chartreux was John de la Car, alias de la Court. See Holinshed, p. 863.

5 Nicholas Hopkins, another monk of the same order, belonging to a religious house called Henton-beside-Bristol.

Never name to us; you have half our power: The other moiety, ere you ask, is given; Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty. That you would love yourself; and, in that love, Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor The dignity of your office, is the point Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few, And those of true condition, that your subjects Are in great grievance: there have been commissions Sent down among them, which hath flav'd the heart Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although, My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches Most bitterly on you, as putter on⁹ Of these exactions, yet the king our master (Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks The sides of loyalty, and almost appears In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,

It doth appear; for, upon these taxations, The clothiers all, not able to maintain The many to them 'longing, have put off The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who, Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger And lack of other means, in desperate manner Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar, And Danger serves among them.¹⁰

K. Hen. Taxation! Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal, You that are blam'd for it alike with us, Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,

I know but of a single part, in aught Pertains to the state; and front but in that file¹¹ Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord, You know no more than others: but you frame Things, which are known alike; which are not wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet must Performe be their acquaintance. These exactions, Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them, The back is sacrifice to the load. They say, They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!

The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,

Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturesome In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief Comes through commissions, which compel from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied Without delay: and the pretence for this Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze Allegiance in them; their curses now Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass, That tractable obedience is a slave

8 i. e. measured, the duration of it determined. Man's life is said in scripture to be but a span long.

7 The old copy reads 'this instant sun puts on.'

8 To stand in the level of a gun, is to stand in a line with its mouth, so as to be hit by the shot.

9 i. e. promoter or instigator.

10 Warburton is full of admiration at this sudden rising of the poet 'to a height truly sublime!' where by the noblest stretch of fancy Danger is personified as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. Gower, Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser have also personified Danger.

11 He means to say that he is but one among many counsellors, who proceed in the same course with him in the business of the state. To this the queen replies, that he frames things, or they originate with him, which are afterwards known to the council and promulgated by them.

To each incens'd will.¹ I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.²

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no farther gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake³
That virtue must go through. We must not stint⁴
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope⁵ malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once⁶ weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd;⁷ what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statutes only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o'the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission; Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.
[To the Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.
Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,⁹
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.¹⁰
Yet see

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd,¹¹ the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'n'ing, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear

1 The meaning (says Malone) appears to be, things are now in such a situation that resentment and indignation predominate in every man's breast over duty and allegiance.

2 The old copy reads 'There is no primer baseness.' Warburton made the alteration, which Stevens seems to think unnecessary, though he has retained it in his text.

3 Thicket of thorns.

4 To stint is to stop or retard.

5 I. e. to engage with, to encounter.

6 Once is not unfrequently used for sometime or at one time or other.

7 I. e. approved.

8 Hollinshed says that this surveyor's name was Charles Knyvet.

(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what
you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Henry. Speak freely.
Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry¹² it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergany; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar;
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
France,

The duke being at the Rose,¹³ within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words

Spoke by a holy monk: That oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal¹⁴
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This passingly ensued,—Neither the king, nor his
heirs

(Tell you the duke,) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
for him

9 It appears from the prologue to the Romance of the Knight of the Swanne, that it was translated from the French at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. The duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has no date.

10 I. e. beyond the treasures of his own mind.

11 Great gifts of nature and education not joined with good dispositions.

12 Conduct, manage.

13 This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the merchant tailors' company, and is now the merchant tailors' school, in Suffolk Lane.

14 The old copy has 'commission's seal.'

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forgd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ah!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say
further?

Suru. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Suru. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,²—

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time:—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

Suru. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.³

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in
freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of
thee; What say'st?

Suru. After—the duke his father,—with the
knife,—

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irrelative purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,

To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;

Call him to present trial: if he may

Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,

Let him not seek't of us: By day and night!⁴

He's traitor to the height. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace. Enter the
Lord Chamberlain, and LORD SANDS.⁵*

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?⁶

Sands. New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nav, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English

Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face;⁷ but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones;
one would take it,

That never saw them pace before, the spavin,

A springhalt⁸ reign'd among them.

Cham.

Death! my lord,

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How
now?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov.

'Faith, my lord,

I hear of none, but the new proclamation

That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham.

What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,

That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there: now I would pray

our monieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,

And never see the Louvre.

Lov.

They must either

(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants

Of fool and feather,⁹ that they got in France,

With all their honourable points of ignorance,

Pertaining thereunto (as fights, and fireworks;

Abusing better men than they can be,

Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean

The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,

Short blister'd breeches,¹⁰ and those types of travel,

And understand again like honest men;

Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,

They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away

The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their dis-

cases

Are grown so catching.

Cham.

What a loss our ladies

Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov.

Ay, marry,

There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;

A French song, and a fiddle, has no follow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad, they're

going,

(For, sure, there's no converting of them:) now

An honest country lord, as I am, beaten

A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,

Held¹¹ current music too.

Cham.

Well said, Lord Sands;

Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

⁸ The *springhalt* or *stranghalt* is a disease incident to horses, which makes them limp in their paces. It is a humorous comparison of the mincing gait of the Frenchified courtiers to this convulsive motion. Ben Jonson, in his Bartholomew Fair, uses it:—

'Poor soul, she has had a *springhalt*.'

⁹ The text may receive illustration from Nashe's *Life of Jacke Wilton*, 1594:—'At that time (viz. in the court of King Henry VIII.) I was no common acquire, no under-trodden torchbearer, I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop, my French doublet gaffe in the belly, as though, (lyke a pig ready to be spitted,) all my guts had bene plucked out, a paire of side pained hose that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my long stock that sate close to my doek,—my rapier pendant, like a round sticke, &c. my blacke cloake of cloth, overspreading my backe lyke a thorn backe or an elephant's care; and in consumption of my curlewite, my handes without gloves, *all a more French*,' &c. Mr. Douce justly observes that Sir Thomas Lovell's is an allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps, as may be seen in a print of Jordan's after Voert; and which is alluded to in the Ballad of News and no News:—

'And feathers wagging in a fool's cap.'

¹⁰ I. e. breeches puffed or swelled out like *blisters*.

¹¹ The late edition of Mr. Boswell reads *hold*, noticing that *held* is the reading of the first folio.

¹ *Rink* weeds are weeds grown up to great height and strength. 'What, (says the king,) was he advanced to this pitch?'

² Sir William Blomer (Hollinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the king in the Star Chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's.

³ The accuracy of Hollinshed, from whom Shakespeare took his account of the accusations and punishment, together with the qualities of the duke of Buckingham, is proved in the most authentic manner by a very curious report of his case in East. Term. 13 Hen. VIII. in the year books published by authority, edit. 1697, f. 11, 12.

⁴ Stevens takes unnecessary pains to explain this phrase. I wonder he could doubt that it was an adjuration.

⁵ Shakespeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles earl of Worcester was then lord chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1536. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when Lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1524. He succeeded the earl of Worcester as chamberlain.

⁶ *Mysterice ars*, and here artificial fashions.

⁷ A fit of the face seems to be a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal;
in him,

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so:
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;¹
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good Sir Thomas,

We shall be late else: which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,

This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Presence Chamber in York Place.* *Hautboys.* A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace salutes ye all: This night he dedicates to fair content, and you: none here, he hopes, in all this noble bevy,² has brought with her One care abroad: he would have all as merry As first-good company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor

To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN and another Lady.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended;
and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that
noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble;—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have
them

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester, my Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.³

Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets within: Chambers⁴ discharged.*]

Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of you.

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and
landed:

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French
tongue;

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and Tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as
Maskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen
Torchbearers: ushered by the Lord Chamberlain.
They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

¹ The speaker is now in the king's palace at *Bridewell*, from whence he is proceeding by water to York Place (Cardinal Wolsey's house), now Whitehall.

² A *bevy* is a company.

³ I. e. if I may choose my game.

⁴ *Chambers* are short pieces of ordnance, standing almost erect upon their breechings, chiefly used upon festive occasions, being so contrived as to carry great

charges, and make a loud report. They had their name from being little more than mere *chambers* to lodge powder; that being the technical name for that cavity in a gun which contains the powder or combustible matter. Cavendish, describing this scene as it really occurred, says that against the king's coming 'were laid charged many *chambers*, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder.'

To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which
I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses ANNE BULLEN.*]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O,
beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord, —
Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.
[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.—
[*Comes from his state.*]
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll
make

My royal choice.
K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal:¹

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.²

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bul-
len's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' wo-
men.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet-
heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.⁴
K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet
partner,

I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.⁵
[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Street. Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1 Gent. Whither away so fast?
2 Gent. O,—God save you!
Even to the hall to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gent. Were you there?
1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gent. Pray, speak, what has happen'd?
1 Gent. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gent. Is he found guilty?
1 Gent. Yes, truly he is, and condemn'd upon it.

2 Gent. I am sorry for't.
1 Gent. So are a number more.

2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, viva voce, to his face:

At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-mock,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gent. That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 Gent. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could
not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life: but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.⁶

2 Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 Gent. When he was brought again to the bar,—
to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:

Rubb'd he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 Gent. I do not think, he fears death.
1 Gent. Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gent. Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,

¹ Cavendish, from whom Stowe and Holinshed copied their account, says that the cardinal pitched upon 'Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mark than any other.' upon which 'the king plucked down his visor and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant cheer and countenance, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much.'

² i. e. waggishly, mischievously.
³ A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. The custom is still prevalent among country people in many parts of the kingdom.

⁴ According to Cavendish, the king, on discovering himself, being desired by Wolsey to take his place under the state or seat of honour, said 'that he would go first and shift his apparel, and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where a great fire

was made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken up, and the tables spread with new and sweet perfum'd cloths.—Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but set still as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes or above. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banquetting,' &c.

⁵ Thus in Antonio and Melida:—
'*Fa.* Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.
Car. Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.

⁶ *Fa.* Pert Catzo, knock it, then.
⁶ Either produced no effect, or produced only inefficacious pity.

Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally : whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathoms deep : this duke as much
They love and dote on ; call him, bounteous Buck-
ingham,

The mirror of all-courtesy ;¹—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, air,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; Tip-
staves before him, the axe with the edge towards
him ; halberds on each side : with him SIR THOMAS
LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WIL-
LIAM SANDS,² and common People.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die ; Yet, heaven bear
witness,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice :
But those, that sought it, I could wish more christ-
ians :

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them :
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils³ on the graves of great men ;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd
me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
And, as the long divorce⁴ of steel-falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's
name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
There cannot be those numberless offences
Gainst me, I can't take peace with : no black envy
Shall make⁵ my grave.—Commend me to his grace :
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake me,

1 The report in the Old Year Book, referred to above, thus describes him.—'Car il fut tres noble prince et prudent, et mirror de tout courtesie.'

2 The old copy reads 'Sir Walter.' The correction is justified by Holinshed. Sir William Sands was at this time (May, 1521) only a knight, not being created Lord Sands till April 27, 1527. Shakspeare probably did not know that he was the same person whom he has already introduced with that title. The error arose by placing the king's visit to Wolsey (at which time Sir William was Lord Sands) and Buckingham's condemnation in the same year ; whereas the visit was made some years afterwards.

3 *Evils are fornic.*

4 Thus in Lord Sterline's *Darius* :—

'Scarce was the *last*ing last divorcement made

Between the bodie and the soule.'

5 Johnson observes, with great truth, that these lines are remarkably tender and pathetic.

6 Shakspeare, by this expression, probably meant to make the duke say, No action expressive of malice shall

Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your
grace ;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun⁷ :

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;⁸
And with that blood will make them one day groan
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
Henry the Seventh, succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father :

Yet thus far we are one in fortunes.—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;
A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose ; for those you make
friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye ; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,¹⁰
Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive
me ! [*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe. yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us !
Where may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

close my life. *Envy* is elsewhere used by Shakspeare for malice or hatred. Unless with Warburton we read 'mark my grave,' a very plausible emendation of an error easily made ; and which has indeed happened in an instance in King Henry V. Act II. Sc. 2, where the old copy erroneously reads :—

'To make the full fraught man and best endued
With some suspicion.'

7 The name of the duke of Buckingham most generally known was *Stafford* ; it is said that he affected the surname of *Bohun*, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns Shakspeare follows Holinshed.

8 I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan.

9 This expression occurs again in *Othello* :—

'There are a kind of men so loose of soul,

That in their sleep, will mutter their affairs.'

10 Thus also in King Richard II. :—

'Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.'

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith¹ to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it ;
I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident :
You shall, sir : Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine ?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held² not :
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and all those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now ; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;
As all think, for this business.

1 Gent. 'Tis the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gent. I think, you have hit the mark : But is't
not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gent. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let's think in private more. [Exit.

SCENE II. An Antechamber in the Palace. Enter
the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

Chan. My lord,—The horns your lordship sent
for, with all the cure I had, I saw well chosen, ridded,
and furnished. They were young, and handsome ;
and of the best breed in the north. When they were
ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardi-
nal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from
me ; with this reason,—His master would be served
before us us'jest, if not before the king : which stop-
ped our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed : Well, let him have them :
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good lord chamberlain.

Chan. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd ?

Chan. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What is the cause ?

Chan. It seems, the marriage with his brother's
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so ;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one
day.

Suf. Pray God, he do ! he'll never know himself
else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business !

¹ Great fidelity.

² Stevens erroneously explains this passage, saying
to hold is to believe : 'it held not' here rather means 'it
did not sustain itself,' the rumour did not prove true.
So in King Richard III. Act ii. Sc. 2 :—

'Doubt the news hold of good King Edward's death ?'

³ See The Winter's Tale, Act i. Sc. 2, note 8.

⁴ It was the main end or object of Wolsey to bring
about a marriage between Henry and the French king's
sister, the duchess of Alençon.

⁵ The meaning is, that the cardinal can, as he pleases,
make high or low.

⁶ The stage direction in the old copy is singular—
'Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the king draws the curtain,
and sits reading pensively.'—This was calculated

And with what zeal ! For, now he has crack'd the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul ; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her,

That, like a jewel,³ has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with ; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king : And is not this course pious ?

Chan. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis
most true,

These news are every where ; every tongue speaks
them,

And every true heart weeps for't : All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister :⁴ Heaven will one day

open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance ;
Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages : all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.⁵

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed ;
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in,
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in ;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him :—

My lord, you'll bear us company ?

Chan. Excuse me ;
The king hath sent me other-where : besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The King is dis-
covered sitting, and reading pensively.⁶

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much af-
flicted.

K. Hen. Who is there ? ha ?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who's there, I say ? How dare you
thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?
Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant ; our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate ; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold :
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of busi-
ness :

Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ?—

for the state of the theatre in Shakspeare's time. When
a person was to be discovered in a different apartment
from that in which the original speakers in the scene
are exhibited, the artless mode of that time was, to
place such person in the back part of the stage, behind
the curtains which were occasionally suspended across
it. These the person who was to be discovered (as
Henry in the pre-ent case), drew back just at the proper
time. Norfolk has just said 'Let's in ;' and therefore
should himself do some act in order to visit the king.
This, indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was
not attended to ; the king very civilly discovering him-
self. See Malone's account of the Old Theatres, in Mr.
Boswell's edition, vol. ii.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O, my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[To CAMPEIUS.]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.¹ [To WOLSEY.]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy: go.
[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though,² for his
place:

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one have at him.³

Suf. I another.

[Exit NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid
him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd
for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be
acquainted

Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd
her

So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and
my favour

To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

¹ The meaning appears to be, 'Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.'

² I. e. so sick as he is proud.

³ Steevens reads 'one have at him;' but surely without necessity. To have at any thing or person meant to attack it, in ancient phraseology. Surrey afterwards says—

'—have at you,

First that without the king,' &c. The phrase is derived (like many other old popular phrases) from gaming: 'to have at all,' was to throw for all that was staked on the board, adventuring on the cast an equal stake.

⁴ I. e. kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies.

⁵ 'About this time the king received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecy and weight, admitting him in the room of Dr Pace, the which being continually abroad in am-

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour
to you;

You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
[Aside.]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

Cam. My lord of York, was not one Doctor

In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man¹ still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.²

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!

That's Christian care enough; for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-
science,—

O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. An Antechamber in the Queen's
Apartments. Enter ANNE BULLER, and an old
Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the page
that pinches:

His highness having lived so long with her; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt,³ it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temerary
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce?
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.⁴

bassades, and the same oftentimes not much necessary by the Cardinal's appointment, at length he took such grief therewith, that he fell out of his right wits.'—
Holmes.

⁶ To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection.

⁷ I think with Steevens that we should read—

'Yet if that quarrel, fortune to divorce
It from the bearer,' &c.

I. e. if any quarrel happen or chance to divorce it from the bearer. To fortune is a verb, used by Shakespeare in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

'—I'll tell you as we pass along
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.'

⁸ Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'The soul and body rive not by parting
Than greatness going off.'

To pang is used as a verb active by Skelton, in his book of Philip Sparrow, 1568, sig. R v.:

'What heaviness did me pange.'

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.¹

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.²

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril³ conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not
be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange; a threepence bowed would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a
little;⁴

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing:⁵ I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes
here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth
to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress's sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty

1 The revocation of her husband's love has reduced her to the condition of an unfriendly stranger.
2 Our best possession.

3 *Cheveril* is kid leather, which, being of a soft yielding nature, is often alluded to in comparisons for any thing *pliant* or *flexible*.

4 *Anne* Bullen declining to be either a queen or a *duchess*, the old lady says, 'pluck off a little' let us descend a little lower, and so diminish the glare of preferment by bringing it nearer your own quality.

5 i. e. you would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty, used with the sceptre at coronations.—*Johnson*.

6 I cannot but be surprised that Malone should have made any difficulty about the reading of the text:—
'— the king's majesty

Commends his good opinion to you.
It is one of the most common forms of epistolary and colloquial *compliment* of our ancestors, whose letters frequently terminate with 'and so I commend me to you,' or begin with 'After my hearty commendations to you,' &c. The instances cited by Stevens from Lear

Commends his good opinion to you,⁶ and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and
wishes,
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,⁷
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?⁸—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds. and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fy, fy upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,⁹
no.

There was a lady once ('tis an old story,
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:¹⁰—Have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. A Hall in Black-Friars. Trumpets
sennet,¹¹ and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with

and Antony and Cleopatra are not exactly in point; for the word *commend*, in both those instances, signifies *commit*.

7 Not only my all is nothing: but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing.

8 To approve is not, as Johnson explains it, here, to strengthen by commendation, but to confirm (by the report he shall make) the good opinion the king has formed.

9 The carbuncle was supposed by our ancestors to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it.

10 Forty pence was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager. Money was then reckoned by pounds, marks, and nobles. Forty pence, or three and fourpence, is half a noble, and is still an established legal fee.

11 The fertility of Egypt is derived from the mud and slime of the Nile.

12 This word *sennet*, about which there has been so much discussion to little purpose, is nothing more than the *senne* of the old French, or the *segno* or *segnata* of the Italians, a signal given by sound of trumpet—' *signum dare buccina*.'

short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher burheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars;¹ after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Vol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read, Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Vol. Be't so:—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;²

And to bestow your pity on me: for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir, In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest

¹ Ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals.

² 'Because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet.' &c.—*Cavendish's Life of Wolsey*, vol. i. p. 149, ed. 1825.

³ This speech is taken from Holinshed (who copies from Cavendish) with the most trifling variations. Hall has given a different report of the queen's speech, which, he says, was made in French, and translated by him from notes taken by Campegius's secretary.

⁴ That is, 'If you can report and prove aught against mine honour, my love and duty, or aught against your sacred person.' &c.

⁵ The historical fact is, that the queen staid for no reply to this speech. Cavendish says, 'And with that she rose up, making a low courtesy to the king, and so de-

parted from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning (as she was wont always to do) upon the arm of her general receiver Master Giffiths.'—*Life of Wolsey*, p. 152.
⁶ That you desire to protract the business of the court. 'To pray for a longer day,' i. e. a more distant one. is yet the language of the bar in criminal trials.
⁷ Challenge here (says Johnson) is a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a jurymen, says 'I challenge him.'
⁸ These are not the mere words of passion, but technical terms of the canon law: *detestor* and *recuso*. The former, in the language of canonists, signifies no more than I protest against.—*Blackstone*.

With many children by you: If, in the course And process of this time, you can report, And prove it too, against mine honour aught, My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, Against your sacred person,⁴ in God's name, Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me up To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir, The king, your father, was reputed for A prince most prudent, of an excellent And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand, My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many A year before: It is not to be question'd That they had gather'd a wise council to them Of every realm, that did debate this business, Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel I will implore: if not; 'I the name of God, Your pleasure be fulfill'd!⁵

Vol. You have here, lady, (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men Of singular integrity and learning, Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless, That longer you desire the court;⁶ as well For your own quiet, as to rectify What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam, It's fit this royal session do proceed; And that, without delay, their arguments Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Vol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that We are a queen (or long have dream'd so,) certain, The daughter of a king, my drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Vol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe, Induc'd by potent circumstances, that You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,⁷ You shall not be my judge: for it is you Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again, I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul, Refuse you for my judge;⁸ whom, yet once more, I hold my most malicious foe, and think not At all a friend to truth.

Vol. I do profess, You speak not like yourself; who ever yet Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:

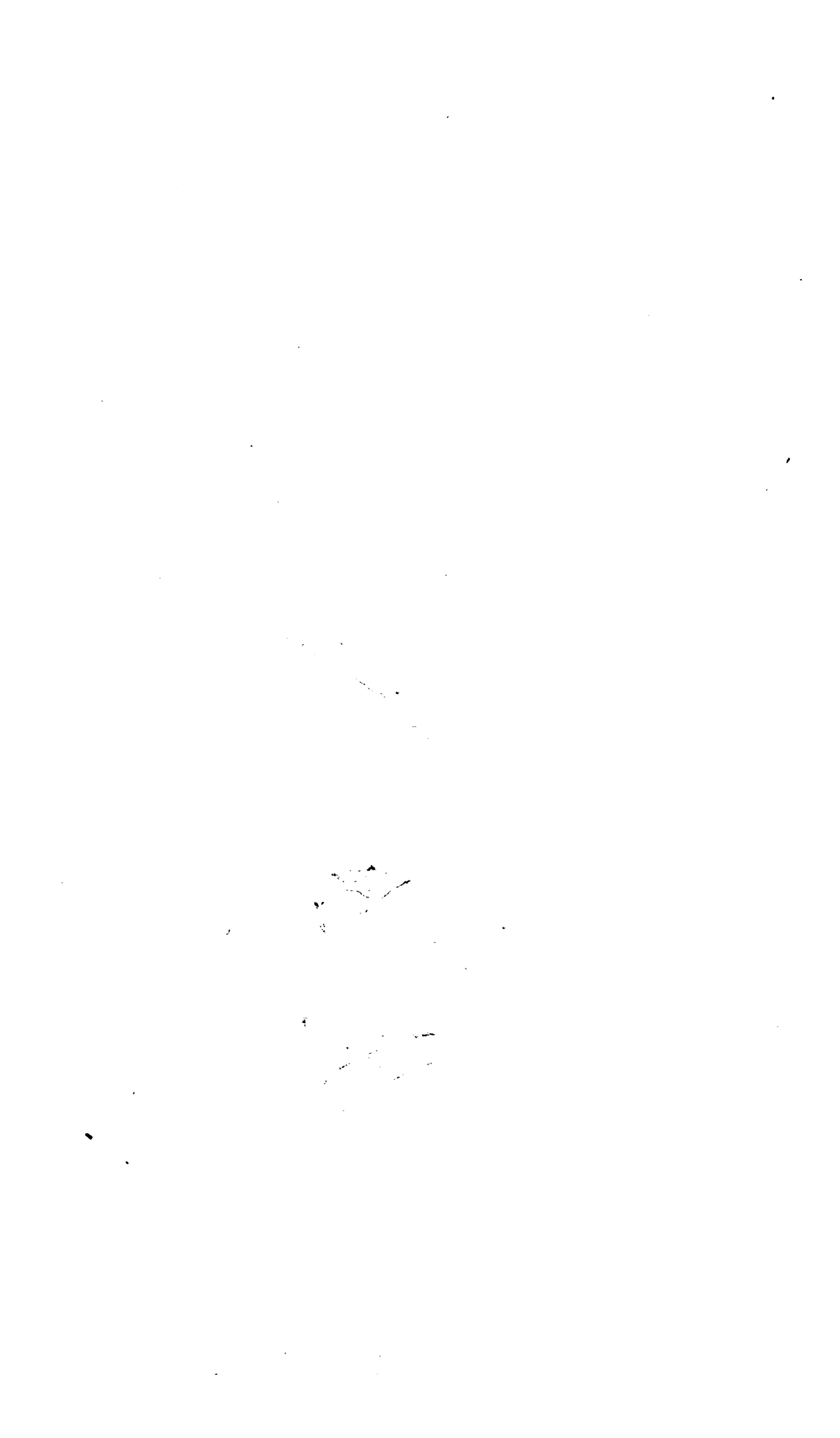
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice For you, or any: how far I have proceeded, Or how far further shall, is warrantary By a commission from the consistory, Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,

parted from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning (as she was wont always to do) upon the arm of her general receiver Master Giffiths.'—*Life of Wolsey*, p. 152.

⁶ That you desire to protract the business of the court. 'To pray for a longer day,' i. e. a more distant one. is yet the language of the bar in criminal trials.

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3. The third part of the document addresses the role of the accounting department in this process. It highlights the need for clear communication and collaboration between different departments to ensure the accuracy of the data.

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PLATE I

THE BATTLE OF MARATHA



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That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay¹ my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and hum-
ble mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,²
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers: and your
wards,³

Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtseys to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into
the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you,
keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and other
Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out),⁴
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and full satisfied,⁵) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might

1 Deny.

2 You show in appearance meekness and humility, as a token or outward sign of your place and calling; but your heart is cramm'd with arrogance, &c.

3 The old copy reads:—

4 Where powers are your retainers; and your words, domestics to you, &c.

5 If thy several qualities had tongues capable of speaking out thy merits, i. e. of doing them extensive justice.

6 The sense, which is encumbered with words, is no more than this:—I must be loos'd, though when so loosed I shall not be satisfied fully and at once; that is, I shall not be immediately satisfied.

Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have you to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village cura,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd it off,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me
to't,—

I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give
heed to't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick,⁶ on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambas-
sador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I the progress of this busi-
ness,

Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience,⁷ enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir of the world, should not
Be gladd'd in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling⁸ in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did seek,⁹
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself
to say

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,

6 The king, having first addressed Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt or wish to stir that business.

7 The words of Cavendish are:—The special cause that mov'd me herunto was a scrupulousity that prick'd my conscience.—See also *Holinshed*, p. 807.

8 Theobald thought we should read 'The bottom of his conscience.'

9 The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to hull when she is demasted, and only her hull or bulk is left at the direction and mercy of the waves.

10 Waste, or wear away.

The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd¹ o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*]
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Crammer,
Frythee return² with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the
Queen's Apartment. The Queen, and some of her
Women, at work.³

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows
sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave work-
ing.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Full asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great car-
dinals
Wait in the presence.⁴

¹ Shakespeare uses the verb to *paragon* both in *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Othello*—

‘If thou with Cæsar *paragon* again

My man of men.’

‘——— a maid

That *paragons* description and wild fame.’

² This is only an apostrophe to the absent bishop of that name.

³ Cavendish, who appears to have been present at this interview of the cardinals with the queen, says—‘She came out of her privy chamber with a skein of white thread about her neck into the chamber of presence.’ A subsequent speech of the queen’s is nearly conformable to what is related in Cavendish, and copied by Holinshed.

⁴ Presence chamber.

⁵ ‘Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods make not monks.’ In allu-

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They would me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on’t.
They should be good men; their affairs as right-
eous:

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a
housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to with-
draw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you

The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;

There’s nothing I have done yet, o’ my conscience,

Deserves a corner: ‘Would, all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy

Above a number,) if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,

Envy and base opinion set against them,⁶

I know my life so even: If your business

Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,⁷

Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regine*

serenissima.

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;⁸

I am not such a truant since my coming,

As not to know the language I have liv’d in:

A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,

suspicious;

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress’ sake;

Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord car-
dinal,

The willing’st sin I ever yet committed,

May be absolv’d in English.

Wol. Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should breed

(And service to his majesty and you),⁹

So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.

We come not by the way of accusation,

To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;

Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;

You have too much, good lady: but to know

How you stand minded in the weighty difference

Between the king and you; and to deliver,

Like free and honest men, our just opinions,

And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour’d madam,

My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,

Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;

Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure

Both of his truth and him (which was too far),—

sion to the Latin proverb—*Cucullus non facit monachum*, to which Chaucer also alludes—

‘*Habite ne maketh monk ne frere;*

But a clement life and devotion,

Maketh gode men of religion.’

⁶ I would be glad that my conduct were in some public trial confronted with mine enemies, that malice and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me.

⁷ This is obscurely expressed, but seems to mean, ‘If your business is with me, and relates to the question of my marriage, out with it boldly.’

⁸ ‘Then began my lord to speak to her in Latin.—“Nay, good my lord (quoth she), speak to me in English, I beseech you, though I understand Latin.”’—*Cavendish*.

⁹ This line stands so awkwardly, and out of its place, that Mr. Edwards’s proposition to transpose it, should be adopted, thus:—

‘I am sorry my integrity should breed
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
And service to his majesty and you.’

Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been¹ (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
these fears;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out² my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;

He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'er take you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my
ruin:

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye;³ holy men I
thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues:
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your com-
fort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him,
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

1 For the sake of that rosy which I have heretofore
possessed.

2 Weigh out for out-weight. In Macbeth we have
overcome for come over.

3 If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for
I thought you good.

4 Served him with superstitious attention.

5 This is an allusion to the old jingle of *Angli* and
Angeli. Thus Nashe in his *Anatomy of Absurdity*,
1592:—For my part I meane to suspend my sentence,
and let an author of late memorie be my speaker; who
affirmeth that they carry angels in their faces, and
devils in their devices.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—(let me speak
myself,

Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd
him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?⁴
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we
aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English
earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces,⁵ but heaven knows your
hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her Women.*

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field,⁶ and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.

For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.⁷
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-
vants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves
you;

Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray,
forgive me,

If I have us'd⁸ myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,

6 The lily, lady of the flow'ring field.

7 *Spenser, F. Q. b. ii. c. vi. st. 16.*

8 It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex, in the year before this play was written, by his ungrateful kinsman Sir Francis Bacon, when that nobleman, to the disgrace of humanity, was obliged by a junto of his enemies to kneel at the end of the council table for several hours, that in a letter written during his retirement in 1598 to the lord keeper, he had said, 'There is no temper to the passionate indignation of a prince'
8 Behaved.

That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Antechamber to the King's Apartment. Enter the DUKE of NORFOLK, the DUKE of SUFFOLK, the EARL of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force¹ them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontentm'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected?² when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lord, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings³
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eve o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce: For if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts,
And hedges, his own way.⁴ But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy

Trace⁵ the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young,⁶ and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.⁷

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhanded; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all this plot. I do assure you
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom:⁸ shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has: and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance: You, he bade

Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister: he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!

No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pem-

broke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's

daughter,

To be her mistress's mistress! the queen's queen!—

This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;

Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,

And well deserving? yet I know her for

¹ Force is enforce, urge.

² Which of the peers has not gone by him contemned or neglected? When did he regard the stamp of nobleness in any person, though attentive to his own dignity?

³ I. e. his secret endeavours to counteract the divorce.

⁴ To coast is to hover about to pursue a sidelong course about a thing. To hedge is to creep along by the hedge, not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions.

⁵ To trace is to follow.

⁶ This same phrase occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. 1.—

⁷ Good morrow, cousin.
Is the day so young?

⁷ To memoriz'd is to make memorable.

⁸ Suffolk means to say Cranmer is returned in his opinions, i. e. with the same sentiments which he entertained before he went abroad, which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges referred to on the occasion. Or perhaps the passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) may mean, He is returned in effect, having sent his opinions, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him.

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king, And is his oracle.

Nr. He it vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a Schedule;¹ and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated To his own portion! and what expence by the hour Sems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift, Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords; . . .
Say you the cardinal?

Nr. My lord, we have Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts; Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground, Then lays his finger on his temple; straight, Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,² Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts His eye against the moon: in most strange postures We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be; There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning Papers of state he sent me to peruse, As I requir'd: And, wot' you what I found There; on my conscience, put an vittingly? Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,— The several parcels of his plate, his treasure, Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks Possession of a subject.

Nr. It's heaven's will; Some spirit put this paper in the packet, To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think His contemplation were above the earth, And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still Dwell in his meditations: but, I am afraid, His thoughts are below the moon, not worth His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.]

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. God! my lord, You are full of heavenly stuff, and I bear the inventory Of your best graces in your mind; the which You were now running o'er; you have scarce time To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span, To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that I deem you an ill husband; and am glad To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir, Few holy offices I have a time; a time To think upon the part of business, which I bear i' the state; and nature does require Her times of preservation, which, perforce, I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal, Must give my tolerance to.

¹ That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakespeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man as owing to an accident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See the story related of Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, in Hollinshed, p. 796 and 797.

² Sallust, describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance:—'Citius modo, modo tardus incessus.'

³ Know.

⁴ So in Macbeth:—

'To crown my thoughts with acts.'

⁵ Your royal benefits, showered upon me daily, have been more than all my studied purpose could do to requite, for they went beyond all that man could effect in

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together, As I will lend you cause, my doing well With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again; And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well: And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you: He said, he did; and with his deed did crown His word upon you.⁴ Since I had my office, I have kept you next my heart; have not alone Employ'd you where high profits might come home, But part'd my present havings, to bestow My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Suf. The Lord increase this business! *[Aside.]*

K. Hen. Have I not made you The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me, If what I now pronounce, you have found true: And, if you may confess it, say withal, If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces, Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could My studied purposes requite; which went Beyond all man's endeavours;⁵—my endeavours Have ever come too short of my desires, Yet, fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed To the good of your most sacred person, and The profit of the state. For your great graces Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I Can nothing render but allegiant thanks; My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty, Which ever has, and ever shall be growing, Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;

A loyal and obedient subject is Therein illustrated: The honour of it Does pay the act of it: as, i' the contrary, The foulness is the punishment. I presume, That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you, My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more On you,⁶ than any; so your hand and heart, Your brain, and every function of your power, Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, As 'twere in love's particular, be more To me, your friend, than any.⁷

Wol. I do profess, That for your highness' good I ever labour'd More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.⁸ Though all the world should crack their duty to you, And throw it from their soul; though perils did Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty, As doth a rock against the chiding flood, Should the approach of this wild river break, And stand unshaken yours.⁹

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken: Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[Giving him papers.]

the way of gratitude. My endeavours have ever come too short of my desires, though they have fill'd, i. e. equalled or kept pace with my abilities.

⁵ Steevens says, as Jonson is supposed to have made some alterations in this play, it may not be amiss to compare the passage before us with another on the same subject in *The New Inn*:—

'He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge; Then shower'd his bounties on me like the hours That open-handed sit upon the clouds, And press the liberality of heaven Down to the laps of thankful men.'

⁷ Beside your bond of duty as a loyal and obedient servant, you owe a particular devotion to me as your especial benefactor.

⁸ This is expressed with great obscurity; but seems to mean, 'that or such a man I am, have been, and will ever be.'

⁹ 'Ille velut pelagi rupes remota, resistit.'

JEn. vii. 806.
The *chiding flood* is the resounding flood. To *chide*, to babble, and to brawl, were synonymous.

And, after, this : and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[Exit King, frowning upon CARDINAL WOLSEY : the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.]

Wol. What should this mean ?
What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so ;
This paper has undone me :—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly : Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this ? To the Pope ?
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I write to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the DUKES of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK,
the EARL of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who
commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house,³ my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot
carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them ?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it,⁴
(I mean your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me :
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents : Now, who'll take it ?
Suf. The king that gave it.

1 Thus in Marlowe's King Edward II :—
' Base fortune, now I see that in thy wheel
There is a point to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down. That point I touch'd ;
And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall ?'

2 The time of this play is from 1521, just before the
duke of Buckingham's commitment, to 1533, when
Elizabeth was born and christened. The duke of Nor-
folk, therefore, who is introduced in the first scene of
the first act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here,
or in 1529, demands the great seal from Wolsey ; for the
former died in 1525. Having thus made two persons
into one, so the poet has on the contrary made one per-
son into two. The earl of Surrey here is the same who
married the duke of Buckingham's daughter, as he him-
self tells us : but Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk,
who married the duke of Buckingham's daughter, was at this
time the individual above mentioned, duke of Norfolk.
Cavendish, and the chroniclers who copied from him,
mention only the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being
sent to demand the great seal. The reason for adding a
third and fourth person is not very apparent.

3 Asher was the ancient name of Esher, in Surrey.
Shakespeare forgot that Wolsey was himself Bishop of

Wol. It must be himself then.

Suf. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest ;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Suf. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy :
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour ;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate⁵ a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Suf. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou should'st
feel

My sword 't' the life-blood of thee, else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded⁶ by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.⁷

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Suf. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaming all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You write to the pope, against the king : your good-
ness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life :—'I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell,⁸ when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.⁹

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
man,

But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's
hand :

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,

Winchester, having succeeded Bishop Fox in 1538,
holding the see in commendam. Esher was one of the
episcopal palaces belonging to that see.

4 That is, 'Till I find more than (your malicious)
will and words to do it, I dare and must deny it.'

5 I. e. equal.

6 I. e. overruled, overmastered. The force of this
term may be best understood from a proverb given by
Cograve, in v. Rosse, a jade. 'Il n'est si bon cheva!
qui n'en devlendiront rosse : It would anger a saint, or
crestfall the best man living, to be so used.'

7 A cardinal's hat is scarlet, and the method of daring
larks is by small mirrors on scarlet cloth, which engages
the attention of the birds while the fowler draws his net
over them.

8 The little bell which is rung to give notice of the
elevation of the Host, and other offices of the Romish
church, is called the sacring, or consecration bell.

9 The amorous propensities of cardinal Wolsey are
much dwelt upon in Roy's Satire against him, printed
in the Supplement to Mr. Park's edition of the Harleian
Miscellany. But it was a common topic of invective
against the clergy ; all came under the censure, and
many no doubt richly deserved it.

And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you ;
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir :
I dare your worst objection : if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.

First, that without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin,¹

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-
stance
(By what means got, I leave to your own con-
science,)

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere² undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure
is,—

Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine³ within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,⁴—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection :—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

¹ 'This was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation ; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privileges. See Saelling's View of the Silver Coin of England.—Douce.

² Absolute. ³ As the pope's legate. ⁴ The judgment in a writ of *præmunire* (a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*) is, that the defendant shall be out of the king's protection ; and his lands and tenements, goods and chattels forfeited to the king ; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure. The old copy reads, erroneously, *castles*, instead of *castles*, the old word for *chattels*, as it is found in Holinshed, p. 909.

⁵ Thus in Shakespeare's twenty-fifth Sonnet :—
'Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold in the sun's eye ;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.'

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Wearied, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,⁶
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.'—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have : I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.⁷
What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears⁸ wept on 'em !
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news, indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open,⁹ as his queen,

⁶ Their ruin is 'their displeasure,' producing the downfall and ruin of him on whom it lights.

⁷ Thomas Storer, in his Metrical Life of Wolsey, 1599, has a similar image :—

'If once we fall, we fall Colossus-like,
We fall at once, like pillars of the sunne'

⁸ So in King Henry VI. Part 2 :—

'More can I bear, than you dare execute.'

⁹ The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans 'A tomb of tears (says Johnson) is very harsh.' Stevens has adduced an Epigram of Martial, in which the Heliades are said to 'weep a tomb of tears,' over a viper. V. Lib. iv. Epig. 59. Drummond, in his Teares for the Death of Moelides, has the same conceit :—

'The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have rais'd of their teares
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears.'

There is a similar conceit in King Richard II. Act III.

So 2.

¹⁰ *In open* is a Latinism. 'Et castris in aperto positin,' Liv. l. 23 ; i. e. in a place exposed on all sides to view.

Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles.¹ Go, get thee from me, Cromwell:
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use² now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O, my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-
well;

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
Say, *Wolsey*,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;³
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty;⁴
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king:
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,⁵
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-
well,

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

¹ The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the authentic copy of Cavendish, was five hundred. Cavendish's work, though written soon after the death of Wolsey, was not printed till 1641, and then in a most unfaithful and garbled manner, the object of the publication having been to render Laud odious, by showing how far church power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. In that spurious copy we read that the number of the household was eight hundred persons. In other MSS., and in Dr. Wordsworth's edition, we find it stated at one hundred and eighty persons.

² i. e. interest.

³ Ambition here means a criminal and inordinate ambition, that endeavours to obtain honours unsuited to the state of a subject. Wolsey does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition, for in the preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to rise.

⁴ Wolsey speaks here not as a statesman but as a Christian. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome than the reflection that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship.

⁵ This inventory is still to be seen among the Harleian MSS. No. 579. Some of the particulars may be seen in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 546, ed. 1631. See also Mr. Ellis's Historical Letters, vol. ii. p. 15.

I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.⁶

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Street in Westminster. Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1 Gent. You are well met once again.

2 Gent. And so are you.

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

2 Gent. 'Tis well: The citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,⁷ (As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward)

In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honour.

1 Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known those
customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
of Canterbury, accompanied with other

Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off

From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which

She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:

And, to be short, for not appearance, and

The king's late scruple, by the main assent

Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,

And the late marriage⁸ made of none effect:

⁶ This was actually said by the cardinal when on his death-bed, in a conversation with Sir William Kingston; the whole of which is very interesting:—'Well, well, Master Kingston, 'twere he, 'I see the matter against me how it is framed, but if I had serv'd my God as diligently as I have serv'd my king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit this is the just reward that I have had to do him service; only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty.'

When Samrah, deputy governor of Bassorah, was deposed by Moawryah, the sixth caliph, he is reported to have expressed himself in the same manner:—'If I had serv'd God so well as I serv'd him, he would never have condemn'd me to all eternity.' A similar sentiment also occurs in The Earle of Murrone's Tragedie, by Churchyard, 1593. Antonio Perez, the disgraced favourite made the same complaint. Mr. Douce has also pointed out a remarkable passage in Pitcautney's History of Scotland, p. 251, edit. 1789 in which there is a great resemblance to these pathetic words of the cardinal. James V. imagined that Sir James Hamilton address'd him thus in a dream:—'Though I was a sinner against God, I failed not to thee. Had I been as good a servant to the Lord my God as I was to thee, I had not died that death.'

⁷ Malone's explanation of this passage is entirely erroneous; royal minds are high minds, or as we still say, princely dispositions. 'To avaint himself royally: Magnificence se efferre.'—Baret.

⁸ i. e. the marriage lately considered as valid

Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!—
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is
coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets: then enter

1. Two Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before
him.

3. Choristers singing. [Music.
4. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Gar-
ter, in his coat-of-arms,¹ and on his head a
gilt copper crown.

5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his
head a demi-coronal of gold. With him
the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver
with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet.
Collars of SS.

6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet
on his head, bearing a long white wand, as
high-steward. With him, the Duke of Nor-
folk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet
on his head. Collars of SS.

7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under
it, the Queen in her robe; her hair richly
adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side
of her, the Bishops of London and Win-
chester.

8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold,
surround with flowers, bearing the Queen's
train.

9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of
gold without flowers.

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I
know;—

Who's that, that bears the sceptre?
1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman: and that should
be

The duke of Suffolk.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; high steward.
2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!
[Looking on the Queen.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains² that lady;
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all
are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars,
indeed;

And, sometimes, falling ones.
1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.
Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
2 *Gent.* Among the crowd in the abbey; where a
finger

Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw
The ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *i. e.* in his coat of office, emblazoned with the royal
arms.

2 Strain is here used in the sense of the Latin com-
primer; 'Virgo ex eo compressa gravida facta est.'

3 Chapman in his version of the Twenty-first liad:—
'Bright Peribea, whom the flood, &c.
Compress'd.'

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.
2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream³
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams⁴
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were wove⁵
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But what follow'd?
3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with mo-
dest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saintlike,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York Place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you
Must no more call it York Place, that is past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Win-
chester,
(Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary,)

The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it
comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him
2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king

Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.
3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [Exit.

SCENE II.³ Kimbolton. Enter KATHARINE,
Dowager, sick; led between GRIFFITH and PA-
TIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death.

3 '—ingentem scribis domus alta superbis
Mansu calantium totis vomit ædibus undam.'

Virg. Georg. li. 461.

4 *i. e.* battering rams.

5 This scene is above any other part of Shakespeare's

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou lov'dst me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he
died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily!
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.²

Kath. Alas! poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads,³ he came to
Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—*O, father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!*

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man

Of an unbounded stomach,⁴ ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom:⁵ simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: 'T the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill,⁶ and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues

tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other
poet, tender and pathetic, without gods, or furies, or poi-
sons, or precipices, without the help of romantic cir-
cumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical la-
mentation, and without any throes of tumultuous mi-
sery.—Johnson.

1 *Happily* is sometimes used by Shakspeare for *hap-
pily, peradventure*; but it here more probably means *op-
portunately*.

2 Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark per-
haps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey 'rode
like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped al-
together in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups.'

3 *Roads, or rodes*, here, is the same as *coursers,
stages, or journeys*. From whence also was formed
out-rodes, in-rodes, &c.

4 I. e. of unbounded pride or haughtiness. Thus Hol-
linshed:—'This cardinal was of a great stomach, for
he computed himself equal with princes, and by crafty
suggestions got into his hands innumerable treasure:
he forced hute on simony, and was not pitifull, and
stood affectionate in his own opinion; in open presence
he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in
speech and meaning: he would promise much and per-
form little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the
clergie evil example.' Ed. 1587, p. 92.

5 *Suggestion* here, I think, means *wicked prompting*.
It is used in this sense in *The Tempest*. I have no doubt
that we should read *tyth'd* instead of *ty'd*, as Dr. Farmer
proposed, and as the passage quoted from Holin-
shed warrants. The word *tythes* was not exclusively
used to signify the emoluments of the clergy.

6 To be *ill, evil, or naught of body*, was to be ad-
dicted to women: to be lewd in life and manners.

7 This passage has been absurdly pointed in all the
modern editions:—

We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly,
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofly, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as sum-
mer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;⁸
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being litte:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.⁹

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower;
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Music.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down
quiet,

For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

*The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after
another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wear-
ing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden
vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm,
in their hands. They first congee unto her, then
dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold
a spare garland over her head; at which, the
other four make reverend court'sies; then the two*

'—This cardinal, &c.

Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.'

8 'Unwilling to outlive the good that did it.'
Good appears here to be put for *goodness*, as in the pas-
sage just above:—

'May it please your highness

To hear me speak his good now?'

9 This speech is formed on the following passage in
Holinshed:—'This cardinal (as Edmund Campion in
his *Historie of Ireland* described him,) was a man un-
doubtedly born to honour; I think (saith he) some
prince's bastard, no butcher's sonne; exceeding wise,
faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vicious of his
bodie, loffie to his enemies, were they never so bigge,
to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonder-
ful courteous; a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections,
brought a bed with flatterie; insensable to get, and
more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two
colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrowen
with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth,
for an house of studentes (considering all the appur-
tenances) incomparable throughout Christendom.—He
held and injoied at once the bishopricks of Yorke,
Duresme, and Winchester, the dignities of lord cardinall,
legat, and chancellor, the abbie of St. Albans, diverse
priors, sundrie fat benefices in *comendams*; a great
preferrer of his servants, an advancer of learning,
stout in every quarrel, never happy till this he over-
throw; wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended
so perfectlie, that the hour of his death did him more
honour than all the pomp of his life pass'd.' We have
a similar thought in *Macbeth*:—

'—nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving it.'

that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for: Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun? They promis'd me eternal happiness; And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams Possess your faculty.

Kath. Bid the music leave, They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,

How much her face is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks, And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow: Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame, Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness, To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.¹

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not, You should be lord ambassador from the emperor, My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord, The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you, What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your grace; the next, The king's request that I would visit you; Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me

Sends you his princely commendations, And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:

That gentle physic given in time, had cur'd my;

But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.

How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish, When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter, I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam. [*Giving it to KATHARINE.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver

This to my lord the king.²

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness The model⁴ of our chaste loves, his young daughter:⁵—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—

Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;

(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;

I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity

Upon my wretched women, that so long

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,

(And now I should not lie, but will deserve,

For virtue and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty, and decent carriage,

A right good husband, let him be a noble;

And, sure, those men are happy that shall have

them.

The last is, for my men: they are the poorest,

But poverty could never draw them from me;—

That they may have their wages duly paid them

And something over to remember me by;

If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,

And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents!—And, good my

lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,

As you wish christian peace to souls departed,

Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king

To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;

Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me

In all humility unto his highness;

Say, his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,

My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,

You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;

Call in more women.—When I am dead, good

wench,

Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over

With maiden flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,

Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.

I can no more.—

[*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.*]

¹ Gray had probably this passage in his mind when he made his Bard exclaim on a similar occasion:—

'Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn

Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn.'

² Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, and the Pope's curse stuck up at Dunkirk, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as queen but as princess dowager. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants. See Hall's Chronicle, fol. 219. Bishop Burnet says that all the women about her still called her queen. *Hist. of the Reformation*, p. 162.

³ — perceiving herself to waxe verie weake and feeble, and to feele death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king,

commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir; and further desired him to have consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestow'd in marriage. Further, that it would please him to appoint that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeares wages beside.⁷ *Hollinshed*, p. 239. This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history. Lord Herbert has given a translation of it in his History of King Henry VIII.

⁴ *Model*, it has been already observed, signified, in the language of our ancestors, a representation or image. Thus in The London Prodigal, 1609:—

'Dear copy of my husband: O let me kiss thee!'

[*Kissing a picture.*]

⁵ Afterwards Queen Mary. ⁶ Even if he should be

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Gallery in the Palace. Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities, Not for delights:¹ times to repair our nature With comforting repose, and not for us To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primo²

With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?

It seems, you are in haste: as if there be No great offence belongs to't, give your friend Some touch³ of your late business: Affairs, that walk

(As they say, spirits do) at midnight, have In them a wilder nature, than the business That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;

And durst commed a secret to your ear

Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,

I pray for heartily; that it may find Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could

Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says

She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does

Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—

Hear me, Sir Thomas: You are a gentleman

Of mine own way;⁴ I know you wise, religious;

And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—

'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,

Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,

Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two

The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-

well,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master

O' the rolls, and the king's secretary: fur her, sir,

Strands in the gap and trade⁵ of more preferments,

With which the time will lead him: The arch-

bishop

Is the king's hand and tongue; And who dare

speak

One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,

There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd

To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,

Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have

Incens'd⁶ the lords o' the council, that he is

(For so I know he is, they know he is)

¹ Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The del-

ights at which he hints seem to be the king's diver-

sions, which keep him in attendance.

² *Primo*, prime, or primavista. A game at cards,

said by some writers to be one of the oldest known in

England. It is described by Duchat in his notes on Ra-

belsis, Mr. Daines Barrington in the *Archæologia*, vol.

viii. p. 132. and more fully by Mr. Nares in his *Glossary*,

and in an *Essay on the Origin of Playing Cards*, 1816,

to which our limits oblige us to refer the reader desir-

ous of further information.

³ I. e. some *hint* of the business that keeps you awake

so late.

⁴ Of mine own opinion in religion.

⁵ I. e. *course* or *way*. ⁶ *Iter pro incepto et instituto,*

a way, trade or course.—*Cooper.*

⁶ *Incens'd* or *incens'd* in this instance, and in some

A most arch heretic, a pestilence

That does infect the land: with which they moved,

Have broken⁷ with the king; who hath so far

Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace

And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs

Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded

To-morrow morning to the council board

He be convented.⁸ He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs,

I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your

servant. [*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

As LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and the

DUKE of SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;

My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.

Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her⁹

What you commanded me, but by her woman

I sent your message: who return'd her thanks

In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your high

ness

Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance

made

Almost each pang a death.¹⁰

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and

With gentle travail, to the gladding of

Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,

Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember

The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;

For I must think of that, which company

Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness

A quiet night, and my good mistress will

Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—

[*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.¹¹

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. I have brought my lord the archbishop,

As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.

[*Exit DENNY.*]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake:

I am happily¹¹ come hither. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay.*]

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!— [*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

others, only means *instructed, informed*: still in use in

Staffordshire. It properly signifies *to infuse into the*

mind, to prompt or instigate. ⁴ *Invidius stimulo mentes*

Patrum fudit Saturnia: Juno incenseth the senators'

minds with secret envy against, &c.—*Cooper.*

⁷ That is, have broken alliance; told their minds to

the king.

⁸ I. e. summoned, convened.

⁹ We have almost the same sentiment before in Act

ii. Sc. 3:—

— It is a sufferance panging

As soul and body's severing.

¹⁰ The substance of this and the two following scenes

is taken from Fox's *Acts and Monuments of the Christ-*

ian Martyrs, &c. 1533

¹¹ I. e. *luckily, opportunely.* *Voss nusc 1, p. 146.*

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you: which, being con-
sider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother
of us!

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Prythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance,⁴ further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh' not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small: their prac-
tices

Must bear the same proportion: and not ever⁴
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently opposed; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween⁵ you of better luck,
I mean, in perjurd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency

¹ You being one of the council, it necessary to im-
prison you, that the witnesses against you may not be
deterred.

² *Indurance*, which Shakspeare found in Fox's nar-
rative, means here *imprisonment*: 'one or two of the
chiefest of the council, making their excuse, declared,
that in requesting his *indurance*, it was rather meant
for his trial and his purgation—than for any malice con-
ceived against him.'

³ I. e. have no value for.

The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man
weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit CRANMER.*]
He has strangled

His language in his tears.

*Enter an old Lady.**

Genl. [Within.] Come back; What mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
queen. [*Exit King.*]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light I'll have
more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment,
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't: and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. *Lobby before the Council Chamber.*
Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c.
attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the
gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—
Ho!

Who waits there?—Sure you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you. Why?

Cran. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.
D. Keep.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran. So
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily. The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS*]

Cran. [Aside.] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician: As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice.)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to
make me

Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their plea-
sures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

⁴ *Not ever* is an uncommon expression, and here
means *not always*.

⁵ *To ween* is to think or imagine. Though now ob-
solete, the word was common to all our ancient writers.
Overweening, its derivative, is still retained in the mo-
dern vocabulary.

⁶ This, says Stevens, is I suppose the same old cat
that appears with Anne Boleyn in a former scene.

⁷ The humour of this passage consists in the talkative
old lady, who in her hurry said it was a boy, adding
bless her, before she corrects her mistake.

Enter, at a Window above, the King and Butts.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight.—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought

They had parted¹ so much honesty among them

(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;²

We shall hear more anon.—

[Exeunt.]

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE of SUFFOLK,

EARL of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER,

and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places

himself at the upper end of the table on the left

hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the

Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat them-

selves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the

lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.⁴

[CRAMMER approaches the Council-table.]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty: But we all are men,

In our own natures frail, and capable⁵

Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdeem'd⁶ yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chap-

lains

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,

Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,

My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses,

Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur

them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer

(Out of our easiness, and childish pity

To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,

Farewell, all physic: And what follows then?

Commotions, uproars, with a general taint

Of the whole state: as of late days, our neighbours,

The upper Germany,⁷ can dearly witness,

Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,

And with no little study, that my teaching,

And the strong course of my authority,

Might go one way, and safely; and the end

Was ever, to do well: nor is there living

(I speak it with a single heart,⁸ my lords,)

A man, that more detests, more stirs against,

Both in his private conscience, and his place,

Defacers of a public peace, than I do.

'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart

With less allegiance in it! Men, that make

Envy and crooked malice, nourishment,

Dare bite the best. I do baseech your lordships,

That, in this case of justice, my accusers,

Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,

And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,

That cannot be; you are a counsellor,

And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more

moment,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'

pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,

From hence you be committed to the Tower;

Where, being but a private man again,

You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,

More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank

you,

You are always my good friend; if your will pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,

You are so merciful: I see your end,

'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition;

Win straying souls with modesty again,

Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,

Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,

I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,

But reverence to your callin makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a secretary,

That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.⁹

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,

By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,

However faulty, yet should find respect

For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,

To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,

I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst

Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer

Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

1 The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peepholes may still be seen in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. In a letter from Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, 1573, printed in Seward's Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 370, ed. 1796.—'And if it please her majesty, she may come in through my gallery, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, at a window opening therein.' Without a previous knowledge of this custom Shakspeare's scenery in the present instance would be obscure.

2 I. e. shared, possessed.

3 That is, the curtain of the balcony or upper stage, where the king now is. See Malone's Account of the early English Stage, vol. iii. of the late edition by Mr. Boswell.

4 The old stage direction at the commencement of this scene is 'A counsell table brought in with chayres

and stools and placed under the state.' Our ancestors were contented to be told that the same spot, without any change of its appearance (except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain) was at once the outside and the inside of the council chamber. The modern reader will easily conceive how this scene might now be represented on the stage, who has witnessed some of the ingenious and prompt scenes of metamorphoses by that admirable comedian Mathews.

5 'Capable of our flesh,' probably means 'susceptible of the failings inherent in humanity.'

6 Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522.

7 I. e. without duplicity or guile. Thus in Acts, ii.

46, 'In singleness of heart.' I have before had occasion to observe that *single* and *simple* were synonymous.

8 Those that understand you, under this *painted gloss*, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning.

Cran. 'Would you were half so honest ;
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Cran. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Cran. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands

agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;

There to remain, till the king's further pleasure

Be known unto us : Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gar. What other

Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome !

Let some of the guard be ready there.

Cran. For me ?

Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gar. Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring :

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,

'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,

The king will suffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd ?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain :

How much more is his life in value with him ?

'Would I were fairly out on't.

Cran. My mind gave me,

In seeking tales, and informations,

Against this man (whose honesty the devil

And his disciples only envy at,)

Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

Enter the King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound

to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;

Not only good and wise, but most religious :

One that, in all obedience, makes the church

The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,

1 It seems to have been a custom, began probably in

the dark ages, before literature was generally diffused,

and before the royal power experienced the restraints of

law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary

possession of which invested the holder with the same

authority as the owner himself could exercise. The

production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of

the law ; it procured indemnity for offences committed,

and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever

was done under its authority. See Procopius de Bell.

Vandal. l. i. p. 15. The traditional story of the earl of

Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the countess of Nottingham,

long considered as an incident of a romance, is

generally known, and now as generally credited. See

Birch's Negotiations, p. 306.

2 I. e. the commendations above mentioned are too

thin and bare, the intension of them is too palpably seen

through. The old copy reads, 'thin and base ;' the

emendation was suggested by Malone.

3 Who dares to suppose that the place or situation

in which he is, is not suitable to these also ? Who supposes

that thou art not as fit for the office of a privy counsellor

as he is ?

4 I. e. 'You must be godfather [to] and answer for

her.' Our prelates formerly were often employed on

like occasions. Cranmer was godfather to Edward VI.

See Hall, fo. 232. Archbishop Warham to Henry's

eldest son by Queen Katharine ; and the bishop of Win-

chester to Henry himself. See Sandford, 479, 484.

His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commenda-

tions,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not

To hear such flattery now, and in my presence ;

They are too thin and bare to hide offences.²

To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;

But, whatsoever thou tak'st me for, I am sure,

Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

Good man, [To CRANMER,] sit down. Now let

me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :

By all that's holy, he had better starve,

Than but once think his place becomes thee not.³

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought, I had had men of some understanding

And wisdom of my council ; but I find none.

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,

This good man (few of you deserve that title,)

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy

At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?

Why, what a shame was this ? Did my commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye

Power as he was a counsellor to try him,

Not as a groom ; There's some of ye, I see,

More out of malice than integrity,

Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;

Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather

(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,

And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;

I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;

Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.

I will say thus much for him,—If a prince

May be beholden to a subject, I

Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :

Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Can-

terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me ;

That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,

You must be godfather, and answer for her.⁴

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory

In such an honour ; how may I deserve it,

That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your

spoons ;⁵ you shall have

5 It was an ancient custom (which is not yet quite out

of use) for the sponsors at christenings to offer silver or

silver gilt spoons as a present to the child. The ancient

offerings upon such occasions were called *Apostle-*

spoons, because the extremity of the handle was formed

into the figure of one or other of the apostles. Such

as were opulent and generous gave the whole *twelve* ;

those who were more moderately rich or liberal, escaped

at the expense of the four evangelists ; or even some

times contented themselves with presenting one spoon

only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour

of whom the child received its name. Thus, in Middle-

ton's Chaste Maid of Cheapside :—

' 2 Goss. What has he given her ?—what is it, gossip ?

' 3 Goss. A fair high standing cup, and two great *pos-*

ite spoons, one of them gilt.'

The following story is related of Shakespeare and Ben

Jonson in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Fas-*

sages and Jests. MSS. Harl. 6365 :—

' Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's

children ; and after the christening, being in deep study,

Jonson came to cheer him up, and ask'd him why he

was so melancholy ? No faith, Ben, says he, not I ;

but I have been considering a great while what should

be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my godchild, and

I have resolv'd at last. I prythee what ? says he,

I' faith, Ben, I'll give him a dozen good *latten* [Latin]

spoons, and thou shalt translate them.' The collector

of these anecdotes appears to have been a nephew of

Sir Roger L'Estrange. He names *Donse* as the relater

of this story.

Two noble partners wish you; the old duchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquiss Dorset; Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.
Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend forever.*—
Come lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Palace Yard. Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.*

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals:
Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude
slaves, leave your gaping.¹

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you
rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen
crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are
but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads:
You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for
ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; tis as much impossible

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,)

To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:²
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound edge of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Col-

brand,⁴ to mow them down before me: but, if I
spared any, that had a head to it, either young or
old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me
never hope to see a chine again; and that I would
not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master
puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down
by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in?⁵
or have we some strange Indian with the great tool
come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless
me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my
Christian conscience, this one christening will be-
get a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and
all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There
is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a
brazier⁶ by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty
of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand
about him are under the line, they need no other
penance: That fire-drake⁷ did I hit three times on
the head, and three times was his nose discharged
against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece,
to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of
small wit near him, that railed upon me till her
pink'd porringer⁸ fell off her head, for kindling
such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the me-
teor⁹ once, and hit that woman, who cried out,
*clubs!*¹⁰ when I might see from far some forty trun-
cheoneers draw to her succour, which were the
hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They
fell on; I made good my place; at length they
came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them still;
when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose
shot,¹¹ delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I
was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win
the work.¹² The devil was amongst them, I think,
surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a
play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no au-
dience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the
limbs of Limehouse,¹³ their dear brothers, are able
to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*,¹⁴
and there they are like to dance these three days;

1 This celebrated bear garden, on the Bankside, was so called from Robert de Paria, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. The *Globe Theatre*, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and disorder. St. Mary Overy's church is not far from London Bridge, and almost opposite to Fishmongers' Hall; Winchester House was over against Cole Harbour; *Paris Garden* was in a line with Bridewell; and the *Globe playhouse* faced Blackfriars, Fleet Ditch, or St. Paul's. It was an hexagonal building of stone or brick. Its roof was of rushes, with a flag on the top. In the preliminary remarks is a representation of it, from an old View of London, as it appeared in 1699.

2 I. e. shouting or roaring; a sense the word has now lost. Lisleton, in his Dictionary, has 'To gape or bawl: vociferous.' So in Roscommon's *Essay on Translation*—

'That noisy, nauseous gaping fool was he.'

3 Our ancestors, young and old, rich and poor, all concurred, as Shakspeare in another place says—

'To do observance to a morn of May.'

4 Shows says that 'in the month of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every man would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise [i. e. music] of birds, praising God in their kind.' It is upon record that King Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine partook of this diversion. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, by Ellis.

5 *Guy* of Warwick, nor *Colbrand* the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester.

6 The trained bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields.

7 A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood.

8 Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell.

9 Her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*—

'Hob. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer.'

10 The brazier.

11 See note on the First Part of King Henry VI. Act I. Sc. 3; and *As You Like It*, Act v. Sc. 2.

12 I. e. loose or random shooters. See King Henry IV. Part ii. Act iii. Sc. 2.

13 I. e. the fortrees: it is a term in fortification.

14 By the tribulation of Tower-hill and the limbs of Limehouse it is evident that Shakspeare meant noisy rabble frequenting the theatres, supposed to come from those places. It appears from Stowe that the inhabitants of Tower-hill were remarkably turbulent. The word *limb*, in the sense of a turbulent person, is not uncommon in London even at this day. A mischievous unruly boy is called 'a limb of the devil.' That the puritans were aimed at under these appellations seems to me doubtful.

15 I. e. in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense to this day. The *Limbus Patrum* is, properly, the place where the old fathers and patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. See Titus Andronicus, Act iii. Sc. 1.

besides the running banquet of two beads,¹ that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour, We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves; And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,² when Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound; They are come already from the christening: Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Post. Make way there for the princess.

Mam. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make you head ache.

Port. You'll the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll pick³ you o'er the pales ease. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Palace.* *Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his Marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls⁴ for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. *[Kneeling.]* And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;— All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop; What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord—

[The King kisses the Child.]
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth This royal infant (heaven still move about her!) Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be (But few now living can behold that goodness,) A pattern to all princes living with her, And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue, Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces, That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, With all the virtues that attend the good, Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her, Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: She shall be lov'd, and fear'd; Her own shall bless her:

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:

In her days, every man shall eat in safety Under his own vine,⁵ what he plants; and sing The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours: God shall be truly known; and those about her From her shall read the perfect ways of honour, And by those claim their greatness, not by blood, [Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, Her ashes new create another heir, As great in admiration as herself: So shall she leave her blessedness to one, (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness.)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour, Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant, Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him; Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, His honour and the greatness of his name Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish, And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches To all the plains about him;—Our children's children Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England, An aged princess; many days shall see her, And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

'Would I had known no more! but she must die, She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin, A most unspotted lily shall she pass To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her,

K. Hen. O lord archbishop, Thou hast made me now a man; never, before This happy child, did I get any thing:

This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me, That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.— I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor, And your good brethren, I am much beholden; I have received much honour by your presence, And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;

We must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,

¹ A public whipping. A banquet here is used figuratively, for a desert. To the confinement of these rioters a whipping was to be the desert.

² It has already been observed that a bumbard was a large black jack of leather (Tempest, Act ii. Sc. 2.) need to carry beer to soldiers upon duty, or upon any occasion where a quantity was required. See note on King Henry IV. Part I. Act ii. Sc. 4.

³ To pick is to pick, cast, or throw.

⁴ At Greenwich, where this procession was made from the church of the Friars.—Hall, 6. 217.

⁵ Standing-bowls were bowls elevated on feet or pedestals.

⁶ The thought is borrowed from Scripture. See Micah, iv. 4. 1 Kings, c. iv. The first part of the prophecy is apparently parodied in the Beggar's Bush of

Beaumont and Fletcher; where Orator Higgin is making his congratulatory speech to the new King of the beggars;

'Each man shall eat his stolen eggs and butter In his own shade, or sunshine,' &c.

⁷ Some of the commentators think that this and the following seventeen lines were probably written by Ben Jonson, after the accession of King James. We have before observed Mr. Gifford is of opinion that Ben Jonson had no hand in the additions to this play.

⁸ On a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to the great Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *impari Atlantici conditor.* The year before the revival of this play there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.

She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: to others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;†
For such a one we show'd them; if they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

THE play of Henry VIII. is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part

† A verse with as unmusical a close may be found in Burson's Anatomy of Melancholy, Part III. sect. ii. —
'Rose the pleasure of fine women.'
In Ben Jonson's Alchemist there is also a line in which the word *woman* is accented on the last syllable: —
'And then your red man, and your white woman.'

of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of Henry IV. and Henry V. are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and King John, Richard III. and Henry VIII. deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall. From Holinshed, Shakespeare has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian. To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities.* The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing the History of the World. JOHNSON.

* It appears that the tradesmen of Chester were three days employed in the representation of twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. See Mr. Markland's Disquisition, prefixed to his very elegant and interesting selection from the Chester Mysteries, printed for private distribution; which may be consulted in the third volume of the late edition of Malone's Shakespeare, by Mr. Boswell. The Coventry Mysteries must have taken up a longer time, as they were no less than forty in number.

TROIUS AND CRESSIDA.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

MR. Stevens informs us that Shakespeare received the greater part of the materials that were used in the construction of this play from the *Troy Book of Lydgate*. It is presumed that the learned commentator would have been nearer the fact had he substituted the *Troy Book*, or *Recueil*, translated by Caxton from *Le Livre de l'Évêque de Reims*, which together with a translation of Homer, supplied the incidents of the Trojan war. Lydgate's work was becoming obsolete, whilst the other was at this time in the prime of its vigour. From its first publication, to the year 1619, it had passed through six editions, and continued to be popular even in the eighteenth century. Mr. Stevens is still less accurate in stating Le Fevre's work to be a translation from Guido of Colonna; for it is only in the later part that he has made any use of him. Yet Guido actually had a French translation before the time of Raoul; which translation, though never printed, is remaining in MS. under the whimsical title of "La Vie de la pitieuse Destruction de la noble et superlative Cité de Troye le grant. Traduction en Francois l'an MCCCXXX." Such part of the present play as relates to the loves of Troilus and Cressida was most probably taken from Chaucer, as no other work, accessible to Shakespeare, could have supplied him with what was necessary.† This account is by Mr. Douce, from whom also what follows on this subject is abstracted.

Chaucer, in his *Troilus and Cressida*, asserts that he followed *Lollius*, and that he translated from the *Latin*; but who *Lollius* was, and when he lived, we have no certain indication, though Dryden boldly asserts that he was an historiographer of Urbino, in Italy, and wrote in Latin verse. Nothing can be more apparent than that the *Florentino* of Boccaccio afforded Chaucer the fable and characters of his poem, and even numerous passages appear to be mere literal translations; but there are large additions in Chaucer's work, so that it is possible he may have followed a free Latin version, which may have had for its author *Lollius*.

Boccaccio does not give his poem as a translation, and we must therefore suppose him to have been the inventor of the fable, until we have more certain indications respecting *Lollius*. So much of it as relates to the departure of Cressida from Troy, and her subsequent amour with Diomed, is to be found in the *Troy Book* of Guido of Colonna, composed in 1297, and, as he states, from Dares

Phrygius, and Dicty's Cretensis, neither of whom mention the name of Cressida. Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectured, and Mr. Douce confirmed the conjecture, that Guido's Dares was in reality an old Norman poet, named *Benoit de Saint More*, who wrote in the reign of our Henry the Second, and who himself made use of Dares. Guido is said to have come into England, where he found the Metrical Romance of Benoit, and translated it into Latin prose; and, following a practice too prevalent in the middle ages, he dishonestly suppressed the mention of his real original. Benoit's work exists also in a proper French version. And there is a compilation also in French prose, by Pierre de Beauvau, from the *Florentino*.

Lydgate professedly followed Guido of Colonna, occasionally making use of and citing other authorities. In a short time after Raoul le Fevre compiled from various materials his *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, which was translated into English and published by Caxton; but neither of these authors have given any more of the story of Troilus and Cressida than any of the other romances on the war of Troy; Lydgate contenting himself with referring to Chaucer.

Chaucer having made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, Shakespeare was induced to try their fortunes on the stage. Lydgate's *Troy Book* was printed by Pynson in 1519. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1591, is entered, 'A proper Ballad dialoguewise between Troilus and Cressida.' Again, by J. Roberts, Feb. 7, 1602: 'The Booke of Troilus and Cressida, as it is acted by my Lord Chamberlain's men.' And in Jan. 23, 1608, entered by Richard Bostan and Hen. Whalley: 'A Booke called the History of Troilus and Cressida.' This last entry is made by the booksellers, who published this play in 1609. To this edition is prefixed a preface, showing that the play was printed before it had been acted; and that it was published, without the author's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the booksellers' hands. This preface, as bestowing just praise on Shakespeare, and showing that the original proprietors of his plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted, is prefixed to the play in the present edition. It appears from some entries in the accounts of Henlowe the player, that a drama on this subject, by Decker and Chettle, at first called *Troyletes and Cressida*, but, before its produc-

tion, altered in its title to *The Tragedy of Agamemnon*, was in existence anterior to Shakspeare's play, and that it was licensed by the Master of the Revels on the 31 of June, 1599. Malone places the date of the composition of Shakspeare's play in 1602; Mr. Chalmers in 1600; and Dr. Drake in 1601. They have been led to this conclusion by the supposed ridicule of the circumstance of Cressid receiving the sleeve of Troilus and giving him her glove in the comedy of *Histriomastix*, 1610. I think that the satire was pointed at the older drama of Decker and Chettle; and should certainly give a later date to the play of Shakspeare than that which has been assigned to it. If we may credit the preface to the 4to. of 1609, this play had not then appeared on the stage, and could not therefore have been ridiculed in a piece written previous to the death of Queen Elizabeth (see note on Act iv. Sc. 4.) Malone says, 'Were it not for the entry in the Stationers' books, of which there is no proof that it relates to this play; I should have been led, both by the colour of the style, and from this preface, to class it in the year 1606.'

There is no reason for concluding with Schlegel that Shakspeare intended his drama as 'one continued irony of the crown of all heroic tales—the tale of Troy.' The poet abandoned the classic and followed the gothic or romantic authorities; and this influenced the colour of his performance. The fact probably is, that he pursued the manner in which parts of the story had been before dramatised. There is an interlude on the subject of *Therites*,* resembling the *Old Mysteries* in its structure, but full of the lowest buffoonery. If the drama of Decker and Chettle were now to be found, I doubt not we should see that the present play was at least founded on it, if not a mere *refaccimento*.†

The whole catalogue of the Dramatis Personæ in the play of *Troilus and Cressida* (says Mr. Godwin,) so far as they depend upon a rich and original vein of humour in the author, are drawn with a felicity which never was surpassed. The genius of Homer has been a topic of admiration to almost every generation of men since the period in which he wrote. But his characters will not bear the slightest comparison with the delineation of the same characters as they stand in Shakspeare. This is a species of honour which ought by no means to be forgotten when we are making the eulogium of our immortal bard, a sort of illustration of his greatness which cannot fail to place it in a very conspicuous light. The dispositions of men, perhaps, had not been sufficiently unfolded in the very early period of intellectual refinement when Homer wrote; the rays of humour had not been dissected by the gizes, or rendered perceptible by the rays of the poet. Homer's characters are drawn with a laudable portion of variety and consistency; but his Achilles, his Ajax, and his Nestor are, each of them, rather a species than an individual, and can boast more of the propriety of abstraction than of the vivacity of the moving scene of absolute life. The Achilles, Ajax, and the various Grecian heroes of Shakspeare, on the other hand, are absolutely men deficient in nothing which can tend to individualise them, and already touched with the Promethean fire that might infuse a soul into what, without it, were lifeless form. From the rest, perhaps, the character of *Therites* deserves to be selected (how cold and schoolboy a sketch in Homer,) as exhibiting an appropriate vein of sarcastic humour amidst his cowardice, and a profoundness and truth in his mode of laying open the fables of those about him, impossible to be excelled.‡

* This interlude, together with another not less curious, called *Jack Juggler*, was reprinted from a unique copy by Mr. Haslewood for the Roxburgh club. I owe to the friendly kindness of that gentleman the marked distinction of possessing one of four additional copies printed for friends not members of that society. These *satire* dramas are not mere literary curiosities, they form a prominent feature in the history of the progress of the stage, and are otherwise valuable as illustrating the state of manners and language in the reign of Henry

Shakspeare possessed, no man in a higher perfection, the true dignity and loftiness of the poetical afflatus, which he had displayed in many of the finest passages of his works with miraculous success. But he knew that no man ever was, or ever can be always dignified. He knew that those subtler traits of character which identify a man are familiar and relaxed, pervaded with passion, and not played off with an eye to external decorum. In this respect the peculiarities of Shakspeare's genius are no where more forcibly illustrated than in the play we are here considering.‡

§ The champions of Greece and Troy, from the hour in which their names were first recorded, had always worn a certain formality of attire, and marched with a slow and measured step. No poet, till this time, had ever ventured to force them out of the manner which their epic creator had given them. Shakspeare first supplied their limbs, took from them the classic stiffness of their gait, and enriched them with an entire set of those attributes which might render them completely beings of the same species with ourselves.¶

PREFACE

TO THE QUARTO EDITION OF THIS PLAY, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. Notices.

ETERNAL reader, you have here a new play, never staid with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palme comical; for it is a birth of your brains, that never under-tooke any thing comical, vainly; and were but the vaine names of comedies change for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stide them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities; especially this authors comedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeas'd with plays, are pleas'd with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy witted worklings, as were never capable of the witte of a comedie, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-witted than they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more than ever they dream'd they had brains to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his comedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not (for so much as will make you think your teatens well bestow'd,) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus. And believe this, that when hee is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures loose, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them rather then bene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it.—Vale.

the Eighth. I have found colloquial phrases and words explained by them, of which it would be vain to seek illustrations elsewhere.

† Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed that there are more hard bombastical phrases in this play than can be picked out of any other six plays of Shakspeare. Would not this be an additional argument in favour of what I have here advanced, that it may be a mere alteration of the older play above mentioned?

‡ Life of Chaucer, vol. I. p. 500-12, 5vo. ed.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, King of Troy.
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,
CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the
 Greeks.
PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.
MARGARELON, a bastard Son of Priam.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.
MENELAUS, his Brother.
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
 } Grecian Commanders.

NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
THESSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.
 Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to
 Diomedes.

HELEN, Wife to Menæus.
ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.
CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.
CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE.¹

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes orgulous,² their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
 The ravish'd Helen, Menolaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there discharge
 Their warlike freightage:³ Now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbriused Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
 Dardan, and Tymbrja, Ilios, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenorida; with massy staples,
 And cōrresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperr⁴ up the sons of Troy.
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard: And hither am I come,
 A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vauit⁵ and firstlings of those broils,
 'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
 Now, good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's Palace. Enter
 TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Troilus.

CALL here my varlet,⁶ I'll unarm again!
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,

1 This prologue is wanting in the quarto editions. Stevens thinks that it is not by Shakespeare; and that perhaps the drama itself is not entirely of his construction. It appears to have escaped Heminge and Condell, the editors of the first folio, until the volume was almost printed off; and is thrust in between the tragedies and histories without any enumeration of pages, except on one leaf. There seems to have been a previous play on the same subject by Henry Chettle and Thomas Decker. Entries appear in the accounts of Henslowe of money advanced to them in earnest of Troylles and Cressida, in April and May, 1599.

2 *Orgulous*, proud, disdainful; *orgueilleux*, Fr.

3 Freight.

4 *Sperr* or *spar*, to close, fasten, or bar up.

5 i. e. the *avant*, what went before. Thus in Lear:—
 'Vauit courtiers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts.'
 What is now called the *van* of an army was formerly called the *vanst-guard*.

That find such cruel battle here within?
 Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder⁷ than ignorance;
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
 And skill-less as unpractic'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
 Doth lesser blench⁸ at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
 So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
 As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
 I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,)
 Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

6 This word which we have from the old French *varlet* or *vadlet*, anciently signified a groom, a servant of the meaner sort. Hollinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt, says, 'Diverse were relieved by their *varlets* and conveyed out of the field.' Cotgrave says, 'In old time it was a more honourable title; for all young gentlemen until they came to be eighteen years of age were so termed.' He says, the term came into disesteem in the reign of Francis I. till when the gentlemen of the king's chamber were called *vadets de chambre*. In one of our old statutes, 1 Henry IV. c. 7, anno 1399, are these words:—'Et que nulle *vadlet* appelle *yoman* preigne ne use nulle liverie du roi ne de null autre seigneur sur peine demprisonnement.'

7 i. e. in addition to. This kind of phraseology occurs in Macbeth, Act i. Sc. ii.; see note there.

8 i. e. more weak or foolish. Dryden has taken this speech as it stands in his alteration of this play, except that he has changed *skill-less*, in the last line, to *artless*, which, as Johnson observes, is no improvement.

9 To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off. See Hamlet, Act ii. Sc 2.

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pen. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women.—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—When I do tell thee, There my hopes he drown'd, Reply not in how many fathoms deep They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair; Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice, Handrest in thy discourse;—O, that her hand! In whose comparison all whites are ink, Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure The cygnet down is harsh, and spirit of sense¹ Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me, As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her; But, saying, thus, instead of oil and balm, Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me The knife that made it.

Pen. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pen. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is; if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.²

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pen. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you; gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pen. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pen. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her go to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pen. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pen. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit PANDARUS. An Alarum.]

¹ *Handrest* is here used metaphorically, with an allusion, at the same time, to its literal meaning. The same play on the words is in Titus Andronicus:—

'O handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none!'

Stevens remarks that the beauty of a female hand seems to have had a strong impression on the poet's mind. Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra should be touched.

² Warburton rashly altered this to '—*epile of sense*.'—Hammer reads: '—*to th' spirit of sense*.' Which is considered right and necessary by Mason. Johnson does not rightly understand the passage, and therefore erroneously explains it. It appears to me to mean 'The spirit of sense (i. e. *sensation*), in teaching the cygnet's down, is harsh and hard as the palm of a ploughman, compared to the sensation of softness in pressing Cressid's hand.'

³ 'She has the mends in her own hands' is a proverbial phrase common in our old writers, which probably signifies 'It is her own fault; or the remedy lies with herself.'

⁴ Calchas, according to the Old Troy Book, was 'a great learned bishop of Troy,' who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which threatened Agamemnon. As soon as he had made 'his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo answered unto him saying, Calchas, Calchas, beware thou returns not back againe to Troy, but goe thou with Achilles unto the Greekes, and depart never

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace
rede sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But, Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl;
Between our Ilium,⁵ and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourselves, the merchant; and their sailing Pandar,⁶
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus? whereabouts
not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer
sorts,⁷

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scora;

Paris is god'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum.]

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town
to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if would I might, were
may.—

But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The Same. A Street. Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;

And, like as there were husbandry⁸ in war,

Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,⁹

And to the field goes he; where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep! what it foresaw

In Hector's wrath.

from them, for the Greeks shall have victory of the Trojans, by the agreement of the gods.—*Hist. of the Destruction of Troy, translated by Coston, ed. 1617.*

The prudent bishop immediately joined the Greeks.

⁵ *Ilium*, properly speaking, is the name of the city of Troy that of the country. But Shakespeare, following the Troy Book, gives that name to Priam's palace, said to have been built upon a high rock.

⁶ 'This punk is one of Cupid's carriers;

Chap on mose sails,' &c.

Merry Wives of Windsor:

⁷ *Troilus* was pronounced by Shakespeare and his contemporaries as a dissyllable. Pope has once, or twice fallen into the same error.

⁸ I. e. fit, suits, is congruous. So in King Henry V.:

'It sorts well with thy fierceness.'

⁹ *Husbandry* is *thrifl*. Thus in King Henry V.:

'—our bad neighbours make us early stirrers,

Which is both healthful and good husbandry.'

¹⁰ The commentators have all taken *light* here as referring to armour. Poor Theobald, who seems to have had a suspicion that it did not, falls under the lash of Warburton for his temerity. *Light*, however, here has no reference to the mode in which Hector was armed, but to the *legerity* or *alacrity* with which he armed himself before sunrise. *Light* and *lightly* are often used for *nimbly*, *quickly*, *readily*, by our old writers. No expression is more common than 'light of foot.' And Shakespeare has even used 'light of ear.'

¹¹ 'And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting,' &c. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Cres. What was the cause of anger?
Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks
 A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
 They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?
Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,¹
 And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk,
 sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts
 of their particular additions;² he is as valiant as
 the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant;
 a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours
 that his valour is crushed³ into folly, his folly
 seasoned with discretion; there is no man hath a
 virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man
 an attain, but he carries some stain of it; he is
 melancholy without cause, and merry against the
 hair:⁴ He hath the joints of every thing; but every
 thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus,
 many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all
 eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me
 smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in
 the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and
 shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting
 and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do
 you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do
 you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came?
 Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to
 Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too:
 he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that;
 and there is Troilus will not come far behind him;
 let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that
 too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man
 of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?
 Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if ever I saw him before, and know
 him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure, he
 is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some
 degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

¹ i. e. an extraordinary or incomparable person, like
 the Latin *A by itself*. The usual mode of this old ex-
 pression is *A per se*. Thus in Henry's Testament
 of Cressid, wrongly attributed by Steevens to Chau-
 cer:—

'Of faire Cresseide, the flour and a *per se* of Troy
 and Greece.'

² Their titles, marks of distinction or denomina-
 tions. The term in this sense is originally forensic.

'—Whereby he doth receive

Particular additions from the bill
 That writes them all alike.' *Macbeth*.

³ i. e. confused and mingled with folly. So in Cym-
 belline:—

'Crush him together, rather than unfold
 His measure duly.'

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he
 were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. — Condition, I had gone barefoot to
 India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself—'Would 'a
 were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time
 must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would,
 my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a
 better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell
 me another tale when the other's come to't. Hec-
 tor shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen
 herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a
 brown favour (for so 'tis, I must confess),—Not
 brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if
 she praised him above, his complexion is higher
 than his; he having colour enough, and the other
 higher, is too flaming a praise for a good com-
 plexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had
 commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him
 better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek,⁴ indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to
 him the other day into a compassed⁵ window,—
 and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs
 on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon
 bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he,
 within three pound, lift as much as his brother
 Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?⁶

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves
 him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to
 his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think,
 his smiling becomes him better than any man in all
 Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an' twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then:—But to prove to you
 that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll
 prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more
 than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you
 love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the
 shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh to think how

⁴ Equivalent to a phrase still in use—*Against the grain*. The French say *a contre poil*.

⁵ See Twelfth Night, Act iv. Sc. 1.

⁶ A compassed window is a circular bow window. The same epithet is applied to the cape of a woman's gown in the Taming of the Shrew:—'A small compassed cape.' A coved ceiling is yet in some places called a compassed ceiling.

⁷ Lifter, a term for a thief; from the Gothic *liftuse*. Thus in Holland's Leaguer, 1638:—'Broker, or pander, cheater, or lifter.' Dryden uses the verb to lift, for to rob. Shop-lifter is still used for one who robs a shop.

she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.¹

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris my husband? The forked one, quoth he; pluck it out, and give it him. But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.²*

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a beetle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good nece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit,³ I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.⁴

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that;

¹ So in King Richard III. —

² Your eyes drop mill stones, when fools' eyes drop tears.

³ I. e. passed all expression. Cressida plays on the word as used by Pandarus, by employing it herself in its common acceptation.

⁴ According to Lydgate, —

⁴ Antenor was

Copious in words, and one that much time spent
To jest, when as he was in company,
So dirtily, that no man could it espie;
And therewith held his countenance so well,
That every man received great content

There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is't not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By God's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is:—That's Helenus; I think he went not forth to day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no:—yes, he'll fight indifferently well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROIUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's: And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister, were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Furces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, doks! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look! the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

To hear him speake, and pretty jests to tell,

When he was pleasant and in merriment:

For tho' that he most commonly was sad,

Yet in his speech some jest he always had.

Such, in the hands of a rude English poet, is the grave Antenor; to whose wisdom it was thought necessary that the art of Ulysses should be opposed:—

'Et moveo Priamum, Priamoque Antenora junctum.'

¹ To give the nod was a term in the game at cards called Noddy. The word also signifies a stilly fellow. Cressid means to call Pandarus a noddy, and says he shall by more nods be made more significantly a fool.

Cre. Ay, a mirrored man; and then to be baked with no date¹ in the pie,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward² you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.*]
I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise;
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing;
That she³ beloved knows nought that knows not
this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is;
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:⁴
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent. Trumpets. *Enter* AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaquiced on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disas-
ters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd:
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppos'd so far,

¹ Dates were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. The same quibble occurs in *All's Well* that Ends Well, Act I. Sc. 1.

² A metaphor from the art of defence. *Falstaff*, *King Henry IV.* Part I. says, 'Thou know'st my old ward; here I lay,' &c.

³ That she, means that woman.

⁴ 'Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.' The meaning of this obscure line seems to be, 'Men after possession become our commanders; before it they are our supplicants.'

⁵ 'My heart's content,' in the next line, probably signifies my will, my desire.

⁶ Joined by affinity. The same adjective occurs in *Othello*—

'If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office.'

⁷ The *threne* in which thou dost like a descended god.

⁸ To apply here is used for to bend the wind, or attend particularly to Agamemnon's words. As in the following passage from *Barras*: 'To attend or apply

That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why, then, you
princes,

Do you with checks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistent constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd⁹ and kin
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,¹⁰
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow haublo boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk;
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains
cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse:¹¹ Where's then the saucy
boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour sed,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and bright-
ness,

The hard hath more annoyance by the breeze,¹²
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing of
courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,¹³
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.¹⁴

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[*To AGAMEMNON.*]
And thou, most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—

[*To NESTOR.*]
I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,

his witte to something, and to give his mnde uso k.¹ The example cited by Malone, from *The Nine Wanton*, is not to the purpose, the word there is used as we now use to *ply*. As in another example from *Baret*, 'With diligent endeavour to apply their studies.'

⁸ Pegasus was, strictly speaking, Bellerophon's horse, but Shakespeare followed the old *Troy Book*. 'Of the blood that issued out from Medusa's head' there engendered Pegasus or the *flying horse*. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issuing from her head, is understood that of her riches issuing of that realm he [Perseus] founded, and made a ship named Pegasus, and this ship was likened unto an horse flying.² In another place we are told that this ship, which the writer always calls Perseus' flying horse, 'flew on the sea like unto a bird.' *Destruction of Troy*, etc. 1617, p. 155-164.

⁹ The gadfly that stings cattle.

¹⁰ It is said of the tiger, that in stormy and high winds he rages and roars most furiously.

¹¹ I. e. replies to noisy or clamorous fortune.

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please
both,—

Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.
Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less
expect?

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opens his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulys. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule¹ hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
centre,²

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose medicinal eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,³

What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married⁴ calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods⁵ in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable⁶ shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere⁷ oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:⁸

1 How much the commentators have perplexed themselves and their readers about the following passage!

2 ——— speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air

knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue.

Ulysses evidently means to say that *Agamemnon's* speech should be writ in brass; and that venerable *Nestor*, with his silver hairs, by his speech should rivet the attention of all Greece. The phrase *hatch'd in silver*, which has been the stumbling-block, is a simile borrowed from the art of design; *to hatch* being to fill a design with a number of consecutive fine lines; and *to hatch in silver* was a design inlaid with lines of silver, a process often used for the hilts of swords, handles of daggers, and stocks of pistols. The lines of the graver on a plate of metal are still called *hatchings*. Hence *hatch'd in silver*, for *silver-haired* or *gray-haired*. Thus in *Love in a Maze*, 1633:—
‘Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is hatch'd
With silver.’

3 Expect for expectation.
4 The particular rights of supreme authority
4 i. e. this globe. According to the system of Ptolemy, the earth is the centre round which the planets move.

5 The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind: indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about ad libitum, as the etymology of their name demonstrates

Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

And this neglect¹¹ of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb.¹² The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power¹³ is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, *Ulysses*,
What is the remedy?

Ulys. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,¹⁴
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed the lilylong day
Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls.)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topos¹⁵ deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,¹⁶
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming¹⁷
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unusur'd,¹⁸
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhoon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—Excellent!—'tis Agamemnon just.—

6 The epithet *married*, to denote an intimate union, is employed also by Milton:—
‘——— Lydian airs

married to immortal verse.’

7 *Confederates*, corporations, companies.
8 *Dividable* for divided, as *carriage* for corrected, in *Antony and Cleopatra*. The termination *ble* is often thus used by Shakespeare for *ed*.

9 i. e. absolute.
10 So in *Leir*:—‘I'll make a sop of the moonshine of you.’ In a former speech a boat is said to be made a *hoast* for Neptune.

11 This uncommon word occurs again in *Pericles*, 1609:—
‘If neglect¹¹,
Should therein make me vile.’

12 ‘That goes backward step by step, with a design in each man to aggrandize himself by slighting his immediate superior.’

13 Army, force.
14 *Verbal eulogium*. In *Macbeth* called *mouth honour*.
15 Supreme, sovereign.

16 And *topless* honours he bestow'd on thee.
Blind Beggar of Alexandria, 1606.

17 *Malone's* sagacious note informs us that ‘the galleries of the theatre were sometimes called the scaffold.’ This may be very true, but what has it to do with the present passage? The scaffold here is the floor of the stage, the wooden dialogue is between the player's foot and the boards. A scaffold more frequently means the stage itself than the gallery: Thus *Barot*, ‘A scaffold or stage where to behold plays. Spectaculum, theatrum.’

17 i. e. overstrained, wrested beyond true semblance
18 i. e. unsuited, unfit.

Now play me Nestor;—*—him, and strals thy beard,
As he, being dress to some oration.*

That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels;¹ as like as Vulcan and his wife:

Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*

'Tis Nestor right! 'Now play him me, Patroclus,

Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age

Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,

And, with a palsy-fumbling² on his gorget,

Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport

Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus;—*

Or give me ribs of steel; I shall split all

In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,

Severals and generals of grace exact;³

Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,

Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,

Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves

As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,

(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns

With an imperial voice,) many are infect.

Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head

As such a rein,⁴ in full as proud a place

As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;

Makes factious feasts: rails on our state of war,

Bold as an oracle: and sets Thermites

(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,)

To match us in comparisons with dirt;

To weaken and discredit our exposuro,

How rank soever rounded in with danger.⁵

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;

Count wisdom as no member of the war;

Forestall prescience, and esteem no act

But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—

That do contrive how many hands shall strike,

When fitness calls them on: and know, by measure

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—

Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:

They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war;

So that the ram, that batters down the wall,

For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,

They place before his hand that made the engine;

Or those, that with the fineness of their souls

By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse

Makes many Theirs' sons. [Trumpet sounds.

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,

Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may

1 Johnson says 'the allusion seems to be made to the

parallels on a map. As like as east to west.'

2 Paralytic fumbling.

3 Grace exact seems to mean decorous habits.

4 I. e. carries himself haughtily; bristles up. See

Cotgrave in 'Se rengorger.'

5 How rank soever rounded in with danger. So in King

Henry V. —

6 How dread an army hath enrounded him.'

7 And yet this was the seventh year of the war.

Shakespeare, who so wonderfully preserves character,

usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably

supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry)

fought with beavers to their helmets. In the fourth act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:—

'But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,

I never saw till now.'

Those who are acquainted with the embellishments of

ancient manuscripts and books, well know that the artists

gave the costume of their own time to all ages. But in this

anachronism they have been countenanced by other ancient poets as well as Shakespeare.

A stranger to those most imperial looks,
Know them from eyes of other mortals?⁷

Agam.

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,

And bid the cheek be ready with a blush

Modest as morning when she coldly eyes

The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan seems us: or the men of Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,

As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:

But when they would seem soldiers, they have gall,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords: and, Jove's

accord:—

Nothing so full of heart.' But peace, Æneas,

Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!

The worthiness of praise sustains his worth,

If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:

But what the repining enemy commends,

That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure,

transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes

from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;

To get his sense on the attentive bent,

And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly⁸ as the wind

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,

He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,

Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,

What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,

A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)

Who in this dull and long-continued truce⁹

Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,

And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!

If there be one among the fairest of Greece,

That holds his honour higher than his ease;

That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;

That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;

That loves his mistress more than in confession,¹⁰

(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)

And dare avow her beauty and her worth,

In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge,

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,

Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,

Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;

And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,

Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,

To rouse a Grecian that is true in love;

7 Malone and Steevens see difficulties in this passage;

the former proposed to read 'Jove's a god,' the latter, 'Love's a lord.' There is no point after the

word accord in the quarto copy, which reads 'great

Jove's accord.' Theobald's interpretation of the

passage is, I think, nearly correct:—'They have gall,

good arms, &c. and Jove's consent:—Nothing is so full

of heart as they.' I have placed a colon at accord, by

which the sense is rendered clearer.

8 So Jaques, in As You Like It;—

— I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please.'

9 Of this long truce there has been no notice taken;

in this very act it is said, that 'Ajax coped Hector yesterday

in the baulc.' Shakespeare found in the seventh

chapter of the third book of The Destruction of Troy,

that a truce was agreed on, at the desire of the Trojans,

for six months.

10 Confession for profession, 'made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.'

If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance.¹ Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas :
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home : But we are soldiers :
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector ; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd : he is old now ;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vanbrace² put this wither'd brawn ;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world : His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth !

Ulys. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand ;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent ;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulys. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses ?

Ulys. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't ?

Ulys. This 'tis :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up³
In rank Achilles, must or now be clogg'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how ?

Ulys. This challenge that the gallant Hector
sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up :⁴
And in the publication make no strain,⁵
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulys. And wake him to the answer, think you ?

Nest. Yes.

1 Stevens remarks that this is the language of romance. Such a challenge would have better suited *Falmerin* or *Amadis*, than Hector or Æneas.

2 An armour for the arm. *Avant bras.* Milton uses the word in *Samson Agonistes*, and Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632 :—

— peruse his armour,
The dint's still in the *vanibrace*;

3 Be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity.

4 Thus in the Rape of Lucrece :—
'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring !'

5 'The *intent* is as plain and palpable as *substance*, and it is to be collected from small circumstances, as a gross body is made up of many small parts.' This is the scope of Warburton's explanation, to which I incline. Stevens says that '*substance* is *estate*, the value of which is ascertained by the use of *small characters*, i. e. *numerate* : *grossness* is the *gross sum*.'

6 Make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. Thus in a subsequent scene Ulysses says :—

'I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar.'

It is most meet ; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles ? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells ;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate : And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action : for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling⁷
Of good or bad unto the general ;
And in such indexes, although small prick⁸
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector, issues from our choice :
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues ; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steal a strong opinion of themselves ?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limba.

Ulys. Give pardon to my speech ;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first.⁹ Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; what are they ?

Ulys. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector
Were he not proud we all should share with him ?
But he already is too insolent ;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair : if he were foul'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion¹⁰ crush
In tant of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort¹¹ to fight with Hector : Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,¹²
We'll dress him up in voices ; if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion¹³ still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice :
And I will give a taste of it forthwith

7 A *scantling* is a measure, a proportion. 'When the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a *scantling* of the fox's.' *Montaigne's Essays*, by Florio, 1603.

8 I. e. small points compared with the volumes. Indexes were formerly often *prefixed* to books.

9 The folio reads :—

'The lustre of the better, yet to show
Shall show the better.'

But as the quarto copy of the play is generally more correct than the folio, it has been followed. Malone thinks that some arbitrary alterations have been made in the text of this play by the editors of the folio.

10 *Opinion* for *estimation* or *reputation*. See King Henry IV. Part I. Act v. Sc. iv. The word occurs before in this scene, in the same sense :—

'Yet in the trial much opinion dwells.'

11 Lot. *Sort*, Fr. *sorts*, Lat. Thus Lydgate :—

'Of *sorte* also and divination.'

12 Shakespeare, misled by The Destruction of Troy, appears to have confounded Ajax Telamonius with Ajax Oileus, for in that book the latter is called simply Ajax, as the more eminent of the two. 'Ajax was of a huge stature, great and large in the shoulders, great arms, and always was well clothed, and very richly, and was of no great enterprise, and spake very quickly.'

13 See note 10.

To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: Pride alone
Must tarre¹ the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
[Exeunt.]

ACT II.²

SCENE I. Another part of the Grecian Camp.
Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—
Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full,
all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,—
Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did
not the general run then? were not that a botchy
cure?

Ajax. Dog,—
Ther. Then would come some matter from him;
I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-w³son, canst thou not hear?
Feel, then. [Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece⁴ upon thee, thou
mongrel beef-witted lord!⁵

Ajax. Speak, then, thou unsalted leaven,⁶ speak!
I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness:
but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration,
than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou
canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain⁷ o' thy jade's
tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.
Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou
strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—
Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot,
and I had the scratching of thee; I would make
thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou
art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as
another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—
Ther. Thou grumblest and railst every hour on
Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness,
as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that
thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!⁸
Ther. He would pun⁹ thee into shivers with his
fat, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [Beating him.]
Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!
Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodd¹⁰en-witted lord! thou
hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows: an
assinico¹¹ may tutor thee: Thou scurvy-valiant
ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou
art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a
Barbarian slave. If thou use¹² to beat me, I will
begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches,
thou thing of no bowels, thou!

1 I. e. urge, stimulate, or set the mastiffs on. See
King John, Act iv. Sc. 1.

2 This play is not divided into acts in any of the original
editions.

3 Alluding to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian
army.

4 He calls Ajax *mongrel*, on account of his father being
a Grecian and his mother a Trojan. Sir Andrew Aguecheek
says, in Twelfth Night, 'I am a great eater of beef,
and I believe that does harm to my wit.'

5 The folio has 'thou *whinid'at* leaven,' a corruption
undoubtedly of *vineu'dat* or *vinnidat*, i. e. *mouldy*
leaven. Thou *unsalted* leaven, is as much as to say,
'thou *foolish lump*.'

6 In The Tempest, Caliban says, 'The red plague
rid you.'

7 *Cobloaf* is perhaps equivalent to *ill shapen lump*.
Minsheu says, a *cob-loaf* is a little loaf made with a
round head, such as cob irons which support the fire.

8 I. e. pound; still in use provincially. It is related
of a Staffordshire servant of Miss Seward, that hearing

Ajax. You dog!
Ther. You scurvy lord!
Ajax. You cur! [Beating him]
Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel;
do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you
thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?
Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.
Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.
Achil. Well, why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for
whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.
Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.
Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he
utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have
bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones;
I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pis
mater*¹¹ is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow.

This, lord Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in
his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you
what I say of him.

Achil. What?
Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.
[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES
interposes.]

Ther. Has not so much wit—
Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for
whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!
Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the
fool will not: he there; that he; look you there

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—
Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you: for a fool's will shame it.
Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?
Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenor
of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.
Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.¹²
Achil. Your last service was suffrance, 'twas
not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax
was here the voluntary, and you as under an im-
press.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too
lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector
shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of
your brains;¹³ 'a were as good crack a fusty nut
with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?
Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose
wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on

his mistress knock with her foot to call up her attendant,
he said, 'Hark! madam is passing.'

9 The commentators changed this word to *asinigo*,
and then erroneously affirm it to be Portuguese. It is
evidently from the Spanish *asinico*, a young or little ass;
a word indeed entirely similar in sound, and seems to
have been adopted into our language to signify a *stupid
ass*, a *stupid fellow*. The Italians and French have
several kindred terms with the same meaning. Shak-
speare may have used the word for an *ass driver*, con-
founding it with *asinaccio* or *asinajo*; like the French
gros-ânier, used to denote the most gross stupidity or
folly.

10 I. e. 'if you *accustom yourself*, or *make it a prac-
tice* to beat me.'

11 See vol. i. p. 104.

12 Voluntarily. Another instance of an adjective used
adverbially.

13 The same thought occurs in Cymbeline:—
'Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.'

their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!
Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach¹ bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery: otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;

Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travel, expence, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd In hot digestion of this cormorant war, Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet, Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels, More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*⁷ Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go: Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every title soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes,⁸ Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:

If we have lost so many tenths of ours, To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,

Had it our name, the value of one ten; What merit's in that reason, which denies

The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fye, fye, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king, So great as our dread father, in a scale

Of common ounces? will you with counters sum The past-proportion of his infinite?⁹

And buckle in a waist most fathomless, With spans and inches so diminutive

¹ Both the old copies read *brooch*, which may be right; for we find *monile* and *bullæ* in the dictionaries interpreted 'a bosse, an hart; a brooch, or jewel of a round compass to hang about ones neck.' It has been observed that Therites afterwards calls Patroclus Achilles's *male hawk*, and his *masculine whore*. The term *brach* was suggested by Rowe, and which later editors have continued in the text, has been already explained, it is 'a mannerly name for all hound-bitches.'

² Who knows what ill consequences may follow from pursuing this or that course?

³ Dime is properly tenths or tythes, but *dimes* is here used for *ten*.

⁴ I. e. that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.

⁵ I. e. consideration, regard to consequences.

⁶ 'The will does that attributes or gives the qualities which it affects: that first causes excellence, and then admires it. The folio reads *inclination*, the quarto *attributive*.

As fears and reasons? fye, fye—godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that tells him so? *Tro.* You are for dreams and slumbers, brother

priest, You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm; You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,

And reason flies the object of all harm; Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set The very wings of reason to his heels;

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove, Or like a star disorb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,

Let's shut our gates and sleep: Manhood and honour Should have had hearts, would they but fat their

thoughts With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect¹⁰ Make livers pale, and luscious deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued? *Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will;

It holds his estimate and dignity As well wherein 'tis precious of itself

As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry, To make the service greater than the god;

And the will dotes, that is attributive To what infectiously itself affects,¹¹

Without some image of the affected merit. *Tro.* I take to-day a wife, and my election

Is led on in the conduct of my will;¹² My will, enkindled by mine eyes and ears,

Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,

Although my will distaste what it elected, The wife I choose? There can be no evasion

To blench¹³ from this, and to stand firm by honour: We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

When we have sold them; nor the remaifder viands We do not throw in unrespective sieve,¹⁴

Because we now are full. It was thought meet, Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:

Your breath with full consent bellied his sails; The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,

And did him service! he touch'd the ports desir'd; And, for an old aunt,¹⁵ whom the Greeks held captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt: Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,

Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships, And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went, (As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)

If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize, (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,

And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;

And do a deed that fortune never did,¹⁶ Beggar the estimation which you priz'd

Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;

⁷ I. e. under the guidance of my will.
⁸ See p. 156, note 9.

⁹ That is, into a *common soider*. It is well known that sieves and half sieves are baskets, to be met with in every quarter of Covent Garden: and baskets lined with tin are still employed as *soiders*. In the former of these senses sieve is used in The Wits, by Sir W. Davenant—*—apple-wives*

¹⁰ That wrangle for a sieve.
Dr. Farmer says, that in some counties the baskets used for carrying out dirt, &c. are called sieves. The folio copy reads by mistake 'unrespective same.'

¹¹ Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation whatsoever upon it. You are doing what Fortune, inconstant as she is, never did

That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
elders,¹

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand;²

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all;³

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Erit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
strains

Of divination in our sister, work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad: her brainsick raptures
Cannot distaste⁴ the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious.⁵ For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince⁶ of levity

As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent⁷
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.

For what, alas! can these my single arms?

What propagation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those

This quarrel would excite? Yet I protest,

Were I alone to pass the difficulties,

And had as ample power as I have will,

Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak

Like one besotted on your sweet delights:

You have the honey still, but these the gall;

So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself

1 The quarto thus. The folio reads 'wrinkled old,' which Ritson thinks should be 'wrinkled old.' Shakspere has 'idle-headed old,' and 'palsied old,' in other places.

2 See p. 157, note 5. This line brings to mind one in the second book of the *Æneid*—

'Trojaque nunc staret, Priamique arx alta maneres.'

3 Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed she should be delivered of a burning torch.—*Æneid*, x. 705.

4 Corrupt, change to a worse state.

5 I. e. to make it graceful, to grace it, to set it off.

6 To convince and to convict were synonymous with our ancestors. The word was also used for to overcome, and will generally be found in Shakspere with that signification. See *Baret's Alvearie*, C. 1244.

7 Consent is agreement, accord, approbation.

8 Rape and ravishment anciently signified only seizing or carrying away. Indeed the Rape of Helen termed *Raptus* Helena, without any idea of personal violence.

9 *Wor'd* here means commented. See King Henry V. Act I. Sc. 2.

The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;

But I would have the so¹⁰ of her fair rape⁹

Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.

What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,

Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,

Now to deliver her possession up,

On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,

That so degenerate a strain as this

Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?

There's not the meanest spirit on our party,

Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,

When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,

Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,

Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,

Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well:

And on the cause and question now in hand

Have glor'd,¹¹—but superficially; not much

Unlike young men, whom Aristotle¹⁰ thought

Unfit to hear moral philosophy:

The reasons you allege, do more conduce

To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,

Than to make up a free determination

*Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice

Of any true decision. Nature craves,

All dues be render'd to their owners; Now

What nearer debt in all humanity,

Than wife is to the husband? if this law

Of nature be corrupted through affection;

And that great minds, of¹¹ partial indulgence

To their benumbed wills, resist the same;

There is a law in each well-order'd nation,

To curb those raging appetites that are

Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—

As it is known she is,—these moral laws

Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud

To have her back return'd: Thus to persist

In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,

But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion

Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,

My spritely brethren, I propend¹² to you

In resolution to keep Helen still;

For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance

Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our

design:

Were it not glory that we more affected

Than the performance of our heaving spleens,

I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood

Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,

She is a theme of honour and renown;

A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds:

Whose present courage may beat down our foes;

And fame, in time to come, canonize us:¹³

For I presume, brave Hector would not lose

So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,

As smiles upon the forehead of this action,

For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,

10 We may be amused at Hector's mention of Aristotle, but 'Let it be remembered (says Steevens) as often as Shakspere's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library.' These old writers perhaps did not think an attention to chronology any part of the duty of a writer of works of fiction. Indeed one of the most fertile and distinguished writers of the present age, in his admirable historical novels, blends circumstances of various periods, and exhibits persons on the stage of action together who were not contemporaries; yet his language, manners, and costume are in admirable keeping

11 Through.

12 Incline to, as a question of honour.

13 'The hope of being registered as a saint is rather out of its place at so early a period as this of the Trojan war,' says Steevens. It is not so meant, the expression must not be taken literally; it merely means be 'described among the heroes or demigods.' 'Ascribi numinibus' is rendered by old translators, 'to be canonized, or made a saint.'

You valiant offspring of great Priamus—
I have a roasting¹ challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Whom strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation² in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Stool, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, —a raro engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus;³ if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache!⁴ for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit,⁵ thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood⁶ be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens bear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles:—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; and then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

1 Blustering.

2 Emulation is here put for envious rivalry, factious contention. It is generally used by Shakspeare in this sense: the reason will appear from the following definition:—"To have envie to some man, to be angry with another man which hath that which we covet to have, to envy at that which another man hath, to studie, in labour, and travail to do as well as another: emulation is such kinde of envy."

3 The ward of Mercury is wreathed with serpents. So Martial, lib. vii. epig. lxxiv. —

Cyllenes cœlique decus! facunde minister

Aurea cui tortio virga draconis viret.

4 In the quarto 'the Neapolitan bone-ache.'

5 To understand this joke it should be known that counterfeit and slip were synonymous:—And therefore he went out and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brass, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord: I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool: Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.⁷

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It satisfies me, thou art. Look you, who comes here!

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIO MEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Jokes in with me, Thersites. [Exit.]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous⁸ factions, and bleed to death upon! Now the dry serpio!⁹ on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [Exit.]

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent: but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He shent¹⁰ our messengers; and we lay by

Our appertinments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit.]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[Takes AGAMEMNON aside.]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him:

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. These will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their faction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong assumption,¹¹ a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.¹²

Greene's Thieves falling out, true Men come by their Goods.

6 Thy blood means thy passions, thy natural propensities.

7 The four next speeches are not in the quarto.

8 The grammatical allusion is still pursued, the first degree of comparison is here alluded to.

9 See Act ii. Sc. 2.

10 The serpio is a kind of letter.

11 Rebuked, reprimanded. See Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. ii, note the last. Instead of shent the folio reads sent; the quarto, sate.

12 The folio reads counsel.

13 It was one of the errors of our old Natural History, to assert that an elephant, 'being unsh'ed, a lie down, and leaning against a tree, which the numbers observing, do saw it almost aunder; whereon the beast relying, by the fall of the tree, falls also down itself and is able to rise no more.'

Pat. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state¹
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.²

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than
himself

More tend the savage strangeness³ he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite⁴ in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunces,⁵ his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance⁶ give
Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Pat. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*
Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.

[*Exit ULYSSES.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?
Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he
thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say
—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax: you are as strong, as
valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle,
and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth
pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your
virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up him-
self: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
own chronicle: and whatever praises itself but in
the dead, devours the deed in the praise.⁷

¹ This usually train of attending nobles.

² *Breath* for breathing; i. e. exercise, relaxation.

³ It is the breathing time of the day with me.

⁴ I. e. attend upon the brutish distant arrogance or rude haughtiness he assumes. Thus in Proverbs, xxi. 8:—'The way of man is froward and strange.'

⁵ To underwrite is synonymous with to subscribe, which is used by Shakspeare in several places for to yield, to submit.

⁶ *Fictur* lunacies. The quarto reads:—

His course and time, his ebbs and flows, and if

The passage and whole stream of his commencement
Rode on his tide.

⁷ *Allowance* is approbation.

We have this sentiment before in Act I. Sc. 3:—

'The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
If that the praise'd himself the praise bring forth.'

Malone has cited a passage from Coriolanus in both instances, which has nothing in it of similar sentiment, and which he could neither comprehend nor explain. See Coriolanus, Act iv. Sc. 7.

⁸ See Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature.

⁹ 'The genius and the mortal instruments
Are than in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.'—Julius Cæsar.

¹⁰ Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the en-
gendering of toads.¹

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?
[*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,

Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's

sake only,

He makes important: Possess'd he is with great-

ness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth

Holds in his blood such swoll and hot discourse,

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,

Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,²

And batters down himself: What should I say?

He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens³ of his

Cry—No recovery.

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:

'Tis said, he holds you well: and will be led,

At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes

When they go from Achilles; Shall the proud lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;⁴

And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve

And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd

Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord

Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:

That were to enlarge his fat-already pride;

And add more coals to Cancer,⁵ when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll

pash⁶ him

Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze⁷ his

pride:

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our

quarrel.⁸

infected with the plague. 'Spots of a dark complexion, usually called tokens, and looked on as the pledges or forewarnings of death.'—Hodges on the Plague.

'Now like the fearful tokens of the plague,
Are mere forerunners of their ends.'

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*.

¹¹ *Seam* is fat. The grease, fat, or tallow of any animal; but chiefly applied to that of a hog.

¹² The sign in the zodiac, into which the sun enters June 21.

'And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze.'

Thomson.

¹³ Scyphus ei impactus est.

'He was pashed over the pate with a pot.'

The word is used twice by Massinger in his *Virgins Martyr*; and Mr. Gifford has adduced an instance from Dryden; he justly observes, it is to be regretted that the word is now obsolete, as we have none that can adequately supply its place. To dash signifying to throw one thing with violence against another; to pash is to strike a thing with such force as to crush it to pieces.

¹⁴ See note on the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*.

¹⁵ Not for the value of that for which we are fighting

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!—
Nest. How he describes
Himself! [Aside.]
Ajax. Can he not be sociable?
Ulyss. The raven
Chides blackness. [Aside.]
Ajax. I will let his humours blood.
Agam. He'll be the physician, that should be the
patient. [Aside.]
Ajax. An all men
Were o' my mind,—
Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.
[Aside.]
Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first; Shall pride carry it?
Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [Aside.]
Ulyss. He'd have ten shares.
[Aside.]
Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple:—
Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force² him
with praises:
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [Aside.]
Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
[To AGAMEMNON.]
Nest. O noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him
harm.
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you do so?
He is not emulous,³ as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter⁴ thus
with us!
I would, he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now—
Ulyss. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praise?
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of
sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:⁵
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition⁶ yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn,⁷ a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?⁸
Nest. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their fower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
deep. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.
Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not
you follow the young lord Paris?
Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?
Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.
Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman;
I must needs praise him.
Serv. The lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.
Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord
Pandarus.
Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.⁹
Pan. I do desire it.
Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[Music within.]
Pan. Grace! not so, friend! honour and lordship
are my titles:—What music is this?
Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in
parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?
Serv. Wholly, sir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the hearers, sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
Pan. Command, I mean, friend.
Serv. Who shall I command, sir?
Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I
am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose
request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the
request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person;
with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of
beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?
Serv. No, sir, Helen: Could you not find out that
by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not
seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with
Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a com-
plimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.
Serv. Soddon business! there's a stewed phrase,
indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair
company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly
guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair
thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.
Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—
Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life,
you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it
out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is
full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

1 There is a curious collection of Epigrams, Satires, &c. printed in 1600, with this quaint title:—'The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine.' A small reimpression was made at Edinburgh in 1815, with a preface and notes by Sir Walter Scott.

2 Force him, that is *stuff* him; *farcir*, Fr. In another place of this play we have 'malice forced with wit.'

3 See the preceding scene.

4 To palter is to *shuffle*, *equivocate*.

5 The quarto reads:—

'Thrice fam'd beyond all thy erudition.'

6 i. e. yield his titles, his celebrity for strength. See Act I. Sc. 2.

7 A *bourn* is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet.

dividing one place from another. As in the *Rue* of the old ballad *Edgar sings in Lear*, Act iii. Sc. 6:—
'Come o'er the *bourn*, Bessy, to me.'

8 Shakespeare probably had a custom prevalent about his own time in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many who called themselves his sons. Cotton dedicates his book on Angling to his father Walton; and Ashmole, in his Diary observes, 'April 3, Mr. William Backhouse of Swallowfield, in com. Berks, caused me to call him father thenceforward.'

9 The servant means to quibble. He hopes Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better; and hence the servant affirms that he is in the state of grace.

Helen. O, sir,—
Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.
Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.¹

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—
 My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?
Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll
 hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with
 me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord,
 and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—
Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends
 himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody;
 if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet
 queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour
 offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that
 shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such
 words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you,
 wait, if the king call for him at supper, you will
 make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—
Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very
 very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he
 to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—
Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin
 will fall out with you. You must not know where
 he sups.²

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer³ Cressida.
Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide;
 come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.
Pan. Ay, good, my lord. Why should you say—
 Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.
Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give
 me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.
Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing
 you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not
 my Lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him: they two are
 twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make
 them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll
 sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth,
 sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.
Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo
 us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.
Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

*For, oh, love's bow
 Shoots buck and doe:
 The shaft confounds,
 Not that it wounds,
 But tickles still the sore.*

*These lovers cry—Oh! ho! they die!
 Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
 Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!*

1 A quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song or tune. The equivocal lies between *fit*, *warts*, or sudden impulses, and *fit* in its musical acceptation.

2 And, my lord, &c. I think with Johnson, that the speech of Pandarus should begin here; and that the former part should be added to that of Helen.

3 You must not know where he sups.⁴ These words in the old copies are erroneously given to Helen.

4 Stevens would give this speech to Helen, and read

*So dying love lives still:
 Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
 Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!*

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.
Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.
Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.
Helen. Commend me to your niece.
Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit.]

[A Retreat sounded.]
Par. They are come from field; let us to Priam's hall.

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel. Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,
 Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
 Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
 Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same.* Pandarus' Orchard. Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?
Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks, Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transporance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the lily beds Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirrs me round. The imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enchants my sense; What will it be, When that the watry palate tastes indeed Love's thrice-reputed nectar; death, I fear me; Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine, Too subtle potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness. For the capacity of my ruder powers: I fear it much; and I do fear besides, That I shall lose distinction in my joys;⁵

deposer instead of *disposer*. Helen, he thinks, may address herself to Pandarus; and by her deposer, mean that Cressida had deposited her in the affections of Troilus.

Disposer appears to have been an equivalent term anciently for steward, or manager. If the speech is to be attributed to Helen, she may mean to call Cressid her hand-maid.

5'—— ubi jam amorum fuerat confusa voluptas, Sappho's Epistle to Phoon

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd
with a sprite; I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest
villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-
ta'en sparrow. [*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's
a baby.—Here she is now; swear the oaths now
to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are
you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you
be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come
your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you
i' the filla.—Why do you not speak to her?—
Come, draw the curtain, and let's see your picture,
Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-
light! an' twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so,
rub on, and kiss the mistress.² How now, a kiss
in fee-farm!⁴ build there, carpenter; the air is
sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere
I part you. The falcon as the tercel,⁵ for all the
ducks i' the river; go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but
she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your
activity in question. What, billing again? Here's
—*In witness wherof the parties interchangeably*—
Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O, Cressida, how often have I wished me
thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O
my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this
pretty abrupton? What too curious dreg spies
my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have
eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins; they never
see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds
safer footing than blind reason stumbling without
fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all
Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.⁷

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we
vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame
tigers; thinking it harder for our misters to devise
imposition enough, than for us to undergo any diffi-
culty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love,
lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution
confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act
a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more perform-
ance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability
that they never perform; vowing more than the
perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth
part of one. They that have the voice of lions,
and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise
us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our
head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfec-
tion in reversion shall have a praise in present: we
will not name desert, before his birth; and, being
born, his addition⁸ shall be humble. Few words
to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as
what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his
truth;⁹ and what truth can speak truest, not truer
than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

[*Re-enter PANDARUS.*]

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done
talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedi-
cate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy
of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord;
if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's
word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our
kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed,
they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can
tell you: they'll stick where they are thrown.¹⁰

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me
heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—

If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it: in faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother: See, we look!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I wou'd you not;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;

Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;

For, in this rapture, I shall sorely speak

The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you pardon me;

'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:

I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?—

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
morning, —

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

1 Hawks were tamed by keeping them from sleep; and thus Pandarus meant that Cressida should be tamed. See Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. Sc. 1.

2 I. e. the shafts. *Fills* or *fills* is the term in the midland counties for the shafts of a cart or wagon.

3 The allusion is to bowling; what is now called the jack was formerly termed the *mistress*. A bowl that kisses the jack or mistress is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term in the game. See Cymbeline, Act ii. Sc. 1.

4 'A kiss in fee-farm' is a kiss of duration, that has bounds, a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee; that is, for ever reserving a certain rent. The same idea is expressed much more poetically in Coriolanus, when the Jargon of law was absent from the poet's thoughts:—

O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!

5 The *tercel* is the male and the *falcon* the female

hawk. Pandarus appears to mean that he will back the falcon against the tercel, or match his niece against her lover for any bet.

6 Shakspeare had here an idea in his thoughts that he has elsewhere often expressed. Thus in a future page—'Go to, a bargain made; seal it.'

7 From this passage a *Fear* appears to have been a personage in other pageants, or perhaps in our ancient moralities. To this circumstance Aspatia alludes in The Maid's Tragedy:—

— and then a *Fear*
Do that *Fear* bravely, wench!

8 I. e. we will give him no high or pompous titles.

9 Even malice (i. e. envy) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy.

10 We have this allusion in Measure for Measure—
'Nay, friar, I am a kind of *beur*, I shall stick.'

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that
speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft
than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.¹

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,
To feed for aye² her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted³ with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,⁴
Want smiles of truth, tir'd with iteration,⁵
'As true as steel, as plantago to the moon,⁶
As sun to-day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up⁷ the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,

1 Cressida's meaning appears to be, 'Perchance I fell too roundly to confession, in order to angle for your thoughts; but you are not so easily taken in; you are too wise, or too indifferent; for to be wise, and love, exceeds man's might.' The thought originally belongs to Publius Syrus:—'Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.'

2 Troilus alludes to the perpetual lamps, which were supposed to illuminate sepulchres.

3 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.'

See Pericles, Act ii. Sc. 1.

4 Met with and equalled. See Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 1:

'—That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.'

5 Comparisons.

6 In the old copy this line stands:—

'Wants smiles truth tir'd with iteration.'

The emendation was proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

7 Plantago is here put for any thing planted, which was thought to depend for its success upon the influence of the moon. 'The poor husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moon maketh plants fruitful; so as in the full moon they are in their best strength; decaying in the wane; and in the conjunction do utter-ly wither and vade.'—*Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft.*

7 l. e. conclude it. *Finis coronat opus.*

8 Hamner altered this to 'inconstant men;' but the poet seems to have been less attentive to make Pandarus talk consequentially, than to account for the ideas actually annexed to the three names in his own time.

9 The old copies all concur in reading—

'That through the sight I bear in things to love.'

As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it:
I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here,
my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar, to provide this gear.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp.* Enter ACHILLES, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, ALEXANDER, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Joye¹
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into² the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore,)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wreat³ in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,

Which Steevens thinks may be explained:—'No longer assisting Troy with my advice, I have left it to the dominion of love, to the consequences of the amour of Paris and Helen.' The present reading of the text is supported by Johnson and Malone; to which Mason makes this objection:—'That it was Juno and not Jove that persecuted the Trojans. Jove wished them well, and though we may abandon a man to his enemies, we cannot, with propriety, say that we abandon him to his friends.' Some modern editions have the line thus:—

'That through the sight I bear in things to come.'
Which is an emendation to which I must confess I incline: for, as Mason observes, 'the speech of Calchas would have been incomplete, if he had said he abandon'd Troy, from the sight he bore of things, without explaining it by adding the words to come.'

The merit of Calchas did not merely consist in having come over to the Greeks; he also revealed to them the fate of Troy, which depended on their conveying away the palladium, and the horses of Rhesus, before they should drink of the river Xanthus.

10 Into for unto; a common form of expression in old writers. Thus in the Paston Letters, vol. ii. p. 6:—'And they that have justed with him into this day, have been as richly besoen,' &c.

11 A wreat is an instrument for tuning harps, &c. by drawing up the strings. Its form may be seen in some of the illuminated service-books, where David is represented; in the Second Part of Mercurius's Harmonies; and in the Syntagma of Praetorius, vol. ii. fig. xix. also in King James's Edict against Combats, &c. p. 46:—

'This small instrument the tongue, being
Kept in tune by the wreat of awa.'

In change of him : let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.¹

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither ; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange :
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge : Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.*]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulys. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent :—

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him ;
I will come last : 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on him :

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between our strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
It may do good : pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along ;
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles ? would he aught
with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ?

[*Exit MENELAUS.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus ?

Good morrow, Ajax.

Achil. Ha !

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit AJAX.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows ? Know they not
Achilles ?

Patr. They pass by strangely : they were us'd
to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;

To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep

To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late ?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too : What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall : for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer ;
And not a man, for being simply man,

¹ Hanmer and Warburton read, 'In most accepted pay.' But the construction of the passage, as it stands, appears to be, 'Her presence shall strike off, or recompense the service I have done, even in those labours which were most accepted.'

² However excellently endowed, with however dear or precious parts enriched.

³ Thus in Julius Caesar.—

'No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself

But by reflection ; by some other things.'

⁴ Speculation has here the same meaning as in Macbeth.—

'Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.'

Hath any honour ; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, rank, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit :
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me :
Fortune and I are friends ; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks : who do, methinks, find
out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses ;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses ?

Ulys. Now, great Thetis' son ?

Achil. What are you reading.

Ulys. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,²
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,³
Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation⁴ turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself : this is not strange at all.

Ulys. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar ; but at the author's drift :
Who, in his circumstance,⁵ expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others :
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended ; which,⁶ like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again ; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.⁷
Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do !
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness !
To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.⁸

Achil. I do believe it : for they passed by me,
As misers do by beggars : neither gave to me
Good word, nor look : What, are my deeds forgot ?

⁵ Detail of argument.

⁶ The old copies read *echo*, like an arch, *reverberates* ; which may mean, They who applaud reverberate. The elliptic mode of expression is in the poet's manner. Rowe made the alteration.

⁷ I. e. Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use.

⁸ The folio reads *shrinking*. The following passage in the subsequent scene seems to favour the reading of the quarto.—

'Hark, how Troy roars ; how Hecuba cries out ;
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth ;
And all cry—Hector, Hector's dead.'

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts all woe for oblivion;
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are de-
vour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost:—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,²
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,³
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gill,
More laud than gill o'er-dusted.⁴

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions⁵ 'mongst the gods them-
selves,

And drove great Mars to faction.
Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heretical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.⁶

Achil. Ha! known?
Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought,⁷ and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unvail in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle⁸) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,

1. This image is literally from Spenser:—
'And eke this wallet at your backe arreare—
* * * * *

And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentance for things past and gone.'
F. Q. b. vi. c. viii. st. 24.

2 The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus:—

And leave you hindmost, then what they do at present.
3 New-fashioned toys.

4 *Gill*, in this second line, is a substantive. See Coriolanus, Act i. Sc. 3. *Dust a little gill* means ordinary performances, which have the gloss of novelty. *Gill o'er-dusted* means splendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

5 *I. e.* the descent of deities to combat on either side. Shakespeare probably followed Chapman's Homer: in the fifth book of the Iliad Diomed wounds Mars, who on

Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles' tale,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trumpet;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

Exit.
Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and maunish grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.⁹

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour
by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.¹⁰

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves;
Omission to do what is necessary,
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus;
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!
Achil. What?
Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking
for himself.

Achil. How so?
Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector;
and is so prophetically proud of an heretical
cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,
a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an
hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set
down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic re-
gard,¹¹ as who should say—there were wit in this
head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies
as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not
show without knocking.¹² The man's undone for
ever: for if Hector break not his neck in the combat,
he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not
me; I said, *Good-morrow*, Ajax; and he replies,
Thanks, Agamemnon. What think you of this

his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having inter-
fered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction*
alluded to.

6 Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was af-
terwards killed by Paris.

7 There is in the providence of a state, as in the pro-
vidence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity*. It is pos-
sible that there may be some allusion to the sublime
description of the divine omnipresence in the 130th Psalm.

8 There is a secret administration of affairs, which no
history was ever able to discover.

9 The folio has 'ayrie air.'
10 So in Hamlet:—

'To keep thy name ungor'd.'
11 *i. e.* a sly look.

12 Thus in Julius Cæsar:—
'That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
Who much enforced shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.'

man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms.¹ I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands on me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent!—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go on one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: . But I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make cat-lings² on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable³ creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd: And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. *A Street. Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTEHOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with Torches.*

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person? Had I so good occasion to lie long, As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dei. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand: Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days, Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,

1 So in Macbeth:—'My voice is in my sword.'

2 Lute-strings made of catgut. One of the musicians in Romeo and Juliet is named Simon Catling.

3 i. e. intelligent.

4 i. e. conversation while the truce lasts.

5 He swears first by the life of his father, and then by the hand of his mother.

6 i. e. I bring you his meaning and his orders.

During all question⁴ of the gentle truce: But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance, As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dei. The one and other Diomed embraces. Our bloods are now in calm; and so long, health: But when contention and occasion meet, By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life, With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly With his face backward.—In humane gentleness, Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life, Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,⁵ No man alive can love, in such a sort, The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dei. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live, If to my sword his fate be not the glory, A thousand complete courses of the sun! But, in mine emulous honour, let him die, With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dei. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despicable gentle greeting, The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.— What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you:⁶ 'Twas to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him, For the enfrèed Antenor, the fair Cressid; Let's have your company; or if you please, Haste there before us: I constantly do think (Or, rather, call my thoughts a certain knowledge,) My brother Troilus lodges there to-night; Rouse him, and give him note of our approach, With the whole quality wherefore: I fear, We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you; Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece, Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help; The bitter disposition of the time Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,— Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best, Myself, or Menelaus?

Dei. Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,

(Not making any scruple of her sojourn,)

With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;

And you as well to keep her, that defend her,

(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)

With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:

He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up

The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;

You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins

Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:

Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.⁷

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dei. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins

A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple

Of her contaminated carrion weight,

A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath,

As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,

Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:

But we in silence hold this virtue well,—

We'll not commend what we intend to sell.⁸

Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*]

7 The merits of each being weighed are exactly equal; in each of the scales a harlot must be placed, since each of them has been equally attached to one.

8 Warburton would read:—'We'll not commend what we intend not sell.'

Not sell sounds harsh; but such elliptical expressions are not unfrequent in these plays.

SCENE II. *The same. Court before the House of Pandarus. Enter TROIILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you weary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald' crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.
Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights¹
she stays,

As tediouly as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;—

You men will never tarry.—
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's
one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

*Enter PANDARUS.*²

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:

I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?

—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cro. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia⁴—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Cres. Did I not tell you?—would he were knock'd of the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in; I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

Exeunt TROIILUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

1 i. e. 'the roguish or thievish crows.' Ribaldry signified roguery, naughtiness, or loose conduct of any kind, among our ancestors. It may, however, be used in the sense of obscenity.

2 i. e. venefici, those who use nocturnal sorcery.

3 The hint for the following scene appears to have been suggested by Chaucer. Troilus and Cressida, b. iii. v. 1561.

4 Capocchia, an Italian word for fool

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then.—Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him? yet go fetch him hither; go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROIILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me! I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; and the secrets of nature Have not more gift in taciturnity.

Exeunt TROIILUS and ÆNEAS.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor, I would they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane: he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

Exeunt.

5 i. e. hasty or abrupt. So in Romeo and Juliet:— 'It is too rash, too unadvic'd, too sudden Too like the lightning.'

6 So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'And mock our eyes with air.'

7 Sense or feeling of relationship. So in Macbeth:—

'He-wants the natural touch.'

8 i. e. the very height. So in Cymbeline:—

'My supreme crown of grief.'

SCENE III. *The same. Before Pandarus' House.*
Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ANKAR, DRIPPOUS,
ANTHON, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefer'd
 Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
 Comes fast upon;—Good my brother Troilus,
 Tell you the lady what she is to do,
 And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house;
 I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
 And to his hand when I deliver her,
 Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
 A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
 And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
 Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*
Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Par. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
 The grief is here, full, perfect, that I taste?
 And violent⁷ in a sense as strong
 As that which cansteth it: How can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief:
 My love admits no qualifying dross:
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Par. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet
 ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]
Par. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let
 me embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying
 is,—

— O heart, O heavy heart,
 Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
 By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
 nothing, for we may live to have need of such a
 verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
 That the best gods—as angry with my fancy,
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which
 Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Par. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
 Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
 All time of pause, rudely bequiles our lips
 Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
 Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs
 Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

1 I. e. broad day. It is a familiar French idiom,—
 C'est grand matin.

2 This verb is used by Ben Jonson in *The Devil is an
 Ass*:—

'Nor nature violenceth in both these.'

3 *Consign'd* means *ceded*, from *consigno*, Lat.
 Thus in *King Henry V.* 'It were, my lord, a hard
 condition for a maid to *consign* to.' See *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

4 An obscure poet (Flatman) has borrowed this
 thought:—

'My soul just now about to take her flight,
 Into the regions of eternal night,
 Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
 Be not fearful, come away!'

5 So in *Macbeth*.—

'That tears will drown this wind.'

6 The expression has before occurred in *Act i. Sc. 2,*
 of this play.

X

Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
 Craves his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath and consign'd³ kisses to them,
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
 And scants us with a single fash'd kiss,
 Distast'd with the salt of broken tears.

Esc. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?
Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Ge-
 nius so

Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
 Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Par. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this
 wind,⁸ or my heart will be blown up by the root!

Esc. PANDARUS,
Cres. I must then to the Greeks?
Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
 When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of
 heart,—

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deers⁹ is
 this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
 For it is parting from us:

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
 For I will throw my glove to death himself,¹⁰
 That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
 My sequent protestation; be thou true,
 And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
 As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
 this sleeve.¹¹

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
 To give thee nightly visitation.
 But yet be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
 The Grecian youths are full of quality;¹²
 They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
 flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
 How novelty may move, and parts with person,
 Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
 (Which I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
 Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I, a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
 So mainly as my merit; I cannot sing,
 Nor heel the high lavolt,¹¹ nor sweeten talk,
 Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pro-
 nant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
 There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,
 That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted,

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not
 And sometimes we are deavis to ourselves,
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 Presuming on their changeful potency.

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not
 And sometimes we are deavis to ourselves,
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
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But something may be done, that we will not
 And sometimes we are deavis to ourselves,
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 Presuming on their changeful potency.

7 *Deems* (a word now obsolete) signifies *opinion*, *sur-
 mise*.

8 That is, I will *challenge* death himself in defence
 of thy fidelity.

9 In *Histrionastix*, or the *Playwright's Comedy*,
 1610, a circumstance of a similar kind is ridiculed, in a
 mock interlude wherein Troilus and Cressida are the
 speakers. I cannot but think that it is the elder drama
 by Decker and Chettle, that is the object of this satirical
 allusion, and not Shakespeare's play, which was proba-
 bly not written when *Histrionastix* appeared, for Queen
 Elizabeth is complimented under the character of Astræa
 in the last Act of that piece, and is spoken of as then
 living.

10 I. e. *highly accomplished*: quality, like condition,
 is applied to manners as well as dispositions.

11 The *lavolta* was a dance.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
 And bring *Æneas*, and the Grecian, with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
 While others fish with craft for great opinion,
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
 Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit'
 Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTEOR, DEIPHOBUS,
 and DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady,
 Which for Antenor we deliver you:
 At the port,⁵ lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
 And by the way, possess⁶ thee what she is.
 Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
 If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
 Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
 As Priam is in Ilium.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
 So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
 The lustra in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
 Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
 You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
 To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
 In praising her:⁷ I tell thee, lord of Greece,
 She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
 I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
 For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
 Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
 I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus;
 Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
 To be a speaker free: when I am hence,
 I'll answer to my lust:⁸ And know you, lord,
 I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
 She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
 I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I tell thee, Diomed,
 This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
 Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exit* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES.
[Trumpet heard.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
 The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
 That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault; Come, come, to field
 with him.

Dio. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
 Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie,
 On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*
*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
 PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
 and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment⁹ fresh and
 fair,

1 'The moral of my wit' is the meaning of it. Thus in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv. Sc. 4:—'He has left me behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.'

2 I. e. the gate.

3 I. e. inform.

4 Troilus apparently means to say, that Diomed does not use him courteously by addressing himself to Cressida, and assuring her that she shall be well treated for her own sake, and on account of her singular beauty, instead of making a direct answer to that warm request which Troilus had just made to him to 'entreat her fair.' The subsequent words justify this interpretation:—
 'I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge.'

Anticipating time with starting courage.
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
 Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
 May pierce the head of the great combatant,
 And hale him hither.

Ajas. Thou, trumpet, there's my parae.
 Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe:
 Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias-check'
 Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
 Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulys. No trumpet answers.

Achil.

'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not you Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
 He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio.

Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
 sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulys. Yet is the kindness but particular;
 'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
 So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair
 lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
 For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
 And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulys. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorn!
 For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine;
 Patroclus kisses you.

Men.

O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss ever more for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your
 leave.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive?⁹
Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live.⁹
 The kiss you take is better than you give;
 Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd:

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
 That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulys. It were no match, your nail against his
 horn.—
 May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulys. I do desire it.

Cres.

Why, beg, then.

Ulys. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
 When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulys. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you!

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your fa-
 ther. [*DIOMEDES leads out CRESSIDA.*

5 I. e. I'll answer to my will or pleasure, according to my inclination.

6 I. e. preparation.

7 I. e. swelling out like the bias of a bowl. So in *Vs* toria Coromona, 1612:—

— Faith, his cheek

Has a most excellent bias.³
 The idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds as represented in the old prints and maps.

8 Thus Bassanio, in *The Merchant of Venice*, when he kisses Portia:—
 — Fair lady, by your leave,
 I come by note to give and to receive.³

9 I will make such bargains as I may live by, such as may bring me profit, therefore will not take a worse
 kiss than I give

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulys. Eye, eye upon her !
There's language in her eye; her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her-foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive¹ of her body.²
O, these encounters, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome³ ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,⁴
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojan's trumpet.

Agam.

Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; *ENEAS*, TROILUS, and
other Trojans, with Attendants.

Ene. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be
done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other: or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam.

Which way would Hector have it?

Ene. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely⁵ done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

Ene.

If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

Achil.

If not Achilles, nothing.

Ene. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know
this:—

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing.⁶ Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:⁷
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.⁸
Achil. A maiden battle, then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Eneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath:⁹ the combatants being kin,
Half stints¹⁰ their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.]

Ulys.

They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so
heavy?

¹ Motive for part that contributes to motion. This word is employed with some singularity in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. Sc. 2:—

'As it has fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband.'

² One would almost think that Shakespeare had, on this occasion, been reading St. Chrysostom, who says:—

'Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu; non loquuta es voce, sed oculis loquuta es clarior quam voce:' i. e. 'They say nothing with their mouths, they speak in their gait, they speak with their eyes, they speak in the carriage of their bodies.' This invective against a wanton, as well as the translation of it, is from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. Sect. II. Memb. 2, Suba. 3.

³ A *coasting welcome* is a conciliatory welcome: that makes *effent* advances before the tongue has uttered a word. So in *Venus and Adonis*:—

'Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she *coasts* to the cry.'

⁴ i. e. corrupt wench, of whose chastity every opportunity makes an easy prey.

⁵ 'Securely done,' in the sense of the Latin *securus*, a negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. So in the last act of the Spanish Tragedy:—

'O damned devil, how *securus* he is.'

⁶ Valour (says Eneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride

Ulys. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight:
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless¹¹ in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon
calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair¹² thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love;
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Eneas; one that knows the yout
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Iliion thus translate¹⁴ him to me.

[Alarm. HECTOR and AJAX fight.]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro.

Hector, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there,

Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Ene. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixture Greek and Trojan so,
'That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter¹⁵ cheek, and this sinister¹⁶
Bounds in my father's; By Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish mem-
ber

Wherein my sword had not impressurs made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
'That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt,¹⁷ should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax.

I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition¹⁸ earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus¹⁹ so mirable
(On whose bright crest fame with her loud'st O you

in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour.

⁷ Ajax and Hector were cousins-german.

⁸ Hence Thersites, in a former scene, called Ajax a mongrel.

⁹ i. e. a *breathing*, an *exercise*. See Act II. Sc. 2, note 2, p. 168.

¹⁰ Stops.

¹¹ No booster of his own deeds.

¹² 'An *impair* thought' is an *unworthy* or *injurious* thought. Thus in Chapman's preface to his *Shield of Homer*, 1698:—'Nor is it more *impairs* to an honest and absolute man,' &c.

¹³ i. e. submits, yields.

¹⁴ Thus *explain* his character. So in *Hamlet*:—

'There's matter in these sights, these profound heavens
You must translate.'

¹⁵ Right.

¹⁶ Left.

¹⁷ It is remarkable that the Greeks give to the *aunt*, the *father's sister*, the title of *sacred*. Stevens says, this may lead us to conclude that this play was not the entire composition of Shakespeare, to whom the *Grecian* was probably unknown.

¹⁸ See Act I. Sc. 2.

¹⁹ By *Neoptolemus* Shakespeare seems to have meant *Achilles*: finding that the son was *Pyrrhus* Neoptolemus, he considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentili-*

Cries, (This to his') could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectation here from both the
sides,

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;¹

The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As sold I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Di. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:

And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.²

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by
name;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes

Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy;

But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's the past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,

Bids thee, with most divine integrity,³

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to
you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting:—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.⁴

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gambrel,
thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded⁵ oath;

Your *quodam* wife swears still by Venus's glove:

She's well, but bade the not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly
theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny,⁶ make cruel way

Through ranks of Greekish youths: and I have
seen thee,

As hot as Perseus,⁷ spur thy Phrygian steed,

Despising many forfeits and subduements,

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;⁸

That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,

Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen
By this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandire,⁹
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicler,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in con-
tentions,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;

For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,¹⁰
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you.

There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:

After the general, I beseech you next

To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses,
thou!¹¹—

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;

I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted¹² joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eyes?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name;

And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

tism, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. Or he was probably led into the error by some book of the time. By a passage in Act iii. Sc. 3, it is evident that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged in the siege of Troy:—

¹ But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home, &c.

² I. e. answer the expectation.

³ These *knights*, to the amount of about *two hundred thousand*, (for there were no less in both armies,) Shakespeare found with all the appendages of chivalry in The Old Troy Book. *Esque* and *armiger*, rendered *knight* and *squire*, excite ideas of chivalry. Pope, in his Homer, has been liberal in his use of the latter.

⁴ I. e. integrity, like that of heaven.

⁵ It has been asserted that *imperious* and *imperial* had formerly the same signification, but so far is this from being the fact, that Bullock carefully distinguishes them.—*Imperial*, royal or chief, emperor-like: *imperious*, that commandeth with authority, *lord-like*, *stately*.

⁶ Æneas thought that this speech belonged to Æneas, and indeed it seems hardly probable that Menelaus would be made to call himself 'the noble Menelaus.'

Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen
By this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandire,⁹
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicler,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in con-
tentions,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;

For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,¹⁰
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you.

There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:

After the general, I beseech you next

To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses,
thou!¹¹—

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;

I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted¹² joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eyes?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name;

And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

⁶ *Untraded* is uncommon, unusual. So in King Richard II:—'Some way of common *trade*,' for some usual course, or trodden way.

⁷ *Destiny* is the viceregent of fate.

⁸ As the equestrian fame of Perseus is here again alluded to, it should appear that in a former simile his horse was meant for a real one, and not allegorically for a ship. See Act i. Sc. 3.

⁹ I. e. the fallen.

¹⁰ Laomedon.

¹¹ Thus in Shakespeare's Rape of Lucrece:—
'Threatening cloud-kissing *Ilion* with annoy.'

Ilion, according to Shakespeare's authority, was the name of Priam's palace, 'that was one of the richest and strongest that ever was in all the world. And it was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, and so high that it seemed to them that saw them from farre, they caught up unto the heavens.'—*Destruction of Troy*.

¹² Mr. Tyrwhitt thought we should read:—
'I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, though!'

¹³ *Quoted* is noted, observed. The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector is furnished by Lydgate.

Agas. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,

To answer such a question: Stand again: Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly, As to prenominate in nice conjecture, Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so, I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well; For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there; But, by the forge that stithied¹ Mars his helm, I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.— You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag, His insolence draws folly from my lips; But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words, Or may I never—

Agas. Do not chafe thee, cousin;— And you Achilles, let these threats alone, Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't: You may have every day enough of Hector, If you have stomach;² the general state, I fear, Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field; We have had pelting³ wars, since you refus'd The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector? To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death; To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Agas. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full convive⁴ we; afterwards, As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall Concur together, severally entreat him.— Beat loud the tabourines,⁵ let the trumpets blow, That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you, In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus: There Diomed doth feast with him to-night; Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth, But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view On the fair Cressida.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much, After we part from Agamemnon's tent, To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir. As gently tell me, of what honour was This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there That waits her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars, A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord? She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth: But, still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ A *stith* is an anvil, a *stithy* a smith's shop, and hence the verb *stithied* is formed. See Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 2.

² Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. 'You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you have the inclination; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to be at odds with him, to contend with him.'
³ I. e. petty or paltry wars.

⁴ A *convive* is a feast. 'The sitting of friends together at a table, our ancestors have well called *convivium*, a banquet, because it is a living of men together.'—*Hutton*. The word is several times used in Helyas the Knight of the Swanne, bk. i.

⁵ Small drums.
⁶ Grammar requires us to read —
'With Greekish wine to-night I'll heat his blood, Which,' &c.

Otherwise Achilles threatens to cool the wine, instead of Hector's blood.

⁷ A *batch* is all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So Ben Jonson in his *Catiline* —

'Except he were of the same meal and batch.'

Thersites has already been called a *co-b loaf*.

⁸ In his answer, Thersites quibbles upon the word *loaf*.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent. Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night, Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.⁶— Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy? Thou crusty batch⁷ of nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?⁸

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity!⁹ and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet,¹⁰ you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the mouth, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd see-simple of the testis, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, then, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur,¹¹ no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive¹² silk, thou green sarcelnet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies:¹³ diminutives of nature!

Patr. Oat, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba; A token from her daughter, my fair love;¹⁴

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fall, Greeks; fall, fame; honour, or go, or stay, My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent; This night in banquetting must all be spent.

Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*]

Ther. Wast too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fel-

⁹ *Adversity* is here used for contrariety. The reply of Thersites having been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the Princess addressing Boyet, (who had been capriciously employing himself to *perplex* the dialogue,) says, 'Avaunt, Perplexity!'

¹⁰ This expression is met with in Decker's *Honest Whore*:—'Tis a *male varlet*, sure, my lord! The person spoken of is Bellafronte, a harlot, who is introduced in boy's clothes. Man-mistress is a term of reproach thrown out by Dorax, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian*. See Professor Heyne's Seventeenth Excursus on the first book of the *Æneid*.

¹¹ Patroclus reproaches Thersites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another. The same idea occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*—

'Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form.'

¹² See *Macbeth*, Act i. Sc. 2.

¹³ So *Hamlet*, speaking of Ostrick:—

'Dost know this *water-fly*?'

¹⁴ This is a circumstance taken from the old story book of *The Destruction of Troy*.

low enough, and one that loves quails;¹ but he has not so much brain as ear-wax. And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;² a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced³ with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,⁴ a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Theristes; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!⁵

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, with Lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught:⁶ Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night.

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[Exeunt AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

Achil. Old Nestor carries; and you too, Diomed, keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dia. I cannot, lord; I have important business. The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[Aside to TROILUS.]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[Exit DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the hound;⁷ but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious,⁸ there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him; they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! *[Exit.]*

1 By quails are meant women, and probably those of a looser description. 'Caille coëffée' is a sobriquet for a harlot. 'Chaud comme un caille' is a French proverb. The quail being remarkably salacious.

2 He calls Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter, that is, the bull, on account of his horns, which are the oblique memorial of cuckolds.

3 I. e. forced or stuffed.

4 A polecat. So in Othello:—'Tis such another fitchew, marry a perfumed one.'

5 This Theristes speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights.

SCENE II. The same. Before Calchas' Tent. *Enter DIOMEDES.*

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. *[Within.]* Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think,—Where's your daughter?

Cal. *[Within.]* She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERISTES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. *[Whispers.]*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff!⁹ she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then,

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pry'thee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night; I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off; You flow to great destruction;¹⁰ come, my lord.

Tro. I pry'thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all Hell's torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, my lord?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

6 Draught is the old word for fornic. It is used in the translation of the Bible, in Holinshed, and by all old writers.

7 If a hound gives mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is called a babbler or brabblers. The proverb says, 'Brabbling curs never want sore ears.'

8 Fortentious, ominous.

9 That is, her key. Clef, Fr. A mark in music at the beginning of the lines of a song, &c. which indicates the pitch, and whether it is suited for a bass, treble, or tenor voice.

10 I. e. your impetuosity exposes you to imminent peril. The folio reads *distractio*.

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you *paléas*!
Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
 You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word: There is between my will and all offences A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger,² tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, my lord; I will not be myself, nor have cognition Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.³
Tro. O beauty! Where's thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord!—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
 He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Who was't?
Cres. No matter, now I have't again.
 I will not meet with you to-morrow night: I pry'thee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens:—Well said, whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge! Thy master now lies thinking in his bed Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove, And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me; He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;
 I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?
Cres. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
 But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,⁴ And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm; And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worst it on thy horn,
 It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past,—And yet it is not;
 I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
 Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
 But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
 Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night. I pry'thee, come.—
 [*Exit DIOMEDES.*
 Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
 But with my heart the other eye doth see.⁵
 Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
 The error of our eye directs our mind:
 What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
 Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.
 [*Exit CRESSIDA.*
Ther. A proof of strength, she could not publish more,⁶
 Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we, then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul Of every syllable that here was spoke.
 But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
 Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
 That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;⁷
 As if those organs had deceptive functions,
 Created only to calumniate.
 Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, suve.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!⁸
 Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme, For depravation,—to square the general sex By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
 If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
 If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
 If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
 If there be rule in unity itself,⁹
 This was not she. O madness of discourse,
 That cause sets up with and against itself!
 Bi-fold authority!¹¹ where reason can revolt

1 To *palter* is to equivocate, to shuffle. Thus in Macbeth:—
 'That *palter* with us in a double sense.'
 2 *Luxuria* was the appropriate term of the old school divines for the sin of *incontinence*, which is accordingly called *luxury* by all our old English writers. The degrees of this sin and its partitions are enumerated by Richard Rolle, the Hermit of Hampole, in his *Speculum Vitæ*, MS. penes me. And Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, makes it one of the seven deadly sins. *Luxury*, or *lasciviousness*, is said to have a *potatoe-finger*, because that root was thought 'to strengthen the bodlie, and procure bodily lust.'
 3 This *sleeve* was given by Troilus to Cressida at their parting, and she gave him a glove in return. It was probably such a sleeve as was formerly worn at tournaments: one of which Spenser describes in his *View of the State of Ireland*, p. 44, ed. 1668.

4 I. e. the stars which she points to.
 5 The *silver-shining queen* he would disdain; Her twinkling hand-maids too, by him despis'd, Through Night's black bosom should not peep again.
 6 The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakespeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy.
 7 She could not publish a stronger proof.
 8 I. e. turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves.
 9 For the sake of womanhood.
 9 *Critic* has here probably the signification of cynic.
 So Iago says in Othello:—
 'I am nothing if not *critical*.'
 10 If it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons.
 11 The folio reads 'By foul authority,' &c. There is

Without perdition, and how assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight!
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's² broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and
loos'd;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,⁴
The fractions of her faith, oris of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith,⁵ are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?⁶

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy⁷
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed;
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,⁸
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.⁹
Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ENEAS.

Ene. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord,
adieu:

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!¹⁰

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exit TROILUS, ENEAS, and ULYSSES.]
Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed!
I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode.
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more
for an almond, than he for a commodious drab.
Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing
else holds fashion: A burning devil take them! [Exit.

a madness in that disquisition, in which a man reasons
at once for and against himself upon authority which
he knows not to be valid. The words *loss* and *perdition*,
in the subsequent line, are used in their common
sense; but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of reason.

1 'Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting.'
Hamlet.

2 I. e. the plighted faith of lovers. Troilus considers
it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken,
though he has unfortunately found that it some-
times is.

3 One quarto copy reads *Ariachne's*; the other
Ariachne's; the folio *Ariachne's*. It is evident Shak-
speare intended to make *Ariachne* a word of four
syllables. Our ancestors were not very exact either in
writing or pronouncing proper names, even of classical
origin. Stevens thinks it not improbable that the poet
may have written '*Ariadne's* broken woof,' confound-
ing the two stories in his imagination, or alluding to the
clue of thread, by the assistance of which Theseus
escaped from the Cretan labyrinth.

4 A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed.
5 The image is not of the most delicate kind. 'Her
o'er-eaten faith' means her troth plighted to Troilus, of
which she was surfeited, and, like one who has *o'er-*
eaten himself, had *thrown off*. So in *Twelfth Night*:—

'Their over-greedy love hath surfeited,' &c.

SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently tem-
per'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the
day.¹¹

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd and bloody in intent;

Consort with me in loud and dear petition.¹²

Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet

brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me

swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish¹³ vows;

They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd

Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy

To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,

For we would give much, to use violent thefts,¹⁴

And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;

But vows to every purpose must not hold;

Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;

Mine honour keeps the weather¹⁵ of my fate:

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man¹⁶

Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-
day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit CASSANDRA.]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,
youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy;

I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,

Which better fits a lion, than a man.¹⁷

1 'Can Troilus really feel, on this occasion, half of
what he utters?' A question suitable to the calm
Ulysses.

2 Love.

3 'And down the shower impetuously doth fall,'
Like that which men the *American* call. *Drayton.*

4 A cant word, formed from *concupiscence*.

5 I. e. defend thy head with armour of more than
common security. So in *The History of Prince Arthur*,
1634, c. civiii. — 'Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine;
therefore hit thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou
well we shall soon come after, and break the strongest
castle that thou hast upon thy head.' It appears that a
kind of close helmet was called a *castle*. See *Thus*
Andronicus, Act iii. Sc. 1.

6 The hint for this dream of Andromache might be
taken from Lydgate, or Chaucer's *Nonne's Prestes Tale*,
v. 15147. 'My dreams of last night will prove ominous
to the day: forebode ill to it, and show that it will be a
fatal day to Troy. So in the seventh scene of this act:—

the quarrel's most ominous to us.'

7 I. e. earnest, anxious petition.

8 Foolish.

9 I. e. to use violent thefts, because we would give
much. In the first line of Andromache's speech she al-
ludes to a doctrine which Shakespeare has often en-
forced:—'Do not you think you are acting virtuously
by adhering to an oath, if you have sworn to do *unwisely*.'

10 To keep the weather is to keep the wind or atmos-
phere. *Estre au dessus du vent* is the French proverbial
phrase.

11 The dear man is the man of worth.

12 The traditions and stories of the darker ages

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall, Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword, You bid them rise, and live.¹

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods, Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother; And when we have our armours buckled on, The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords; Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.²

Hect. Fye, savage, fye!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars Beckoning with fiery truncheon³ my retire; Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees, Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;⁴ Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn, Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way, But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast: He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back: Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself Am like a prophet suddenly enwrap, To tell thee—that this day is ominous: Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is afield; And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks, Even in the faith of valour, to appear This morning to them.

Pri. Aye, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith. You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, Let me not shame respect;⁵ but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O, Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father. Hector, Andromache, I am offended with you: Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl, Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.⁶ Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents! Hark how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out! How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth! Behold! destruction,⁷ frenzy, and amazement, Like witless antics, one another meet, And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector! Tro. Away!—Away!

abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct and pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man. We find it recorded in Pliny's Natural History, c. 16, that 'the lion alone of all wild beasts is gentle to those that humble themselves before him, and will not touch any such upon their submission, but spareth what creature soever lieth prostrate before him.' Hence Spenser's Una, attended by a lion; and Perceval's lion, in *Mort de Arthur*, b. xiv. c. 6.

¹ Shakespeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector; whose disposition was by no means inclined to clemency, as we learn from Andromache's speech in the 34th liad.

² *Ruthful is useful, useful; and ruth is mercy.* The words are opposed to each other.

³ Antiquity acknowledges no such sign of command as a *truncheon*. The spirit of the passage, however, is such as might atone for a greater impropriety.

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.* **Hect.** You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim: Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight; Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell; the Gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR.* *Alarums.*

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe, I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeves.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from you' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson pistic, a whoreson rascally pistic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were curs'd,⁸ I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;

The effect doth operate another way.—Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together. My love with words and errors still she feeds; But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. *Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.* *Alarums: Excursions. Enter THESSITES.*

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another. I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy dotting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm; I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,⁹—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,¹⁰ and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:

I do not fly; but advantageous care

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:

Have at thee!

⁴ i. e. tears that continue to *course* each other down the face. So in *As You Like It*:—

—The big round tears

Course'd one another down his innocent nose.

⁵ i. e. disgrace the respect I owe you, by acting in opposition to your commands.

⁶ The interposition and clamorous sorrow of Cassandra, are copied from Lydgate.

⁷ So in Spenser's *Epithalamium*:—

'Hark how the minstrel's gin to shrill aloud

Their merry music,' &c.

⁸ The folio reads *distraction*.

⁹ That is, under the influence of a malediction, such as mischievous beings have been supposed to pronounce upon those who offended them.

¹⁰ Theobald proposes to read '*entering rascals*?' which Mason thinks more suitable to the characters of Ulysses and Nestor than *swearing*.

¹¹ To set up the authority of ignorance, and to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?¹

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee:—Live. [Exit.]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me! But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.]

SCENE V. *The same.* *Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;²

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chasid'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [Exit Servant.]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner:
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,³
Upon the pashed⁴ corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cediüs: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary⁵
Appals our numbers; and haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls⁶
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles

1 This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantic chivalry, and even from the usage of the poet's age; as is the following one in the speech of Diomedes:

'And am her knight by proof.'

It appears from Segar's Honour, Military and Civil, folio, 1602, that a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged might refuse combat. We learn from Melvil's Memoirs, p. 165, ed. 1735, 'the laird of Grange offered to fight Botwell, who answered that he was neither earl nor lord, but a baron; and so was not his equal. The like answer made he to Tullibardine. Then my Lord Lindsay offered to fight him, which he could not well refuse; but his heart failed him, and he grew cold on the business.' These punctilios are well ridiculed in Alburmar, Act iv. Sc. 7.

2 This circumstance is taken from Lydgate, as is the introduction of a bastard son of Priam under the name of Margarelon. The latter is also in the Old History of the Destruction of Troy.

3 i. e. his lance, like a weaver's beam; as Gollath's spear is described.

4 Bruised, crushed.

5 'A marvellous beaste that was called Sagittayre, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore a

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care.
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [Exit.]
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller,⁷ show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[Exit.]
SCENE VI. *Another part of the Field.* *Enter AJAX.*

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office

Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O, traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face,
thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
Tro. Come both, you cogging⁸ Greeks; have at you both. [Exeunt, fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus! O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee; Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

man: this beaste was heery like an horse, and shotts well with a bowe: this beaste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe.'—*Destruction of Troy, by Caxton.*

A more circumstantial account of this Sagittary is to be found in Lydgate.

6 i. e. dispersed shoals. 'A scull of fishes: examen vel agmen piscium' (Baret), was also in more ancient times written 'a scoole.'

7 This remark seems to be made by Nestor, in consequence of the return of Ajax to the field, he having lately refused to cooperate or draw together with the Greeks, though at present he is roused from his sulken fit by the loss of a friend.

8 i. e. murderer of boys. So in King Henry IV. Part ii. Act ii. Scene 1—

'A man-queller and a woman-queller.'

9 That is, as we should now say, I will not be a looker-on.

10 The poet had heard of *Græcia mendax*. Diomedes had defrauded him of his mistress, and he bestows the epithet on both, *unius ob culpam*. Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks:—'Testimoniorum religionem et fidem nunquam ista natio coluit.' And again—'Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt.'

But thou anon shalt hear of me again ;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.]

Hect. Fare thee well :—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother ?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas ; Shall it be ?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him ; I'll be taken, t-o,
Or bring him off :—Fate, hear me what I say !
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.]

Enter One in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek ; thou art a
goodly mark :—

No ? wilt thou not ?—I like thy armour well ;
I'll crush² it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it :—Wilt thou not, beast,
abide ?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[Execute.]

SCENE VII. The same. Enter ACHILLES, with
Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my myrmidons ;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel :
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath ;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about ;
In fellest manner execute⁴ your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye !
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [Execute.]

SCENE VIII. The same. Enter MENELAUS,
and PARIS, fighting ; then THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at
it : Now, bull ! now, dog ! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo ! now
my double-henned sparrow ! 'loo, Paris, loo ! The
bull has the game :—'ware horns, ho !
[Execute PARIS and MENELAUS.]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou ?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too ; I love bastards :⁵ I
am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in
mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate.
One bear will not bite another, and wherefore
should one bastard ? Take heed, the quarrel's most
ominous to us : if the son of a whore fight for a
whore, he tempts judgment : Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward ! [Execute.]

SCENE IX. Another part of the Field. Enter
HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done ; I'll take good breath ;
Rest, sword ; thou hast thy fill of blood and death !
[Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield
behind him.]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set ;

1 i. e. prevail over him. So in All's Well that Ends

Well :—

'The count he wooe your daughter,

Resolves to carry her.'

2 This circumstance is also taken from Lydgate's
poem, who furnished Shakspeare with the hint for the
following line :—

'I am unarm'd ; forego this vantage, Greek.'

3 To crush is to break or bruise. So in the Destruction
of Troy :—'Saying these words, Hercules caught
by the head poor Lychas—and threw him against a rocke
so fiercely that he to-frushed and all to-burst his bones,
and so slew him.'

4 To execute their arms is to employ them, to put
them to use. So in Love's Labour's Lost, Rosaline says
to Biron :—

'Full of comparisons and wounding fouds,
Which you on all estates will execute.'

5 Bastard, in ancient times, was not a disreputable
appellation.

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :
Even with the veil⁶ and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd ; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike ; this is the man I
seek. [HECTOR falls.]

So, Ilion, fall thou next ! now, Troy, sink down !
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons ; and cry you all again,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[A Retreat sounded.]

Hark ! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my
lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
earth,

And, stickler⁸ like, the armies separates.
My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[Sheathes his sword.]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail,

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Execute.]

SCENE X. The same. Enter AGAMEMNON,
AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and
others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[Within.] Achilles ! Achilles !

Achilles ! Hector's slain ! Achilles !

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be ;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along :—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[Execute, marching.]

SCENE XI. Another part of the Field. Enter
ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the field.

Never go home ; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector ?—The gods forbid !

Tro. He's dead ; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed !
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile⁷ at Troy !
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on !

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so ;
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death ;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone !
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ?
Let him, that will a screech-owl eye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead :
There is a word will Priam turn to stone ;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,

6 'The veil of the sun,' is the sinking, setting, or
wailing of the sun.

7 Heywood, in his Rape of Lucrece, 1633, gives the
same account of Achilles overpowering Hector by num-
bers. In Lydgate and the old story book the same account
is given of the death of Troilus. Lydgate, following
Guido di Colonna, who in the grossest manner has vio-
lated all the characters drawn by Homer, reprehends
the Grecian poet as the original offender.

8 Sticklers were persons who attended upon combats
ants in trials of skill, to part them when they had fought
enough, and, doubtless, to see fair play. They were
probably so called from the stick or wand which they
carried in their hands. The name is still given to
arbitrators at wrestling matches in the west counties.

9 Hamner and Warburton read :—

'—smite at Troy ;'
which, it must be confessed, is more in corres-
pondence with the rest of Troilus's wish.

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight¹ upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-
siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!
Tro. Hence, broker² lackey! ignomy³ and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit TROILUS.*]
Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
O, world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are
you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should
our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so
loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—
Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
And being once-subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

1 Pitched, fixed.
2 *Broker* anciently signified a bawd of either sex.
So in King John:—

This bawd, *this broker*, this all-changing word,³ &c.
3 Ignominy.

4 Canvass hangings for rooms, painted with emblems
and mottoes.

5 See King Henry VI. Part I. Act I. Sc. 3.

6 See Measure for Measure, Act I, Sc. 2.

* It should, however, be remembered that Thersites
had been long in possession of the stage in an Interlude
bearing his name.

[†] The first seven books of Chapman's Homer were
published in 1596, and again in 1598, twelve books not
long afterward, and the whole 34 books at latest in 1611.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths.⁴

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out of Pandar's fall;
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled gosse of Winchester⁵ would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat,⁶ and seek about for eases
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

THIS play is more correctly written than most of
Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in
which either the extent of his views or elevation of his
fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with
materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has
diversified his characters with great variety, and pre-
served them with great exactness. His vicious charac-
ters disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Creon and
Pandarus are detested and condemned. The comic
characters seem to have been the favourites of the wri-
ter: they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more
of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled
and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his
story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Cax-
ton, which was then very popular; but the character of
Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof
that this play was written after Chapman had published
his version of Homer.* JOHN SON.

The classical reader may be surprised that Shakspeare,
having had the means of being acquainted with the
great father of poetry through the medium of Chapman's
translation, should not have availed himself of such an
original instead of the *Troy Booke*; but it should be re-
collected that it was his object as a writer for the stage
to coincide with the feelings and prejudices of his au-
dience, who, believing themselves to have drawn their
descent from Troy, would by no means have been
pleased to be told that Achilles was a braver man than
Hector. They were ready to think well of the Trojans
as their ancestors, but not very anxious about knowing
their history with much correctness; and Shakspeare
might have applied to worse sources of information than
even Lydgate.—*Boswell.*

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every
collection of the time, and particularly in two books,
with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted—
The *Palace of Plesure*, and the *Translation of Plu-
tarch*, by Sir Thomas North. The latter furnished the
poet with the following hint to work upon:—'Antonius
forsook the city and company of his friends, saying
that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like
wrong offered him that was offered unto Timon; and
for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto,
and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with
all men, and would trust no man.'

Mr. Strutt, the engraver, was in possession of a MS.
play on this subject, apparently written, or transcribed,
about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling
Shakspeare's banquet, given by Timon to his flatterers.
Instead of warm water he sets before them stones paint-
ed like artichokes, and afterwards beats them out of the
room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his
faithful steward, who (like Kent in King Lear) has dis-
guised himself to continue his services to his master.
Timon, in the last act, is followed by his fickle mistress,
&c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden
treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it ap-
pears to be the work of an academic) is a wretched one.
The *persons dramatis* are as follows:—'Timon; Lu-
ches, his faithful servant. Eutrapelus, a dissolute
young man. Gelasimus, a cittie heyre. Pseudocheus,
a lying traveller. Demetrius, an orator. Philargurus,

a covetous churlish old man. Hermogenes, a fiddler
Abyssus, a usurer. *Lollie*, a country clowne. *Philar-
gurus* sonne. *Stilpo*, and *Speusippus*, two lying phi-
losophers. *Granius*, a lean servant of Philargurus.
Obba, Timon's butler. *Pedio*, Gelasimus' page. Two
sercants. A sailor. *Callimela*, Philargurus' daughter.
Blatte, her prantling nurse.—Scene, *Athens*.'

To this manuscript play Shakspeare was probably
indebted for some parts of his plot. Here he found the
faithful steward, the banquet scene, and the story of
Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold, which
he had dug up in the wood; a circumstance which it is
not likely he had from Lucian, there being then no
translation of the dialogue that relates to that subject.

Malone imagines that Shakspeare wrote his Timon
of Athens in the year 1610.

Of all the works of Shakspeare, Timon of Athens
possesses most the character of a satire:—a laughing
satire in the picture of the parasites and flatterers, and
a Juvenalian in the bitterness and the impressions of
Timon against the ingratitude of a false world. The
story is treated in a very simple manner, and is de-
finitely divided into large masses:—in the first act, the joy-
ous life of Timon, his noble and hospitable extrava-
gance, and the throng of every description of suitors to
him; in the second and third acts, his embarrassment,
and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his
supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of
need;—in the fourth and fifth acts, Timon's flight to the

woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death. The only thing which may be called an episode, is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude,—the one of a state towards its defender, and the other of private friends to their benefactor.* As the merits of the general towards his fellow-citizens suppose more strength of character than those of the generous prodigal, their respective behaviours are no less different: Timon frets himself to death; Alcibiades regains his lost dignity by violence. If the poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity; he is a madman in his discontent; he is every where wanting in the wisdom which enables man in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though when he digs up a treasure, he spurns at the wealth which seems to sollicit him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both parts of the plays, had some share in his liberal self-forgetful-

* It appears to me that Schlegel and Professor Richardson have taken a more unfavourable view of the character of Timon, than our great poet intended to convey. Timon had not only been a benefactor to his private unworthy friends, but he had rendered the state service, which ought not to have been forgotten. He himself expresses his consciousness of this when he sends one of his servants to request a thousand talents at the hands of the senators:—

‘Of whom, even to the state’s best health, I have Deserv’d this hearing.’

And Alcibiades afterwards confirms this:—

‘—I have heard, and griev’d How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth, Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states, But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them.’

Surely then he suffered as much mentally from the ingratitude of the state, as from that of his faithless

friends. Shakspeare seems to have entered entirely into the feelings of bitterness, which such conduct was likely to awaken in a good and susceptible nature, and has expressed it with vehemence and force. The virtues of Timon too may be inferred from the absence of any thing which could imply dissoluteness or intemperance in his conduct: as Richardson observes, ‘He is convivial, but his enjoyment of the banquet is in the pleasure of his guests; Phrynia and Timandra are not in the train of Timon, but of Alcibiades. He is not so desirous of being distinguished for magnificence, as of being eminent for courteous and beneficent actions: he solicits distinction, but it is by doing good.’ Johnson has remarked that the attachment of his servants in his declining fortunes, could be produced by nothing but *real virtue* and disinterested kindness. I cannot, therefore, think that Shakspeare meant to stigmatize the generosity of Timon as that of a *fool*, or that he meant his misanthropy to convey to us any notion of ‘the vanity of wishing to be singular.’

† Schlegel.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.
LUCIUS, }
LUCULLUS, } *Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.*
SEMPRONIUS, }
VERTIDIUS, one of Timon’s false Friends.
APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.
ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General.
FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.
FLAMINIUS, }
LUCILIUS, } *Timon’s Servants.*
SERVILIUS, }
CAPNIS, }
PHILOTOUS, } *Servants to Timon’s Creditors.*
TITUS, }

LUCIUS, } *Servants to Timon’s Creditors.*
HORTENSIUS, }
Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore, }
two of Timon’s Creditors.
CUPID and MASKERS. Three Strangers.
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.
PHRYNIA, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*
TIMANDRA, }

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE—Athens; and the Woods adjoining:

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. A Hall in Timon’s House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several Doors.

Poet.

Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.¹

Poet. I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that’s well known: But what particular rarity? what strange, Which manifold record not matches?² See,

¹ It would be less abrupt and more metrical to begin the play thus:—

² Poet. Good day, sir.

³ Pain. Good Sir, I’m glad you’re well.¹

² The Poet merely means to ask if any thing extraordinary or out of the common course of things has lately happened; and is prevented from waiting for an answer by observing so many conjured by Timon’s bounty to attend.

Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power Hath conjur’d to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; t’other’s a jeweller.

Mer. O, ’tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that’s most fix’d.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath’d, as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness:

He passes.³

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let’s see! for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate:⁴ But for that—

Poet.⁵ When we for recompense have prais’d the vile,

³ *Breath’d is exercised*, inured by constant practice, so trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe a horse* is to exercise him for the course: *continue* for *continued course*. He *passes*, i. e. exceeds or goes beyond common bounds.

⁴ *Touch the estimate*, that is, come up to the price.

⁵ We must here suppose the Poet busy in reciting part of his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon.

*It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.*

Mer.

'Tis a good form.

[*Looking at the Jewel.*]

Jew. And rich : here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is a gum, which oozes¹

From whence 'tis nourished : The fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck ; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.² What have you there ?

Pain. A picture, sir.—And when comes your book forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment,³ sir,
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis : this comes off well⁴ and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable : How this grace
Speaks his own standing !⁵ what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination
Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.⁶

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch ; Is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,

It tutors nature : artificial strife⁷
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

[*Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*]

Pain. How this lord's lord'd !

Poet. The Senators of Athens :—Happy men !

Pain. Look, more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of
visitors.⁸

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world⁹ doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : My free drift
Halts not particularly¹⁰, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax ;¹¹ no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt¹² to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to Lord Timon : his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,

1 The old copies read :—

'Our poeie is a *gowne* which oozes.'

2 It is not certain whether this word is *chafes* or *chases* in the folio. I think the former is the true reading. The poetaster means that the vein of a poet flows spontaneously, like the current of a river, and flies from each bound that chafes it in its course, as scorning all impediment, and requiring no excitement. In Julius Cæsar we have :—

'The troubled Tiber *chafing* with her shores.'

3 i. e. as soon as my book has been presented to Timon.

4 This *comes off well*, apparently means this is *cleverly done*, or this piece is *well executed*. The phrase is used in Measure for Measure ironically.

5 How the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own figure. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witness to propriety.

6 One might venture to supply words to such intelligible action. Such significant gesture ascertains the sentiments that should accompany it. So in Cymbeline, Act ii. Sc. 4 :—

never saw I pictures
So likely to report themselves.'

7 I. e. the contest of art with nature. This was a very common mode of expressing the excellence of a painter. Shakspeare has it again more clearly expressed in his Venus and Adonis :—

'His art with nature's workmanship at strife.'

8 'Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.'

9 So in Measure for Measure we have, 'This under generation ;' and in King Richard III. the *lower world*.

Subdues and properties¹³ to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer¹⁴

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself : even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace,
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain.

I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd : The base o' the
mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states :¹⁵ amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wails to her :
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain.

'Tis conceiv'd to scope.¹⁶

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.¹⁷

Poet.

Nay, sir, but hear me on :

All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,¹⁸
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.¹⁹

Pain.

Ay, marry, what of these ?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of
mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain.

'Tis common :
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnant than words. Yet you do well,
To show Lord Timon, that mean eyes²⁰ have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended ; the Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.

Tim.

Imprison'd is he, say you ?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord : five talents is his
debt ;

His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up ; which failing to him,
Periods²¹ his comfort.

10 My design does not stop at any particular character. 11 An allusion to the Roman practice of writing with a style on tablets, covered with wax : a custom which also prevailed in England until about the close of the fourteenth century.

12 i. e. open, explain.

13 i. e. *subjects used appropriate*.

14 One who shows by reflection the looks of his patron. The poet was mistaken in the character of Apemantus ; but seeing that he paid frequent visits to Timon, he naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests.

15 i. e. to improve or promote their conditions.

16 i. e. extensively imagined, largely conceived.

17 i. e. in our art, in painting. *Condition* was used for *profession, quality* ; *façon de faire*.

18 *Whisperings* of officious servility, the *incense* of the worshipping parasite to the patron as a god. Gray has excellently expressed in his Elegy these sacrificial offerings to the great from the poetic tribe :—

'To heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muses' flame.'

19 'To drink the air,' like the *haustos ætheris* of Virgil is merely a poetic phrase for *draw the air*, or *breathe*. To 'drink the free air,' therefore, 'through another,' is to breathe freely at his will only, so as to depend on him for the privilege of life : not even to breathe freely without his permission.

20 i. e. inferior spectators.

21 *To period* is perhaps a verb of Shakspeare's coinage.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me.¹ I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him; I will send his ran-
som;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.
Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour!²

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.
Tim. I have so: What of him?
Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before
thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.
Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy
creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:³
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young, and apt;
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in fu-
ture, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in fu-
ture, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
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For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:

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ture, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in fu-
ture, all.

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my
promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!⁴

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]
Post. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon,
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out.⁵ I like your work
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!
Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your
hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?
Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew⁶ me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give: But you well
know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: ' believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?
*Enter APEMANTUS.*⁷

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.
Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good
morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
honest.⁸

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou
know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou knowest, I do: I call'd thee by thy
name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.
Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like
Timon.

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Timon.

1 Should we not read 'When he most needs me?'

2 Johnson says this thought is better expressed by
Dr. Madden in his Elegy on Archbishop Boulter:—
'More than they ask'd he gave; and deem'd it mean
Only to help the poor—to beg again.'

It is said that Dr. Madden gave Johnson ten guineas for
correcting this poem.

3 See note on King Richard III. Act iii. Sc. 2.

4 It appears to me that a word is omitted in this line.
Perhaps we should read:—
Therefore he will be [rewarded,] Timon;
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

It is true that Shakspeare often uses elliptical phrases,
and this has been thought to mean:— You say the man
is honest; therefore he will continue to be so, and is sure
of being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of
virtue; he does not need the additional blessing of a
beautiful and accomplished wife. But 'it must not
bear my daughter,' means, 'His honesty is its own re-
ward, it must not carry my daughter.' A similar ex-
pression occurs in Othello:—
'What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe
If he can carry her thus.'

5 'Let me never henceforth consider any thing that I
possess but as owed or due to you; held for your ser-
vice, and at your disposal.' So Lady Macbeth says to
Duncan:—
'Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in com-
p, To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.'

6 Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they
profess to be.

7 To unclaw a man is to draw out the whole mass of
his fortunes. To unclaw being to unwind a ball of
thread.

8 Are rated according to the esteem in which their
possessor is held.

9 See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lu-
cian, in his Auction of the Philosophers; and how well
Shakspeare has copied it.

10 'Stay for thy good morrow till I be gentle, which
will happen at the same time when thou art Timon's
dog, and these knaves honest.'—i. e. never.

Tim. Whither art going?
Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.
Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.
Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
Apem. The best for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?
Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
Pain. You are a dog.
Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?
Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
Apem. No; I eat not lords.
Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.
Apem. O, they eat lords: so they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.
Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.
Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing,¹ which will not cost a man a doit.
Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?
Poet. How now, philosopher?
Apem. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou best look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy follow.
Poet. That's not feign'd ne is so.
Apem. Yes, he is wortw of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?
Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.²—Art not thou a merchant?
Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee.

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, all of companionship.³
Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—*[Exeunt some Attendants.]*
 You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence, Till I have thank'd you;—and, when dinner's done, Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!⁴ *[They salute.]*
Apem. So, so; there!—
 Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
 That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

¹ Alluding to the proverb: Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they who use it die beggars.

² This line is corrupt undoubtedly, and none of the emendations or substitutions that have been proposed are satisfactory. Perhaps we should read, 'That I had (now angry) *would* to be a lord: or, 'That I had (so angry) *will* to be a lord.' Malone proposed to point the passage thus, 'That I had no angry wit. To be a lord: and explains it, 'That I had no wit [or discretion] in my anger, but was absurd enough to wish myself one of that set of men, whom I despise.' These are the best helps I can afford the reader towards a solution of this enigmatical passage, and it must be confessed they are feeble.

³ I. e. Alcibiades' companions, or such as he consorts with and sets on a level with himself.

And all this court'ry! The strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.⁴

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir: Ere we depart,⁵ we'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but APÉMANTUS.]

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou,⁶ that still omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.
Apem. Ay; to see mcet fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. *[Exit.]*

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold, Is but his steward: no meed,⁷ but he repays Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him, But breeds the giver a return exceeding All use of quittance.⁸

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries, That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in Timon's House. Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants.— Then comes dropping after all, APÉMANTUS, discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't bath pleas'd the gods to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;

I gave it freely ever; and there's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.⁹

Ven. A noble spirit.

[They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.]

⁴ Man is degenerated; his strain or lineage is worn down into a monkey.

⁵ It has been before observed that to *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous. So in King John, Act II Sc. 2:—'Hath willingly departed with a part.'

⁶ Ritson says we should read:—

'The more accursed thou.'

So in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

'The more degenerate and base art thou.'

⁷ Meed here means *desert*.

⁸ I. e. all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.

⁹ 'The faults of rich persons, and which contribute to the increase of riches, wear a plausible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but they are faults notwithstanding.'

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [They sit.]

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.
Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus! you are welcome.

Apem. No,

You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl: you have got a humour
there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,
But yond' man's ever angry.²
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil,³ Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athe-
nian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no
power: pry'thee, let my meat make thee silent.⁴

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for⁵
I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.⁶

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous
notes.⁷

Great men should drink with harness⁸ on their
throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart;⁹ and let the health go
round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!
A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,¹¹
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

1 There seems to be some allusion to a common proverbial saying of Shakespeare's time, 'Coniess and be hang'd.' See *Othello*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

2 The old copy reads 'Yond' man's very angry.'
3 Stevens and Malone dismissed *apperil* from the text, and inserted *own peril*: but Mr. Gifford has shown that the word occurs several times in Ben Jonson:—
'Sir, I will bail you at mine own *apperil*.'
Deed is an Ass.

4 'I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou wouldst let my meat stop your mouth.'
5 *For* in the sense of *cause* or *because*.

6 'It grieves me to see so many feed luxuriously, or *sauce their meat* at the expense of one man, whose *very blood* (means of living) must at length be exhausted by them; and yet he preposterously encourages them to proceed in his destruction.'

7 It was the custom in old times for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones was formerly to be seen in Parkinson's Museum. It is scarcely necessary to observe that they were strangers to the use of *forks*.

8 'The windpipe's notes' were the indications in the throat of its situation when in the act of drinking; it should be remembered that our ancestors' throats were uncovered. Perhaps, as Stevens observes, a quibble is intended on *windpipe* and *notes*.

Z

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no self;
I pray for no man, but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper, with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[Eats and drinks.]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.
Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.¹²

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable¹⁴ title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!¹⁵ Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepst to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes. And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!¹⁶

[Tucket sounded]

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

9 I. e. armour.

10 'My lord's health in *sincerity*.' So in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*:—

'And was all his in chere, as his in *herte*.'

11 This speech, except the concluding couplet, is printed as prose in the old copy, nor could it be exhibited as verse without transposing the word *Timon*, which follows *look ill*, to its present place. I think with Malone that many of the speeches in this play, which are now exhibited in a loose and imperfect kind of metre, were intended by Shakespeare for prose, in which form they are exhibited in the old copy.

12 Foolish.

13 I. e. arrived at the perfection of happiness.

14 'Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of *endearment*, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me?' Thus Milton:—

'Relations dear, and all the *charities*
Of father, son, and brother.'

15 'O joy! e'en made away [I. e. destroyed, turned to tears] ere it can be born.' So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumphs die.'

16 *Much!* was a common ironical expression of doubt or suspicion.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome. [Exit CUPID.]

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, with a Masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way.

They dance! they are mad women!
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our fatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table with each adorning of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lefthy strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.
Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet⁴ attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exit CUPID and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour: *[Aside.]*
Else I should tell him,—Well,—'faith, I should,

¹ 1 Shakspeare probably borrowed this idea from the puritanical writers of his time. Thus Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 8vo. 1583, 'Debauchers thought to be madmen.' 'And as in all feasts and pastimes dancing is the last, so it is the extrem of all other vice.' And again, 'There were (saith Ludovicus Vives) from far countries certain men brought into our parts of the world, who when they saw men dance, ran away marvellously afraid, crying out and thinking them mad,' &c. Perhaps the thought originated from the following passage in Cicero, *Pro Murena* 6, 'Nemo enim fere salutat sobrius, nisi forte insanit.'

² 'The glory of this life is like [or just such] madness, in the eye of reason, as this pomp appears when opposed to the frugal repast of a philosopher feeding on oil and roots.'

³ i. e. 'you have conceived the fairest of us,' or 'you think favourably of our performance, and make the best of it.'

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd⁴ then, an he could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.⁵

[Exit, and returns with the Casket]

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O, my friends,
I have one word to say to you: Look, my good lord,
I must entreat you honour me so much,
As to advance⁶ this jewel; accept and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee;
I pry'thee, let us be provided⁸

To show them entertainment.

Flav.

I scarce know how

[Aside]

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, the Lord Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you

Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be received,

Not without fair reward.

Flav. [Aside.]

What will this come to?

He commands us to provide, and give
Great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer.
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. *[Exit.]*

Tim.

You do yourselves

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave

⁴ So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

'We have a foolish trifling supper towards.'

⁵ An equivocal is here intended, in which *cross'd* means have his hand crossed with money, or have money in his possession, and to be *cross'd* or *thwarted*. So in *As You Like It*, 'Yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you.' Many coins being marked with a cross on the reverse.

⁶ 'Tis pity bounty [i. e. profusion] has not eyes behind [to see the miseries that follow it]; that man might not become wretched for his nobleness of soul.'

⁷ i. e. prefer it, raise it to honour by wearing it. The Jeweller says to Timon in the preceding scene, 'You mend the jewel by wearing it.'

⁸ Steevens, to complete the measure, proposed to read:—

'I pry'thee, let us be provided straight.'

Good words (as other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord*. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in
that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know,
no man

Can justly praise but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. None so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks I could deal' kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead: and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1 *Lord*. We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

2 *Lord*. So infinitely endeared—

Tim. All to you.²—Lights, more lights.

1 *Lord*. The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

Apeus. What a coil's here!

Serving of becks,³ and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs⁴ be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I'd be good to thee.

Apeus. No, I'll nothing: for, if I should be brib'd
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and
then thou would'st sin the faster. Thou givest so
long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself
in paper⁵ shortly: What need these feasts, pomps,
and vain glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you. Farewell;
and come with better music. [*Exit*.

Apeus. So;—thou'lt not hear me now,—thou
shalt not then, I'll lock thy heaven⁶ from thee.
O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit*.

1 i. e. could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution.

2 That is, 'all good wishes to you,' or 'all happiness attend you.'

3 A *beck* is a nod or salutation with the head. Steevens says that 'beck has four distinct significations,' but they will resolve themselves into two. *Beck*, a rivulet, or little river; and *beck*, a motion or sign with the head; *signa capitæ voluntatem ostendens*. This last may be either a nod of salutation, of assent or dissent, or finally of command.

4 He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a limb, and a *law* or act of abstinence.

5 Warburton explained this, 'be ruined by his securities entered into.' Dr. Farmer would read *paper*, i. e. I suppose, in *propria persona*. Steevens supports this reading by a quotation from Roy's *Saïre* on Cardinal Wolsey:—

'———— their order

Is to have nothing in *paper*,
But to use all thynges in commune.'

6 By his *heaven* he means *good advice*; the only thing by which he could be saved.

7 The commentators have made difficulties about this passage, which appears to me quite plain and intelligible without a comment. 'If I give my horse to Timon, it immediately foals, i. e. produces me several able horses.'

8 *Sternness* was the characteristic of a porter. There appeared at Kenilworth Castle, [1575] 'a porter tall of person, big of lim, and stearn of countenance.' The word *one*, in the second line, does not refer to porter, but means a person. 'He has no stern forbidding porter at his gate to keep people out, but a person who smiles and invites them in.'

ACT II.

SCENE I. Athens. A Room in a Senator's House. Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me⁷ straight,
And able horses: No porter at his gate;⁸
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound his state in safety.⁹ Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord

Timon;

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd!¹⁰
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—

Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates

Have smit my credit: I love and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:

Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:

Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,

When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,¹¹

Which¹² flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE II. The same. A Hall in Timon's House.
Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! no senseless expense;
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account

How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind

Was to be so unwise, to be so kind!¹³
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:

I must be round with him now he comes from hunt-
ing.

Fye, fye, fye, fye!

9 Johnson altered this to 'found his state in safety.' But the reading of the folio is evidently *sound*, which I think will bear explanation thus:—'No reason can proclaim his state in safety, or not dangerous.' So in King Henry VIII. Act v. Sc. 2:—

'Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace!'

10 Be not stayed or stopped:—

'Why should Tiberius' liberty be ceased?'

Claudius Tiberius Nero, 1607.

11 This passage has been thus explained by Roger Wilbraham, Esq. in his Glossary of words used in Cheshire:—'Gull, s. a naked gull; so are called all nestling birds in quite an unfledged state.'

12 *Which* for *who*. The pronoun relative applied to things is frequently used for the pronoun relative applied to persons, by old writers, and does not seem to have been thought a grammatical error. It is still preserved in the Lord's prayer.

13 This is elliptically expressed:—

'———— Never mind

Was [made] to be so unwise [in order] to be so kind.' Conversation, as Johnson observes, affords many examples of similar *lex expressiva*.

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro: What, you come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,¹

My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens, here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,

That with your other noble parts you'll suit,²

In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pry'thee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,——

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,——

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,——

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's

wants,——

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six

weeks,——

And past,——

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath,——

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[Exit ALCIBIADES and Lords.]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray

you; [To FLAVIUS.]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,⁴

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business;

Your importunity cease, till after dinner;

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends:

See them well entertain'd. [Exit TIMON.]

Flav. I pray, draw near. [Exit FLAVIUS.]

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.⁵

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Ape-

mantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

[To the Fool.]

¹ Good even, or good den, was the usual salutation from noon, the moment that good morning became improper. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Sc. 4.

² I. e. so hunting; in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus in *Tancred and Gismunda*, 1592, 'He means this evening in the park to hunt.' Queen Elizabeth, during her stay at Kenilworth Castle, always hunted in the afternoon.

³ I. e. that you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities.

⁴ The old copy reads:—
—— of debt, broken bonds.

The emendation, which was made by Malone, is well supported by corresponding passages in the poet. Thus at p. 125, ante:—

'And my reliances on his fractured dates.'

⁵ Johnson thought that a scene or passage had been

Isid. Serv. [To VAR. SERV.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.⁶

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pry'thee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.]
Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I, as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, gene-

here lost, in which the audience were informed that the fool and the page that follows him belonged to Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan; upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities.

⁶ The reputation of the ladies of *Corinth* for gallantry caused the term to be anciently used for a house of ill repute. The *scalding*, to which the fool alludes, is the curative process for a certain disease, by means of a tub, which persons affected (according to Randle Holme, *Storehouse of Armory*, b. iii. p. 441) 'were put into, not to boyl up to an height, but to parboyl.' In the frontispiece to the Old Latin Comedy of *Cornelianum Dolum* this sweating tub is represented. It was anciently the practice to scald the feathers off poultry instead of plucking them.

⁷ Meaning the celebrated object of all alchymical research, the philosopher's stone, at that time much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost

rally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and FOOL.*]

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Serv.*]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expense, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister,¹ Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord! At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off, And say, you found them in mine honesty. When, for some trifling present, you have bid me Return so much,² I have shook my head, and wept; Yes, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close; I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate, And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord, Though you hear now (too late!) yet now's a time,³ The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone; And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues: the future comes apace: What shall defend the interim? and at length How goes our reckoning?⁴

Tim. To Lacedaemon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;⁵ Were it all yours to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood, Call me before the exactest auditors, And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,

considerable sums in seeking of it. Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar.

¹ The construction is, 'And made that unaptness your minister.'

² He does not mean so great a sum, but a certain sum.

³ 'Though you now at last listen to my remonstrances, yet now your affairs are in such a state, that the whole of your remaining fortune will scarce pay half your debts: you are therefore wise too late.'

⁴ 'How will you be able to subsist in the time intervening between the payment of the present demands (which your whole substance will hardly satisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund whatsoever; and, finally, on the settlement of all accounts, in what a wretched plight will you be?'

⁵ I. e. as the world itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath.

⁶ Stevens asserted that *offices* here meant apartments allotted to culinary purposes, the reception of domestics, &c.; and that *feeders* meant *servants*. Malone contended that by *offices* was intended 'all rooms or places at which refreshments were prepared or served out;' as Stevens had explained it in *Othello*; and that *feeders* did not here mean *servants*. It must be confessed that the passage in *Othello*, 'All *offices* are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this

When all our *offices*⁶ have been oppress'd With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept With drunken spilt of wine; when every room Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy; I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,⁷ And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord! How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants, This night engulged! Who is not Timon's!

What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!

Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise, The breath is gone whereof this praise is made: Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers, These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further: No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart; Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.⁸

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;

If I would broach the vessels of my love,

And try the argument⁹ of hearts by borrowing,

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,

As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,¹⁰

That I account them blessings; for by these Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends. Within there, ho!—Flaminius, Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to Lord Lucius,—

To Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his Honour to-day;—You to Sempronius;

Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,

That my occasions have found time to use them

Toward a supply of money: let the request

Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lord Lucullus? humph!

[*Aside.*]

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators,

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant

A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold

(For that I knew it the most general way,)¹¹

To them to use your signet, and your name;

present hour of five until the bell has told eleven, countenance Stevens's explanation; as does another passage, from Shirley's *Opportunities*, cited by Mr. Boswell:—

'Let all the *offices* of entertainment Be free and open.'

The *cellar* and the *buttery* are probably meant.

⁷ A *wasteful cock* is possibly what we now call a *waste pipe*, a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns, &c. by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while his remoteness was favourable to meditation.

⁸ Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggared through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures.—*Stevens.*

⁹ I. e. the *contents* of them. The *argument* of a book was 'a brief sum of the whole matter contained in it.' So in *Hamlet*, the king asks concerning the play:—'Have you heard the *argument*? is there no offence in it?'

¹⁰ I. e. dignified, adorned, made gracious. 'And yet no day without a deed to crown it.'

King Henry VIII.

¹¹ 'The most general way,' is the most compendious to try many at a time.

But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall,¹ want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honour-
able,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
but

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—'tis
pity—

And so, intending² other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps,³ and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius, [To a Serv.]—P'r'ythee, [To
FLAVIUS.] be not sad,

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee;—[To Serv.] Ventidius
lately

Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents; Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had, [To FLAV.]
give it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought
is bounty's foe;
Being free⁴ itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Athens. A Room in Lucullus's House.
FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming
down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside.] One of Lord Timon's men? a
gilt, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of
a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest
Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome,
sir.—Fill me some wine.—[Exit Servant.]—And
how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted
gentleman of Athens; thy very bountiful good lord
and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well,

1 i. e. at an ebb.

2 Johnson, Steevens, and Malone have explained *intending* here regarding, turning their notice, or attending to, &c.; but it certainly means pretending. See King Richard III. Sc. 5. Shakspeare uses *pretend* in many places for *intend*: and I have shown that he also uses *pretend* for *intend* in several instances.

3 *Fractions* are broken hints, abrupt remarks. A half-cap is a cap slightly moved, not put off.

4 Liberal, not parsimonious.

5 i. e. considerably, regardfully.

6 *Honestly* here means liberality. 'That nobleness of spirit or honesty that free-born men have.'—Baret.

7 Steevens says, 'I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet.' We are not to look for the name of a Greek coin here; but he probably formed it from *solidari*, or *solidi*, a small coin, which Florio makes equal to shillings in value.

8 And we alive now who lived then. As much as to say, in so short a time.

9 One of the punishments invented for the covetous and avaricious in hell of old, was to have melted gold

pour'd down their throats. In the old Shepherd's Calendar, Lazarus declares himself to have seen covetous men and women in hell dipped in caldrons of molten metal. And in the old black letter ballad of The Dead Man's Song:—

'—Ladies full of melted gold
Were pour'd down their throats.'
Crasus was so punished by the Parthians.

10 So in King Lear:—
'—my daughter,
Or rather a disease,' &c.
11 i. e. suffering, grief. Othello, when Desdemona weeps, says:—
'—O well-dissembled passion.'

12 Some modern editions have changed his *honour* into *this hour*. I think the old reading which Steevens explains, 'This slave (to the honour of his character) has,' &c. not what is meant to be expressed, and should prefer the correction.

13 i. e. prolong his hour of suffering. Thus Timon, in a future passage, says, 'Live loath'd, and long!'

14 Acknowledge.

15 i. e. prolong his hour of suffering. Thus Timon, in a future passage, says, 'Live loath'd, and long!'

16 Acknowledge.

17 Acknowledge.

18 Acknowledge.

19 Acknowledge.

20 Acknowledge.

21 Acknowledge.

22 Acknowledge.

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36 Acknowledge.

37 Acknowledge.

38 Acknowledge.

39 Acknowledge.

40 Acknowledge.

are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents;¹ nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him,² and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well.—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.³

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,⁴ I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!⁵—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't: the more beast, I say.—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship: and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will

1 'So many talents,' a common colloquial phrase for an indefinite number: the stranger apparently did not know the exact sum; and yet some editors have arbitrarily substituted 'fifty talents.'

2 Lucius means to insinuate that it would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to him, who had received but few favours from him in comparison to those bestowed on Lucullus.

3 Such is again the reading the old copy supplies; some modern editors have here again substituted 'fifty talents.' But this was the phraseology of the poet's age. In Julius Caesar, Lucilius says to his adversary:—'There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.'

4 'If he did not want it for a good use.'

5 I. e. 'by purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend.'

6 The old copy reads:—

'Is every flatterer's sport.'

The emendation 'Theobald's.' I think with Malone that this speech was never intended for verse, though printed as such in the folio

7 I. e. 'in respect of his fortune.' What Lucius de-

you befriended me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit SERVILIUS.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed; And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece Is every flatterer's spirit.⁶ Who can call him His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse; Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks, But Timon's silver treads upon his lip; And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man, When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!) He does deny him, in respect of his,⁷ What charitable men afford to beggars.

2 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life, Nor came any of his bounties over me, To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest, For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue, And honourable carriage, Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my wealth into donation,⁸ And the best half should have return'd to him, So much I love his heart: But, I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense; For policy sits above conscience. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Sempronius's House. Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.*

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'Bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus; And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these Owe their estates unto him.

Srv. O my lord,

They have all been touch'd,⁹ and found base metal; for

They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him? And does he send to me? Three? humph!¹⁰

It shows but little love or judgment in him. Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,

Thrive,¹¹ give him over; Must I take the cure upon me?

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,

ties to Timon is in proportion to his fortune less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars.

6 The commentators have made difficulties about this passage, of which the meaning appears to be.—'Had he applied to me, I would have put my wealth into the form of a gift, and have sent him the best half of it.' The Stranger could not mean that he 'would have treated his wealth as a present originally received from Timon,' because he expressly declares that he never tasted his bounties.

9 Alluding to the trial of metals by the *touchstone* Thus in King Richard III:—

'O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold indeed.'

10 This speech appears to be mutilated, and therefore unmetrical; the first part of it may perhaps bear modification thus:—

'Ventidius, and Lucius, and Lucullus,

Have denied him, and does he send to me?

Three? humph!—

It shows, &c.

'I can only point out metrical dilapidations, which I profess myself unable to repair,' says Stevens.

11 Johnson proposes to read:—

'Thrice, give him over;'

but says, 'perhaps the old reading is the true; which

That might have known my place: I see no sense
for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had such a courage to do him good. But now
return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.¹ How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.² Of such a nature is his politic love. This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled, Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead, Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd Now to guard sure their master. And this is all a liberal course allows; Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.³

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Hall in Timon's House. Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to Timon's Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro. *Lucius?*

What, do we meet together?
Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And sir
Philotus, too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter
with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course

Stevens illustrates by the following passage in Webster's *D* stiches of Malfy:—

Physicians thus,
With their hands full of money, use to give o'er
Their patients.

The passage will then mean, 'His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish and forsake him*, or give up his case as desperate.' It is remarked by Malone that Webster has frequently imitated Shakespeare, and that this passage may be an imitation of that in the text.

I take the sense of this passage to be, 'The devil knew not what he did when he made man *politic*, (i. e. crafty, or full of cunning shifts): he *thwarted* himself by so doing, overreached himself: and I cannot think but in the end the villainies of man will (make the devil appear in comparison innocent) set him clear, and that they will change places; man becoming the tempter, not the tempted.

³ Warburton thinks that this is levelled at the Puritans. 'Sompronius, like them, takes a virtuous semblance to be wicked, pretending that warm affection and

is like the sun's';⁴ but not, like his, recoverable. I fear,
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.⁵

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which you⁶ wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge,⁷ the gods can
witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

I Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:
What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

I Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem
by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equal'd.⁸

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: Pray, is my
lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so
much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you
are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.]

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

I Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and
fawn

Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves
but wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve,

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.

[Exit.]

I Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd work-
ship mutter?

generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted if any
other be applied to before it.¹

³ i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. Thus in
Measure for Measure, Act iii. Sc. 2:—'You will turn
good husband now, Pompey, you will keep the house.'

⁴ i. e. like him in blaze and splendor.

⁵ Soles occidere et redire possunt.—*Catull.*

⁶ Still perhaps alluding to the effects of winter, during
which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty
provision through a depth of snow.

⁷ The old copy reads, 'For which I wak for money.'

⁸ i. e. this office or employment.

⁸ The commentators thought this simple passage re-
quired a comment; and the reader will be surprised to
hear that it bears several constructions. It is obvious
that the meaning is, 'it should seem by the sum your
master lent, his confidence in Timon was greater than
that of my master, else surely my master's loan had
equalled his.' If there be any obscurity, it is because
the relative pronoun *his* does not quite clearly refer to
its immediate antecedent *mine*. I should not have
thought the passage needed explanation, had it not been
the subject of contention.

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it: for, take it on my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flav. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house Be my retentive enemy, my gaol? The place which I have feasted, does it now, Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [Exit.]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [Exit.]

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O, my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul; There is not so much left, to furnish out A moderate table.

Tim. He't not in thy care; go, I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [Exit.]

1 Timon quibbles. They present their written bills; he catches at the word, and alludes to bills or battle-axes. The word is so played upon in As You Like It.

2 The first folio reads:—

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, Ulorra all. What is meant by this strange corruption it is perhaps now vain to conjecture. Malone retains this strange word; and Steevens banters him pleasantly enough upon his pertinacious adherence to the text of the first folio.

2 A

SCENE V. *The same. The Senate House. The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's

Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die: Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am a humble suitor to your virtues; For pity is the virtue of the law, And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood, Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth To those that, without heed, do plunge into it. He is a man, setting his fate aside,³

Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice, (An honour in him which buys out his fault;)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit, Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave⁴ his anger, ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,⁵

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,

Is valour misbegot, and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born:

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can bear; and make his wrongs

His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,

What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;

To revenge is no valour, but to favour.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,

If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threatnings? sleep upon it,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy? but if there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we

Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,

That stay at home, if bearing carry it;

And th' ass more captain than the lion; the felon,⁶

Loaden with iron, wiser than the judge,

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;⁷

But, in defence, by mercy,⁸ 'tis most just.

To be in anger is impiety;

But who is man, that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done

3 i. e. putting this action of his, which was predetermined by fate, out of the question.

4 The folio reads:—

'And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behoove his anger ere 'twas spent.'

5 You undertake a paradox too hard.

6 i. e. utter.

7 What do we, or what have we to do in the field?—

8 The old copy reads 'fellow.' The alteration was made at Johnson's suggestion, perhaps without necessity. *Fellow* is a common term of contempt.

9 *Gust* here means rashness. We still say, 'it was done in a gust of passion.'

10 i. e. 'I call mercy herself to witness.'

At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made pteuteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a sworn rioter, h'as a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis infer'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And he in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all¹
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.²

3 *Sen.* What?

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,⁴
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me?

Banish your dotage; banish usury,

That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If after two days' shine, Athens contain
thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell
our spirit,⁵

He shall be executed presently. [*Execut. Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that
you may live

Only in bones, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts,⁶
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*]

1 i. e. a man who practises riot as if he had made it an
oath or duty.

2 He charges them obliquely with being usurers.
Thus in a subsequent passage:—

banish usury,

That makes the senate ugly.

3 *Remembrances* is here used as a word of five syllables.
In the singular Shakspeare uses it as a word of
four syllables only:

'And lasting in her sad remembrance.'
Twelfth Night, Act i. Sc. 1.

4 *Base* for dishonoured.

5 This, says Steevens, I believe, means 'not to put
ourselves into any humour of rage, take our definitive
resolution.' So in *King Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 1:—

'The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.'

SCENE VI.—A magnificent Room in Timon's
House. *Music. Tables set out: Servants at-
tending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.
2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this ho-
nourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring,¹
when we encountered: I hope, it is not so low with
him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several
friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his
new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so: He hath sent me an
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did
urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me be-
yond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my im-
portunate business, but he would not hear my ex-
cuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me,
that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I under-
stand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he
have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And
how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your
lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more
willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter;
such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our din-
ner will not recompense this long stay: feast your
ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so
harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't pre-
sently.

1 *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with
your lordship, that I returned you an empty mes-
senger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,——

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick
of shame, that, when your lordship this other day
sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—
Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.²

—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the sea-
son can yield it.

2 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lords.* Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble
feast toward.³

I think we might read with advantage:
—— And not to quell our spirit,⁴

i. e. not to repress or humble it.

6 To lay for hearts, is to endeavour to win the affec-
tions of the people.

7 'Upon that were my thoughts feeding or most
anxiously employed.'

8 i. e. 'your good memory.' Shakspeare and his
contemporaries often use the comparative for the positive
or superlative. Thus in *King John*:—

'Nay, but make haste the better foot before.'

9 i. e. near at hand, or in prospect. So in *Romeo*
and *Juliet*:—

'We have a foolish trifling banquet towards.'

2 Lord. This is the old man still.
 3 Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?
 2 Lord. It does: but time will—and so—
 3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike.¹ Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the most be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your lees,² O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome. Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?
 Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
 You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lukewarm water

Is your perfection.³ This is Timon's last;
 Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
 Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,⁴
 Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!⁵
 Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
 Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;—

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.
 Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
 What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
 Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
 Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.
 Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 Lord. How now, my lords?⁶
 2 Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's
 fury?

3 Lord. Fish! did you see my cap?

4 Lord. I have lost my gown.

3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4 Lord. Did you see my cap?

2 Lord. Here 'tis.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Lord.

I feel't upon my bones.

4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.⁷ [Exeunt.]

1 In all places alike. This alludes to the mode in which guests were formerly placed at table according to rank.

2 Warburton and Mason say we should read *foes* instead of *fees*, which is the reading of the old copy. I have ventured to substitute *lees*, a more probable word to be misprinted *fees*, the long *f* and *l* being easily mistaken for each other. Timon means to call the senators the *lees* and *drege* of the city, *Sordes et fæx urbis*, on account of their vile propensities.

3 I. e. the highest of your excellence.

4 I. e. flies of a season. Thus before:—
 '— one cloud of winter showers,
 These flies are cough'd.'

5 Minute-jacks, are the same as *jacks* of the clock-house, automaton figures appended to clocks: but the

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall, That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth, And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent; Obedience fall in children! slaves, and fools, Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench, And minister in their steads! to general filths⁸ Convert o' the instant, green virginity! Do't in your parents' eyes; bankrupts, hold fast; Rather than render back, out with your knives, And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are, And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed; Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen, Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old lumping sire, With it beat out his brains! pious, and fear, Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood, Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades, Degrees, observances, customs, and laws, Decline to your confounding contraries,⁹ And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica, Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty¹⁰ Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth; That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive, And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains, Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop Be general leprosy! breath infect breath; That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee, But nakedness, thou detestable town! Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!¹¹ Timon will to the woods; where he shall find The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind. The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,) The Athenians both within and out that wall! And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow To the whole race of mankind, high and low! Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II. Athens. A Room in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1 Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you? Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, I am as poor as you.

1 Serv. Such a house broke!

So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not One friend, to take his fortune by the arm, And go along with him!

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs

term was used for 'time serving busy bodies, who had their oar in every man's boat, or hand in every man's dish.'

6 This and the next speech is spoken by the newly-arrived lord.

7 In the old MS. play of Timon, *painted stones* are introduced as part of this mock banquet. It seems probable that Shakespeare was acquainted with this ancient drama. Timon has thrown nothing at his guests, but warm water and dishes.

8 Stevens explains this 'common sewers,' which is quite ludicrous, unless he meant it metaphorically. *General filths* means *common strumpets*: filthiness, and obscenity were synonymous with our ancestors.

9 I. e. contrarieties, whose nature it is to waste or destroy each other.

— as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base.
 King Henry V.

10 Liberty here means *licentiousness* or *libertinism*. So in the Comedy of Errors:—

'And many such like liberties of sin.'

11 I. e. accumulated curses. *Multiplying* for *multiplied*, the active participle with a passive signification.

From our companion, throw into his grave ;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes!
Slink all away ; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd : and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow : Leak'd is our bark ;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat : we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes.
We have seen better days. Let each take some ;

[Giving them money.]
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.³

[Exit Servants.]
O, the fierce³ wretchedness that glory brings us !
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory ? or to live
But in a dream of friendship ?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart ;
Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood,⁴
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
Who then dares to be half so kind again ?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched ;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends : nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out :
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *The Woods.* *Enter TIMON.*

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb¹

1 'So those who were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the most ample manner participated them, sink all away,' &c.

2 This conceit occurs again in *King Lear* :—

'Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor.'

Johnson observes, that 'Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants ; nothing but real virtue can be honored by domestics ; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants.'

3 *Fierce* here means *vehement*.

4 *Blood* is here used for *passion, propensity, affection*. Malone asserts that 'blood' is used for natural propensity or disposition throughout these plays ; but he has not given a single instance, while we have many passages where it can mean nothing but *passion or affection*.

5 That is, the moon's—this *sublunary* world.

6 'Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother : such is the general depravity of mankind. Not even beings besieged with misery can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow creatures, above whom accident has elevated them.' But is here used in its expective sense, and signifies *without*.

7 This is the reading of the old copy. Steevens reads '*demande*.' It has been said that there is no antecedent to which '*deny it*' can be referred. I think that it clearly refers to *great fortune* in the preceding sentence, with which I have now connected it, by placing a colon instead of a period at nature. The construction will be, 'Raise me this beggar to *great fortune*, and deny it to that lord,' &c.

8 The folio of 1623 reads :—

'It is the *pastour* lards the brother's sides,

The want that makes him *leave*.'

The second folio changes *leave* to *leave*. The probable

Infect the air ! Twim'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several for-
tunes ;

The greater scorns the lesser. Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature :⁶

Raise me this beggar, and deny't⁷ that lord ;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean.⁸ Who dares, who
dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's⁹ a flatterer* ? if one be,
So are they all ; for every grize¹⁰ of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below : the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool : All is oblique ;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorrd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdain :
Destruction fang¹¹ mankind ! Earth, yield me roots !

[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison ! What is here ?
Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ? No, gods
I am no idle votarist.¹² Roots, you clear heavens !¹³
Thus much of this, will make black, white ; foul, fair ;
Wrong, right ; base, noble ; old, young ; coward,
valiant.

Ha, you gods ! why this ? What this, you gods ?
Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides ;¹⁴
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :¹⁵
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions ; bless the accurs'd,
Make the hoar leprosy adord¹⁶ ; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench : this is it,
That makes the wappen'd¹⁶ widow wed again ;
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores,
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again.¹⁷ Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.¹⁸—*[March afar off.]*—Ha ! a
drum ? Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee : Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of these cannot stand :—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. *[Keeping some gold.]*

meaning of the passage as it now stands is, 'Men are courted and flattered according to their riches.' It is the possessions of a man that makes sycophants, 'enlarges his fat-already pride ;' if he wants wherewith to pasture his flatterers, his vanity will be starved. The poet is still thinking of the rich and poor brother he had before mentioned.

9 *This man* does not refer to any particular person, but to any supposed individual. So in *As You Like It* :

'Who can come in and say that I mean her,

When such a one as she such is her neighbour.'

10 *Grize*, step or degree.

11 i. e. seize, gripe.

12 No insincere or inconstant supplicant : gold will not serve me instead of roots.

13 You clear heavens, is you pure heavens. So in *Lear* :—

'—the clearest gods, who make them honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.'

14 Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with *Plutus*.

15 This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men, in their last agonies, to accelerate their departure.

16 It is not clear what is meant by *wappen'd* in this passage ; perhaps *worn out, debilitated*. In Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*, (which tradition says was written in conjunction with Shakespeare,) we have *unwapperr'd* in a contrary sense.

17 'Restores to all the freshness and sweetness of youth.' *Youth* is called by the old poets the '*April of man's life*.' *Young Fenton*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 'smells April and May.'

18 i. e. lie in the earth, where nature laid thee ; thou'rt quick, means thou hast life and motion in thee.

Enter ALCEBIADES, with drum and staff, in warlike manner; PHERIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?

Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,

That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well; But in thy fortunes an unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee, too; and more, than that I know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

Phr. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns To thine own lips again!

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:

But then renew I could not, like the moon;

There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,

What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to

Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, For thou'rt a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timon. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world

Voice'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth To the tub-fast, and the diet.¹

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,

How curs'd Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

¹ This alludes to the old erroneous prevalent opinion, that infection communicated to another left the infector free. 'I will not,' says Timon, 'take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee.' See the fourth satire of Donne.

² See Act II. Sc. 2. The *diet* was a customary term for the regimen prescribed in these cases. So in The Masque, a Collection of Epigrams:—

'She took not diet nor the sweat in season.'

³ Warburton justly observes, that this passage is 'wonderfully sublime and picturesque.' The same image occurs in King Richard II.

'Devouring pestilence hangs in our air.'

⁴ Cutting.

⁵ By *window-bars* the poet probably means 'the partlet, gorget, or kerchief, which women put about their neck, and pin down over their *paps*,' sometimes called a *siced*, and translated *Mamillare* or *fascia pectoralis*: and described as made of fine linen: from its semitransparency arose the simile of *window bars*. This is the best explanation I have to offer. The late Mr. Boswell thought that *windowes* were used to signify a woman's

Tim. I pr'y thee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone:

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on t' heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou against Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause

Tim. The gods confound them all i' thy conquest: and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer

My country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-wic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air:² Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He's an usurer; Strike me the counterfeit matron,

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:

Think it a bastard,³ whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects;⁴

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd.⁵ Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant: You are not oasthale,—

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,

The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths

I'll trust to your conditions:⁶ Be whores still;

And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six

months,

Be quite contrary:⁷ And thatch your poor thin roofs

bracts, in a passage he has cited from Weaver's Flah-tagenet's Tragical Story, but it seems to me doubtful. I can hardly think the passage warrants Johnson's explanation, 'The virgin shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber.'

⁶ An allusion to the tale of Oedipus.

⁷ I. e. against objects of charity and compassion. So

in Troilus and Cressida, Ulysses says:—

'For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes

To tender objects.'

⁸ That is, 'enough to make whores leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores.'

⁹ Conditions for dispositions.

¹⁰ The meaning of this passage appears to be as Steevens explains it.—Timon had been exhorting them to follow constantly their trade of debauchery, but he interrupts himself and imprecates upon them that for half the year their pains may be quite contrary, that they may suffer such punishment as is usually inflicted upon harlots. He then continues his exhortations.'

With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,¹
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whose
still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timon. Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets² shrilly: hoarse the flamen,³
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreseee,
Smells from the general weal:⁴ make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave⁵ you all!

Phr. & Timon. More counsel with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have
given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum, towards Athens. Fare-
well, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st at well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—

Strike. [Drum beats. *Exeunt* ALCIBIADES,
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,

[Digging.]
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,⁶
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,⁷
With all the abhorred births below crisp⁸ heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy pteuous bosom, one poor root!
Easear thy fertile and conceptious womb,⁹

¹ The fashion of periwigs for women, which Stowe
informs us 'were brought into England about the time
of the massacre of Paris,' seems to have been a fertile
source of satire. Stubbes, in his Anatomy of Abuses,
says that it was dangerous for any child to wander, as
nothing was more common than for women to entice
such as had fine locks into private places, and there to
cut them off.

² Quilllets are subtleties, nicks and frivolous distinc-
tions. See Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 1.

³ The old copy reads 'hoar the flamen,' which Stee-
vens suggests may mean, give him the hoary leprosy.
I have not scrupled to insert Upton's reading of *hoarse*
into the text, because I think the whole construction of
the speech shows that is the word the poet wrote. To
afflict him with leprosy would not prevent his scolding,
to deprive him of his voice by hoarseness might.

⁴ To 'foresee his particular' is 'to provide for his
private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent
of public good.'

⁵ To grave is to bury. The word is now obsolete,
but was familiar to our old writers. Thus Chapman in
his version of the fifteenth Iliad:—

—the throes of dogs shall grave
His manless limbs.

⁶ This image (as Warburton ingeniously supposes)
would almost make one imagine that Shakespeare was
acquainted with some personifications of nature similar
to the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia. Multimammia.

⁷ The serpent which we, from the smallness of the
eye, call the blind-worm, and the Latins *cæcilia*. So
in Macbeth:—

'Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting.'

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above!¹⁰
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APÉMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this
place?

This slavish habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes,¹¹ and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper;¹²
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,¹³
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st time ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-
come,

To knaves and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.
Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd
trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle,¹⁴ page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold
brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoussed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,¹⁵—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

⁸ Perhaps Shakespeare meant *curled* (which was sy-
nonymous with *crisp*) from the appearance of the clouds
in the Tempest, Ariel talks of sitting 'on the *curled*
clouds.' Chaucer, in his House of Fame, says:—

'Her heare that was *oundie* and *crips*.'
i. e. wavy and *curled*. Again, in the Philosopher's Sa-
tires, by Robert Anton—

'Her face as beauteous as the *crieped* morn.'

⁹ So in King Lear:—

'Dry up in her the organs of increase.'

¹⁰ Thus Milton, b. iii. l. 564:—

'Through the pure *marble* air.'

Again in Othello:—

'Now by *yon marble* heaven.'

¹¹ i. e. their diseased perfumed mistresses. *Tim* in
Othello:—

'Tis such another *stichew*; marry, a *perfum'd* one.'

¹² 'Cunning of a carper' is the fastidiousness of
critic. Shame not these words, says Apemantus, by
coming here to find fault. *Carping* *monnaise* was a
general term for ill-natured critics. Beatrice's sarcastic
raillery is thus designated by Ursula in Much Ado
About Nothing:—

'Why sure such *carping* is not commendable.'

¹³ 'To crook the pregnant *hinges* of the *knee*.'
Hamlet.

¹⁴ *Aviola Senectus* is a proverb. Tuberville, in his
Book of Falconry, 1575, says that the great age of this
bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its
always building its *eyrie* or nest in the same place.

¹⁵ 'And with presented nakedness outface
The winds.'
King Lear, Act ii. Sc. 2.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.
Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.
Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a catfish.
Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
 Dost please thyself in't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
 Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
 Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before:¹
 The one is filling still, never complete;
 The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse than the worst, content.
 Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath,² that is more miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
 With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
 Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath,³ pro-
 ceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it⁴
 Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
 In general riot; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect,⁵ but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of
 men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment;⁶
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden:
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou
 hate men?
 They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject: who, in spite, put stuff
 To some she-beggar, and compounded thee,
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.⁷
Apem. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

1 To have wishes *crowned* is to have them completed, to be content. The highest fortunes, if contentless, have a wretched being, worse than that of the most abject fortune accompanied by content.

2 By his *breath* means by his voice, i. e. *suffrage*.

3 I. e. from infancy, from the first *swathe-band* with which a new-born infant is enveloped. 'There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.' *Johnson*. *O si sic omnia*. In the conception and expression of this note (says Mr. *Pye*) we trace the mind and the pen of the author; a collection of such notes by *Johnson* would have been indeed a commentary worthy the critic and the poet. *Johnson* has adduced a passage somewhat resembling this from a letter written by the unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex, just before his execution. 'I had none but divines to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow hearts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delight had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise.' The rest of this admirable letter is, as *Johnson* justly observes, 'too serious and solemn to be inserted here without irreverence.' It was very likely to make a deep impression upon *Shakespeare's* mind. But indeed no one can read it without smother. *Johnson* copied his extract from *Birch's* Memoirs of *Queen Elizabeth*, and has erroneously printed *deceivers* for *divines*.

Apem. I, that I was
 No prodigal.
Tim. I, that I am one now;
 Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
 That the whole life of Athens were in this!
 Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]
Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
 [*Offering him something.*]
Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.
Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.
Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
 If not, I would it were.
Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
 Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.
Apem. Here is no use for gold.
Tim. The best, and truest:
 For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.
Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, *Timon*?
Tim. Under that's above me.
 Where feed'st thou o' days, *Apemantus*?
Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
 where I eat it.
Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
 mind!
Apem. Where would'st thou send it?
Tim. To sauce thy dishes.
Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
 but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast
 in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for
 too much curiosity;⁸ in thy rags thou knowest
 none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a
 medlar for thee, eat it.
Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.
Apem. Dost hate a medlar?
Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.
Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou
 should'st have loved thyself better now. What man
 didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after
 his means?
Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of,
 didst thou ever know beloved?
Apem. Myself.
Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means
 to keep a dog.
Apem. What things in the world canst thou
 nearest compare to thy flatterers?
Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the
 things themselves. What would'st thou do with
 the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?
Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

4 The old copy reads 'The passive *drugges* of it.' *Drug* or *drugges*, is only a variation of the orthography of *drudge*, as appears by *Baret's* *Alveaire*.

5 The cold admonitions of cautious prudence. *Respect* is *regardful consideration*—

Reason and respect
 Makes livers pale, and lusthood defect.
Troilus and *Cressida*.

6 I. e. more than I could frame employment for.

7 O summer friendship,
 Whose flatter'ing leaves that shadow'd us in our
 Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
 In the autumn of adversity.
Massinger's Maid of Honour.

8 *Dryden* has quoted two verses of *Virgil* to show how well he could have written satires. *Shakespeare* has here given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which *Timon* tells *Apemantus* that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. *Dr. Warburton* explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard *Mr. Burke* commend the subtlety of discrimination with which *Shakespeare* distinguishes the present character of *Timon* from that of *Apemantus*, whom, to vulgar eyes, he would seem to resemble
Johnson.

9 *Curiosity* is scrupulous exactness, *finical niceness*. *Baret* explains it *picked diligence*, *accurate corpore cultus*. 'A waiting gentlewoman should see affection or curiosity,' (i. e. *affectation* or *overniceness*).—It sometimes means scrupulous anxiety, precision.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be kill'd by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion,¹ and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion,² and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap⁴ of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.³

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee,—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose a stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

1 Alluding to the unicorn's being sometimes overcome from striking his horn into a tree in his furious pursuit of an enemy. See Gesner's History of Animals, and Julius Caesar, Act II. Sc. 1.

2 This seems to imply that the lion 'bears, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.'

3 Both Stevens and Malone are wrong in their explanation of *remotion* here; which is neither 'removing from place to place,' nor 'remoteness'; but 'removing away, removing afar off.' Remodo.

4 I. e. the top, the principal.

5 See Act III. Sc. 4.

6 Warburton remarks that the imagery here is exquisitely beautiful and sublime.

7 Touch for touchstone:—

'O Buckingham, now do I play the touch, To try if thou be'st current gold.'

8 The old copy reads, 'Enter the *Banditti*.'

9 The old copy reads:—

'Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.'

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph, That death in me at others' lives may laugh. O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars! Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer, Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god, That soldier'st close impossibilities, And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch' of hearts! Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue Set them into confounding odds, that beasts May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;— But not till I am dead!—I'll say thou hast gold: Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to? *Ay.*

Apem. Live and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*]
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves!

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of men.

Why should you want? Behold the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs: The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips:

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes.

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con, That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft In limited¹⁰ professions. Rascal thieves,

Theobald proposed 'you want much of meat,' i. e. much of what you ought to be, much of the qualities befitting you as human creatures. Stevens says, perhaps we should read:—

'Your greatest want is, you want much of me.' Your greatest want is that you expect supplies from me, of whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your necessities are indeed desperate, when you apply to one in my situation. Dr. Farmer would point the passage differently, thus:

'Your greatest want is, you want much. Of meat Why should you want,' &c.

10 Limited professions are allowed professions. Thus in Macbeth:—

'I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service.'

I will request the reader to correct my explanation of *limited* in Macbeth, where I have unintentionally allowed the old glossarial explanation to stand, which interprets it *appointed*.

Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape; Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob: take wealth and lives together; Do villany, do, since you profess to do't, Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery: The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun: The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n From general excrement: each thing's a thief; The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away; Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats; All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go, Break open shops; for nothing can you steal, But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this I give you; and gold confound you howsoever! Amen.

[TIMON retires to his Cave. 3 Thief. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[Exit Thieves.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods! Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord? Full of decay and failing? O monument And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd! What an alteration of honour has Desperate want made! What viler thing upon the earth, than friends, Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends! How rarely does it meet with this time's guise, When man was wish'd to love his enemies: Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo Those that would mischief me, than those that do! He has caught me in his eye: I will present My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord, Shall serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

Timon comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men; Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then

I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man About me, I; all that I kept were knaves, To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness, Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

1 The moon is called the *moist star* in Hamlet, and the poet in the last scene of *The Tempest* has shown that he was acquainted with her influence on the tides. The *watery beams* of the moon are spoken of in *Romeo and Juliet*. The sea is therefore said to *recoiler* her into *salt tears*, in allusion to the flow of the tides, and perhaps of her influence upon the weather, which she is said to govern. There is an allusion to the lachrymose nature of the planet in the following apposite passage in *King Richard III*—

'That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon, May bring forth plentiful tears to drown the world.'

2 I. e. compost, manure.

3 'There is no hour in a man's life so wretched but he always has it in his power to become true, i. e. honest.'

4 An *alteration of honour*, is an *alteration of an honourable state to a state of disgrace*.

5 How rarely, i. e. how *unusually*. So in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 1, 'how rarely featur'd.'

6 I. e. desired. *Friends and enemies* here mean those who profess friendship and profess enmity. The proverb 'Defend me from my friends, and from my

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st flinty mankind; whose eyes do never grieve. But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping; Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord, To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts; To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now so comfortable? It almost turns

My dangerous nature mild.* Let me behold Thy face.—Surely this man was born of woman.—Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one: No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—How fain would I have hated all mankind, And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee, I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now, than wise; For, by oppressing and betraying me, Thou might'st have sooner got another service: For many so arrive at second masters, Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,) Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men do

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late: You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is lost. That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love, Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind, Care of your food and living: and, believe it, My most honour'd lord, For any benefit that points to me, Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange: For this one wish, That you had power and wealth To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou stung'st hottest man,

Here, take,—the gods out of my misery Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy; But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men: Hate all, curse all: show charity to none; But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone, Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs What thou deny'st to men; let prisoners swallow thee, Debts wither them to nothing: Be men like blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods! And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hast Curses, stay not; fly whilst show'rt bless'd and free: Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[Exit Flavius severally.

enemies I will defend myself, is a sufficient counterblast on this passage.

7 To give is to yield, to give way to tears.

8 The old copy reads—

It almost turns

My dangerous nature mild.* The emendation is Warburton's. Timon's dangerous nature is his *savage wildness*, a species of *frenzy* induced by the baseness and ingratitude of the world. It would be idle to talk of turning a 'dangerous nature wild'; the kindness and fidelity of Timon's steward was more likely to soften and compose him; and he does indeed show himself more *mild* and gentle to Flavius in consequence, being moved by the tears of his affectionate servant.

9 I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that *If not* has slipped in here by an error of the compositor, caught from the *Is not* of the preceding line. Both sense and metre would be better without it.

10 I. e. away from human habitation.

ACT V.

SCENE I: The same. Before Timon's Cave.—

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon behind, unseen.
Exit. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Painter. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tivamira had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Painter. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best. Promising is the very sin o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying³ is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating⁴ of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him: Then do we sin against our own estate, When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Painter. True;
 When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,⁴
 Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
 Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold, That he in worship'd in a baser temple,
 (Thou where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
 To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
 Be crown'd with plaques, that thee alone obey!
 'Fit I do meet them. [*Advancing.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Painter. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
 Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
 Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!

1 The poet and painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon; they must therefore be supposed to have been wandering about the woods in search of Timon's cave, and to have heard in the interim the particulars of Timon's bounty to the thieves and the steward. ² But (as Malone observes) Shakspeare was not attentive to these minute particulars, and if *Æ* and the audience knew these circumstances, he would not scruple to attribute the knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it.

2 The doing of that we have said we would do. Thus in Hamlet:—

As he in his peculiar act and force
 May give his saying deed.

3 Personating for representing simply. The subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his person.

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
 What! to you!

Whose starlike nobleness gave life and influence
 To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
 The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
 With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better;
 You, that are honest, by being what you are,
 Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
 Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
 And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Aye, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold:

I am sure you have: speak truth; you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
 Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit⁵

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
 Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And for thy fiction,
 [*To the Poet.*]

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest natur'd friends,

I must needs say you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
 You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour,
 To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
 That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,

That he's a made-up villain.⁶

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies:

Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,⁷

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Each man apart, all single and alone,

⁴ *Black-corner'd night.* Many conjectures have been offered about this passage, which appears to me a corruption of the text. Some have proposed to read *black-corded*, alluding to the conical form of the earth's shadow; others *black-crown'd*, and *black-cover'd*. It appears to me that it should be *black-curtain'd*. We have 'the blanket of the dark,' in *Macbeth*, 'Night's black mantle,' in the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* and the First Part of the same drama.—

⁵ *night is fled,*
 Whose pitchy mantle overveil'd the earth.

I cannot think with Steevens that 'Night as obscure as a dark corner,' is meant.

⁶ It should be remembered that a portrait was called a *counterfeit*.

⁷ i. e. complete, a finished villain.

7 i. e. a jakes

'Tis an arch villain keeps him company.¹
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[To the Painter.
[To the Poet.
But, where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye
slaves:

You have done work for me, there's payment:
hence!²
You are an alchemist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs!

[Exit, beating and driving them out.

SCENE II. *The same.* Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with
Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and
griefs

That fram'd him thus; time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak;
and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back
the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,³
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, goes:
Which⁴ now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of it's own fall,⁵ restraining aid to Timon;

1 The plain and simple meaning of this is, 'where each of you is, a villain must be in his company, because you are both of you arch villains,' therefore a villain goes with you every where. Thus in *Promos* and *Cassandra*, 1578, 'Go, and a knave with thee.'

2 The word *done* is omitted by accident in the old copy. This line is addressed to the painter, the next to the poet.

3 With one united voice of affection. So in *Stern-hold's* version of the hundredth Psalm.—
'With one consent let all the earth.'

4 Which should be *and*. It is now vain to inquire whether the mistake be attributable to the poet, or to a careless transcriber or printer, but in such a glaring error as this, it is but charitable to suppose of the last.

5 The Athenians have a sense of the danger of their own fall by the arms of Alcibiades, by their withholding aid that should have been given to Timon.

6 *Render* is *confession*. So in *Cymbeline*, Act iv. Sc. 4:—

—may drive us to a *render*
Where we have liv'd.

And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,⁷
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd⁸ with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a bear too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.⁹

2 Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sur;
Thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair
Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not!¹⁰

And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer; for myself,
There's not a whittle¹¹ in the unruly camp;
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,¹²
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness
Of health,¹³ and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not,
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit¹² doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke
Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—
1 Sen. These words become your lips as they
pass through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphs
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love,¹³ with other incident throes

7 *Allowed* here signifies *confirmed*. 'To approve or confirm. Ratum habere aliquid.' *Baret*. This word is generally used by our old writers in the sense of *approved*, and I am doubtful whether it has been rightly explained in other places in these dramas by *licensed*. An *allowed* fool, I think, means an *approved* fool, a *confirmed* fool.

8 This image may have been caught from *Psalm* lxxx. 13.

9 A *whittle* is a clasp knife. The word is still provincially in use.

10 'The prosperous gods' undoubtedly here mean the propitious or favourable gods, *Dii secundii*. Thus, in *Othello*, Act i. Sc. 3.

'To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear.'
In which passage the quarto of 1623 reads 'a gracious ear.'

11 He means 'the disease of life begins to trouble me a period.'

12 Report, rumour.

13 Compare this part of Timon's speech with part of the celebrated soliloquy in *Hamlet*.

That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them:

Will teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whose please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
find him.

3 *Tim.* Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth¹
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let our words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign!
[*Exit Timon.*]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear² peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Walls of Athens. Enter Two
Senators and a Messenger.*

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his
flor
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend:
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i³ the cause against your city,
Jo part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from Timon.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

2 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drums is heard, and fearful scowring
Doth choke the air with dust: in and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes, the snare.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 This was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's
Life of Antony, where it is said Timon addressed the
people of Athens in similar terms from the public tribune
in the market-place. See also The Palace of Pleasure,
vol. 1. Nov. 28.

2 The first folio reads *who*. It was altered to *which*
in the second folio. Malone reads *whom*, saying it re-
fers to *Timon*, and not to his grave; as appears from
The Palace of Pleasure:—'By his last will he ordained
himself to be interred upon the seashore, that the
waves and surges might beate and vex his dead
carcase.'

3 Embossed froth is *foaming, puffed or blown up froth*.
Among our ancestors 'a *boas* or a *bubble of water*
when it raineth, or the pot seetheth,' were used indif-
ferently.

4 So in Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1:—

'Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear
Hast made thy enemies.'

5 This passage Steevens, with great reason, consi-
ders corrupt, the awkward repetition of the verb *made*,
and the obscurity of the whole, countenance his opinion.
Might we not read:—

'Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends.'

SCENE IV. *The Woods. Timon's Cave, and
Tombstone seen. Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.*

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is
this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this;⁴ there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—
What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax.

Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Before the Walls of Athens. Trum-
pets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A party sounded.*]

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms,⁵ and
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,⁷
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pury insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.⁸

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;⁹
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall

For private faults in them.
2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,¹⁰
Who were the motives that you first went out;¹¹
Shame, that they wanted cunning,¹¹ in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,

4 The old copy has 'Some beast read this.' The
emendation is Warburton's. It is evident that the sol-
dier, when he first sees Timon's everlasting dwelling,
does not know it to be a *tomb*. He concludes Timon must
be dead, because he receives no answer. It is evident
that when he utters the words *some beast*, &c. he has
not seen the inscription. 'What can this be?' (says the
soldier.) Timon is certainly dead: Some beast must have
rear'd this; a man could not live in it. Yes, he is dead
sure enough, and *this must be his tomb*; What is this
writing upon it?

5 *Travers'd arms* are arms crossed. The image
occurs in The Tempest:—

'His *arms* in this sad knot.'

7 *Flush is mature, ripe, or come to full perfection.*

8 *Their* refers to *griefs*. 'To give thy rages balm,'
must be considered as parenthetical.

9 i. e. by promising him a competent subsistence.

10 'The motives that you first went out,' i. e. those who
made the motion for your exile. This word is used in
the same manner in Troilus and Cressida:—

—her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and *motive* of her body.'

11 *Cunning* is used in its old sense of *skill or wisdom*,
extremity of shame that they wanted *wisdom* in procur-
ing your banishment hath broke their hearts. Theo-
bald had nearly thus interpreted the passage; and
Johnson thought he could improve it by reading:—
'Shame that they wanted, *coming* in excess
Hath broke their hearts.'

Johnson perhaps was not aware of the old meaning of
cunning.

Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square,¹ to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle,² and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our ramp'd gates, and they shall open;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove;
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alab. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;³
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own,
Whom you yourself shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and so more: and,—to atone⁴ your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws,
At heaviest answer.⁵

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alab. Descend, and keep your words.

1 l. a. not regular, not equitable.

2 — *Jovis Incunabula Creta.* *Ovid Metam.* viii. 99.

3 l. a. *Unattacked gates.*

4 l. a. to *reconcile* them to it. The general sense of this word in Shakspeare. Thus in *Cymbeline*:—'I was glad I did atone my countryman and you.'

5 All attempts to extract a meaning from this passage as it stands, must be vain. We should certainly read:—

'But shall be remedied to your public laws
At heaviest answer.'

It is evident that the context requires a word of this import: *remanded* might serve. The comma at *remedied* is not in the old copy. *Remedied* to, as Steevens ob-

The Senators descend, and open the gates. Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead:
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And on his gravestone, this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alab. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corpse, of wretched soul bereft:*

Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked catiffs' left!

Here lie I, Timon: who alive, all living men did hate: Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorst¹ 'dest in us our human griefs,
Scorn'd at our brains' flow,² and those our droplets
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory

Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint³ war;
make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.⁴

Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.]

THE play of Timon is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits; and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify or explain with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded. JOHNSON.

serves, is nonsense. Johnson's explanation will them serve, 'Not a soldier shall quit his station, or commit any violence, but he shall answer it regularly to the law.' This epitaph is formed out of two distinct epitaphs in North's Plutarch. The first couplet is there said to have been composed by Timon himself; the second by the poet Callimachus. The epithet *catiffs* was probably suggested by another epitaph, to be found in Keble's Flowers of Epigrammes, 1577, and in the Palace of Pleasure, vol. I. Nov. 23.

7 So in Drayton's Miracles of Moses:—
'But he from rocks that fountains can command,
Cannot yet stay the fountains of his brains.'
8 Stop. 9 Physician.

CORIOLANUS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IN this play the narration of Plutarch, in the Life of Coriolanus, is very exactly followed; and it has been observed that the poet shows consummate skill in knowing how to seize the true poetical point of view of the historical circumstances, without changing them in the least degree. His noble Roman is indeed worthy of the name, and his mob such as a Roman mob doubtless were; such as every great city has possessed from the time of the polished Athenians to that of modern Paris, where such scenes have been exhibited by a people collectively considered the politest on earth, as shows that 'the many-headed multitude' have the same turbulent spirit, when there is an exciting cause, in all ages.

Shakspeare has extracted amusement from this popular humour, and with the aid of the pleasant satirical vein of Menenius has relieved the serious part of the play with some mirthful scenes, in which it is certain the people's folly is not spared.

The character of Coriolanus, as drawn by Plutarch, was happily suited to the drama, and in the hands of

Shakspeare could not fail of exciting the highest interest and sympathy in the spectator. He is made of that stern unbending stuff which usually enters into the composition of a hero: accustomed to conquest and triumph, his inflexible spirit could not stoop to solicit flattering concension what he felt that his worthy services ought to command:

he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even:—
As he controll'd the war,⁷
—commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb

He hated flattery; and his sovereign contempt for the people arose from having witnessed their pusillanimity; though he loved 'the bubble reputation,' and would have grappled with fate for honour, he hated the breath of vulgar applause as 'the reek o' the rotten fens.'

He knew that his actions must command the good opinion of men; but his modesty shrunk from their

open declaration of it: he could not bear to hear 'his nothings monstered.'

— Pray you, no more; my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.

But yet his pride was his greatest characteristic:

'Which out of daily fortunes ever taints
The happy man.'

This it was that made him seek distinction from the ordinary herd of popular heroes; his honour must be won by difficult and daring enterprise, and worn in silence. It was this pride which was his overthrow; and from which the moral of the piece is to be drawn. He had thrown himself with the noble and confiding magnanimity of a hero into the hands of an enemy, knowing that the truly brave are ever generous; but two suns could not shine in one hemisphere; Tullus Aufidius found he was darkened by his light, and he exclaims:—

— He bears himself more prouder
Even to my person than I thought he would
When I did first embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling.

The closeness with which Shakespeare has followed his original, Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, will be observed upon comparison of the following passage, with the parallel scene in the play, describing Coriolanus's flight to Antium, and his reception by Aufidius: 'It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went immediately to Tullus Aufidius's house; and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favourably muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence; whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and, coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himself, and, after he had paused awhile, making no answer, he said unto himself, 'If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity discover myself to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname of Co-

riolanus that I bear. For I never had other benefit of the true and painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this surname: a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me; for the rest, the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the misfortune of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor, to take thy chimney-hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I feared death, I would not have come hither to put myself in hazard; but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of those that have thus banished me, which now I do begin, by putting my person in the hands of their enemies. Wherefore if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it as my service may be a benefit to the Volces; promising thee that I will fight with better good-will for all you than I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help or pleasure thee.'—Tullus, hearing what he said, was a malicious glad man, and, taking him by the hand, he said to him, 'Stand up, O Martius, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us, thou doest us great honour: and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all Volces' hands.' So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could, talking with him of no other matter at that present; but within a few days after they fell to consultation together in what sort they should begin their wars.'

In the scene of the meeting of Coriolanus with his wife and mother, when they come to supplicate him to spare Rome, Shakespeare has adhered very closely to his original. He felt that it was sufficient to give it merely a dramatic form. The speech of Volturnus, as we have observed in a note, is almost in the very words of the old translator of Plutarch.

The time comprehended in the play is about four years; commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer, in the year of Rome 392, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 395.

Malone conjectures it to have been written in the year 1610.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.
TITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against the Volcians.
COMINIUS, }
MENEVIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
Young MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volcians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volcian Guards,

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.
VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia

Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messenger, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE—partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volcians and Antiates.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street. Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 Citizen.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [Several speaking at once.]

1 Cit. You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 Cit. First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good! What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance: our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become

1 Good, in a commercial sense. As in Eastward Hoe:—

— known good men, well monied.

Again in the Merchant of Venice:—

'Antonio's a good man'

usurer; to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtues.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? To the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you? With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care have the patricians of you. For your wants, your suffering in this dearth, you may as well strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them against the Roman state; whose course will on the way it takes, cracking ten thousand shreds of more strong link asunder, than can ever appear in your impediment: For the dearth, the gods, not the patricians, make it; and your knees to them, not arms, must help. Aieck, you are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander the holms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, when you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet.—Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for

ful version of the text. "Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest." There is nothing of this in Shakspeare; and indeed I cannot avoid looking upon the whole of his long note as a feeble attempt to justify a palpable error of the press, at the cost of taste and sense.—*Gifford's Massinger*, vol. i. p. 304, ed. 1813.

3 Thus in *Othello*:—
"I have made my way through more impediments Than twenty times your stop."

3 The old copies have "scale'st a little more;" for which Theobald judiciously proposed *scale*. To this Warburton objects petulantly enough, it must be confessed, because to *scale* signifies to weigh; so indeed it does, and many other things; none of which, however, bear any relation to the text. Steevens too prefers *scale*, which he proves from a variety of authorities to mean 'scatter, disperse, spread'; to make any of them, however, suit his purpose, he is obliged to give an unfaith-

usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace' with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:— That only like a gulf it did remain In the midst o' the body, idle and inactive, Still cupboarding the wind, never bearing Like labour with the rest; where the other innumerable

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And, mutually participate, did minister Unto the appetite and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile, Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus (For, look you, I may make the belly smile, as well as speak,) it tauntingly replied To the discontented members, the mutinous parts That envied his receipt; even so most filthy As you malign our senators, for that They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What?

Men. The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye, The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments and petty helms In this our fabric, if that they—

1 *Cit.* What then?

Men. Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd, Who is the sink o' the body,—

1 *Cit.* Well, what then?

The former agents, if they did complain, What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you: If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,) a

Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer;

1 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend; Your most grave belly was deliberate,

Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd: True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,

That I receive the general food at first, Which you do live upon: and fit it is;

Because I am the store-house, and the shop Of the whole body: But if you do remember,

I send it through the rivers of your blood, Even to the court, the heart,—do the seat o' the brain;

4 Disgraces are hardships, injuries.

5 Where for wherrens.

6 And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laugh'd at their folly and ayed, &c.—*North's Plutarch.*

7 i. e. exactly.

8 The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of the understanding. See the next note. There has been strange confusion in the appropriation of some parts of this dialogue in all editions, even to the last by Mr. Boswell. Not to encumber the page, I must request the reader to compare this with the former editions, and have no doubt he will approve the transposition of names which has been here made.

9 Shakspeare uses *seat* for *thron*. "I send it (says

And through the cranks! and offices of men,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From us receive that natural competency
Wherby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark
me,—

I Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

I Cit. It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal of the common; you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly!—

I Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest;

Of this most vile rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,²
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.³ Hail, noble Marcius.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Men. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissen-
sious rogues,

That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

I Cit. We have ever your good word.
Men. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you
curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud.⁴ He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.⁵ Who deserves
greatness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

the belly) through the blood, even to the royal resi-
dence, the heart, in which the kingly-crowned under-
standing sits enthroned.' The poet, besides the relations
in Plutarch, had seen a similar fable in Camden's
Remaines; Camden copied it from John of Salisbury,
De Nugis Curialium, b. vi. c. 24. Mr. Douce, in a very
curious note, has shown the high antiquity of this apolo-
gus, 'which is to be found in several ancient collec-
tions of Æsopian Fables: there may be, therefore, as
much reason for supposing it the invention of Æsop, as
there is for making him the parent of many others.

1 Cranks are windings; the meandering ducts of
the human body.
2 Rascal and in blood are terms of the forest, both
here used equivocally. The meaning seems to be,
'thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst
plight for running of all this herd of plebeians, like a
deer not in blood, thou takest the lead in this tumult in
order to obtain some private advantage to thyself.'
'Worst in blood' has a secondary meaning of lowest in
condition. The modern editions have erroneously a
comma at blood, which obscures the sense.

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof,
they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?)
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong;
And fobbling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain
enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,⁶
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry⁷
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick⁸ my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an hungry; sigh'd forth pes-
verbs;

That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must
eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one
(To break the heart of generosity,⁹
And make bold power look pale,) they throw their
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.¹⁰

Men. What is granted them?
Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not.—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater than
For insurrection's arguing.¹¹

Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means
to vent

Our musty superfluity;—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Sen-
ators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VAL-
LUTUS.

I Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately
told us;
The Volces are in arms.

² Bale is evil or mischief, harm or injury. The word
is pure Saxon, and was becoming obsolete in Shak-
speare's time.

⁴ Coriolanus does not use these two sentences conse-
quentially; but first reproaches them with unsteadiness,
then with their other occasional vices.

⁵ Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own
offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those
laws by which he whom you praise was punished.

⁶ I. e. pity, compassion.
⁷ Quarry or quere signified slaughtered game of any
kind, which was so denominated from being deposited
in a square enclosed space in royal hunting.

⁸ Pick, peck, or picke, I. e. pick; still in provincial
use. The fact is, that, in ancient language, to pick was
used for to cast, throw, or hurl; to pick was to act or
fix any thing in a particular spot.

⁹ Generosity, in the sense of its Latin original, for
nobleness, high birth. Thus in Measure for Measure:
'The generous and gravest citizens.'

¹⁰ Emulation is factious contention.

¹¹ For insurgents to debate upon

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
Fain in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius:
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I
know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.²

Com. Noble Lartius!³

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.
[To the Citizens.]

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Voices have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[Exeunt Senators, Com. Mar. Tit. and
MEN. Citizens steal away.]

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird
the gods.

Sic. Bemoek the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.⁴

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdain the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure

Will then cry out of Marcius, O, if he
Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits' rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made: and in what fashion,
More than in singularity,⁵ he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Corioli. The Senate House. Enter
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,⁶
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention! 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [Reads.]
They have prest⁷ a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: The death is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:⁸
Consider of it.

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in⁹ many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were about.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your hands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove¹⁰
Bring up your army; but I think you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

¹ I. e. irremovable in my resolution. So in Julius
Cæsar:—

² But I am constant as the northern star.

³ You being right worthy of precedence.

⁴ The old copy has *Marius*.

⁵ That is, You have in this mutiny shown fair
blooms of valour. So in King Henry VIII:—

To-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,⁶ &c.
⁶ A *gird* is a cut, a sarcasm, or stroke of satire. See
King Henry IV. Part II. Act I. Sc. 2.

⁷ The present wars' Shakespeare uses to express the
pride of Coriolanus, grounded on his military prowess;
which kind of pride, Brutus says, denotes him. In
Trollus and Cressida, Act II. Sc. 2. we have:—
He that's proud eats up himself.

Perhaps the meaning of the latter member of the
sentence is, 'He is grown too proud of being so valiant
as to be endured.' It is still a common expression to say,
'eat up with pride.'

⁸ Demerits and merits had anciently the same mean-
ing.

— and my demerits

May speak, &c.

Othello.

Thus in Corvelli's Life of Wolsey, p. 306, ed. 1825:

2 C

— 'I have not promoted and preferred you to condign
preferments according to your demerits.'

⁹ Perhaps the word *singularly* implies a sarcasm on
Coriolanus, and the speaker means to say—after what
fashion beside that in which his own singularity of dis-
position invests him, he goes into the field. So in
Twelfth Night:—

Put thyself into the trick of singularity.

¹⁰ The old copy reads:—

'What have been ever thought on in this state.'
We must either suppose this an ellipsis for 'What
things have,' &c. or read with Steevens, *hath*, as in
the text.

¹¹ I. e. ready; from the old French *prest*. Thus in
the Merchant of Venice, Act I. Sc. 1:—

— say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it.

¹² To take in was formerly used as we now use to
take for to subdue, to conquer. Thus in Antony and
Cleopatra:—
— cut the Ionian seas,
And take in Tomyne.

¹³ 'If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army to
relieve them.'

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell. Farewell.

SCENE III. Rome. An Apartment in Marcius' House. Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, her mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.¹ I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire² myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum; See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair; As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him: Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear, Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes; Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,

Than gilt³ his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,

When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,

We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,

And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

¹ Attracted the attention of every one toward him.

² The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other.

³ This verb active (signifying to *withdrags*) occurs in *The Tempest*:—

'I will thence

Retire me to my Milan.'

⁴ *Gilt* means a superficial display of gold. The word is now obsolete.

⁵ Our gayness and our gills are all besmirked.'

King Henry V.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammoock'd⁶ it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed so, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack,⁷ madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery: I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, so, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true: I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would:—Fare you well, then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. Before Corioli. Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Under comes news:—A wager, they have yet.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

⁵ i. e. a handsome spot of embroidery. We often hear of *spotted muslin*.

⁶ To *mammoock* is to tear or cut in pieces.

⁷ A *crack* signifies a sprightly forward boy: It is often used by Jonson and his contemporaries:—

'If we could get a wily boy, now, Engine, That were an excellent crack, I could instruct him To the true height.'

Devil is an Ass.

⁸ A notable dissembling lad, a crack.'

Four Princes of London, 1616.

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.
Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the towns.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pry'thee make us quick in work;
That with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,^a
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Alarums afar off.]
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes,
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[Other Alarums.]
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!
Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Voices enter and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my
fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Voice,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Voices, fighting.
The Romans are beaten back to their trenches.—
Re-enter MARCIUS.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you heed of^b—Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of grass,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All-hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum. The Voices and Romans re-enter,
and the fight is renewed. The Voices retire into
Cossoli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are open:—Now prove good
seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the sifers: mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1 i. e., our friends who are in the field of battle.
2 The poet means—No, nor a man that fears you more than he; but he often entangles himself in the use of *less* and *more*.
3 You herd of—cowards! Marcius would probably have said, but his rage prevents him.
4 The old copy reads:—
'Who sensibly outdares'—
Sensible is here, having sensation. So before:—'I would your cambrick were as sensible as your finger.' Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his sensible sword, for after it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field.

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

3 Sol. See, they

Have shut him in. *[Alarum continues.]*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the sifers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible,^c outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Mar-
cius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel.^d Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish,^e not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.^f

Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. 'Tis Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.^g

[They fight, and all enter the City.]

SCENE V. *Within the Town. A Street. Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their
hours^h

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—down with
them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—To
him:—

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st at;

Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:

My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords? Bold gentlemeth,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less

Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!

[Exit MARCIUS.]

5 We have a similar thought in Othello:—

'If heaven had made me such another woman,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have ta'en it from her.'

6 The old copy has erroneously 'Calues wish': the error would easily arise: Shakspeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, 'Cato's wish,' omitting to cross the *t*, and forming the *o* inaccurately. Cato was not born till the year of Rome 519, that is, 235 years after the death of Coriolanus; but the poet was led into the anachronism by following Plutarch.

7 —some say the earth

Was feverous, and did shake.' Macbeth.

8 'Make remain, is an old manner of speaking,

which means no more than remain.

9 i. e. their time. Johnson adopted Pope's reading

—Amours; for which there was no necessity.

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Near the Camp of Cominius.*
Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we
are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encounter,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't
since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
drums:

How could'st thou in a mile confound¹ an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O Gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.²

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying,³ threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)

¹ So in King Henry VI. Part I. Act I. Sc. 3.—

² He did confound the best part of an hour, &c.

Confound is here used not in its common acceptation,
but in the sense of to expend: conterere tempus.

³ I. e. towards bed or rest, or the time of resting.
Compounds were formerly made at pleasure, by sub-
joining *ward* to the thing towards which the action
tended.

⁴ I. e. remitting his ransom.

⁵ I. e. in the front are the soldiers of Antum. Shak-
speare uses *Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been
written *Antia's*.

⁶ I. e. do not let slip the present time.

⁷ The old copy reads *Lessen*. The reading of the
text was introduced by Stevens. His *person* means his
personal danger. We have nearly the same senti-
ment in *Troilus and Cressida*—

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece

That holds his honour higher than his ease.

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which
side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands in the vaward are the *Antiates*,⁴
Of their best trust: o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*:
And that you not delay the present;⁵ but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing;—If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting,
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;⁶
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus [waving his hand,] to express his dispo-
sition.

And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout and wave their swords; take
him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?

If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great *Aufidius*
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.⁷

Com. March on, my fellows;
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The Gates of Corioli.* *TITUS LAR-
TIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli, going
with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and
Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, a Party
of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports⁸ be guarded: keep your
duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries⁹ to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

⁷ From the obscurity of this passage there is good rea-
son to suspect its correctness. Perhaps we might read
some instead of *four*, words easily confounded in old
MSS.; and then the last line may be interrogative, thus:
Which men are best inclin'd?

And some shall quickly draw out my command:

Which men are best inclin'd?

The passage as it stands in the old copy has been thus
explained:—Coriolanus means to say, that he would
appoint four persons to select for his particular, or party,
those who are best inclined; and, in order to save time,
he proposes to have this choice made while the army is
marching forward. The old translation of Plutarch
only says:—'Wherefore, with those that willingly of-
fered themselves to follow him, he went out of the city.'
⁸ Gates. ⁹ Companies of a hundred men.

Lert. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Que guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. *A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian Camps. Alarm. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
 Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor more than thy fame and envy:¹ Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first bugler die the other's slave, and the gods doom him after!²

Auf. If I fly, Marcius, halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus, alone I fought in your Corioli walls, and made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood, wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge, wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector, that was the whip³ of your bragg'd progeny, thou should'st not scape me here.—

[They fight, and certain Voices come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.]

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me in your condemned seconds.⁴

[Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.]

SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp. Alarm. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work, thou'dst not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it, where senators shall mingle tears with smiles; where great patricians shall attend, and shrug, at the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted, and, gladly quak'd,⁵ hear more; where the dull tribunes,

that, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours, shall say, against their hearts—*We thank the gods, our Rome hath such a soldier!*— Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast, having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lert. O general, here is the steed, we the caparison:⁶ Hail't thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother, who has a charter to extol her blood, when she does praise me, grieves me. I have done, as you have done; that's what I can; induc'd as you have been; that's for my country:⁷ He, that has but effected his good will, hath overta'en mine act.⁸

Com. You shall not be the grave of your deserting; Rome must know

The value of her own: 'twere a concealment worse than a theft, no less than a traducement, to hide your doings; and to silence that, which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd, would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you, (in sign of what you are, not to reward what you have done), before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart to hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,⁹ well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, and tent themselves with death. Of all the horses (whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all the treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city, we render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth, before the common distribution, at your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general; but cannot make my heart consent to take a bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it; And stand upon my common part with those that have beheld the doing.

[A long Flourish. They all cry, Marcius! Marcius! cast up their caps and lances; COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.]

May these same instruments, which you profane, never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be made all of false-fac'd soothing: When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made an overture for the wars!¹⁰ No more, I say; for that I have not wash'd my nose that bled, or foil'd some debile¹¹ wretch,—which, without note,

here's many else have done,—you shout me forth in acclamations hyperbolical; as if I lov'd my little should be dieted in praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you; more cruel to your good report, than grateful to us that give you truly: by your patience, if 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you (like one that means his proper harm) in manacles, then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,

as to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius wears this war's garland: in token of the which my noble steed, known to the camp, I give him, with all his trim belonging; and, from this time, for what he did before Corioli, call him, with all the applause and clamour of the host, CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.— Bear the addition nobly ever!

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus

Com. I will go wash;

and when my face is fair, you shall perceive whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—

¹ The construction here appears to be, 'Not Afric owns a serpent I more abhor and envy than thy fame.' The verb to *envy*, in ancient language, signified to *hate*.

² Thus in Macbeth:—

'And damn'd be he that first cries, Hold, enough!'

³ I. e. the whip that your bragg'd progenitors were possessed of. Stevens suggests that whip might be used as *crack* has been since, to denote any thing peculiarly boasted of; as the *crack* house in the country, the *crack* boy of the school, &c.

⁴ 'You have to my shame sent me help, which I must condemn as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary.'

⁵ I. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. To *quake* is used as a verb active by T. Heywood in his *Silver Age*, 1613:—

We'll *quake* them at the bar,
 Where all souls wait for sentence.'

⁶ This is an odd enunciation. The meaning is, 'This man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.'

⁷ *Country* is used here and in other places as a tri-syllable.

⁸ That is, 'has done as much as I have done, inasmuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wished.' So in Macbeth:—

'The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
 Unless the deed goes with it.'

⁹ That is, *not be remembered*.

¹⁰ The old copy reads:—

'—When steel grows
 Soft as silk, let him be made
 An overture for the wars!'

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that we should read a *overture*. The personal pronoun *him* is not unfrequently used by old writers instead of *it*, the neuter. The sense of the passage will then be complete and apt:— 'When steel grows soft as silk, let armour be made of silk instead of steel.' Notwithstanding Malone's tenuous argument, it is impossible to extract sense from the word *overture*, which anciently, as now, meant 'a motion, or offer made, an opening, or entrance.'

¹¹ Weak, feeble.

I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition.¹
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best with whom we may articulate²
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcus, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X. *The Camp of the Volces. A Flourish.*
*Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with
two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!
1 Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce,³ be that I am.—Condition!—
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcus,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where⁴
I thought to crush him in an equal force
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch⁵ at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil.
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's
poison'd,⁶

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements⁷ all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcus; where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard,⁸ even there,

1 To undercrest your good addition, To the fairness of my power.— appears to mean, 'he will endeavour to support the honourable distinction conferred upon him to the fair extent of his power.'

2 I. e. the chief men of Corioli, with whom we may enter into articles. Bullokar has the word 'articulate,' to set down articles, or conditions of agreement. We still retain the word *capitulate*, which anciently had nearly the same meaning, viz. 'to articulate or agree upon articles.'

3 The *Volsci* are called *Volcers* throughout the old translation of Plutarch, which Shakspeare followed.

4 Where for *whereas*, as in other places before noticed.

5 To potch is to thrust at with a sharp pointed instrument. Thus in Carew's Survey of Cornwall, p. 31:— 'They use to potch^{ae} them [i. e. fish] with an instrument somewhat like a salmon spear.' It is from the Fr. *potcher*.

6 Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed to read:— 'My valour poison'd, &c.'

And the context seems to require this emendation. 'To mischief him my valour should deviate from its native generosity.'

Against the hospitable canoa, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the
city;

Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 Sol. Will not you go?
Auf. I am attend'd⁹ at the cypress grove:

I pray you,
(Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Public Place. Enter.*
MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news
to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?
Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not Marcus.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians
would the noble Marcus.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.
You two are old men; tell me one thing that I
shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.
Men. In what enormity is Marcus poor in,¹⁰ that
you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange, now: Do you two know
how you are censured here in the city, I mean
of us o' the right hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will your
not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little
thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of
patience: give your disposition the reins, and be
angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take
it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame
Marcus for being proud!

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone: ¹¹
your helps are many; or else your actions would
grow wondrous single: your abilities are too in-
fant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride:
O, that you could turn your eyes towards the noses
of your necks,¹² and make but an interior survey of
your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

7 *Embarquements*, as appears from *Congrave* and *Sherwood*, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*; which is evidently the sense of the word in this passage.

8 I. e. in my own house, with my brother posted to protect him.

9 *Attend'd* is waited for. So in *Twelfth Night*:— 'Thy interceptor attends thee at the orchard end.'

10 Malone observes that Shakspeare often introduces these minute local descriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. The poet attended not to the anachronism of mills near Antium. Lygate has placed corn-mills near to Troy.

11 When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remarks on the people's hate to Coriolanus, had observed that 'even beasts know their friends,' Menenius asks, 'whom does the wolf love?' implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people.

12 It has been already observed that pleonasm of this kind were by no means unrequent in Shakspeare's age.

13 With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he sees his neighbour's faults; and another behind him, in which he stows his own.

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying¹ Tyber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning.² What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm,³ follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson⁴ conspectivities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs;⁵ you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fuset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.⁶—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience;⁷ and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary haecher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.⁸ When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Bru. and Sic. retire to the back of the Scene.*]

¹ Lovelace, in his Verses to Althea, from Prison, has borrowed this expression:—

'When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,' &c.

² Rather a late ller down than an early riser. So in Love's Labour's Lost:—'In the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.' Again in King Henry IV. Part ii.:

— Thou art a summer bird,
Which even in the haunch of Winter sings
The lifting up of day.'

³ So in King Lear:—

'Strives in this little world of men.'

Microcosm is the title of a poem by John Davies of Hereford.

⁴ *Bisson* is blind. Thus in Hamlet:—

'— Ran barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum.'

⁵ That is, for their obedience showed by bowing to you.

⁶ It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *praefectus urbis* for the tribune's office.

⁷ That is, declare war against justice. Johnson

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.
How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:⁹—Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another: and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen¹⁰ is but empiricstick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.¹¹

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed¹² of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things, spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true?

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded? God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

justly observes, that 'there is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness.'

⁸ So in Much Ado About Nothing:—'Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.'

⁹ Shakspeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may well enough be supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter.—*Johnson.*

¹⁰ In this mention of Galen there is an anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished about 492 years before the birth of our Lord, Galen about 190 years after it. The word *empiricstick* (*empirickquique* in the old copy) is evidently formed by the poet from *empirick*, a quack.

¹¹ Volumnia answers Menenius without taking notice of his last words:—'The wounds become him.' Menenius had asked, 'Brings a victory in his pocket?' He brings it, says Volumnia, on his brows; for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory. So afterwards:—

'He prov'd best man o' the field, and for his meed

Was brow-bound with the oak.'

¹² *Possessed* is fully informed.

'I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose.'

Merchant of Venice.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—
there's nine that I know.¹

Vol. He had before this last expedition, twenty-
five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an
enemy's grave: [*A Shout, and Flourish.*] Hark!
the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before
him

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men
die.²

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and
TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS,
crowned with an oak leaf Garland; with Captains,
Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did
fight

Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother, —

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier up
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Cominius, must I call thee?

But O, thy wife, —
Cor. My gracious silence³ hail!
Would'st thou have I —

home,
That wou'd'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet! — O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn: — O, welcome
home;

And welcome, general; — And you are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could
weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy; Wel-
come:

A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee! — You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that
will not

¹ The old man is minutely particular: 'Seven wounds: let me see: one in the neck, two in the thigh — Nay, I am sure there are nine that I know of.'

² Volunna, in her boasting strain, says that her son, to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand and let it fall.

³ By 'gracious silence' it is probable the poet meant, 'thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me than the clamorous applause of the rest.' Thus in *Love's Cure*, or *The Marital Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: —

'A lady's tears are silent orators,
Or should be so at least, to move beyond
The honey-tongued rhetorician.'

⁴ By these words it should seem that Coriolanus means to say, 'Menenius is still the same affectionate friend as formerly.' So in *Julius Cæsar*: — 'For always I am Cæsar.'

⁵ 'Change of honours' is variety of honours, as change of raiment is variety of raiment. Theobald would read *change*.

⁶ A *rapture* anciently was synonymous with a *fit* or *trance*. Thus *Torriano*: — 'Ratto, *s.* a *rapture* or trance of the mind, or a distraction of the spirits.' This is confirmed by *Stephens's* quotation from the *Hospital for London Follies*, 1699, where *goesp Luce* says, 'Your darling will weep⁷ itself into a rapture, if you do not take heed.'

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors;
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.⁴

Her. Give way, there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:
[*To his Wife and Mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visitèd;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.⁵

Vol. I have livèd

To see inheritèd my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than away with them in theirs.

Com. On to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as
before. The Tribunes remain.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleas'd
sights

Are spectacled to see him: Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture⁶ lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin⁷ pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy⁸ neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalks, bulks,
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seid⁹ shown flames
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station;¹⁰ our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask,¹¹ in
Their nicely-gawdèd cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses; such a prober,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.¹²

Sic. On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his ho-
nours
From where he should begin, and end;¹³ but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we
stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new ho-
nours;

Which that he'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do't.¹⁴

⁷ A *malkin* or *maulkin* was a kind of mop made of rags, used for sweeping ovens, &c.; a figure made of clouts to scare birds was also so called: hence it came to signify a dirty wench. The *scullion* very naturally takes her name from this utensil, her French title, *secouillon* being only another name for a *malkin*.

⁸ *Lockram* was a kind of coarse linen.

⁹ *Reechy* is *sumant* with sweat or grease.

¹⁰ *Seld* is *seldom*, often so used by old writers.

¹¹ 'A vulgar station' is a common standing-place among the vulgar.

¹² So in *Tarquin and Lucrece*: —

'The silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field.'

¹³ That is, as if that god who leads him, whatsoever god he be. So in *Shakspeare's* 26th Sonnet: —

'Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect.'

¹⁴ The meaning, though obscurely expressed, is, 'He cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should begin, to where he should end.' We have the same phraseology in *Cymbeline*: —

the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence going,
And our return, to excuse.'

¹⁵ 'Proud to do't,' is the same as 'proud of doing it.'

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless¹ vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it,
rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him, then, as our good will;²
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest³ the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them: that, to his power, he
would⁴

Have made them mules, silenc'd their leaders, and
Dispropriated their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their pro-
vand⁵

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people,⁶ (which time shall not
want,

If he be put upon'; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
thought,

That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,⁷
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps and shouts;
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.⁸

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol. Enter two
Officers, to lay Cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How
many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every
one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow: but he's vengeance
proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men

1 i. e. threadbare.

2 i. e. 'as our advantage requires.' *Wills* is here a
verb.

3 i. e. *prompt*.

4 'That to the utmost of his power he would,' &c.

5 'Than camels in their war: who have their pro-
vand.' We should probably read *the war*. *Provand*
is *provender*.

6 Theobald reads, 'Shall reach the people,' &c.
Teach the people, may however mean, 'instruct the
people in favour of our purposes.'

7 Shakespeare here attributes some of the customs of
his own times to a people who were wholly unacquaint-
ed with them. This was exactly what occurred at tiltings
and tournaments when a combatant had distinguished
himself.

8 That is, 'let us observe what passes, but keep our
hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus.'

9 i. e. 'he would have waved indifferently,' &c.

10 Their *adversary* or *opponent*.

that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them;
and there be many that they have loved, they know
not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not
why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore,
for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or
hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in
their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness,
lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their
love, or no, he waved indifferently¹¹ 'twixt doing
them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their
hate with greater devotion than they can render it
him: and leaves nothing undone, that may fully
discover him their opposite.¹² Now, to seem to
affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is
as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for
their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country:
And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as
those,¹³ who, having been supple and courteous to
the people, bonnetted,¹⁴ without any further deed to
have them at all into their estimation and report:
but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and
his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to
be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of
ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice,
that, giving itself the lie, would pick reproof and
rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man:
Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS, the Consul, MENEVIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.¹⁵ Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears: and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,¹⁶
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are contented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.¹⁷

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off,¹⁸

11 As the ascent of those.

12 Bonnetted is here a verb, as *bonnetter*, Fr. to pull
off the cap.

13 Rather say that our means are too defective to afford
an adequate reward, than our inclinations defective to
extend it toward him.

14 i. e. your kind interposition with the common
people.

15 Shakespeare was probably not aware that until the
promulgation of the *Lex Atinia*, which is supposed to
have been in the time of Quintus Metellus Macedoni-
cus, the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the
senate, but had seats placed for them near the door, on
the outside of the house. But in our ancient theatres
the imagination of the spectators was frequently excited
upon to lend its aid to illusions much more improbable
than that of supposing they saw the inside and outside
of the same building at once.

16 i. e. 'that is nothing to the purpose.'

I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Br. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]
I Sen. Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Br. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your
people,

I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the
sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[Exit CORIOLANUS.]
Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now
see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Co-
minius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome,¹ he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee:² in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,³
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,⁴
He lurch'd⁵ all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fiercer;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves⁶ before

A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd⁷ with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: now all's his:
When by-and-by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,⁸
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: he and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!
I Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the hon-
ours

Which we devise him.¹⁰

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world; he covets less
Than misery¹¹ itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

I Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.¹²

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrages:
please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom: and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.¹

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Br. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and
thus;—

1 When Tarquin, who had been expelled, raised a party to recover Rome.

2 This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as occasioned him to fall on his knee: 'ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.'

3 It has been before mentioned that the parts of women were, in Shakespeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. This is a palpable anachronism; there were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays until about two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus.

4 Plutarch says, 'seventeen years of service in the wars, and many and sundry battles': but from Coriolanus's first campaign to his death was only a period of eight years.

5 To lurch is to win or carry off easily the prize or stake at any game. It originally signified to devour greedily, from *lurco*, Lat.; then to purloin, subtract, or withdraw any thing from another. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*:—'You have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland.' Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, has 'A lurch, duplex palma facilis victoria.'

6 Thus the second folio. The first folio 'as seeds.'

&c. which Malone pertinaciously adheres to. I think with Stevens, that a vessel *stemming the waves* is an image much more suitable to the prowess of Coriolanus, than that which Malone would substitute.

7 The cries of the slaughtered regularly followed his motion, as music and a dancer accompany each other.

8 The gate which was made the scene of death.

9 Wornied.

10 No honour will be too great for him; he will show a mind equal to any elevation.

11 *Misery for avarice*, because a *miser* signifies *avaricious*.

12 Coriolanus (as Warburton observes) was banished A. U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, A. U. C. 393, the senate chose both consuls; and then the people, assailed by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. Shakespeare follows Plutarch, who expressly says in the *Life of Coriolanus*, that 'it was the custom of Rome at that time, that such as dy'd sue for any office, should for certain dayes before be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coate underneath, to praye the people to remember them at the day of election.' North's Translation, p. 244.

13 'Your form' is the form which custom prescribes to you.

Show them the unmaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

(Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.)

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will re-

quire them,
As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum. Enter several Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Once,² if he do require our voices, we
ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but
it is a power that we have no power to do:³ for if
he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we
are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak
for them: so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must
also tell him our noble acceptance of them. In-
gratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be
ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude;
of the which, we being members, should bring our-
selves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a
little help will serve: for once⁴ we stood up about
the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-
headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that
our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,
some bald, but that our wits are so diversely
coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to
issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west,
north, south; and their consent⁵ of one direct way
should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you
judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as
another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a
blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure,
southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three
parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth
would return for conscience sake, to help to get
thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You
may, you may.⁶

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices?
But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I
say, if he would incline to the people, there was
never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark
his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but
to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos,
and by threes. He's to make his requests by par-
ticulars: wherein every one of us has a single
honour, in giving him our own voices with our own

1 'We recommend to you, tribunes of the people, to declare our purpose to them,' namely, the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship.

2 i. e. once for all.

3 Power in the first instance here means natural power or force, and then moral power, or right. Davis has used the word with the same variety of meaning:—

'Use all thy powers that heavenly power to praise,
That gave thee power to do.'

4 Once signifies here one time, and not as soon as ever, which Malone takes to be its meaning. Rowe inserted when after once, which is indeed elliptically understood.

5 Consent is accord, agreement. To suppose that their agreement to go all one way should end in their

tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. *[Exeunt.]*

Men. O, sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my
wounds!—

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.⁷

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.⁸ *[Exit.]*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a
brace.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought
you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, not

Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir;
'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well, then, I pray, your price o' the consul-
ship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, sir, to ask it kindly

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice,
sir;

What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:

I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no
matter. *[Exeunt two Citizens.]*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here
the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country
and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma.

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies,
you have been a rod to her friends; you have not,
indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous,
that I have not been common in my love. I will,
sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a

flying to every point of the compass, is a just description of the variety and inconsistency of the many-headed multitude.

6 The force of this colloquial phrase appears to be 'You may divert yourself as you please at my expense.' It occurs again in Troilus and Cressida:—

'Hel. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine fore head.'

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.⁷

7 'I wish they would forget me, as they do the virtuous precepts which our divines preach to them.' This is another amusing instance of anachronism.

8 So in Hamlet:—'If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer.'

dearer estimation of them: 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal¹ your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!
[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolvis² gown³ should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick⁴, that do appear,
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to overpeer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—
Your voices; for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have⁵
Done many things, some less, some more: your
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore, let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, Amen.—
God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice; Remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

1 I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The seal is that which ratifies or completes a writing.

2 Thus the second folio. The first folio reads 'wolvis tongue,' apparently an error of the press for *toga*; the same mistake having occurred in Othello, where *language* (consul) is printed for 'aged consuls.' By a *wolvis* gown Coriolanus means a *deceitful* one; in allusion to the fable of the wolf in sheep's clothing: not that he means to call himself the wolf, but merely to say, Why should I stand here playing the hypocrite, and simulating the humility that is not in my nature? Or, as Shakespeare expresses it in *All's Well that Ends Well*: 'To wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.' Brutus afterwards says:—

With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds.

3 The poet has here given the names (as in many other places he has attributed the customs) of England to ancient Rome. *Hob* and *Dick* were names of frequent occurrence among the common people in Shakespeare's time, and generally used to signify a peasant of low period.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose
this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your
votes.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not
mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could
show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,

Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank
you,—*

*Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your
voices,*

*I have no further with you:—Was not this
mockery?*

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?⁴
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lessou'd—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
P' the body of the weal: and now, arriving⁵
A place of potency, and away o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices,⁶ and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advic'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,

4 Dr. Farmer says, perhaps we should read:—
'—battles thrice six
I've seen, and you have heard of; for your voices
Done many things,' &c.

5 Coriolanus seeming now in earnest to petition for the consulship.

6 The Romans (as Warburton observes) had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. Plutarch, as we have before seen, led the poet into the error concerning this *aged custom*.

7 'Were you ignorant to see't?' is 'did you want knowledge to discern it?'

8 '—arriving
A place of potency.'

9 So in the Third Part of King Henry VI. Act v. Sc. 2:—
'—those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast.'

10 I. e. 'Would retain a grateful remembrance of you,' &c.

As cause hac call'd you up, have held him to ;
Or else it would have gill'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his cholour,
And pass'd him unelect.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,¹
When he did need your loves ; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your
bodies

No heart among you ? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment ?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker ? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues ?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him ;

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to
piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly ; and tell those
friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties ; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble ;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election : Enforce² his pride,
And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;
How in his suit he scorn'd you ; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,³
Which most giblyngly, ungravelly he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections : and that, your minds
Preoccupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures
to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued : and what stock he springs of,
The noble house of the Marcians ; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,⁴
And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend

1 That is, in pure contempt, open and unrestrained.

2 'Your voices, to obtain which so many have hitherto sollicit.'

3 Object his pride, and enforce the objection. So afterwards:—

'Enforce him with his envy to the people.'

4 i. e. carriage. So in Othello:—

'And portance in my travels' history.'

5 Pope supplied this verse, which the context evidently requires, and which is warranted by the narration in Plutarch, from whence this passage is taken:—'The house of the Marcians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which sprung many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numae's daughter's sonne, who was King of Rome after Tullius Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus came of that familie, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice.' Fublius and Quintus and Censorinus were not

To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling⁶ his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on :⁷
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so : almost all [*Several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on ;

This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol :
Come, we'll be there before the stream o' the people,
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street. Cornets. Enter*
CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS
LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head ?

Lart. He had, my lord ; and that it was, which
caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Voices stand but as at first ;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul,⁸ so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius ?

Lart. On safeguard⁹ he came to me ; and did
curse

Against the Voices, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town : he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me ?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How ? what ?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword :
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most : that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he ?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish, I had cause to seek him there
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home

[*To LARTIUS.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold ! these are the tribes of the people,
The tongues of the common mouth. I do despise
them ;

For they do prank¹⁰ them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha ! what is that ?

Bru. It will be dangerous to

Go on : no further.

the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487 ; and the Marcian waters were not brought to the city by aqueducts till the year 612, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus. Shakspeare has confounded the ancestors and posterity of Coriolanus together.

6 That is, weighing his past and present behaviour.

7 i. e. our incitation. So in King Lear:—

'—you protect this course,

And put it on by your allowance.'

8 Shakspeare has here again given the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of lord was given to many officers of state who were not peers, as lords of the council, lord ambassador, lord general, &c.

9 That is, with a convoy, a guard appointed to protect him.

10 So in Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 2:—

'Drest in a little brief authority'

Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
I Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
 Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
 Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
 And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
 You, being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
 Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
 To curb the will of the nobility:—
 Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
 Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot:
 The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
 When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
 Scanda'l'd the supplicants for the people; call'd them
 Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them since?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
 Each way to better yours.¹
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By you
 clouds,
 Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
 Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that,
 For which the people stir: If you will pass
 To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
 Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
 Or never be so noble as a consul,
 Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This
 paltring²
 Becomes not Rome: Nor has Coriolanus
 Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely³
 I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
 This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—
Men. Not now, not now.
I Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
 I crave their pardons:—
 For the mutable, rank-scented many,⁴ let them
 Regard me as I do not flatter, and
 Therein behold themselves: I say again,
 In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
 The cockle⁵ of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
 Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and
 scatter'd,
 By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
 Which they have given to beggars.

1 I. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose business it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent, 'Why then should I be consul?'

2 *Paltring* is *shuffling*.

3 I. e. treacherously. The metaphor is from a *rub* at bowls.

4 I. e. the populace.

5 *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with and chokes the corn. The thought is from North's Plutarch:—'Moreover, he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and cockle of insolency and sedition, which had been sow'd and scatter'd abroad among the people, &c.'

6 *Mascel*, or *mesell*, is the old term for a leper, from the *Fr. meselle*.

Men. Well, no more.
I Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
 As for my country I have shed my blood,
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
 Coin words till their decay, against those meazets,⁶
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
 The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
 As if you were a god to punish, not
 A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well
 We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
 Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
 By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind,
 That shall remain a poison where it is,
 Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
 Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
 His absolute shall?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. Shall!
 O good,⁷ but most unwise patricians, why,
 You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
 That with his peremptory shall, being but
 The horn and noise!⁸ o' the monsters, wants not
 spirit
 To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
 And make your channel his? If he have power,
 Then vail your ignorance:⁹ if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,
 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
 If they be senators: and they are no less,
 When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
 Most palates theirs.¹⁰ They choose their magis-
 trate;
 And such a one as he, who puts his shall,
 His popular shall, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other.¹¹
Com. Well—on to the market place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
 Sometime in Greece,
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power.)
 I say they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
 One, that speaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons,
 More worthy than their voices. They know, the
 corn
 Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the
 war,
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,

7 So in *Loves Labours Lost*:—'That base minnow of thy mirth.'

8 The old copy has 'O God, but, &c. The emendation was made by Theobald.

9 Careless.

10 'The horn and noise,' alluding to his having called him *Triton* of the minnows before.

11 'If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him sail or bow down before him.'

12 'The plebeians are no less than senators, when the voices of the senate and the people being blended, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate.'

13 'The mischief and absurdity of what is called *imperium in imperio* is here finely expressed,' says Warburton

That would not thread¹ the gates: this kind of service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being² the war, Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation Which they have often made against the senate, All *causa* unborn, could never be the native³ Of our so frank donation. Well, what then? How shall this bosom multiplied⁴ digest The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express What's like to be their words:—*We did request it; We are the greater poll, and in true fear They gape us our demands*:—Thus we debase The nature of our seats, and make the rabble Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope The locks of the senate, and bring in the crows To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more: What may be sworn by, both divine and human, Seal what I end withal!⁵—This double worship,— Where one part does disdain with cause, the other Insult without all reason; where geatry, title, wisdom

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no Of general ignorance,—it must omit

Real necessities, and give way the while

To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,

Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet;

That love the fundamental part of state,

More than you doubt⁶ the change of⁷; that prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish

To jump⁸ a body with a dangerous physic

That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out

The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick

The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour

Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state

Of that integrity which should become it;⁹

Not having the power to do the good it would,

For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—

What should the people do with these bald tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails

To the greater bench: In a rebellion,

When what's not meet, but what must be was law,

Then were they chosen: in a better hour,

Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,¹⁰

And throw their power in the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BAVRUS.*] in whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,

A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,

And follow to thine answer.

1 To thread the gates is to pass through them. So in King Lear:—'Threading dark-eyed night.'

2 Native, if it be not a corruption of the text, must be put for native cause, the producer or bringer forth. Mason's proposed emendation of *native* would be very plausible, were it not that the poet seems to have intended a kind of antithesis between *cause unborn* and *native cause*.

3 'This bosom multiplied,' is this multitudinous bosom, the bosom of that many-headed monster the people.

4 'No, let me add this further, and may every thing divine and human that can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with.'

5 To doubt is to fear.

6 To jump a body is apparently 'to risk or hazard a body.' So in Holland's Pliny, b. xv. ch. v. p. 219:—

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. & Pat. We'll surely him.

Com.

Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy

bones

Out of thy garments.¹

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BAVRUS, with the Ædiles, and a Rabble of

Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would

Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, *Ædiles*.

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*]

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;

Confusions's near: I cannot speak;—You, tribunes

To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak,

speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties;

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fye, fye, fye!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat,

To bring the roof to the foundation;

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,

Upon the part of the people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy

Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ædiles*, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcus, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's

friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would

Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous

Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,

And bear him to the rock.

1 If we look for good success in our cure by ministering hellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a jump or great hazard.

2 'Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state Of that integrity which should become it.'

Judgment is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong. *Integrity* is in this place soundness, uniformity, consistency.

3 'Let it be said by you that what is meet to be done, must be meet, i. e. shall be done and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature.'

4 '— here's a stay,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old death

Out of his rage!'

King John.

Cor. No; I'll die here
[Drawing his Sword.]
 There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
 Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
 Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, with-
 draw awhile.
 Bru. Lay hands upon him.
 Men. Help, help, Marcius! help,
 You that be noble; help him, young, and old!
 Cit. Down with him, down with him!
*[In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
 and the People, are all beat in.]*
 Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone away,
 All will be naught else.
 2 Sen. Get you gone.
 Cor. Stand fast;
 We have as many friends as enemies.
 Men. Shall it be put to that?
 Sen. The gods forbid!
 I pry'thee, noble friend, home to thy house;
 Leave us to cure this cause.
 Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
 You cannot tent yourself: Begone, beseech you.
 Com. Come, sir, along with us.
 Cor. I would they were barbarians (as they are,
 Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are
 not,
 Though call'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)
 Men. Be gone;
 Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
 One time will owe another.¹
 Cor. On fair ground,
 I could beat forty of them.
 Men. I could myself
 Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
 tribunes.
 Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
 And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
 Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
 Before the tag² return? whose rage doth rend
 Like interrupted waters, and o'erboar
 What they are used to bear.
 Men. Pray you, begone:
 I'll try whether my old wit be in request
 With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
 With cloth of any colour.
 Com. Nay, come away.
[Exeunt Cor. Com. and others.]
 1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.
 Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
 Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
 mouth;
 What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
 And, being angry, does forget that ever
 He heard the name of death. *[A noise within.]*
 Here's goodly work!
 2 Pat. I would they were a-bed!
 Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the
 vengeance,
 Could he not speak them fair?
 Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.
 Sic. Where is this viper,
 That would depopulate the city, and
 Be every man himself?
 Men. You worthy tribunes,—
 Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
 With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
 And therefore law shall scorn him further trial

1 'One time will owe another.' I think Menenius means to say, 'Another time will offer when you may be quits with them.' There is a common proverbial phrase, 'One good turn deserves another.'

2 The lowest of the populace, tag, rag, and bobtail. 3 We should probably read:—

4 He shall, be sure on't.
 4 This signal for general slaughter was not to be pronounced with impunity, but by authority: 'Item quel soit si hardy de crier *kanak*, sur peine d'avoir la test coupe.'—*Ordonnances des Battailes*, 9 R. ii. Art. 10. Again, in the Statutes and Ordinances of Warre, printed by Pynson, 1513:—'That no man be so hardy to cry *kanak*, upon payne of him that is so founde begynner,

Than the severity of the public power,
 Which he so sets at naught.
 1 Cit. He shall well know,
 The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
 And we their hands
 Cit. He shall, sure on't.³
[Several speak together]
 Men. Sir,—
 Sic. Peace.
 Men. Do not cry, havoc,⁴ where you should but
 hunt
 With modest warrant.
 Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
 Have help to make this rescue?
 Men. Hear me speak.—
 As I do know the consul's worthiness,
 So can I name his faults.
 Sic. Consul!—what consul?
 Men. The consul Coriolanus.
 Bru. He a consul!
 Cit. No, no, no, no, no.
 Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
 people,
 I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
 The which shall turn you to no further harm,⁵
 Than so much loss of time.
 Sic. Speak briefly, then,
 For we are peremptory, to despatch
 This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
 Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
 Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
 He dies to-night.
 Men. Now, the good gods forbid,
 That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
 Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
 In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
 Should now eat up her own!
 Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.
 Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
 Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
 What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
 Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
 (Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
 By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
 And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
 Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
 A brand to the end o' the world.
 Sic. This is clean kam.⁶
 Bru. Merely⁷ awry: when he did love his coun-
 try,
 It honour'd him.
 Men. The service of the foot
 Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
 For what before it was?
 Bru. We'll hear no more:—
 Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
 Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
 Spread further.
 Men. One word more, one word.
 This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
 The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
 Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by pro-
 cess;
 Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
 And sack great Rome with Romans.
 Bru. If it were so,—
 Sic. What do ye talk?
 Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
 Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—

to dye therefore, and the remenant to be emprysoned and their bodies to be penyabed at the kinges wyll.

5 'The which shall turn you to no further harm.' This singular expression, occurs again in *The Tempest*:—

my heart bleeds
 To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to.

6 Deserved for deserving; as delighted for delighting in Othello, and other similar changes of termination in words of like ending.

7 Kam is crooked. 'Clean contrarie, quite kamme, a conreppil,' says Cotgrave: and the same worthy lexicographer explains 'a revers, cross, cleane kamme.'
 8 i. e. absolutely.

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bouted language; meel and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace,) to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend
you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:
Let me desire your company. [To the Senators.]
He must come,
Or what is worse will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present
me
—eath on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;¹
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse,² my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance³ stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;

[To VOLUMNIA.]
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings⁴ of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

¹ Breaking a criminal on the wheel was a punishment unknown to the Romans; and, except in the single instance of Metus Suffocus, according to Livy, dismemberment by being torn to death by wild horses never took place in Rome. Shakespeare attributes to them the cruel punishments of a later age.

² I muse, that is, I wonder.

³ Ordinance is here used for rank.

⁴ The old copy reads 'things of your disposition.' The emendation is Theobald's.

⁵ Old copy, 'stoop to the heart.' Theobald made the correction. *Herd* being anciently *heard*, the error easily crept in. Coriolanus thus describes the people in another passage:—

'You shames of Rome, you herd of——'

⁶ Except in cases of extreme necessity, when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other times, ought to yield to the occasion.

⁷ 'Why urge you this?' So in King Henry VIII.—
'If you will how unke in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy.'

⁸ The word *so*, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied in the second. Malone contends for the

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough:
Something too rough;
You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd,⁸ but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well,

What then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them!—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together:⁹ Grant that, and tell

me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force¹⁰ you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to¹¹
But with such words that are but roted¹² in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.¹³
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in¹⁴ a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts¹²
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want¹³ might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may save us,
Not¹⁴ what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pry'thee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;

old reading, and Steevens says that we should perhaps read:—

'Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to'
Wishout some additional syllable the line, as it stands
in the first folio, is defective.

⁹ The old copy reads *roted*. Mr. Boswell says, perhaps it should be *roted*: we have no example of *roted* for *got by rote*, but it is much in Shakespeare's manner of forming expressions.

¹⁰ I. e. of no approbation. *Allowance* has no connection with the subsequent words, 'to your bosom's truth.' The construction is 'though but bastards to your bosom's truth, not the lawful issue of your heart.' The words 'and syllables of no allowance,' are put in opposition with bastards, and are as if were parenthetical.

¹¹ See Act I. Sc. 2.

¹² Common clowns.

¹³ I. e. the secret of their loves.

¹⁴ *Not* seems here to signify *not only*.

And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them.)

Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant More learned than the ears,) waving thy head, Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,¹ Now humble, as the ripest mulberry, That shall not hold the handling: Or, say to them, Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils, Hast not the soft way,² which, thou dost confess, Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim, In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done, Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours: For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now, Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf, Than flatter him in a bower.³ Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, as 'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:— Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd⁴ sconce? Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't: Yet were there but this single plot⁵ to lose, This mould of Marcian, they to dust should grind it, And throw it against the wind—To the market-place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which⁶ I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you. *Vol.* I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said, My praises made thee first a soldier, so,

To keep my praise for this, perform a part Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't: A way, my disposition, and possess me Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd, Which quired⁷ with my drum, into a pipe Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice That babies lull asleep! The smiles of knaves Tent⁸ in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,

¹ It is probably from want of a more complete acquaintance with the rules of grammar which guided our ancestors, that the use they made of the pronouns appears to us anomalous. Which here, as Malone observes, is to be understood as if the poet had written 'It after.' *See* Stevens pertinaciously insists upon attributing these seeming anomalies of ancient grammar to the inaccuracy of ancient printers, whose press-work, he supposes, seldom received any correction; but those who are familiar with the manuscripts of Shakespeare's age will at once acquit the learned and useful body of typographers.

² Thus in *Othello*, folio ed. 1623:—

— Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with th' soft phrase of peace;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battles.

³ *Bower* was the ancient term for a chamber. Spenser, speaking of the Temple, Prothalamion, st. 8, says:—

'Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers.'
⁴ *Unbarb'd* is unarmed, unaccounted, uncovered. Cotgrave says that a *barbute* was a ridinghood, or a monero or close hood, and that it also signified the beaver of a helmet. It was probably used for any kind of covering that concealed the head and face. Thus in

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like him That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't: Least I surcease to honour mine own truth, And, by my body's action, teach my mind A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then: To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear Thy dangerous stoutness;⁹ for I smok at death With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list. Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'd'st it from me; But owe¹⁰ thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content; Mother, I am going to the market-place; Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves, Gog their hearts from them, and come home baler'd¹¹ Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going: Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul; Or never trust to what my tongue can do I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit* *Com.* Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd With accusations, as I hear, more strong Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go, Let them accuse me by invention, I'll answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly. *Cor.* Well, mildly be it, then; mildly. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. The same. *Enter* *SICINUS* and *BRUCCUS*.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects Tyrannical power: If he evade us there, Enforce him with his envy¹¹ to the people; And that the spoil, got on the Antiates, Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Edile.

What, will he come?

Ed. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Ed. With old Menenius, and those senators That always favoured him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue Of all the voices that we have procur'd, Set down by the poll?

Ed. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Ed. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither.

And when they hear me say, it shall be so I' the right and strength of the Commons, be it either For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them, If I say, fine, cry *Aye*; if death, cry *Death*; Insisting on the old prerogative And power, i' the truth of the cause.

Ed. I shall inform them.

Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida*, II. v. 110, Pandrus says to Cressida:—

'Do way your *barbe* and show your face bare.' Where Speght explains *barbe* a mask or visard; Mr. Hawkins, a veil or covering; and Mr. Tyrwhitt, a hood or snuffler. It should be remembered that a *barbed* steed was an accoured steed, or one covered with trappings.

⁵ *Plot* is piece, portion, applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcass.

⁶ Some of the modern editors substituted *as* for *which* here. Malone has shown that this was Shakespeare's usual phraseology. And Horne Tooke tells us why *as* and *which* were convertible words. See note on Julius Cæsar, Act i. Sc. 2.

⁷ i. e. 'which played in concert with my drum.' So in *The Merchant of Venice*—

'Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims.'

⁸ *To tent* is to dwell, to take up residence.

⁹ The meaning appears to be, 'Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.'

¹⁰ i. e. own.

¹¹ *Enforces his envy*, i. e. *inflect his hatred*.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Ed. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it.—
[*Exit Edile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is these, which looks
With us to break his neck.¹

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MERNIUS, COMINIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.²—The honour'd
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Suppl'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Through our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Edile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Ed. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace I say.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this
present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy³ you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to
take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

¹ I. e. his full part or share, as we should now say his pennyworth of contradiction. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

— You take your pennyworth [of sleep] now.

² The sentiments of Coriolanus's heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his destruction.

³ Will bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume.

⁴ Do not take his rougher accents for malicious sounds, but rather for such as become a soldier, than spite or malign you. See the first note on this scene, Act I. Sc. viii.

⁵ I. e. wisely tempered office, established by time.

⁶ Grasped. So in *Macbeth*:—

— Come let me clutch thee.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd⁶ as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock; to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome,——

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this

The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,

I pray you,——

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, slaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying; Good-morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envi'd⁷ against the people, seeking means
To pick away their power: as⁸ now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not⁹ in the presence
Of dread'd justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; In the name of the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: P the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away!
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends;——

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show from¹⁰ Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate,¹¹ her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that——

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what!

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,

As enemy to the people, and his country.

It shall be so.

⁷ Showed hatred.

⁸ As may here be a misprint for *has*, or *and*; of it may signify *as well as*; such elliptical modes of expression are not uncommon in Shakspeare. We have *as* apparently for *as seen as* in *All's Well* that *Ends Well*.

⁹ Not is here again used for *not only*. It is thus used in the *New Testament*, 1 *Thess.* iv. 8:—

— He therefore that despiseth, despiseth not man, but God.

¹⁰ I. e. received in her service, or on her accepting Theobald substituted *for*, and supported his emendation by these passages:—

— To banish him that struck more blows for Rome.

Again:—

— Good man! the wounds that he does bear for Rome.

¹¹ — I love my country beyond the rate at which I value my dear wife, &c.

Cl. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry¹ of curs! whose breath I hate

As reek o'the rotten fens,² whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;³
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts:
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Faa you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making but reservation of yourselves,⁴
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abated⁵ captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despairing,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cl. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cl. Come, come, let us see him out at gates:
Come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come,
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before a Gate of the City.*
*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—
the best⁶

With many heads betts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity⁷ was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd⁸ mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves

A noble cunning;⁹ you were us'd to lead me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that coun'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—
Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,
And occupations perish!

¹ *Cry here signifies a peck. So in a subsequent scene:*

'— You have made good work,

You and your cry.

A cry of thousands was the old term for a peck.

² So in the *Tempest*:—

'*Seb.* As if I had lungs, and rattled ones,

Ant. Or, as 'twere, perfum'd by a fen.'

³ 'When it was cast in Diogenes' tooth that the Sino-pentec had banished him Pontus; yea, said he, I show.' We have the same thought in King Richard II. —

'Think not the king did banish thee,

But thou the king.'

⁴ Thus is the old copy. Malone, following Capell's meddling, changed this line to—

'Making not reservation of yourselves.' &c.

and attempted to defend his reading by a wordy argument, which shows that he did not understand the passage. Dr. Johnson's explanation of the text is as correct as his subsequent remark upon it is judicious. Coriolanus 'apreciates upon the base plebeians that they may still retain the power of banishing their defenders, till their undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but themselves; so that for want of those capable of conducting their defence, they may fall an easy prey to some nation who may conquer them

Cor.

What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond¹⁰ to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot
well,

My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe¹¹ not lightly, (though I go alone
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your
son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous¹² baits and practice.

Vol.

My first¹³ son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure¹⁴ to each chance
That starts i'the way before thee.

Cor.

O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st bear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor.

Fare ye well!

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruist: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch,¹⁵ when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come,
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men.

That's worthy

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor.

Give me thy hand:—

Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*
Enter SICIPIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no
further.—

without a struggle. If we were to read as Malone would have us—

'Making not reservation of yourselves,' it would imply that the people banished themselves, after having banished their defenders.

⁵ *Abated*, is overthrown, depressed. To *abate* castles and houses, &c. is to *overthrow* them. See Blount's Glossography, in voce. To *abate* the courage of a man was to *depress* or *diminish* it.

⁶ Horace, speaking of the Roman mob, says:—

'Ballus matorum est captivum.'

⁷ This is the reading of the second folio; the first folio reads, *extremities seas, &c.*

⁸ 'When fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a noble wisdom.' *Cunning* is often used in this sense by Shakespeare. Johnson reprehends Warburton for misinterpreting the poet's words, and has himself mistaken the meaning of this.

⁹ Foolish.

¹⁰ *Cautelous here means insidious.*

¹¹ I. e. modest.

¹² *Exposure*; for which it is probably a typographical error, as we have no other instance of the word *exposure*.

¹³ I. e. of true metal. The metaphor from the touchstone for trying metals, is common in Shakespeare

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bra. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bra. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit* *Ædile*.]

Enter *VOLUMNIA*, *VIRGILIA*, and *MENENIUS*.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bra. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bra. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The boarded plague
Of the gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear,—

May, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

Vir. You shall stay too: [*To Sic.*] I would, I
had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you manking?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this
fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou forship?
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wisest
words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what:—yet
go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then? What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bra. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the
rabble:

Cata, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bra. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this:

As far as deth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome: so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bra. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exit* *Tribunes*.]

1 *Manking* is *ferce, ferocious*. That it had this sense is evident, because we sometimes find it applied to a stubborn or ferocious animal. *Volumnia* chooses to understand it as meaning a human creature.

2 I. e. mean cunning.

3 The old copy reads, 'Your favour is well appeared by your tongue.' For the emendation in the text I am answerable. Warburton proposed *appeared*; Johnson, *appeared*; Stevens, *appeared*; and Malone thought the old reading might be right. The phrase is more com-

mon in our elder language than *well appeared*, i. e. satisfied, contented. The *Volcan* means to say, 'Your countenance is altered, but your voice perfectly satisfies me.'

'They by thy help: but sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd,
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.'

Vol. Anger's my meat: I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeling.—Come, let's go!
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fye, fye, fye! [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III. *A Highway between Rome and Antium. Enter a Roman and a Volce meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me:
your name, I think, is *Adrian*.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as
you are, against them: know you me yet?

Vol. *Nicanor*? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you;
but your favour is well appay'd¹ by your tongue.
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the
Volcan state, to find you out there: You have well
saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange mutreccion:
the people against the senators, patricians,
and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state
thinks not so; they are in a most warlike prepara-
tion, and hope to come upon them in the heat of
their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small
thing would make it flame again. For the nobles
receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy
Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take
all power from the people, and to pluck from them
their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell
you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking
out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence,
Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have
heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's
wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your
noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in these
wars, his great opposer, *Coriolanus*, being now in
no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate,
thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended
my business, and I will merrily accompany you
home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper, tell you
most strange things from Rome; all tending to the
god of their adversaries. Have you an army ready,
say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their
charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertain-
ment,² and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and
am the man, I think, that shall set them in present
action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of
your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the
most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt*.]

mon in our elder language than *well appeared*, i. e. satisfied, contented. The *Volcan* means to say, 'Your countenance is altered, but your voice perfectly satisfies me.'

'They by thy help: but sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd,
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.'

Shakespeare's Rape of Lucretia

'Glad in his heart, and inly well appay'd,
That to his court so great a lord was brought.'

Fairfax Truce, l. 5.

4 I. e. taken into pay.

SCENE IV. Antium. Before Aufidius's House.
Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In my battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you sir, farewell.

[Exit Citizen.]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose beds, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dispensation of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity; so, fellst foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [Exit.]

SCENE V. The same. A Hall in Aufidius's
House. Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. Where's Cotus! my master calls for him.
Cotus! [Exit.]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well;
but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence
are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the
door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
in being Coriolanus.²

Re-enter second Servant.

2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such
companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.
2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked
with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I
cannot get him out of the house: Pr'ythee, call my
master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow?
Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your
hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

1 'This fine picture of common friendship is an artful
introduction to the sudden league which the poet makes
him enter into with Aufidius, and a no less artful apology
for his commencing enemy to Rome.—Warburton.
2 i. e. having derived that surname from the sack
of Corioli.

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some
other station; here's no place for you; pray you,
avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!

And batten³ on cold bits. [Pushes him away.]

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my
master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall. [Exit.]

3 Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. P the-city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. P the city of kites and crows?—What
an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my
master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to med-
dle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher,
hence! [Beats him away.]

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a
dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou?
Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy
name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [Unmuffling.]
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?
[Servants retire.]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tunic's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou
me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volcians,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,⁴
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name re-
mains;

The crumky and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak⁵ in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those mains
Of shame⁶ seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,

3 Feed.

4 Memory for memorial.

5 Wreak is an old term for revenge. So in Titus
Andronicus:

6 i. e. disgraceful diminutions of territory

That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunate
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Ans. O, Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from you cloud speak divine things, and say,
"Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword;" and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Content against thy valour. Know thou first,
I love the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold.¹ Why, thou Mars! I tell
thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy drawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out²
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dream'd of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fating each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Mar-

cius.
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat.³ O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who are prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods.
Ans. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
have

The leading of thine own revenge, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own
ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But, come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, yes, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most
welcome! [*Exeunt Cor. and Ans.*]

1 Serv. [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

1 To clip is to embrace. He calls Coriolanus the
anvil of his sword, because he has formerly laid as
heavy blows on him as a smith strikes on his anvil.
Thus in Hamlet:—

'And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.'

2 Shakespeare was unaware that a Roman bride, on
her entry into her husband's house, was prohibited from
bestriding his threshold; and that, lest she should even
touch it, she was always lifted over it. Thus Lucan, lib.
II. 330:—

'Tralata vetuit contingere limine planta.'

3 I. e. fully, completely

2 Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have
struck him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave
me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 Serv. What an arm he has! He turned me
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would
set up a top.

2 Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was
something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 Serv. He had me: looking as it were,—
'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was
more in him than I could think.

2 Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the
rarest man i' the world.

1 Serv. I think, he is: but a greater soldier than
he, you out one.

2 Serv. Who? my master?

1 Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Serv. Worth six of him.

1 Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to
be the greater soldier.

2 Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to
say that: for the defence of a town, our general is
excellent.

1 Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 Serv. O, slaves, I can tell you news; news,
you rascals.

1 & 2 Serv. What, what, what? let's partake,
3 Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations;
I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 & 2 Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack
our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 Serv. Why do you say, thwack our general?
3 Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but
he was always good enough for him.

2 Serv. Come, we are fellows, and friends! he
was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so
himself.

1 Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to stay
the truth on't: before Corset, he scotched him and
notched him like a carbonado.

2 Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he
might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 Serv. But, more of thy news?

3 Serv. Why, he is so made on here within, as
if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end
o' the table: no question asked him by any of the
senators, but they stand bald before him! Our
general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies
himself with his hand,⁴ and turns up the white o' the
eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news
is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one
half of what he was yesterday; for the other has
half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table.
He'll go, he says, and sowle⁵ the porter of Rome
gates by the ears: He will mow down all before
him, and leave his passage polled.⁶

2 Serv. And he's as like to do't, as any man I
can imagine.

3 Serv. Do't! he will do't: For, look you, sir,
he has as many friends as enemies: which friends,
sir, (as it were,) durst not, (look you, sir,) show
themselves, (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's
in directitude.

1 Serv. Directitude! what's that?

3 Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up
again, and the man in blood,⁷ they will out of their
burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with
him.

4 I think with Steevens that we should read, *war-
beer* instead of *o'er-beat*. Thus in Othello:—

'In of such flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature.'

5 'Considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it
with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the
hand of his mistress.'

6 To *sowle* is to pull by the ears. It is still provin-
cially in use for pulling, dragging, or lugging.

7 I. e. bared, cleared. To *poll* is to *crop* *clasp*, *th-
saw*; and has all the figurative meanings of *topple* in
Latin. To *pull* and *poll* was to *plunder* and *strip*.

8 See Act I. Sc. I.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?
 3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing,¹ but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent.² Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; muffled,³ deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Rome. A public Place. Enter SICINIUS and HAUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Discoutinous numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MERRIUS.

Bru. We stood t'it in good time. Is this Mennisius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind Of late,—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!
Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much rais'd, But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand; And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!
Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours; we wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both *Tri.* Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time, Than when these fellows ran about the streets, Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking, Self-loving,—

1 We should probably read, 'This peace is good for nothing but,' &c.

2 I. e. full of rumour, full of materials for discourse.

3 *Muffled* is softened, as wine when it is burnt and sweetened.

4 I. e. he aimed at absolute power, he wanted to sway the state alone, without the participation of the tribunes.

5 We should surely read, 'Aene found it so;' without

6 is word the construction of the sentence is imperfect.

7 I. e. stood up in his defence. 'Had the expression

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance.⁴

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation, If he had gone forth consul, found it so.⁵

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still without him.

Enter *Ædile*.

Æd. Worthy tribunes, There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports,—the Voices with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories; And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world: Which were insell'd, when Marcius stood⁶ for Rome

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whip'd. It cannot be, The Voices dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be! We have record, that very well it can; And three examples of the like have been Within my age. But reason' with the fellow, Before you punish him, where he heard this; Let you should chance to whip your information, And beat the messenger who bids beware Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going All to the senate-house: some news is come, That turns⁷ their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;— Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes,—his raising! Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir, The slave's report is seconded; and more, More fearful is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths, (How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius, Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome; And vows revenge as spacious, as between The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely; He and Aufidius can no more atone,⁸ Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the Senate: A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius, Associated with Aufidius, rages Upon our territories; and have already, O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took: What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and

To melt the city leads upon your gates;

To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

in the text (says Steevens) been met with in a learned

author, it might have passed for a Latinism:—

— Summis stantem pro turbibus clam.

Jencks, ix. 575.

7 To reason with is to talk with.

8 Change.

9 I. e. alone, accord, agree. *Atone* and *atonement* are many times used by Shakespeare in this sense.

Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their consecration; and
 Your stables, whereon you stood, confin'd
 Into an augre's bore.¹
Men. Pray now, your news?—
 You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your
 news?
 If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,——
Com. If!
 He is their god; he leads them like a thing
 Made by some other deity than nature,
 That shapes man better: and they follow him,
 Against us brats, with no less confidence,
 Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
 Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
 You, and your apron men;² you that stood so much
 Upon the voice of occupation, and
 The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He will shake
 Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
 Did shake down mellow fruit:³ You have made fair
 work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
 Before you find it other. All the regions
 Do smilingly revolt,⁴ and, who resist,
 Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
 And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame
 him?
 Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
 The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
 The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
 Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
 Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
 Should say, *Be good to Rome, they charg'd him*⁵
 even
 As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
 And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
 If he were putting to my house the brand
 That should consume it, I have not the face
 To say, *'Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair
 hands,
 You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
 A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
 So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,
 like beasts,
 And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
 Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But, I fear
 They'll roar him in again.⁶ Tullus Aufidius,
 The second name of men, obeys his points
 As if he were his officer:—Desperation
 Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
 That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
 And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
 That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
 Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
 Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
 And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
 Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
 As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,

1 So in Macbeth:—

— our fate hid in an augre-hole.

2 *i.e. mechanics.* See Julius Cæsar, Act 1. Sc. 2. Horace uses *artes* for *artifices*. In a future passage he calls them *crafts*. To smell of garlic was a brand of vulgarity; as to smell of leeks was no less so among the Roman people:—

— quis tecum scitille porrum

Scitor, et sicut vervecis labra comedit?

3 A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.

4 Revolt with pleasure.

And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter; if
 he could burn us all into one coal,
 We have deserv'd it.
Cit. Faith, we hear fearful news.
 1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
 When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.
 2 *Cit.* And so did I.
 3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
 very many of us; That we did, we did for the best;
 and though we willingly consented to his banish-
 ment, yet it was against our will.
Com. You are goodly things, you voices!
Men. You have made
 Good work, you and your cry!—Shall we to the
 Capitol?
Com. O, ay; what else?
[Exeunt Com. and Men.]
Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd,
 These are a side, that would be glad to have
 This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
 And show no sign of fear.
 1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
 let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when
 we banish'd him.
 2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.
[Exeunt Citizens.]
Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—Would, half my
 wealth
 Would buy this for a He!
Sic. Pray, let us go.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, and his Lieutenant,
Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
 Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
 Their talk at table, and their thanks at end,
 And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
 Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now,
 Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
 Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
 Even to my person, than I thought he would,
 When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
 In that's no changing; and I must excuse
 What cannot be amended.
Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
 (I mean for your particular,) you had not
 Join'd in commission with him; but either
 Had borne the action of yourself, or else
 To him had left it solely.
Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
 When he shall come to his account, he knows not
 What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
 And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
 To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
 And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
 Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
 As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
 That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
 Whene'er we come to our account.
Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
 Rome?
Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
 And the nobility of Rome are his:
 The senators, and patricians, love him too;
 The tribunes are no soldiers: and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
 As is the osprey⁷ to the fish who takes it

5 'They charg'd, and therein show'd,' has here the force of 'they would charge, and therein show.'
 6 'As they hooted at his departure, they will roar at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations.'
 7 *Pack*, alluding to a pack of hounds.
 8 The following account of the osprey shows the justness and beauty of this simile:—
 'I will provide thee with a princely osprey,
 That as she flesh over fish in pools,

By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man: whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion,¹ but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,²
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance.³ So our virtues
Lid be the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a hair
To extol what it hath done.⁴

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights; foulter,⁵ strengths by strengths do
fall.
Come, let's away. When Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'est of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I. Rome. A public Place. Enter MARCELLUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd⁶
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbid all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name: the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why so: you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd⁷ for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!⁸

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,

The fish shall turn their glistening bellies up,
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all.
Drayton mentions the same fascinating power of the
egrey in Polyolbon, Song xxv. The bird is described
in Pennant's British Zoology.

1 Aufidius assigns three probable reasons for the mis-
carriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an
uninterrupted train of success; unskillfulness to regu-
late the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn
uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper
transition from the casque to the cushion, or chair of
civil authority; but acted with the same despotism in
peace as in war.—Johnson.

2 Not all in their full extent. So in the Winter's
Tale:—

'Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.'
3 But such is his merit as ought to choke the utter-
ance of his faults.

4 ——— So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a hair
To extol what it hath done.

Thus the old copy. Well Stevens might exclaim that
the passage and the comments upon it were equally in-
telligible. The whole speech is very incorrectly printed
in the folio. Thus we have 'was for'twas; detect for
defect; virtues for virtues; and, evidently, chair for
hair. What is the meaning of—

'Hath not a tomb so evident as a hair?'

It was a bare⁹ petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men.

Very well:

Could he say less?

— Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men.

For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the
grains:

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-headed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our chastress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men.

No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men.

What should I do?

Br. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men.

Well, and say that Marcius

Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

Unheard; what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic.

Yet your good will

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men.

I'll undertake it:

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:¹⁰
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding,¹¹ we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request,

And then I'll set upon him.

Br. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men.

Good faith, I'll prove 'em,

Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.]

A hair has some propriety, as used for a thing almost
invisible. As in The Tempest:—

—— not a hair perish'd.

I take the meaning of the passage to be, 'So our virtues
lie at the mercy of the time's interpretation, and
power, which esteems itself while living so highly,
hath not when defect the least particle of praise al-
lotted to it.'

5 'Rights by rights foulter, strengths by strengths do
fall.'

Malone reads *fouder*, with a worthy but unsatisfactory
argument in favour of his reading. I could wish to
read, 'Rights by rights foiled,' &c. an easy and obvious
emendation. Stevens has given the following explana-
tion of the passage:—'What is already right, and is
received as such, becomes less clear when supported
by supernumerary proof.'

6 i. e. condescended unwillingly, with reserve, cold-
ness.

7 Harassed by exactions.

8 Memorial.

9 Bare may mean palpable, evident; but I think we
should read *base*.

10 'This observation is not only from nature, and
finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one
who, in the beginning of the play, had told us that he
loved convivial doings.'—*Warburton*.

11 The poet had the discipline of modern Rome in his
thoughts; by the disciplines of whose church priests are
forbid to break their fast before the celebration of mass,
which must take place after sun-rise, and before mid-
day.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you he does sit in gold,¹ his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The greater to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:²
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;³
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An advanced Post of the Volcan Camp
before Rome. The Guard at their Stations. Enter
to them, MENENIUS.*

1 G. Stay: Whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come

To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return: our
general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,⁴
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover:⁵ I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verifi'd⁶ my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle⁷ ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing:⁸ Therefore,
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 G. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in
his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own,
you should not pass here: no, though it were as
virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go
back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius, always factious⁹ on the part of your
general.

1 So in North's Plutarch:—"He was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majesty." The idea expressed by Cominius occurs in the eighth Illud. Pope was perhaps indebted to Shakespeare in the translation of the passage:—

"Th' eternal Thunderer sat throned in gold."

2 None of the explanations or proposed emendations of this passage satisfies me. Perhaps we might read, "to yield to no conditions." The sense of the passage would then be, "What he would do he sent in writing after me; the things he would not do, he bound himself with an oath to yield to no conditions that might be proposed." It afterwards appears what these were:—

"The things I have forsworn to grant may never

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate

Again with Rome's mechanics."

3 To satisfy modern notions of construction, this line

must be read as if written:—

"Unless in his noble mother and his wife."

4 *Lots to blanks* is chances to nothing. Equivalent to

another phrase in King Richard III:—

"All the world to nothing."

5 i. e. friend.

6 *Verifi'd* must here be used for *displayed* or *testified*,

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am own that, talking true, undoes him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does.

Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think go front his revenges with the easy¹⁰ groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters; or with the palsied intercession of such a decrepit dotard¹¹ as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back; that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companions, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack's¹² guard can not office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not in the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueler in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies in Volcan breasts.¹³ That we have been families, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.

if it be not a corruption of the text for *notified*, or some other word. Mr. Edwards proposed to read *permitted*, which, as it was anciently written *permitted*, might easily be mistaken for *verified*. Shakespeare, however, seems to have made Dogberry use *verified* for *testified*; but as he is never orthodox in his meaning, it may be no evidence:—"They have verified unjust things." Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. Sc. 1.

7 *Subtle* here means *smooth*, *level*. "Tityus' breast is counted the subtlest bowing ground in all Tartary."

Ben Jonson's *Charities*, vol. viii/p. 105.

8 i. e. have almost given the lie such a sanction as to render it current.

9 *Factious* is *adherent*, *partisan*. See Sherwood in v. *Faction*. Thus in King Henry VI. Part II. —

"Her faction will be full as strong as ours."

10 i. e. slight, inconsiderable. So in King Henry VI Part II. Act v. Sc. 2:—

"—these faults are easy, quickly answered."

11 Dotard.

12 Equivalent to *Jack in office*, one who is proud of his petty consequence.

13 "Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are joined."

Must ours against your suit are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd
thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
[Gives a Letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st—
Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt Cor. and Auf.

I G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 G. 'Tis a spot, you see, of much power: You
must know the way home again.

I G. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping
your greatness back?

2 G. What cause do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general:
for such things as you, I can scarce think
there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will
to die by himself,¹ fears it not from another. Let
your general do his worst. For you, be that you
are, long; and your misery increase with your age!
I say to you, as I was said to, away. [Exit.

I G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is
the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Tent of Coriolanus. Enter
CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-mor-
row

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly²
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd scurly to him,) once more
offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded to: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[Shout within.

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUNIA,
leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and At-
endants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherin this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand

1 i. e. cause, or because.

2 i. e. by his own hands.

3 How plainly is how openly, how frankly from art-
ifice or concealment.

4 Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of
her husband's words. He says, "These eyes are not
the same," meaning that he saw things with other eyes,
or other dispositions. She lays hold on the word eyes,
to turn his attention on their present appearance.—
Johnson.

5 As an imperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part.
Shakespeare's Twenty-third Sonnet.

6 Juno, the guardian of marriage, and consequently,
the avenger of conjugal perfidy.

7 The hungry beach is the sterile beach; hungry
soil, and hungry gravel, are common phrases. If it be
necessary to seek a more reconciling meaning, the shore
hungry, or eager for shipwrecks, litus avarum, will
serve.

8 Though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was origi-
nally proposed by Valeria, Plutarch has allotted her
no address when she appears with his wife and mother
on this occasion. The poet has followed him. Some
copy the name of Valeria was one of the great ex-

The grand child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth, or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am
not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, Deny not.—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man was author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in
Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.⁴

Cor. Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,⁵
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I pray,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave ununsalted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;

[Kneels.

Of the deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [Kneels,

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son!
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach⁷
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murdr'ring impossibility to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;

I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,

With the consent of supreme Jove,⁸ inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
prove

The shame invulnerable, and stick i' the war
Like a great scornmark, standing every blow,⁹
And saving those that eye thee!

amples of chastity held out by the writers of the middle
age. The following beautiful lines, from Shirley's
Gentleman of Venice, in praise of a lady's chastity, de-
serve to be cited:—

— thou art chaste
As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play
Upon the wings of the cold winter's gale,
Trembling with fear to touch th' impure earth.⁷

8 This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was
the tutelary god of Rome.

10 A *flaw* is a violent blast or sudden gust of wind.
Carew thus describes it, in his Survey of Cornwall:—
'One kind of these storms they call a *flaw*, or *flaugh*,
which is a mighty gale of wind passing suddenly to the
shore, and working strong effects upon whatsoever it
encounters in its way.' The word is not obsolete, as
stated in Todd's Johnson: it will be found in the inter-
esting Journal of Captain Hall, 1824, vol. i. p. 4, and
in Captain Lyon's Narrative of his attempt to reach
Repulse Bay, 1824. There is a corresponding thought
in Shakespeare's hundred and sixteenth sonnet:—

'O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.

Vol. Your wife, sirrah!

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself
Are suiters to you:

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Oy, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you desials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nothing from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment,
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which
should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enemy's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Wherein we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person/
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine:⁵ if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your same
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away, till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did lead
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, This mercy we have show'd; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*

¹ This speech is very closely taken from North's Plutarch, the poet has done little more than throw the very words into blank verse.

² I. e. conclude, end. So in King Henry IV. Part II. —

³ Tell thy friend sickness have determin'd me.

⁴ Keeps me in a state of ignominy, talking to no purpose.

⁵ I. e. does argue for us and our petition.

*For making up this peace / Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is so man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks.² Thou hast never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy:
When she (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus' longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down; an end:
This is the last;—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition⁴ with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch;
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.*

Cor. O mother, mother!

[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the Hands, silent.*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do open,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less⁵ or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you
Stand to me in this cause.—O, mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy
honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.⁶ [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor. Ay, by and by;

[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together;⁷ and you shall hear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counterseal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve

⁵ I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power.

⁶ Farmer has suggested that we should perhaps read *think*.—Shakespeare has however introduced *drinking* as a mark of confederation in King Henry IV. Part II. —

⁷ Let's drink together friendly, and embrace.

The text therefore may be allowed to stand, though at the expense of female delicacy, which, in the present instance, has not been sufficiently consulted.

To have a temple built you :¹ all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Rome. *A public Place.* Enter
MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol: yond'
corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.
But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are
benced, and stay² upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a
butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This
Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has
wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers
his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The
tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he
walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground
shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a
corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum
is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made³
for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished
with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but
eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what
mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no
more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male
tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is
long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be
good unto us. When we banished him, we respect-
ed not them: and, he returning to break our necks,
they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your
house;

The plebeians have got your fellow tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news:—The ladies have
prevail'd,
The Voices are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,⁴
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark
you;

[*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sue dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volturnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Shouting and Music.*

¹ Plutarch informs us that a temple dedicated to the
Fortune of the Ladies was built on this occasion by
order of the senate.

² I. e. may but for it. So in Macbeth:—

'Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.'

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings;
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?
Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patri-
cians, and People. They pass over the Stage.*

¹ *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before
them;

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeat² him with the welcome of his mother;

Cry.—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Antium. *A public Place.* Enter TUL-
LUS AUVIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,³
The city ports' by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

*Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius'
Faction.*

Most welcome!

¹ *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own aims empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

² *Con.* Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent whereina
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

³ *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so height-
en'd,

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

³ *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires: nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his disagements
In my own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and

³ That is, as one made to resemble Alexander.

⁴ As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste.⁵

⁵ Rape of Lucrece

⁶ Recall.

⁶ I. e. he whom I accuse:—

⁷ I am appointed him to murder you.

⁷ The Winter's Tale.

⁷ Ports are gates. See Act I. Sc. 7.

He waged me with his countenance,¹ as if I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord: The army marvel'd at it. And, in the last, When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;— For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.² At a few drops of women's rheum, which are As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour Of our great action; Therefore shall he die, And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post, And had no welcomes home; but he returns, Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools, Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear, With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage, Ere he express himself, or move the people With what he would say, let him feel your sword, Which we will second. When he lies along, After your way his tale pronounc'd, shall bury His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more; Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it, But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd What I have written to you?

Lords. We have. And grieve to hear it. What faults he made before the last, I think, Might have found easy fines: but there to end Where he was to begin; and give away The benefit of our levies, answering us With our own charge;³ making a treaty, where There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him. *Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours; and a Crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier; No more infected with my country's love, Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting Under your great command. You are to know, That prosperously I have attempted, and With bloody passage, led your wars, even to The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part, The charges of the action. We have made peace With no less honour to the Antiates, Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver, Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians, Together with the seal of the senate, what We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords; But tell the traitor, in the highest degree He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius?—

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name Coriolanus in Corioli?—

1 The verb *to wage* was formerly in general use for *to stipend, to reward*. The meaning is, 'the countenance he gave me was a kind of wages.'

2 For his defence great store of men I *wag'd*.
Mirror for Magistrates.

3 — I receive thee gladly to my house, And *wage* thy stay.

Heywood's Wise Woman of Hogsdon.
3 'This is the point on which I will attack him with all my energy.'

4 'Rewarding us with our own expenses, making the cost of the war its recompense.'

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously He has betray'd your business, and given up, For certain drops of salt, your city Rome, (I say, your city,) to his wife and mother: Breaking his oath and resolution, like A twist of rotten silk; never admitting Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears He whis'd and roar'd away your victory: That pages blush'd at him, and men of heat Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.⁴

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart Too great for what contains it. Boy! O, slave!— Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave

lords, Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion (Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that

must bear My beating to his grave,) shall join to thrust The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Voices; men and lads, Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound! If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there, That like an eagle in a dovecoat, I Flutter'd your Voices in Corioli:

Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords, Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune, Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart, 'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*]

Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.

The man is noble, and his fame folds in This orb o' the earth.⁵ His last offence to us Shall have judicious⁶ hearing.—Stand, Aufidius, And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,

With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O, Tullus!—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know, (as in this

rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice

That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours

To call me to your senate, I'll deliver

Myself your loyal servant, or endure

Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,

And mourn you for him: let him be regarded

4 This must be considered as continuing the former speech of Aufidius; he means to tell Coriolanus that he was 'no more than a boy of tears.'

5 'His fame overpreads the world.'

6 'Perhaps judicious, in the present instance, means judicial; such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of justice.'—*Steevens.* Steevens is right, it appears from Bullokar's Expositor that the words were convertible; the same meaning is assigned to both, viz

'belonging to judgment.'

As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.¹

2 *Lord* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers: I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he

1 This allusion is to a custom which was most probably unknown to the ancients, but which was observed in the public funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased.

2 Memorial. See Act iv. Sc. 5.

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.²—
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the Body of CORIOLANUS
A dead March sounded.*]

THE tragedy of Coriolanus is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunician insolence in Brutus and Sicinius; make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune, fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first Act, and too little in the last.—JOHNSON.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IT appears from the Appendix to Peck's Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell, &c. p. 14, that a Latin play on this subject has been written: 'Epiogus Cæsari interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodit ea res acta, in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui epiogus a Magistro Ricardo Eedes, et scriptus, et in proœnio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1622.' Meres, in his Wits' Commonwealth, 1696, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragic writers of that time.

From what Polonius says in Hamlet, it seems probable that there was also an English play on the story before Shakspeare commenced writer for the stage. Stephen Gosson, in his School of Abuse, 1579, mentions a play entitled The History of Cæsar and Pompey.

William Alexander, afterwards earl of Stirling, wrote a tragedy of the story of Julius Cæsar; the death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited, but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece, which appeared in 1607, when the writer was little acquainted with English writers; it abounds with Scotticisms, which the author corrected in the edition he gave of his works in 1627. There are parallel passages in the two plays, which may have arisen from the two authors drawing from the same source; but there is reason to think the coincidences more than accidental, and that Shakspeare was acquainted with the drama of Lord Stirling. It has been shown in a note on The Tempest, that the celebrated passage ('The cloud-capt towers,' &c.) had its prototype in Darius, another play of the same author.

It should be remembered that Shakspeare has many plays founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others; whereas no proof has hitherto been produced that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakspeare. If the conjecture that Shakspeare was indebted to Lord Stirling be just, his drama must have been produced subsequent to 1607, or at latest in that year; which is the date ascribed to it, upon these grounds, by Malone.

Upon has remarked that the real duration of time in Julius Cæsar is as follows:—About the middle of February, A. U. C. 709, a frantic festival sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year, he was slain. November 27th, A. U. C. 710, the triumphs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription. A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philipp.

Gildon long ago remarked that Brutus was the true hero of this tragedy, and not Cæsar; Schlegel makes the same observation: the poet has portrayed the character of Brutus with peculiar care, and developed all the amiable traits, the feeling, and patriotic heroism of it with supereminent skill. He has been less happy in personifying Cæsar, to whom he has given several ostentatious speeches, unsuited to his character, if we may judge from the impression made upon us by his own commentaries. The character of Cassius is also touched with great nicety and discrimination, and is admirably contrasted to that of Brutus: his superiority in independent volition, and his discernment in judging of human affairs, are pointed out; while the purity of

mind and conscientious love of justice in Brutus, unfit him to be the head of a party in a state entirely corrupted: these amiable failings give, in fact, an unfortunate turn to the cause of the conspirators. The play abounds in well wrought and affecting scenes; it is scarcely necessary to mention the celebrated dialogues between Brutus and Cassius, in which the design of the conspiracy is opened to Brutus. The quarrel between them, rendered doubly touching by the close, when Cassius learns the death of Portia: and which one is surprised to think that any critic susceptible of feeling should pronounce 'cold and unfeeling.' The scene between Brutus and Portia, where she endeavours to extort the secret of the conspiracy from him, in which is that heart-thrilling burst of tenderness, which Portia's heroic behaviour awakens:—

'You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.'

The speeches of Mark Antony over the dead body of Cæsar, and the artful eloquence with which he captivates the multitude, are justly classed among the happiest effusions of poetic declamation.

There are also those touches of nature interspersed, which we should seek in vain in the works of any other poet. In the otherwise beautiful scene with Lælius, an incident of this kind is introduced, which, though wholly immaterial to the plot or conduct of the scene, is perfectly congenial to the character of the agent, and beautifully illustrative of it. The sedate and philosophic Brutus, discomposed a little by the stupendous cares upon his mind, forgets where he had left his book of recreation:—

'Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so.'

Another passage of the same kind, and of eminent beauty, is to be found in the scene where the conspirators assemble at the house of Brutus at midnight. Brutus, welcoming them all, says:—

'What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cassius. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]
Decius. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.
Brutus. O pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceived:

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.'

It is not only heroic manners and incidents which the all-powerful pen of Shakspeare has expressed with great historic truth in this play, he has entered with no less penetration into the manners of the factious plebeians, and has exhibited here, as well as in Coriolanus, the manners of a Roman mob. How could Johnson say, that 'his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius!'

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
 MARCUS ANTONIUS, } *Triumvirs after the death of*
 M. ÆMIL LEPIDUS, } *Julius Cæsar.*
 CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LÆNA, } *Senators.*
 MARCUS BRUTUS,
 CASSIUS,
 CASCIA,
 TREBONIUS,
 LICINIUS,
 DECIVS BRUTUS,
 METELLUS CIMBER,
 CINNA,
 FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, } *Conspirators against Julius*
 } *Cæsar.*
 } *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, a *Sophist of Cnidos.*
 A *Soothsayer.*
 CINNA, a *Poet.* Another *Poet.*
 LUCILIUS TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO, and
 VOLUMNIUS, *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
 VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS,
 DARDANIUS, *Servants to Brutus.*
 PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*
 CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*
 PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.
 SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome: afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street. Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Flavius.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home; Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk, Upon a labouring day, without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?— You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience: which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave; thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather, have gone upon my handy work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

1 The Tyber being always personified as a god, the feminine gender is here, strictly speaking, improper. Milton says that—

—the river of bills

Rolls o'er Elysian fountains *Aer* amber streams.¹ But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. Malone observes that Drayton describes the presiding powers of the rivers of England as females; Spenser more classically represents them as males.

2 Condition, rank.

3 Whether.

4 Honorary ornaments; tokens of respect.

5 We gather from a passage in the next scene what these trophies were. Cascia there informs Cassius that Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.

To towers and windows, yea to chimney tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome; And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,¹ To hear the replication of your sounds, Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;²

Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, wher³ their basest metal be not mov'd;

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

This way will I: Drob the images,

If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.⁴

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images

Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.⁵ I'll about,

And drive away the vulgar from the streets:

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;

Who else would soar above the view of men,

And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The same. A public Place. Enter in Procession, with Music, CÆSAR, ANTONY, for the Course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIVS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCIA, a great Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cæsca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,⁷

When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

6 This person was not Decius but Decimus Brutus. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of Marcus and Decimus. Decimus Brutus was the most cherished by Cæsar of all his friends, while Marcus kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours as the other had constantly accepted. Lord Sterling has made the same mistake in his tragedy of Julius Cæsar. The error has its source in North's translation of Plutarch, or in Holland's *Suetonius*, 1696.

7 The old copy reads 'Antonius' way.' In other places we have *Octavio*, *Flavio*. The players were more accustomed to Italian than Latin terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramatic pieces formed

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their steril curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
 When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]
Sooth. Cæsar.
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet
 again. [*Music ceases.*]
Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
 I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry. Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of
 March.
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon
 Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak
 once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer: let us leave him;—pass.
 [*Sennet.* *Exeunt all but BRU. and CÆS.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
 Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
 Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
 I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
 I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
 And show of love, as I was wont to have:
 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
 Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
 Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
 I turn the trouble of my countenance
 Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
 Of late, with passions of some difference,
 Conceptions only proper to myself,
 Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
 (Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
 Nor construe any further my neglect,
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
 Forget the shows of love to other men.

Cæs. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
 passion,³

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
 But by reflection, by some other things.

Cæs. 'Tis just:
 And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
 That you have no such mirrors, as will turn

on the same originals. The correction was made by
 Pope.

The allusion is to a custom at the *Lupercalia*, 'the
 which (says Plutarch) in older time men say was the
 feast of shepherds or herdsmen, and is much like unto
 the feast Lyceians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that
 day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men
 (and some of them magistrats themselves that govern
 them) which run naked through the city, striking in
 sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs.
 And many nobelwomen and gentlewomen also go of
 purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their
 handes to be stricken, perswading themselves that being
 with child they shall have good deliverie: and also being
 barren, that it will make them conceive with child. Cæsar
 sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations,
 in a chayre of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner.
 Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them
 that *romie this hol, course.*—*North's translation.*

1 See King Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 4.

2 I. e. the nature of the feelings which you are now
 suffering. Thus in Timon of Athens—

'I feel my master's passion.'

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
 Where many of the best respect in Rome
 (Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
 Cassius,
 That you would have me seek into myself
 For that which is not in me?

Cæs. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
 And, since you know you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself which you yet know not of.
 And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
 Were I a common laughor, or did use
 To stale³ with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protester; if you know
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them; or if you know
 That I profess myself in banqueting
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and Shout.*]
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
 people
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cæs. Ay, do you fear it?
 Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
 What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently:
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cæs. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour:
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you.
 We both have fed as well: and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, *Das't thou, Cassius, now
 Leap with me into this angry flood,⁴*

And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
 Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive⁵ the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*

I, as *Æneas*, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber

³ Johnson has erroneously given the meaning of
allurement to stale, in this place. 'To stale with ordi-
 nary oaths my love,' is 'to prostitute my love, or
 make it common with ordinary oaths,' &c. The use of
 the verb *to stale* here, may be adduced as a proof that
 in a disputed passage of Coriolanus, Act i. Sc. 1, we
 should read *stale* instead of *scald*: see note there.

⁴ Shakespeare probably remembered what Suetonius
 relates of Cæsar's leaping into the sea, when he was in
 danger by a boat being overladen, and swimming to the
 next ship with his Commentaries in his hand. Hol-
 land's Translation of Suetonius, 1306, p. 26. And in
 another passage, 'Were rivers in his way to hinder his
 passage, cross over them he would, either swimming;
 or else bearing himself upon blowed leather boiles.'
Ibid. p. 24.

⁵ 'But ere we could arrive the point propos'd.' The
 verb *arrive*, in its active sense, according to its etymol-
 ogy, was formerly used for *to approach*, or come near.
 Milton several times uses it thus without the preposi-
 tion. Thus in *Paradise Lost*, b. ii.—

'—— ere he arrive
 The happy isle.'

Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;¹
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink*, Titinius:
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper² should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,

Like a Colossus: and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs,³ and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;⁴
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*. [*Shout.*]

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a *Brutus*⁵ once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;⁶
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;⁷
Brutus had rather be a villager,

Than to repute himself a son of Rome,
Under these hard conditions as⁸ this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from *Brutus*.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.
Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is re-
turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and *Cicero*
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.
Cas. Antonius.
Ant. Cæsar.

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous:⁹
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him
not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, *Antony*; he hears no music:¹⁰
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exit CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA*
stays behind.]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you
speak with me?
Bru. Ay, *Casca*; tell us what hath chanc'd to-
day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?
Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what hath
chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him:¹¹
and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of
his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

vestiges of old phraseology it still lingers among the
common people:—'I cannot say as I did,' &c. for that
I did. I will add an example from Langland, who
flourished in the middle of the fourteenth century:—
'The goles of the ground aren like to the grete wawes
As [which] wyndes and wederes walwen aboute.'
Piers Ploughman, ed. 1813, p. 168.

⁹ 'When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of
Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mis-
chief towards him, he answered, As for those fat men
and smooth-combed heads (quoth he,) I never reckon of
them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people,
I fear them most; meaning *Brutus* and *Cassius*.'
North's Plutarch, 1579.

And in another place:—'Cæsar had *Cassius* in great
jealousy, and suspected him much; whereupon he said
on a time to his friends, What will *Cassius* do, think
you? I like not his pale looks.'

¹⁰ Shakespeare considered this as an infallible mark of
an austere disposition. The reader will remember the
passage in *The Merchant of Venice* so often quoted:—
'The man who hath no music in himself,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'

¹¹ Thus in the old translation of *Plutarch*: '— he
came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed
about with laurel.'

1 This is oddly expressed, but a quibble, alluding to
a coward flying from his colour, was intended.

2 Temperament, constitution.

3 'But I the meanest man of many more,

Yet much disdainful unto him to lout,
Or creep between his legs.'

Spenser's Faerie Queene, b. iv. c. x. st. 19.

4 A similar thought occurs in Heywood's *Rape of
Lucrece*:—

'What diapason's more in Tarquin's name

Than in a subject's? Or what's Tullia

More in the sound than should become the name

Of a poor maid?'

5 *Lucius Junius Brutus* (says *Dion Cassius*) would
as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a
dæmon, as to the lasting government of a king.'

6 i. e. guess. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—

'But fearing lest my jealous aim might err.'

Ruminate on this, consider it at leisure.

7 *As*, according to *Tooke*, is an article, and means
the same as *that*, *which*, or *it*: accordingly we find it
often so employed by old writers; and particularly in
our excellent version of the Bible. Thus *Lord Bacon*
also, in his *Appophthegmes*, No. 210:—'One of the *Roma-
ns* said to his friend: what think you of such a one,
as was taken with the masquer in adultery?' Like other

Br. What was the second noise for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Ca. They shouted thrice: What was the last cry for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Br. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?
Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, nine honest neighbours shouted.
Ca. Who offer'd him the crown?
Casca. Why, Antony.
Br. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.
Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Ca. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Br. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.
Ca. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, and honest Cæsar, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Br. What said he when he came unto himself?
Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,¹ if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues: and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desis'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Br. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Ca. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Ca. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for

1 i. e. no honest man.

2 'Hail I been a mechanic, one of the plebeians to whom he offer'd his throat.' So in Coriolanus:—

'You have made good work,
 Upon the voice of occupation, and
 The breath of garlic-eaters.'

Men of occupation: Opifices et tabernarii.—*Baret.*

3 'The best metal or temper may be worked into qualities contrary to its disposition, or what it is disposed to.'

4 'Has an unfavourable opinion of me.' The same phrase occurs again in the first scene of Act iii.

5 I think Warburton's explanation of this passage the true one:—'If I were Brutus, (said he,) and Brutus Cæsius, he should not cajole me as I do him.' To

pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Ca. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?
Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.
Ca. Will you dine with me to-morrow?
Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Ca. Good; I will expect you.
Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. [*Exit CASCA.*]
Br. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Ca. So he is now, in execution Of any bold or noble enterprize, However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

Br. And so it is. For this time I will leave you: To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you: or, if you will, Come home with me, and I will wait for you

Ca. I will do so:—till then, think of the world. [*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, Thy honourable metal may be wrought From that it is dispos'd:² Therefore 'tis meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes: For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?³ Cæsar doth bear me hard;⁴ but he loves Brutus: If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, He should not humour me.⁵ I will this night, In several hands, in at his windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, Writings all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at: And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure; For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]
 SCENE III. *The same. A Street. Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O, Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam To be exalted with the threaten'ing clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven; Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Increases them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave⁶ (you know him well by sight,)

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. Besides (I have not since put up my sword,) Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glar'd⁷ upon me, and went surly by,

humour signifies to turn and wind by inflaming his passions.

6 'Did you attend Cæsar home?' So in Measure for Measure:—

'That we may bring you something on the way.'

7 'The whole weight or momentum of this globe.'

8 'A slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, inso much as they that saw it thought he had been burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found that he had no hurt.'—*Narr. à's Plutarch.*

9 The old copies erroneously read—
 'Who glar'd upon me.'

Malone determin'd obstinately to oppose himself to Steevens's judicious reading of *glar'd*, and reads, with less propriety and probability, *glar'd*. Steevens has

Without annoying me! And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean¹ from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Cæsa. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Cæsa: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Cæsa. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Cæsa. A Roman.

Cas. Cæsa, by your voice.

Cæsa. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cæsa. Who ever know the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night:
And, thus unbraced, Cæsa, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;²
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Cæsa. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Cæsa; and those sparks of
life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast your self in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;³
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their aures, and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Cæsa,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious⁴ grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Cæsa. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not,
Cassius?

clearly shown from the poet's own works that his emendation is the true one.

¹ Altogether, entirely.

² What is now, in modern language, called a *thunder-bolt*.

³ I. e. 'why birds and beasts deviate from their condition and nature; why old men, fools, and children calculate.' I. e. foretell or prophesy. At the suggestion of Sir William Blackstone this last line has been erroneously printed in all the late editions:—

'Why old men, fools, and children calculate.' He observed, that 'there was no prodigy in old men's calculating; but who were so likely to listen to prophecies as children, fools, and the superstitious old?'

⁴ Portentous.

⁵ I. e. sinews, muscular strength. See note on King Henry IV. Part II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thew⁵ and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Cæsa. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Cæsa. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.⁶

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: 'But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cæsa. You speak to Cæsa; and to such a man,
That is no fleeing tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious⁷ for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Cæsa, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch; for now, this fearful night
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
In favour's⁸ like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Cæsa. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus
Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Cæsa; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—

⁶ Thus in *Cymbeline*, Act v. Posthumus, speaking of his chains:—
— take this life,

And cancel these cold bonds.'

⁷ 'I know I shall be called to account, and must answer for having uttered seditious words.' So in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—'Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me.'

⁸ 'Hold my hand' is the same as 'Here's my hand.' 'Be factious for redress,' means, be contentious, enterprising for redress.

⁹ The old copy reads, 'In favour.' Favour here is put for appearance, look, countenance; to favour is to resemble.

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.
Cas. Him and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.* Brutus's Orchard.¹ Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What,
Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Juc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Juc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]
Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse² from power: And, to speak truth of
Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,³

¹ *Orchard* and *garden* appear to have been synonymous with our ancestors. In *Romeo* and *Juliet*, Capulet's *garden* is twice called *orchard*.

² Shakespeare usually uses *remorse* for *pity*, *tenderness* of heart.

³ i. e. a matter proved by common experience.

⁴ The aspirer once attain'd unto the top,
Cuts off those means by which himself got up:
And with a harrier hand, and straighter rein,
Doth curb that looseness he did find before:
Doubting the occasion like might serve again,
His own example makes him fear the more.
Daniel's Civil Wars, 1602.

⁵ 'As his kind,' like the rest of his species. Thus in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*:—'You must think this, look you, the worm [i. e. serpent] will do his kind.'

⁶ The old copy erroneously reads, 'the first of March.' The correction was made by Theobald; as was the following.

⁷ Here again the old copy reads, *fifteen*. This was only the dawn of the fifteenth when the boy makes his report.

⁸ The old copy reads:—

'Are then in council, and the state of a man,' &c.

⁹ There is a long and fanciful, but erroneous note by Warburton on this passage, which is curious, as being

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend:⁴ So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,⁵ grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Juc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?⁶

L. c. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Juc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*]

*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!*

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,——
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Juc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.⁷

[*Knock within.*]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks. [*Exit LUCIUS.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,⁸
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.⁹

one of his earliest comments on Shakespeare, addressed to Concanen, when, in league with Theobald and others, he made war against Pope. The following note, by the Rev. Mr. Blakeway, is quite of another character, and takes with it my entire concurrence and approbation:—

⁴ The genius, and the mortal instruments, &c.
Mortal is assuredly *deadly*; as it is in *Macbeth*:—

—Come, you spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts,

By *instruments*, I understand our bodily powers, our members: as Othello calls his eyes and hands his speculative and active instruments: and Menenius, in *Cæriolanus*, Act i. Sc. 1, speaks of the

—cranks and offices of man,

The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins.⁹
So intending to point, as he does very finely, the inward conflict which precedes the commission of some dreadful crime; he represents, as I conceive him, the genius, or soul, consulting with the body, and, as it were, questioning the limbs, the instruments which are to perform this deed of death, whether they can undertake to bear her out in the affair, whether they can screw up their courage to do what she shall enjoin them. The tumultuous commotion of opposing sentiments and feelings, produced by the firmness of the soul contending with the secret misgivings of the body; during which the

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir; there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears.

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

They are the faction. O, conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIVS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest;

Good morrow, Brutus: Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cin. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;

And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here 'tis the east: Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises:

Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east

Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face² of men,

mental faculties are, though not actually dormant, yet in a sort of waking stupor, 'crushed by one overwhelming image,' is finely compared to a phantasm or a hideous dream, and by the *state of man* suffering the nature of an insurrection. 'Tibalt has something like it in Romeo and Juliet:—

'Patience perforce with wifful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.'

¹ See Act i. Sc. 3.

² 'If thou walk in thy true form.'

³ Johnson thus explains this passage: in which, with a view perhaps, to imitate the abruptness of discourse, Shakespeare has constructed the latter part without any regard to the beginning. 'The face of men' is the 'countenance, the regard, the esteem of the public'; in other terms, *honour and reputation*: or the faces of men may mean 'the dejected look of the people.' Thus Cicero in Catiilinam:—'Nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt.'

Gray may perhaps support Johnson's explanation:

'And read their history in a nation's eyes.'
Mason thought we should read, 'the faith of men'; to which, he says, the context evidently gives support:—

— what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter,' &c.

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence in his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery.* But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,⁷
Old feeble carriages, and such suffering souls,
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion,⁸

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:

It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;

Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear

But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break⁹ with him;

For he will never follow any thing

That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,

Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him

A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means

If he improves them, may well stretch so far,

As to annoy us all; which to prevent,

Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius

Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;

Like wrath in death, and envy⁹ afterwards:

For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;

And in the spirit of men there is no blood:

O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

The speech is formed on the following passage in North's Plutarch:—'The conspirators having never taken oath together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves,' &c.

⁴ Stevens thinks there may be an allusion here to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by lot of every tenth soldier in a general mutiny for punishment. The poet speaks of this in Coriolanus:—

'By decimation and a tithed death
Take thou thy fate.'

⁵ To *palter* is to *shuffle*, to *equivocate*; to go from engagements once made.

⁶ Though *cautelous* is often used for wary, circumspect, by old writers, the context plainly shows that Shakespeare uses it here for *artful*, *insidious*; opposed to honesty. It is used in Coriolanus, Act iv Sc 1, in the same sense.

⁷ I. e. character. Thus in King Henry IV. Part i,

Act v. Sc. 4:—

'Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion.'

⁸ Let us not break the matter to him.

⁹ Envy here, as almost always by Shakespeare, is used for *malice*.

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :¹
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him :
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar, —

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself ; take thought,² and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Thet. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Thet. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :
For he is superstitious grown of late ;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :³
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'erway him : for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,⁴
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does ; being then most flattered.
Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

Cas. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;

I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :⁵

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave

you, Brutus ; —

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember

1 ' Gradive, dedisti,
Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello
Lædere tela queant, sanctum et venerabile Diti
Funus erat.' *Statius, Theb. vii. l. 696.*

The following passage of the old translation of Plutarch was probably in the poet's thoughts : — 'Cæsar turned himself no-where but he was stricken at by some, and still naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among them as a wild beast taken of hunters.'

2 To take thought, is to grieve, to be troubled in mind. See note on Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 5 ; and Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 2. 'My bodie surely is well, or in good case ; but I take thought, or my minde is full of fancies and trouble.' — *Baret.*

3 Whether.

4 'Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.'
Main opinion is fixed opinion, general estimation.
Thus in Troilus and Cressida : —

'Why then should we our main opinion crush,
In taint of our best man ?'

Fantasy was used for *imagination* or *conceit* in Shakespeare's time ; but the following passage from Lavaterus on Ghosts and Spirits, 1772, may elucidate its meaning in the present instance : — 'Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia*, saying that *phantasma* is an imagination or appearance of a sight or thing which is not, as are those sights which

What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy ! Lucius ! — Fast asleep ? — It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures,⁶ nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men —
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours, neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry walture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,⁷
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do : — Good Portia, go to bed,

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical

To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night ?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,
I charm you,⁸ by my once commended beauty,

men in their sleep do think they see ; but that *phantasia* is the seeing of that only which is in very deed. Ceremonies signify omens or signs deduced from sacrifices or other ceremonial rites. Thus in a subsequent passage : —

'Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me.'

5 *Unicorns* are said to have been taken by one, who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the animal till he was despatched by the hunter. This is alluded to by Spenser, *F. Q. b. li. c. 5* ; and by Chapman, in his *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607. *Bears* are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, highly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was placed. See Pliny's *Natural History*, b. viii.

6 *l. e.* by his house ; make that your way home.

7 'Let not our faces put on, that is, wear or show our designs.'

8 Shapes created by imagination.

9 *Condition* is temper, disposition, demeanour.

10 'I charm you.' This is the reading of the old copy, which Pope and Hanmer changed to 'I charge you,' without necessity. To charm is to *treack* or en-

By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Br. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.¹

Br. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.²

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Br. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within.
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the character³ of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [Exit PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with
you.

Br. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Br. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'Would, you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.⁴

treat by words or other fascinating means. Thus in
Cymbeline:—

'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.⁵

¹ The general idea of this part of Portia's speech is
taken from the old translation of Plutarch. Lord Ster-
line, in his *Julius Caesar*, 1607, uses similar language:—

'I was not, Brutus, match'd with thee, to be
A partner only of thy board and bed:
Each servile whore in those might equal me,
That did herself to nought but pleasure wed.

No.—Portia spous'd thee with a mind I' abide
Thy fellow in all fortunes, good or ill,
With chains of mutual love together tied,
As those that have two breasts, one heart, two
souls, one will.'⁶

² These glowing words have been adopted by Gray
in his celebrated Ode:—

'Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.'

³ Character is defined 'writing by characters or
strange marks.' Brutus therefore means that he will
divulge to her the secret cause of the sadness marked
on his countenance.' In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,
Act v. Sc. 1, it is said, 'Fairies use flowers for their
character.'

⁴ This is from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*, as translated
by North:—'Brutus went to see him being sick in his
bedde, and sayed unto him, O Ligarius, in what a time
art thou sick? Ligarius, rising up in his bed and taking

2 H

Br. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist,⁷ hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Br. A piece of work, that will make sick men
whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make
sick?

Br. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Br. Follow me, then.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in Caesar's
Palace. Thunder and Lightning. Enter CAESAR,
in his Night-gown.*

Ca. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! they murder Caesar!—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Ca. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to
walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Ca. Caesar shall forth: The things that threat-
en'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Cal. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,⁸
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;⁹
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,¹⁰
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;

The noise of battle hurl'd¹¹ in the air,

him by the right hande, sayed unto him, Brutus, if thou
hast any great enterprise in hande worthe of thy selfe,
I am whole.' Lord Sterline has also introduced this
passage into his *Julius Caesar*. Shakspeare has given
to Romans the manners of his own time. It was a com-
mon practice in England for those who were sick to
wear a kerchief on their heads, and still continues among
the common people in many places. 'If (says Fuller)
this county [Cheshire] hath bred no writers in that
faculty [physic], the wonder is the less, if it be true
what I read, that if any there be sick, they make him a
posset and tye a kerchief on his head, and if that will
not mend him, then God be merciful to him.'—*Worthies*,
Cheshire, p. 180.

⁵ Here and in all other places Shakspeare uses *char-*
acter for one who raises spirits, not one who lays them.

But it has been erroneously said that he is singular in
this use of the word.

⁶ Never paid a regard to prodigies or omens. The
adjective is used in the same sense in *The Devil's Char-*
ter, 1607:—

'The devil hath provided in his covenants
I should not cross myself at any time,
I never was so *ceremonious*.'

⁷ Shakspeare has adverted to this again in *Hamlet*:—
'A little ere the mighty Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the streets of Rome.'

⁸ *Viss per celum co. currere acies, rutilantia arma,*
et subito nubium igne collucens.—*Tacitus, Hist. b. v.*
⁹ To *hurtle* is to *clash*, or move with violence and
noise.

Horses th'nd neigh, and dying men did groan:
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O, Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Col. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.¹

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths;²

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:³
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were⁴ two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.⁵

Col. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
—Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
—And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day;
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, false;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Col. Say, he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a sign?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell gray-breeds the truth;
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know;
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,⁶
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these doth she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all auspice interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood: and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.⁷
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now: The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.

If Cæsar hide himself, shall not we whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.⁸

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
phurnia?

1 This may have been suggested by Suetonius, who relates that a blazing star appeared for seven days together during the celebration of games, instituted by Augustus, in honour of Julius. The common people believed that this indicated his reception among the gods, his statues were accordingly ornamented with its figure, and medals struck on which it was represented; one of them is engraved in Mr. Douce's Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 82; from whence this note is taken. Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in his *Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, 1658, says, 'Next to the shadows and pretences of experience (which have been met with all at large,) they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow (for the most part) after *blazing stars*; as if they were the summonses of God to call princes to the seat of judgment. The surest way to shake their painted bulwarks of experience is, by making plain that neither princes always dye when comets blaze, nor comets ever (i. e. always) when princes dye.' In this work is a curious anecdote of Queen Elizabeth, 'then lying at Richmond, being dissuaded from looking on a comet; with a courage equal to the greatness of her state she caused the windows to be set open, and said, *facta est aëna*—the dice are thrown.'

2 'When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, he would never consent to it; but said, it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death.'—*North's Plutarch*.

Lord Essex in a letter to Lord Rutland, observes, 'That as he which dieth nobly doth live for ever, so he that doth live in fear doth die continually.'—And Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:—

'Fear is my vassal; when I frown he flies:
A hundred times in life a coward dies.'

3 Johnson remarks, 'That the ancients did not place courage in the heart.' Mr. Douce observes, that he had

forgotten his classics strangely, as he has shown by several extracts from Virgil and Ovid.

4 The old copy reads, 'We *acare*,' &c. The emendation was made by Theobald. Upon proposed to read, 'We *are*,' &c.

5 Stevens observes, that any speech of Cæsar, throughout this scene, will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following, put into his mouth by May in the seventh book of his *Supplement to Livy* can:—

Plus me Calphurnia luctus,
Et lachrymæ movere tuas, quam tristia vatum
Responsa, infausæ volucres, aut ulla dierum
Vana superstîtio poterant. Ostenta timere
Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora posthæc
Anxia transirent? quæ lux jucunda manaret?
Aut quæ libertas? frustra servire timori
(Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit)
Cogar, et huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex
Jus dabit, et vanus æmper dominabitur augur.'

6 'The old copy reads *statua*; but it has been shown by Mr. Reed beyond controversy that *statua* was pronounced as a trisyllable by our ancestors, and hence generally written *statuas*. Thus in Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, ed. 1638, p. 86:—'It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuas* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, nor, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years.' Again:—'without which the history of the world seems to be as the *statua* of Polyphemus, with his eye out.'

7 At the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs, &c. we are told that handkerchiefs were fastened with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased.

8 'And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love.'

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

*Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early to?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was no'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up:—
Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,
[Aside.
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. A Street near the Capitol.*
Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cas-
sius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna;
trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber;
Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged
Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these
men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st
not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to
conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy
lover,
ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a sutor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.¹
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.² *[Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the
same Street, before the House of Brutus. Enter
PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?³

Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee here, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
well.
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,

¹ Emulation is here used in its old sense, of envious, or factious rivalry. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. Sc. 2.

² 'The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction.'

³ Shakespeare has expressed the perturbation of King Richard the Third's mind by the same incident:—
'Dull unmindful villain!

Why stayest thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well;

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.⁴

Por. Come hither, fellow:

Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. *[Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing,

The heart of woman is! O, Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,⁵

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord:

Say, I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Capitol; and the Senate
sitting. A Crowd of People in the Street leading
to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and
the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRU-
TUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, ANTONY, METELLUS,
TREBONIUS, CINNA, DECIUS, LEPIDUS, POPI-
LIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

Cæs. The ideas of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All
the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to CÆSAR.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cat. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' plea-
sure.

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

⁴ Mr. Tyrwhitt says, 'The introduction of the Sooth-
sayer here is unnecessary, and improper. All that he
is made to say should be given to Artemidorus; who is
seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his
first stand to one more convenient.'

⁵ These words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive
him, by assigning a false cause for her present pertur-
bation.

Cæs. He wou'd, to-day our estate might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discover'd.

Brû. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Brû. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exit ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Brû. He is address'd: 'press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant

Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:— [Kneeling.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men;

And turn pre-ordnance,¹ and first decree,

Into the law of children.² Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished;

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.³

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Brû. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

¹ i. e. he is ready.

² According to the rules of modern grammar Shakspeare should have written *his* hand; but other instances of similar false concord are to be found in his compositions. Steevens is angry with Malone for laying them to the charge of the poet, and would transfer them to the player-editors or their painter. Ritson thinks the words 'Are we all ready?' should be given to Cinna, and not to Cæsar.

³ Pre-ordnance for ordinance already established.

⁴ The old copy erroneously reads 'the lane of children.' *Lane*, as anciently written, was easily confounded with *lane*.

⁵ Ben Jonson has shown the ridicule of this passage in the induction to *The Staple of News*; and notices it in his *Discourses*, as one of the lapses of Shakspeare's pen; but certainly without this malevolence which has been ascribed to him: and be it observed, that is almost the only passage in his works which can justly be considered into an attack on Shakspeare. He has been accused of quoting the passage unfaithfully; but Mr. Gifford surmised, and Mr. Gifford is decidedly of opinion, that the passage originally stood as cited by Jonson; thus:—

⁶ *Met. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*

Cæs. Cæsar, did never wrong, but with just cause. Mr. Tyrwhitt has endeavoured to defend the passage by observing, that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury*; and that Cæsar is meant to say, that he doth not inflict any evil or punishment but with just cause. 'The fact seems to be (says Mr. Gifford), that this verse, which closely borders on absurdity, without being absurdly absurd, escaped the poet in the heat of suspension; and being one of those quaint slips which are readily remembered, became a jocular and familiar phrase for reproving (as in the passage of Ben Jonson's induction) the perverse, and unreasonable expectations of the male or female gossips of the day.'

⁷ i. e. intelligent, capable of apprehending.

⁸ i. e. still holds his place unshaken by such or such a tickle, of which the object is to move the person addressed.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon: As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you; If I could pray to move, prayers would move me: But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality, There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks, They are all fire, and every one doth shine; But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men, And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;⁹ Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank, Unshak'd of motion;¹⁰ and, that I am he, Let me a little show it, even in this;

That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd, And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA strikes CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*¹¹—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!— Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets,

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Brû. People, and senators! be not affrighted; Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too,

Brû. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's Should chance—

⁹ Suetonius says, that when Cæsar put Metellus Cimber back 'he caught hold of Cæsar's gowne, at both shoulders, whereupon, as he cried out, *This is violence*, Cassius came in second, full a front, and wounded him a little beneath the throat. Then Cæsar, catching Cassius by the arme, thrust it through with his stile of writing penches; and with that, being about to leap forward, he was met with another wound and stayed.' Being then assailed on all sides, 'with three and twenty he was stabbed, during which time he gave but one groan (without any word uttered), and that was at the first thrust; though some have written, that, as Marcus Brutus came running upon him, he said, *and thou my sonne.*' Holland's Translation, 1607. Finlarch says that, on receiving his first wound from Casca, 'he caught hold of Casca's sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, *O vite traher Casca, what dost thou?* and Casca, in Greek, to his brother, *Brother, help me.*' The conspirators, having then compassed him on every side, 'hacked and mangled him,' &c.; 'and then Brutus himself gave him one wound above the privities. Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his bodie; but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn, in his hands, then he pulled his gowne over his head, and made no more resistance.' Neither of these writers, therefore, furnished Shakspeare with this exclamation. It occurs in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, 1609; on which he formed the Third Part of *King Henry VI.*—

'Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?' And is translated in *Cæsar's Legend*, Mirrour for Magistrates, 1607:—

'And Brutus thou my sonne, quoth I, whom erst I loved best.'

The words probably appeared originally in the old Latin play on the Death of Cæsar.

¹⁰ *Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?* And is translated in *Cæsar's Legend*, Mirrour for Magistrates, 1607:—

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¹¹ *Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?* And is translated in *Cæsar's Legend*, Mirrour for Magistrates, 1607:—

'And Brutus thou my sonne, quoth I, whom erst I loved best.'

Br. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer; There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people, Rushing on us, should do you age some mischief.

Br. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed, But we the doors.

Re-enter TRIBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tri. Fled to his house amaz'd: Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run, As it were doomsday.

Br. Fates! we will know your pleasures:— That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time, And drawing days out, that mep stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life, Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Br. Grant that, and then is death a benefit: So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop, And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords: Then walk we forth, even to the market-place; And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads, Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over, In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Br. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport, That now on Pompey's basis lies along, No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away: Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Br. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel; Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest; Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;

Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him; Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony May safely come to him, and be resolv'd How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death, Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus, Through the hazards of this untrod state,

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Br. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman; I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place, He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour, Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. *[Exit Servant.]*

Br. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind, That fears him much; and my misgiving still Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

1 Johnson explains this:—'Who else may be supposed to have overstepped his equals, and grown too high for the public safety?' This explanation will derive more support than has yet been given to it, from the following speech of Oliver, in *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 3, when incensed at the high bearing of his brother Orlando:—'Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness.'

2 'So you (says Brutus) our swords have leaden points, our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have besmear'd, and our hearts united like those of a single man, are yet open to receive you with all true faith.' This explanation by Steevens is, however, somewhat forced, very ingenious;—and yet I think we may say, as he himself suggested:—'Our arms, no strength of malice.'

Re-enter ANTONY.

Br. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O, mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.— I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, Who else must be let blood, who else is rank: If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Cæsar's death's hour! nor no instrument Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech you, if you bear me hard, Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke, Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die:

No place will please me so, no mean of death, As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off, The choice and master spirits of this age.

Br. O, Antony! beg not your death of us. Though now we must appear bloody and cruel, As by our hands, and this our present act,

You see we do; yet see you but our hands, And this the bleeding business they have done: Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;

Add pity to the general wrong of Rome, (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,) Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part, To you our swords have leaden points, Mark An-

tony: Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts, Of brothers' temper, do receive you in

With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.³ **Cas.** Your voice shall be as strong as any man's, In the disposing of new dignities.⁴

Br. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd The multitude, beside themselves with fear, And then we will deliver you the cause, Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him, Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom. Let each man render me his bloody hand: First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:— Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand:— Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus; Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Cæsar, yours:— Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tribonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say? My credit now stands on such slippery ground, That one of two bad ways you must conceit me, Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true: If then thy spirit look upon us now, Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death To see thy Antony making his peace, Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes, Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood, It would become me better, than to close In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart: Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand, Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.⁵

which would render the passage clear without a commentary.

3 Mr. Blakeway observes, that Shakespeare has maintained the consistency of Cæsar's character, who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavours to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and virtuous, and is adorned by the poet with as many good qualities, that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin.

4 Lethe is used by many old writers for oblivion. 'The proudest nation that great men surround Is now extinct in Lethe.'

5 *Hyperbolic Poem*, Part ii. 112. It appears to have been used as a word of reproach in this sense: and to denote, from oblivion, Lethe. Our ancient language was not deficient with the metaphorical Lethe, oblivion, &c.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was in-
deed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends! am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do; Do not consent,

[*Aside.*]

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do you wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral; and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.¹
Wo to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

1 This grammatical impropriety is still so prevalent, that the omission of the anomalous s would give some uncouthness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression.

2 That is, in the course of times

3 By men, Antony means not mankind in general, but those Romans whose attachment to the cause of the conspirators, or wish to revenge Cæsar's death, would expose them to wounds in the civil wars which he supposed that event would give rise to. The generality of the curse is limited by the subsequent words, 'the parts of Italy,' and 'in these confines.'

4 'Cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.' Havoc was the word by which declaration was made, in the military operations of old, that no quarter should be given; as appears from 'the Office of the Constable and Marechall in the Tyme of Werre,' included in the Black Book of the Admiralty.

To let slip a dog was the technical phrase in hunting the hart, for releasing the hounds from the leash or slip of leather by which they were held in hand until it was judged proper to let them pursue the animal chased.

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue!—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;²
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fall deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry Havoc,⁴ and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

[*Enter a Servant.*]

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar, did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O, Cæsar!— [Seeing the Body.]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome⁵ of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S BODY.*]

SCENE II. The same. The Forum. *Enter*
BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a Throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens,*

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!
Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!⁶ hear me for my

Steele, in the Tautler, No. 137, and some others after him, think that, by the *dogs of war, fire, sword, and famine* are typified. So in the Chorus to Act I. of King Henry V. :—

— at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment.'

5 This jingling quibble upon Rome and room has occurred before in Act I. Sc. 2 :—

'Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough.'
It is deserving of notice on no other account than as it shows the pronunciation of Rome in Shakespeare's time, So in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1633 :—

— You shall have my room,
My Rome indeed; for what I seem to be,
Brutus is not, but born great Rome to free.'

6 Warburton thinks this speech very fine in its kind, though unlike the laconic style of ancient oratory attributed to Brutus. Steevens observes that 'this artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators of Shakespeare's time, whether in the pulpit or

cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

Br. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S Body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover¹ for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Br. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Br. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow'd to make. I do entreat you not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bleas'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. The evil, that men do, lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious; If it were so, it was a grievous fault; And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it. Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest, (For Brutus is an honourable man; So are they all; all honourable men,) Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me: But Brutus says, he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept: Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal, I thrice presented him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious; And, sure, he is an honourable man. I speak not to dispise what Brutus spoke, But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause; What cause witholds you then to mourn for him? O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me; My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take

the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world: now lies he there, And none so poor² to do him reverence.

O, masters! if I were dispos'd to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honourable men: I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you, Than I will wrong such honourable men. But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar; I found it in his closet, 'tis his will: Let but the commons hear his testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,) And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds, And dip their napkins³ in his sacred blood; Yes, beg a hair of him for memory, And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy, Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

at the bar. It may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconic brevity. It is worthy of remark, that Voltaire, who has stolen and transplanted into his tragedy of Brutus the fine speech of Antony to the people, and has unblushingly received the highest compliments upon it from the King of Prussia, Count Algarotti, and others, affects to extol this address of Brutus, while he is most disingenuously silent on the subject of that of Antony, which he chose to perjoin.

1 *Lover and friend* were synonymous with our ances-

tors. It would not have been again noticed, but for Mr. Reed's whimsical notion that it was not authenticated by examples, and that Shakspeare found it in North's Plutarch alone. Malone has adduced a host of examples, but any old Latin Dictionary, under the word *amicus*, would serve to confute Mr. Reed.

2 'The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar.'

3 Handkerchiefs

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs; For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 Cit. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony; You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile? I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men, Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 Cit. They were traitors! Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 Cit. They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 Cit. Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

8 Cit. You shall have leave.

2 Cit. A ring; stand round.

1 Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

8 Cit. Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:¹

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffing up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,²

Which all the while ran blood,³ great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint⁴ of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd,⁵ as you see, with traitors.

1 Cit. O, piteous spectacle!

2 Cit. O, noble Cæsar!

¹ I. e. his guardian angel, or the being in whom he put most trust.

² See Act II. Sc. 2. Beaumont in his Masque writes this word *statua*, and its plural *statuaes*. Even is generally used as a disyllable by Shakespeare.

³ The image seems to be that the blood flowing from Cæsar's wounds appeared to run from the statue; the words are from North's Plutarch:—'Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain.'

⁴ *Dint* anciently written *dent*; 'a stroke, and the impression which it makes on any thing.'

⁵ *Marr'd* is *defaced*, *destroyed*. It is often, for the sake of the jingle, opposed to *make*.

⁶ *Obsequences*.

⁷ The first folio reads, 'For I have neither writ.' The second folio corrects it to *writ*, which Johnson supposed might mean 'a penned and premeditated oration.'—Malone perversely adheres to the erroneous reading.

3 Cit. O, woful day!

4 Cit. O, traitors, villains!

1 Cit. O, most bloody sight!

2 Cit. We will be revenged: revenge: about, seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 Cit. Peace there;—Hear the noble Antony.

2 Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs⁸ they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit,⁹ nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the p'wber of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb

mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 Cit. Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me

speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble An

tony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not

what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you, then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will you;—let's stay, and hear

the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.⁸

2 Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his

death.

3 Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new planted orchards,

On this side Tyber;⁹ he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 Cit. Never, never:—Come, come, away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire¹⁰ the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

The context, I think, fully calls for the emendation, which Stevens has well defended.

⁸ A *drachma* was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, i. e. 7d.

⁹ This scene (says Theobald) lies in the Forum, near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter:—

Trans Tiberim longæ cubat is. prope Cæsaris hortos, says Horace: and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river, and lay out wide in a line with Mount Janiculum.

He would therefore read, 'on that side Tyber.' But Dr. Farmer has shown that Shakespeare's *study* lay in the old translation of Plutarch, 'He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had

on this side of the river Tyber.'

¹⁰ *Fire* again as a disyllable

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*
Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street. Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
and things unluckily charge my fantasy:¹
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a
bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and
briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a
bachelor.

3 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools
that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.
Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for
his bad verses.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck
but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho!
firebrands. To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all.—
Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some
to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

1 i. e. circumstances oppress my fancy with an ill-
omened weight. 'I learn (says Steevens) from an old
Treatise on Fortune-Telling, &c. that to dream of being
at banquets betokeneth misfortune, &c.' The subject of
this scene is taken from Plutarch.

2 The place of this scene is not marked in the old
copy. It appears from Plutarch and Appian, that these
triumvirs met, upon the proscription, in a little island
near Mutina, upon the river Lavinius. That Shake-
speare, however, meant the scene to be at Rome may be
inferred from what almost immediately follows:—

'*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

Malone placed the scene in Antony's house.

3 Upon has shown that the poet made a mistake as
to this character mentioned by Lepidus; Lucius, not
Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the
mother's side to Mark Antony.

4 i. e. condemn him.

'Vouchsafe to give my damned husband life.'

Promos and Cassandra, 1378.

5 So in Measure for Measure, Act iii. Sc. 1:—

'—like an ass, whose back with Ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
Till death unfolds thee.'

2 I

• ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Antony's House. ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a Table.*

Ant. These many then shall die; their names
are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you,
Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius' shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn'⁶
him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [*Exit LEPIDUS.*

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands; Is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;⁷
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,⁸
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.

It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion.⁹ Do not talk of him,
But as a property.¹⁰ And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
out.¹¹

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

⁶ Shakespeare had already woven this circumstance
into the character of Justice Shallow:—'He came ever
in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes
that he heard the carmen whistle.'

⁷ i. e. as a thing quite at our disposal, and to be
treated as we please. Malvolio complains in Twelfth
Night:—

'They have *property'd* me, kept me in darkness'

⁸ The old copy gives this line imperfectly:—

'Our best friends made, our means stretch'd.'

Malone supplied it thus:—

'Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the
utmost.'

The reading of the text is that of the second folio edition,
which is sufficiently perspicuous.

⁹ An allusion to bear baiting. Thus in Macbeth, Act
v. Sc. 7:—

'They have chain'd me to a *stake* I cannot fly,
But bear-like, I must fight the course.'

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis. Dawn. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS, meeting them.*

Br. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Br. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a Letter to BRUTUS.]

Br. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus, In his own charge, or by ill officers,¹ Hath given me some worthy cause to wish Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand, I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt, But that my noble master will appear Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Br. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius: How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough; But not with such familiar instances, Nor with such free and friendly conference, As he hath used of old.

Br. Thou hast describ'd A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius, When love begins to sicken and decay, It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith: But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, Make gallant show and promise of their mettle: But when they should endure the bloody spur, They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades, Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general, Are come with Cassius. [March within.]

Br. Hark, he is arriv'd:— March gently on to meet him.

Enter CAESAR and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Br. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Br. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;

And when you do them—

Br. Cassius, be content, Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:— Before the eyes of both our armies here, Which should perceive nothing but love from us, Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away; Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus, Bid our commanders lead their charges off A little from this ground.

Br. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man Come to our tent, till we have done our conference. Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exit.]

¹ It having been thought that alteration was requisite in this line, it may be as well to observe Brutus charges both Cassius and his officer, Lucius Pella, with corruption; and he says to Lucilius, when he hears how he had been received by Cassius:—

'Thou hast describ'd

A hot friend cooling.'

This is the change which Brutus complains of.

² Nice here means silly, simple.

³ This question is far from implying that any of those who touched Caesar's body were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.

⁴ The old copy reads, 'Brutus, bait not me.' Theo-

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus. Lucius and TITINIUS at some distance from it. Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella, For taking bribes here of the Sardians; Wherean, my letters, praying on his side, Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Br. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet That every nice² offence should bear his comment.

Br. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm; To sell and mart your offices for gold, To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?

You know, that you are Brutus that speak this, Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Br. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Br. Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world,

But for supporting robbers; shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes;

And sell the mighty space of our large honours,

For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay⁴ not me,

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,

To hedge me in;⁵ I am a soldier, I,

Older in practice, abler than yourself

To make conditions.⁶

Br. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Br. I say, you are not.⁷

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Br. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Br. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Br. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud

heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Br. You say, you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well: For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

bold made the alteration, which has been adopted by all subsequent editors except Malone. The fact is, that *bay* and *bait* are both frequently used by Shakespeare in the same sense, and as the repetition of the word used by Brutus seems to add spirit to the reply, I have continued it in the text.

⁶ I. e. to limit my authority by your direction or cap-sure.

⁷ To know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices at my disposal.

⁸ This passage (says Steevens) may be easily reduced to metre if we read:—

Cas. Brutus, I am.

Br. Cassius, I say you are not.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempt-
ed him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.¹

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do ap-
pear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is weary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hoasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O, Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [Within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.²

Cas. Ha, ha: how rily doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,
hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time.

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
Companion,³ hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit Poet.*]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you
Immediately to us.

[*Exit LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so
angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
so?

O, insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong:—for with her
death

That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.⁴

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl
of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

duty, as well as a dance. See note on Hamlet, Act II. Sc. 2.

² Companion is used as a term of contempt in many of the old plays; as we say at present *fellow*: Doll Tearsheet says to Pistol:—

—[I scorn you, scurvy companion, &c.]

³ This circumstance is taken from Plutarch. It is also mentioned by Valerius Maximus, iv. 6. Though it is however reported by Pliny to have died at Rome of a lingering illness while Brutus was abroad.

⁴ My lords I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen more years than such ye three.⁵

⁵ I.e. these silly poets. A jig signified a ballad or

¹ The meaning is this:—'I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, by practising them on me.'

² Shakespeare found the present incident in Plutarch. The intruder, however, was Marcus Phaonius, who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynic philosopher.

³ This passage is a translation from the first book of Horace's *Itiad*, which is thus given in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch:—

'My lords I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen more years than such ye three.'

⁴ I.e. these silly poets. A jig signified a ballad or

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge :—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. *{Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius :—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Fortia, art thou gone ?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.
Bru. With what addition ?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one ?
Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in yours ?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,
Messala :

With meditating that she must die once,¹
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art² as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently ?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason ?
Cas. This it is :

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;
For they have grudg'd us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd :
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe :

The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.³
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night ;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown. *[Exit LUCIUS.]* Farewell, good Messala ;—
Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O, my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Ti. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[Exit CAS. TIT. and MES.]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the GOWN.
Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily :
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius !

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.
Var. Calls my lord ?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch
your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. *[Servants lie down.]*
Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you,
Bru. It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know, young bloods look for a time to rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It is well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee, *[Music, and a Song.]*
This is a sleepy tune :—O, murd'rous slumber !
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace⁴ upon my boy,

¹ I. e. at some time or other. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.
² I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring.
³ In art, that is, in theory.
⁴ Beaumont and Fletcher have more than once imitated this passage, but with very little success :—
'There is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happiness, if then he seize it,' &c.
Custom of the Country.
Consider then, and quickly :
And like a wise man take the current with you,
Which once turn'd head will sink you.
Bloody Brother.

A similar sentiment is found in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607 :—
'There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel,
For each man's good, when which nick comes, it strikes,
So no man riseth by his real merit,
But when it cries click in the raiser's spirit.'
⁴ A mace is the ancient term for a sceptre :—
'— proud Tarquinius
Rooted from Rome the sway of kingly mace.'
Marius and Scylla, 1594
Shakspeare probably remembered Spenser in his *Faerie Queene*, b. l. c. iv. st. 44 :—
'When as *Morpheus* had with *leaden mace*
Arrested all that courtly company.'

That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night!
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st at thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd
down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.—
New I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
—Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.
Lucius awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
cry'd'st out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any
thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Follow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clas. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. *Clas.* Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clas. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cas-
sius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var. *Clas.* It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi. Enter Oc-
TAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;

I Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from Plutarch that the ghost of Cæsar appeared to Brutus, but 'a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body.' This apparition could not be at once the shade of Cæsar and the evil genius of Brutus. See the story of Cassius Parmensis in Valerius Maximus, lib. i. c. vii. Shakspeare had read the account of this vision in Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, as well as in that of Brutus; it is there called the ghost, and it is said that 'the light of the lampe waxed very dimme.' It is more than probable that the poet would consult the Life of Cæsar, as well as that of Brutus, in search of materials for his play.

² To warn is to summon. So in King John:—

'Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls.'

And in King Richard III. —

'And sent to warn them to his royal presence.'

³ 'Fearful bravery.' Though *fearful* is often used

They mean to warn² us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery,³ thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:

The enemy comes on in gallant show,
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*]

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and
talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the general would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;⁴
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless, too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar;
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make
us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again:—

Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds⁵

by Shakspeare and his contemporaries in an active
sense, for producing fear, or terrible, it may in this in-
stance bear its usual acceptation of *sinorous*, or, as it
was sometimes expressed, *false-hearted*. Thus in a
passage, cited by Steevens, from Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib.
ii. — 'Her horse faire and lustie; which she rid so as
might show a fearful boldness, daring to do that which
she knew that she knew not how to do.'

⁴ 'The posture of your blows are yet unknown.'
It should be 'is yet unknown;' but the error was prob-
ably the poet's: more correct writers than Shakspeare
have committed this error, where a plural noun imme-
diately precedes the verb, although it be the nominative
case by which it is governed. Steevens attributes the
error to the transcriber or printer, and would have it
corrected; but Malone has adduced several examples of
similar inaccuracy in Shakspeare's writings.

⁵ The old copy reads, *two-and-thirty* wounds. Theo-
bald corrected the error, which Beaumont and Fletcher
have also fallen into in their *Noble Gentleman*

Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brut. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brut. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl! we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exit OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brut. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Men. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,¹

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness, that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Bardis, on our former² ensign

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted;

This morning are they fled away, and gone;

And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and hites;

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem

A canopy most faithful, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Men. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd

To meet all perils very constantly.

Brut. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together:

What are you then determined to do?³

Brut. Even by the rule of that philosophy,

By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself:—I know not how,

¹ *Hurl* is peculiarly expressive. The challenger was said to hurl down his gage when he threw his glove down as a pledge that he would make good his charge against his adversary.

² And interchangeably *hurl* down my gage upon this over-weening traitor's foot.

King Richard II. Milton perhaps had this passage in mind, *Paradise Lost*, b. i. v. 689 f.

³ *Hurling defiance* toward the vault of Heaven.

² Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch.

³ I. e. *fore* ensign; it probably means the *chief* ensign. *Burt* has 'the former teeth [i. e. fore teeth,] denies primores.'

⁴ So in *King John*:—

'As doth a rosen on a sick-fallen prey.'

⁵ I. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself.—

⁶ 'To present,' is here used for *to anticipate*.

⁷ What is meant the full and complete time; the natural period. See note on *King Henry IV.* Part II. Act I. Sc. 2. It has been said that there is an apparent contradiction

But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent⁴
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?

Brut. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;

He bears too great a mind. But this same day

Must end that work, the ides of March begun;

And whether we shall meet again, I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why we shall smile;

If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed:

If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Brut. Why, then, lead on.—O, that a man might
know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!

But it sufficeth, that the day will end,

And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Field of Battle.*
Alarm. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Brut. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills⁵

Unto the legions on the other side: [*Lead Alarm.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive

But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Another Part of the Field.*
Alarm. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:

This ensign here of mine was turning back:

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:

Who having some advantage on Octavius,

Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!

Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,

Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in his;

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

And here again: that I may rest assur'd,

Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

between the sentiments Brutus expresses in this and in his subsequent speech; but there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Shakespeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which in Plutarch is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, and that, being now in the midst of danger, he was of a contrary mind.

⁷ This, though censured as ungrammatical, was the phraseology of the poet's day, as might be shown by numerous examples. But Dryden and Pope have used it, and Johnson has sanctioned it in his Dictionary:—'Begin, v. n. I began, or began.' The fact is, that the past tense was, in our old language, written *begon* or *begonne*.

⁸ This and much of the subsequent scene is from the old translation of Plutarch:—'In the same sines Brutus, that led the right wings, sent little bills to the colonels and captains of private bandes, in which he wrote the order of the battle.'

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.¹
[Exit.]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;²
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[Exit PINDARUS.]
This day I breathed first: time is come round,³
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah,⁴ what news?

Pis. [Above.] O, my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pis. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius!—now some light:—Oh, he lights
too:—he's ta'en;—

And hark! [Shout] they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do, [oath]
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep these
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

Pis. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O, Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O, my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O, setting sun!
As in his red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
[done] Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed,—

O, hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O, error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus; Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[Exit MESSALA.]

1 The same expression occurs in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'That which was a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dissimilates.'

2 Cassius is now on a hill: he therefore means a hillock somewhat higher than that on which he now is.

3 So in King Lear, the Bastard, dying, says:—
'The wheel is come full circle.'

4 Sirrah, as appears from many of the old plays, was the usual address in speaking to servants and children. See note on Macbeth, Act iv. Sc. 2.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Dies.]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young
CATO, STRATO, VOLUMINIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato.

He is slain,

Bru. O, Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.⁵ [Low Alarum.]

Cato.

Brave Titinius!

Look, wher' he have set crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible, that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Another Part of the Field. Alarum.

Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then
BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your
heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with
me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[Charges the Enemy.]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus.

[Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is over-
powered, and falls.]

Luc. O, young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc.

Only I yield to die;

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[Offering Money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

5 '—populumque potentem
In sua victrici conversum viscera dextra.'
Lucan, lib. i.

6 'So when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breed againe so noble and valliant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried.'—North's Plutarch. 'Objectum est Historico (Crematio Cordo. Tacit Ann, lib. iv. 34.) quod Brutum Cassiumque ultimæ Romanorum dixisset.'—Suet. Tiber lib. lili. c. 61.

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ans. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.* Enter
BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clit. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.¹

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*]
Clit. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Clit. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*]
Dar. I do such a deed?

Clit. O, Dardanius!
Dar. O, Clitus!

Clit. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.
Clit. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardia, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi's fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st at that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilt,² whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]
Clit. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you,
Volumnius.—

1 A passage from Plutarch will illustrate this scene:—'Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battel, and to know the truth of it there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies, (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe,) and from thence, if all were well, that he would lift up a *torche-light* in the aire, and then returne againe with speed to him. The *torche-light* was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after, and that he came not againe, he said: If Statilius be alive, he will come againe. But his evil fortune was such that, as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies' hands, and was slain. Nowe the night being farre spent, Brutus, as he sate, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare; the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanius, and sayd somewhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Greeke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would helpe him to put his hands to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs flie. Then Brutus rising up, We must flie in deeds, sayd he; but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking every man by the hand, he sayd these words unto them with a cheerful countenance:—It rejoiceth my hart that no one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee, too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly*]
Clit. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence; I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first: Fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now he
still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his Sword and dies.*]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy
master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertaine
them.³

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*⁴

my fortune, but only for my countries sake: for as fit
me, I thinke myselfe happier than they that have over-
come, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of our
courage and manhood, the which our enemies the con-
querors shall never attaine unto by force nor mouey,
neither can let their posteritie to say, that they have
bene naughtie and unjust men, have slaine good men
to usurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them
Having sayd so, he prayd every man to shifft for them-
selves, and then he went a little aside.⁵ &c.
2 *Hilt* is frequently used where only one weapon is
spoken of. Cassius says to Findarus, in a former scene,
'Here, take thou the *hilt*.' And, King Richard III.:—
'Take him over the costard with the *hilt* of thy sword.'
So in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1567:—

—'A naked sword he had,
That to the *hilt* was all with blood imbued.'

3 i. e. receive them into my service.
4 To prefer seems to have been the general term for
recommending a servant. Thus in *The Merchant of*
Venice, Act iii. Sc. 2:

'Shylock thy master, spoke wkh me this day,
And hath preferred thee.'

Its usual sense was 'to advance, or set before others.'
6 Drayton, in his *Barons' Wars*, has a similar pas-
sage, thus given by Stevens:—

'He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest : and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [Exeunt.]

OF this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never

*In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,
That none to one could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, so did all obey :
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seem'd when nature him began,
She meant to show all that might be in man.*

He afterwards revised the poem, which was, I believe, first published, under the title of the Barons' Wars, in 1603; and the stanza is thus exhibited in that edition:—

*'Such one he was (of him we boldly say),
In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suite;
In whose space the elements all lay
So mix'd, as none could sovereignty impute;*

been strongly agitated in perusing it; and I think it somewhat cold and unaffection, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays: his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seem to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

Gibbon has justly observed that this tragedy ought to have been called *Marcus Brutus*, Caesar being a very inconsiderable personage in the scene, and being killed in the third act.

*As all did govern, yet did all obey;
His lively temper was so absolute,
That seem'd, when heaven his modell first began,
In him it show'd perfection in a man.*

The poem originally appeared under the title of 'Mortimeriadæ,' in 1606; but Malone says, there is no trace of the stanza in the poem in that form. He is wrong in asserting that the Barons' Wars were first published in 1603, as the following title-page of my copy will show:—'The Barons' Wars, in the reign of Edward the Second, with Englaud's Heroicall Epistles, by Michael Drayton. At London, printed by J. R. for N. Ling, 1603.' So that, if Malone be right in placing the date of composition of Julius Cæsar in 1607, Shakspeare imitated Drayton.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

AFTER a perusal of this play, the reader will, I doubt not, be surprised when he sees what Johnson has asserted:—That 'its power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene;—and that 'no character is very strongly discriminated.' If our great poet has one supereminently dramatic quality in perfection, it is that of being able 'to go out of himself as pleasure to inform and animate other existences.' It is true, that in the number of characters many persons of historical importance are merely introduced as passing shadows in the scene; but 'the principal personages are most emphatically distinguished by lineament and colouring, and powerfully arrest the imagination.' The character of Cleopatra is indeed a masterpiece: though Johnson pronounces that she is 'only distinguished by feminine arts, some of which are too low.' It is true that her seductive arts are in no respect veiled over; but she is still the gorgeous Eastern Queen, remarkable for the fascination of her manner, if not for the beauty of her person; and though she is vain, ostentatious, fickle, and luxurious, there is that heroic regal dignity about her, which makes us, like Antony, forget her defects:

*'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
Th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.'*

The mutual passion of herself and Antony is without moral dignity, yet it excites our sympathy:—they seem formed for each other. Cleopatra is no less remarkable for her seductive charms, than Antony for the splendour of his martial achievements. Her death, too, redeems one part of her character, and obliterates all faults.

Warburton has observed that Antony was Shakspeare's hero; and the defects of his character, a lavish and luxurious spirit, seem almost virtues when opposed to the heartless and narrow-minded strictness of Octavius Cæsar. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered the latter down ready cut and dried for a hero; and Shakspeare has extricated him self with great address from the dilemma. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, proud, and revengeful.

Schlegel attributes this to the penetration of Shakspeare, who was not to be led astray by the false glitter of historic fame, but saw through the disguise thrown around him by his successful fortunes, and distinguished in Augustus a man of little mind.

Malone places the composition of this play in 1608. No previous edition to that of the folio of 1623 has been hitherto discovered; but there is an entry of 'A Booke called Antony and Cleopatra,' to Edward Blount, in 1608, on the Stationers' books.

Shakspeare followed Plutarch, and appears to have been anxious to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. Plutarch mentions *Lamprius* his grandfather, as authority for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. In the stage-direction of Scene 2, Act i. in the old copy, *Lamprius*, *Ramnus*, and *Lucilius* are made to enter with the rest; but they have no part in the dialogue, nor do their names appear in the list of Dramatis Personæ.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *Triumvirs.*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }
SEXTUS POMPÆIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, }
VENIDIUS, }
EROS, } *Friends of Antony.*
SCARUS, }
DEMETAS, }
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILO, }

MECENAS, }
AGRIPPA, } *Friends of Cæsar.*
DOLABELLA, }
PROCOLEIUS, }
THYREUS, }
GALLUS, }

MENAS, }
MENEGRATES, } *Friends of Pompey.*
VARRIUS, }
TAURUS, } *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*
CANIDIUS, } *Lieutenant-General to Antony*
SILIUS, } *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*
EUPHRONIUS, } *an Ambassador from Antony to*
CÆSAR.

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES,
Attendants on Cleopatra.
A Soothsayer. A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA, Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.
CHARMIAN, and IRAS, Attendants on Cleopatra.
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersed in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace. Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look where they come!

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple² pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.³

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.⁴

Enter an Attendant.

Ant. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.⁵

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this:*
Take in' that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

1 i. e. renounces. The metre would be improved by reading *reneves*, or *reneice*, a word used by Chaucer and other of our elder writers: but we have in King Lear, *reneege*, affirm, &c. Stanyhurst, in his version of the second book of the *Æneid*, has the word:—

'To live now longer, Troy burnt, he fastly *renegeth*.'

2 *Triple* is here used for *third*, or *one of three*; one of the *Triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. To sustain the pillars of the earth is a scriptural phrase. *Triple* is used for *third* in All's Well that Ends Well:

'Which, as the dearest issue of his practice;

He bade me store up as a *triple eye*.'

3 So in Romeo and Juliet:—

'They are but beggars that can count their worth.'

And in Much Ado about Nothing:

'I were but little happy, if I could say how much.'

'*Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.*'

Martial, vi. 36.

4 'Then must you set the boundary at a distance greater than the present visible universe affords.'

5 'Be brief, sum thy business in a few words.'

6 i. e. the *news*; which was considered plural in Shakespeare's time. See King Richard III. Act. iv. Sc. 4.

7 *Take in*, it has before been observed, signifies *subdue*, *conquer*.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?
—Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou bluest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd⁸ empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our duny earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,⁹
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; and Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But¹¹ stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love,¹² and her soft hours,
Let's not confound¹³ the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. *Fie*, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes,¹⁴ to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose¹⁵ every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note

8 *Process* here means *summons*. 'Lawyers call that the process by which a man is called to the court, and no more. To serve with process is to *cite*, to *summon*.'—*Minsheu*.

9 The *rang'd* empire is the well arranged, well ordered empire. Shakspeare uses the expression again in Coriolanus:—

'bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*,

In heaps and piles of ruins.'

10 *To weet* is to know.

11 I think that Johnson has entirely mistaken the meaning of this passage, and believe Mason's explanation nearly correct. Cleopatra means to say that Antony will act like himself; (i. e. nobly,) without regard to the mandates of Cæsar or the anger of Fulvia. To which he replies, 'But stirr'd by Cleopatra,' i. e. 'Add, if moved to it by Cleopatra.' This is a compliment to her. Johnson was wrong in supposing *but* to be used here in its exceptive sense.

12 That is, 'for the sake of the Queen of Love.'

13 *To confound* the time, is to *consume* it, to *lose* it.

14 'Quicquid enim dicit, seu facit, omnia dicit.'

Marellus, lib. ii.

See Shakspeare's 150th Sonnet.

15 The folio reads, *who*, every, &c.: corrected by Rowe.

The qualities of people.¹ Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO. with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar,² who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room. Enter*
CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's
the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen?
O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must
charge his horns with garlands!³

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know
things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloved, than belov'd.
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.⁴

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let
me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and
widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to
whom Herod of Jewry may do homage:⁵ find me
to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion
me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former
fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no
names:⁶ Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches
must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool; I forgive thee for a witch.⁷

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy
to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night,
shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if no-
thing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth
famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot sooth-
say.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog-
nostication,⁸ I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee,
tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune
better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend!—
Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I be-
seech thee! And let her die, too, and give him a
worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst
of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a
cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though
thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis,
I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of
the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a
handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sor-
row to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore,
dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accord-
ingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make
me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores,
but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord
approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,
IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and At-
tendants.*]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state

at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. It should be remembered that Herod of Jewry was a favourite character in the mysteries of the old stage, and that he was always represented a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant.

⁶ That is, prove bastards. Thus in the Rape of Lucrece—

'Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy.'

And Launce, in the third act of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—'That's as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.' A fairer fortune means a more serene or more prosperous fortune.

⁷ The old copy reads, *foretel*. Warburton has the merit of the emendation.

⁸ This has allusion to the common proverbial saying, 'You'll never be burnt for a witch,' spoken to a silly person, who is indeed no conjuror.

⁹ This prognostic is alluded to in *Othello*—

'— This hand is moist, my lady:—
This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.'

¹ 'Sometime also when he would goe up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poor mens windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house; Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him.'

Life of Antonius in North's Plutarch.

² That he proves the common liar, *Fame*, in his case to be a true reporter. Shakespeare usually uses *approve* for *prove*, and *approve* for *proof*.

³ The old copy reads, 'change his horns,' &c. A similar error of *change* for *charge* is also found in *Coriolanus*.

⁴ The liver being considered the seat of love, Charman says she would rather heat her liver with drinking than with love's fire. A heated liver was supposed to make a pimpled face.

⁵ This (says Johnson) is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex, than breeding at an advanced period of life. Charmian wishes for a son too who may arrive

Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave¹ them.

Ant. Well,
What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis
thus;

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus
(This is stiff² news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended³ Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;

Whilst—
Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess. O, my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase: and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds⁴ lie still: and our ill-told us,
Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*]
Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.
1 *Ant.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such a
one?

2 *Ant.* He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear,—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Impertoth these to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*]

Ant. Forbear me.—
[*Exit Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone: Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurt from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself:⁵ she's good, being gone;
The hand could⁶ pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ill I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?
Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see
how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.
Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women

1 *Drive* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *drive*,
and frequently occurs in the Bible.

2 'Stiff news' is 'hard news.' As in Shakespeare's
Rape of Lucrece:

3 'Fearing some hard news from the warlike band.'
4 'Extended Asia from Euphrates.'

To *extend* is a law term for to *seize*. Thus in Belimius,
Emperor of the Turks, 1694:—

'Ay, though on all the world we make *extent*,
From the south pole unto the northern bear.'

4 The old copy reads, 'quick winds'; an error which
has occurred elsewhere. Warburton made the correction.

'Our quick minds' means our lively apprehensive
minds; which, when they lie idle, bring forth vices
instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits;
to sell as of our faults is, as it were, the first culture of
the mind, and is the way to kill these weeds.

5 'The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and
change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us,
and becomes to-morrow a pain.'

6 *Could* in here used with an optative meaning.—
Could would and should are often used by our old writ-

ers, in what appears to us an indiscriminate manner,
and yet appear to have been so employed rather by
choice than chance.

7 I. e. for less reason, upon a weaker motive.

8 'As the gods have been pleased to take away your
wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one
in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth,
when your old garments are worn out, accommodate
you with new ones.'

9 Expedition.

10 I think with Mason that we should read *leave* in-
stead of *love*.

11 This alludes to the ancient vulgar error, that a horse
hair dropped into corrupted water would become ani-
mated. Dr. Lister, in the Philosophical Transactions,
showed that these animated horse-hairs were real
insects, and displayed the fallacy of the popular opinion
It was asserted that these insects moved like serpents,
and were poisonous to swallow.

12 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

die: It were pay to cast them away for nothing;
though, between them and a great cause, they
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching
but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:
I do think there is mettle in death, which commits
some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity
in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.
Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of
nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot
call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they
are greater storms and tempests than almanacks
can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be,
she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would, I had never seen her!
Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonder-
ful piece of work: which not to have been blessed
withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.
Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacri-
fice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the
wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors
of the earth; comforting therein, that when old
robes are worn out, there are members to make
new.⁸ If there were no more women but Fulvia,
then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be la-
mented; this grief is crowned with consolation;
your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and,
indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water
this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here
cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopa-
tra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience⁹ to the queen,
And get her love¹⁰ to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son: who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides¹¹ of the world may danger: Much is breed-
ing,

Which, like the courser's¹¹ hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.¹²

Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*]

12 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

13 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

14 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

15 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

16 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

17 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

18 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

19 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

20 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

21 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

22 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

23 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

24 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

25 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

26 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

27 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

28 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

29 'Say to those whose place is under us (i. e. to our
attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

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attendants,) that our pleasure requires us to remove us
haste from hence.'

SCENE III. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?
 Char. I did not see him since.
 Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
 I did not send you;—If you find him sad,
 Say, I am dancing: if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[Exit ALEX.
 Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
 dearly,
 You do not hold the method to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?
 Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
 nothing.
 Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose
 him.
 Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
 In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.
 Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—
 Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
 It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
 Will not sustain it.¹

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—
 Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?
 Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some
 good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;
 'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
 Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
 I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—
 Cleo. O, never was there queen
 So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
 I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—
 Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and
 true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
 Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
 To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
 Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—
 Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your
 going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
 Then was the time for words: No going then;—
 Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
 Bliss in our brows' bent;² none our parts so poor,
 But was a race³ of heaven: They are so still,
 Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!
 Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st
 know,

There were a heart in Egypt.
 Ant. Hear me, queen;
 The strong necessity of time commands

1 'You must go as if you came without my order or
 knowledge.' So in Troilus and Cressida:—
 'We met by chance; you did not find me here'

2 Thus in Twelfth Night:—
 'There is no woman's side
 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion.'

3 'Our brows' bent,' is the bending or inclination of
 our brows. The brow is that part of the face which
 expresses most fully the mental emotions. So in King
 John:—

'Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?'
 4 i. e. of heavenly mould.

'Divine stirpis alumnus.'
 5 The poet here means, 'in pledge;' the use of a
 thing is the possession of it. Thus in The Merchant of
 Venice:—

'I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use.'
 6 Gate.

Our services a while; but my full heart
 Remains in use⁷ with you. Our Italy
 Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
 Makes his approaches to the port⁸ of Rome:
 Equality of two domestic powers
 Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to
 strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change: My more particular,
 And that which most with you should safe⁹ my going,
 Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
 freedom,
 It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?¹⁰

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
 Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
 The garboils she awak'd;¹¹ at the last, best:
 See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O, most false love:
 Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
 With sorrowful water?¹² I see, I see,
 In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
 The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
 As you shall give the advice: By the fire,
 That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
 Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
 As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
 But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
 So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
 And give true evidence to his love, which stands
 As honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
 I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
 Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
 Belong to Egypt:¹³ Good, now, play one scene
 Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
 Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.
 Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—
 Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
 But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
 How this Herculean Roman¹⁴ does become
 The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
 Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
 Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
 That you know well: Something it is I would,—
 O, my oblivion¹⁵ is a very Antony,
 And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
 Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
 For idleness itself.¹⁶

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
 To bear such idleness so near the heart
 As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
 Since my becoming kill me, when they do not

7 i. e. render my going not dangerous.
 8 Cleopatra apparently means to say, 'Though age
 could not exempt me from folly, at least it frees me from
 a childish and ready belief of every assertion. Is it
 possible that Fulvia is dead? I cannot believe it.'

9 The commotion she occasioned.
 10 Alluding to the lachrymatory vials filled with tears,
 which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed
 friend.

11 To me, the queen of Egypt.
 12 Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Her-
 cules.

13 Oblivion is used for oblivious memory, a memory
 apt to be deceitful.

14 An antithesis seems intended between royalty and
 subject. 'But that I know you to be a queen, and that
 your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, I should
 suppose you, from this idle discourse, to be the very
 genius of idleness itself.'

Eye well to you: ¹ Your honour calls you hence; Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly, And all the gods go with you! upon your sword Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come; Our separation so abides, and flies, That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me, And I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.² Away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Rome. An Apartment in Cæsar's House. Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know, It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate Our great competitor:³ From Alexandria This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are Evils enough to darken all his goodness: His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven, More fiery by night's blackness;⁴ hereditary, Rather than purchas'd;⁵ what he cannot change, Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant it is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy; To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit And keep the turn of tipping with a slave; To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed, Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear So great weight in his lightness.⁶ If he fill'd His vacancy with his voluptuousness, Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones, Call on him for't: but to confound such time, That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge, Pawn their experience to their present pleasure, And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done: and every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;

¹ 'That which would seem to become me most, is hateful to me when it is not acceptable in your sight.' There is perhaps an allusion to what Antony said in the first scene:—

'— wrangling queen,
Whom every thing becomes.'

² This conceit may have been suggested by the following passage in Sidney's *Arcadia*, b. 1:—

'She went, they said; or rightly for to say, She staid with them, they went in thought with her.' Thus also in the *Mercator of Plautus*:—'Si domi sum, fors est animus; sin foris sum, animus domi est.'

³ The old copy reads, 'One great competitor.' Dr. Johnson proposed the emendation. So Menas says:—

'These three world-aharers, these competitors
Are in thy vessel.'

⁴ 'As the stars or spots of heaven appear more bright and prominent from the darkness of the night, so the faults of Antony seem enlarged and aggravated by his goodness, which gives relief to his faults, and makes them show out more prominent and conspicuous.'

⁵ l. e. procured by his own fault.

⁶ 'His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us.'

⁷ l. e. 'visit him for't.' 'If Antony followed his debaucheries at times of leisure only, I should leave him to be punished (says Cæsar) by their natural conse-

quences, by surfeits and dry bones; but to consume such time,' &c.

⁸ 'Those whom not love but fear made adherents to Cæsar, now show their affection for Pompey.'

⁹ That is, the *malecontents*. So in King Henry VI. Part i. Act v. Sc. 1:—

'— that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor *discontents*.'

¹⁰ The old copy reads, 'Comes fear'd by being lack'd.' Warburton made the correction, which was necessary to the sense. Coriolanus says:—

'I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd.'

We should perhaps read in the preceding line:—

'— ne'er lov'd till not worth love.'

¹¹ The folio reads, 'lashing the varying tide.' The emendation, which is well supported by Steevens, was made by Theobald. Perhaps another *Messenger* should be noted as entering here with fresh news.

¹² Plough. ¹³ l. e. turn pale.

¹⁴ *Flush* youth is youth ripened to manhood, youth whose blood is at the flow.

¹⁵ *Wassals*, or *wassails*, is here put for intemperance in general.

¹⁶ All these circumstances of Antony's distress are literally taken from Plutarch.

¹⁷ That is, to be my bounden duty.

And it appears, he is believ'd of those That only have fear'd Cæsar:⁸ to the ports The discontented⁹ repair, and men's reports Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:— It hath been taught us from the primal state, That he, which is, was wish'd until he were; And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love, Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.¹⁰ This common body,

Like a vagabond flag upon the stream, Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,¹¹ To rot itself with motion.

Mes. Cæsar, I bring thee word, Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates, Make the sea serve them; which they ear¹² and wound

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads They make in Italy: the borders maritime Lack blood¹³ to think on't, and flush¹⁴ youth revolt: No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more, Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassals.¹⁵ When thou once wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against, Though daintily brought up, with patience more Than savages could suffer; Thou didst drink The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle¹⁶ Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge; Yea, like a stag, when snow the pasture sheets, The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh, Which some did die to look on: And all this, (It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,) Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end, Assemble we immediate council: Pompey Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar, I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly Both what by sea and land I can be able, To 'front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter, It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know mean time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir, To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my bond.¹⁷ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.
Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha!
Give me to drink mandragora.¹

Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him
Too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!
Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unsexin'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O, Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet² of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me: Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:³—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,⁴
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and, make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.
Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With its tinct gilded thee.⁵

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl:—His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot
To mend the pretty present, I will piece*

1 A plant, of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Thus in Addington's translation of *The Golden Ass of Apuleius*:—'I gave him no poison but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe as though he were dead.' See *Pliny's Natural History* by Holland, 1601; and *Plutarch's Morals*, 1602, p. 19.

2 A *burgonet* is a *helmet*, a *head-piece*.

3 Hence perhaps Pope's *Eloisa*:—
'Still drink *delicious poison* from thine eye.'

4 'Broad-fronted,' in allusion to Cæsar's baldness.

5 Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*. Thus Chapman in his *Shadow of Night*, 1604:—

'O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures.
And on this passage he has the following note:—'The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the *great elixir*.'

6 The old copy reads 'an *arm-gawnt* steed,' upon which conjecture has been vainly employed. Steevens adopted Monck Mason's suggestion of 'a *termagant* steed,' with high commendation. A striking objection to that reading, which escaped Mr. Steevens in adopt-

*Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arrogant⁶ steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb⁷ by him.*

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year, between the extremes

Of the hot and cold; he was not sad, nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him;
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him;

He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both;

O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?⁸

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas,—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days:
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exit

ACT II.
SCENE I. Moesia. A Room in Pompey's House.
Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their thrones,
decays
The thing we sue for.⁹

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

ing it, is that an could never stand before *termagant*. The epithet now admitted into the text is the happy suggestion of Mr. Bowden, and is to be preferred both on account of its more striking propriety, and because it admits of the original article *an* retaining its place before it. That it is an epithet fitly applied to the steed of Antony, may be shown by high poetical authority. In the *Auraco Domado* of Lope de Vega, the reader will find the following passage:—

'Y el *caballo arrogante*, in que subdo
El hombre parecia
Monstruosa fera que sies pies tenia.'

Termagant, it should be observed, is *ferocious*; *arrogant*, which answers to the Latin *ferus*, is only *ferre*, *proud*. Our great poet 'of imagination all compact,' is the greatest master of poetic diction the world has yet produced; he could not have any knowledge of the Spanish poet, but has anticipated him in the use of this expressive epithet. The word *arrogant*, as written in old MSS. might easily be mistaken for *arm-gawnt*.

7 Thus the old copy; which was altered by Then bald to *dumb'd* without necessity. The *arrogant* steed, says Alexas, would let no sound be heard but his own, he neigh'd so loud that what I would have spoke was beastly obstructed by him.

8 I. e. in such quick succession.

9 'While we are praying, the thing for which we pray to losing its value.'

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent,¹ and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome to-
gether,

Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wam'd² lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming: Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till³ a lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.⁴

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow⁵ pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,⁶
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square⁷ between them-
selves;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon,⁸ to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of
Lepidus. Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,

1 Old copy, 'My powers are crescent,' &c. The judicious emendation was made by Theobald.

2 i. e. thy wam'd or pallid lip. It should be remarked that the lips of Africans and Asiatics are paler than those of Europeans.

3 i. e. delay his sense of honour from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish; *till* was anciently used for *to*. So in *Candlemas Day*, 1612.

4 'This lurderyn take heed what I sey the tyll.' And in *George Cavendish's Metrical Visions*, p. 19:—
'I espied certeyn persons coming me tyll.'

5 i. e. since he quitted Egypt a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome.

6 Julius Cæsar had married Cleopatra to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned.

7 i. e. I cannot expect. So Chaucer in *The Reve's Tale*, v. 4027:—
'Our maniple I hope he wol be ded.'

7 i. e. quarrel.

8 i. e. it is incumbent upon us for the preservation of our lives.

9 i. e. I would meet him undressed, without any show

Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shavet⁹ to-day.⁹

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way
Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose¹⁰ well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech.)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness¹¹ grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!¹²

Cæs. Nay,
Then—
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly 't the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise¹³ on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.¹⁴

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me: and their contestation
Was theme for you,¹⁵ you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
never

of respect. Plutarch mentions that Antony, 'after the overthrow he had at Modena, suffered his beard to grow at length, and never clip't it, that it was marvellous long.' Perhaps this circumstance was in Shakespeare's thoughts.

10 That is, if we come to a lucky composition or agreement. So afterwards:—
'I crave our composition may be written.'

11 'Let not *ill humour* be added to the real subject of our difference.'

12 The note of admiration here was added by Steevens, who thinks that Antony is meant to resent the invitation Cæsar gives him to be seated, as indicating a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power.

13 To practise is to use unwarrantable arts or stratagems. The word is frequently applied to traitorous designs against those in power, by old writers.

14 Theme or subject of conversation.

15 This passage has been misunderstood, erroneously explained, and considered corrupt. Its meaning evidently is, 'You were the theme or subject for which your wife and brother made their contestation; you were the

Did urge me in his act: ¹ I did inquire it; And have my learning from some true reports, ² That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather discredit my authority with yours; And make the wars alike against my stomach, Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel, As matter whole you have not to make it with, It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself By laying defects of judgment to me; but You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so; I know you could not lack, I am certain on't, Very necessity of this thought, that I, Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought, Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife, I would you had her spirit in such another: The third o' the world is yours; with which a snaffle You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much incurable, her garboils, Cæsar, Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant, Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you, When rioting in Alexandria; you Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts Did gibe my missive⁴ out of audience.

Ant. Sir, He fell upon me, ere admitted; then Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want Of what I was i' the morning; but, next day, I told him of myself: ⁵ which was as much, As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken The article of your oath; which you shall never Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar. *Ant.* No, Lepidus, let him speak; The honour's sacred which he talks on now, Supposing that I lack'd it: ⁶ But on, Cæsar: The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them; The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather; And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may, I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power Work without it: ⁷ Truth is, that Fulvia, To have me out of Egypt, made wars here; For which myself, the ignorant motive, do So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken. *Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further The griefs⁸ between ye: to forget them quite, Were to remember that the present need Speaks to atone.⁹

word of war.' Mason supposed some words had been transposed, and that the passage ought to stand thus:—
'— and for contention

Their theme was you; you were the word of war.'
1 i. e. never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war.

2 Reporters.

3 i. e. could not look graciously upon them, could not approve them. 'Fronted is affronted, opposed.

4 Messenger.

5 'I told him the condition I was in when he had his last audience.'

6 'The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself.'

2 L.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.¹⁰

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech: for it cannot be, We shall remain in friendship, our conditions So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge O' the world I would pursue it.¹¹

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side, Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa; If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof Were well deserv'd of rashness.¹²

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity, To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts With an unslipping knot, take Antony Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims No worse a husband than the best of men; Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak That which none else can utter. By this marriage, All little jealousies, which now seem great, And all great fears, which now import their dangers, Would then be nothing: truths would be tales, Where now half tales be truths: her love to both, Would, each to other, and all loves to both, Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke; For 'tis a studied, not a present thought; By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa, If I would say, Agrippa, be it so, To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never To this good purpose, that so fairly shows, Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand: Further this act of grace; and, from this hour, The heart of brothers govern in our loves, And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.— A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother Did ever love so dearly: Let her live To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;

For he hath had strange courtesies, and great,

7 'Nor my greatness work without mine honesty.'

8 Grievances.

9 i. e. reconcile you.

10 'Go to, then, henceforward I will be as mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing.'

'— statua taciturnior exit Plurumque et risum populi quat'

Horace.

As mute as a stone, and As silent as a stone, are common expressions.

11 'I do not (says Cæsar) think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition; for it cannot be, we shall remain in friendship; yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it.'

12 That is, 'You might be reproved for your rashness, and would well deserve it.' The old copy reads 'proof.' Warburton made the emendation.

Of late upon me : I must thank him only,¹
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us :
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Ces. About the Mount Miscnnum.
Ant. What's his strength
By land ?

Ces. Great, and increasing : but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Ces. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and
LEPIDUS.*

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas !
my honourable friend, Agrippa !—

Ag. Good Enobarbus !

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are
so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of counte-
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-
fast, and but twelve persons there ; Is this true ?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle : we had
much more monstrous matter of feast, which worth-
ily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
square² to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed
up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.³

Ag. There she appeared, indeed ; or my reporter
devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you :

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,⁴
Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were lovesick with them : the oars were
silver ;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,

1 'Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him.'

2 I. e. if report *quadrates*, or suits with her merits.

3 Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus ; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there ; that whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her : and that when she landed he sent to her to invite her to supper.

4 The reader will be pleased to have it in his power to compare Dryden's description with that of Shakspeare :—

'Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd,
The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails :
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were
plac'd,

Where she, another seaworn Venus, lay,—
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em : Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face : But if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object : To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time ; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat
more ;

As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description : she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy outwork nature : on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Ag. O, rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,⁵
And made their bends adorings :⁶ at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers : the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame⁷ the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Ag. Rare Egyptian !

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper : she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest ;
Which she entreated : Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No woman heard speak*,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Ag. Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street :
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never ; he will not ;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety :⁸ Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.⁹

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery!¹⁰ to him.

For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.'

5 I. e. waited upon her looks, discovered her will by her looks. So Spenser, *Fæerie Queene*, b. i. c. iii. —

'From her fayre eyes he took commaundement,
And by her looks conceiv'd her intent.'

6 'Made their bends adorings.' On this passage there are several pages of notes in the variorum Shakspeare, which, as Stevens remarks, supply a powerful instance of the uncertainty of verbal criticism ; for the same phrase is there explained with reference to four different images—*bows*, *groups*, *eyes*, and *tails*. Until some more fortunate conjecture shall be offered, I adopt Stevens's opinion, that 'the plain sense of the passage seems to be, these ladies rendered that homage which their assumed characters obliged them to pay their queen, a circumstance ornamental to themselves. Each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty.'

7 'Yarely frame,' I. e. readily perform.

8 Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus ; and indeed the majority of ladies who most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, are known to have been less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting ; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments.

9 *Riggish* is *wanton*, *immodest*. Dryden has emulated Shakspeare in this, as well as the passage before cited ; it should be remembered, however, that Shakspeare furnished him with his most striking images

10 *Lottery*, for *allotment*.

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in CÆsar's House.* Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers'
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in
Egypt?

Sooth. Would, I had never come from thence,
nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O, Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear,¹ as being overpowered; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to
thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens²
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:
[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoke true: The very dice obey him:
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he spoeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought: and his quails⁴ ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

1 The same construction is found in Coriolanus, Act 1. Sc. 1, 'Shouting their emulation.' And in King Lear, Act ii. Sc. 2, 'Smile you my speeches?'

2 A Fear was a personage in some of the old Moralities. See Trolius and Cressida, Act iii. Sc. 2. The whole thought is borrowed from North's translation of Plutarch.

3 So in Macbeth, 'light thickens.'

4 Shakspeare derived this from Plutarch. The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. Julius Pollux relates that a circle was made in which the birds were placed, and he whose quail was first driven out of this circle lost the stake. We are told by Mr. Marsden that the Sumatrans practice these quail combats. The Chinese have always been extremely fond of quail fighting. Mr. Douce has given a print from an elegant Chinese miniature painting, which represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually inhooped. See Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 87.

5 Mount Misenum.

6 Moody here means melancholy. Cotgrave explains woody by the French words *morne, triste.*

Enter VENTIDIUS.

F the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius;
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.* Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
hasten
Your generals after

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount⁵
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody⁶ food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:⁷
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though it
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fin'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.⁸

Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.⁹ O! from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

Rain!¹⁰ thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,——

Cleo. Antony's dead?

7 It is scarcely necessary to remark that this is an anachronism. Billiards were not known to the ancients.

8 This circumstance is from Plutarch: Antony had fished unsuccessfully in Cleopatra's presence, and she laughed at him. The next time, therefore, he directed the boatmen to dive under water, and attach a fish to his hook. The queen perceived the stratagem, but affecting not to notice it, congratulated him on his success. Another time, however, she determined to laugh at him once more, and gave orders to her own people to get the start of his divers, and put some dried salt fish on his hook.

9 The battle of Philippi being the greatest action of Antony's life, it was an adroit piece of flattery to name his sword from it. It does not, however, appear to be perfectly in costume; the dignifying of weapons with names in this manner had its origin in later times. The swords of the heroes of romance have generally pompous names.

10 The old copy reads 'Ram thou,' &c. *Ras* agrees better with the epithets fruitful and barren. So in Timon:—

'Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark;
We use

'To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.¹

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
speak'st:

Yet if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.²

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does ally
The good precedence;³ fie upon *but yet*!
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friend with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st,
free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot⁴ thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a Dagger.*]

1 i. e. not like a man in form, not in your own proper shape. Thus in *A Mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1606:—

² The very devil assum'd these *formally*?

³ That is, I will give thee a kingdom, it being the eastern ceremony at the coronation of their kings to powder them with gold dust and seed pearl. So Milton:—

— the gorgeous east, with liberal hand,
Shows on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

See the *Life of Tunur Béc*, or Tamerlane, by M. Petit de la Croix, liv. li. c. 2.

⁴ i. e. abates the good quality of what is already reported.

⁵ Profit thee, recompense thee.

⁶ Contain yourself, restrain your passion within bounds. So in the *Taming of the Shrew*:—

⁷ Doubt not, my lord, we can contain ourselves.

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;¹

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself;² since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,

If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scald'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend
you:

To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of
thee,

That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of—Get
thee hence:³

The merchandise which thou hast brought from
Rome,

Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em!
[*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised
Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,
I faint; O, Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter;—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature⁴ of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,⁵

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[*To MARDIAN.*]

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian.

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*]

⁶ This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbade a knight to engage with his inferior.

⁷ The old copy thus exhibits this line:—

'That art not what thou'rt sure of. Get thee hence.'

The emendation admitted in the text is partly that of Monck Mason. Johnson has observed that the line consists of abrupt starts. Cleopatra interrupts herself with passionate exclamations, and breaks off her interrogatory by again driving out the hateful messenger of ill news. Mason would read, 'What! thou'rt sure of?' and Steevens adopted his reading.

⁸ Feature was anciently used for the form or fashion of the whole body.

⁹ Cleopatra is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but of Antony.

SCENE VI. *Near Misenum. Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with Drum and Trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARRUS, MECENAS, with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine; And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet That first we come to words; and therefore have we Our written purposes before us sent; Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword; And carry back to Sicily much tall' youth, That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three, The senators alone of this great world, Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know, Wherefore my father should revengers want, Having a son and friends: since Julius Cæsar, Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,¹ There saw you labouring for him. What was it, That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman Brutus, With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom, To drench the Capitol; but that they would Have one man but a man? And that is it, Hath made me rig my navy: at whose burden The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant To scourge the ingratitude that desp'iteful Rome Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fear² us, Pompey, with thy sails, We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land, indeed, Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:³ But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself, Remain in't as thou may'st.⁴

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us (For this is from the present,⁵) how you take The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow, To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send Measures of wheat to Rome: This' greed upon, To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back Our targe undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then, I came before you here, a man prepar'd To take this offer: But Mark Antony Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose The praise of it by telling, You must know, When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows, Your mother came to Sicily, and did find Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey; And am well studied for a liberal thanks, Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand: I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you, That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither; For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last, There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not What counts' harsh fortune casts upon my face; But in my bosom shall she never come, To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed: I crave, our composition may be written, And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us

Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first, Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery.
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius

Cæsar Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.⁶

Pom. I know thee now;—How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well; And well am like to do; for, I perceive, Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight, When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir, I never lov'd you much: but I have prais'd you, When you have well deserv'd ten times as much As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness, It nothing ill becomes thee.— Aboard my galley I invite you all: Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come, [Exit POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[Aside.]—You and I have known,⁷ sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me:⁸ though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

⁶ I. e. foreign to the object of our present discussion. Shakspeare uses the *present* as a substantive many times.

⁷ A metaphor from making *marks* or *lines* in casting accounts in arithmetic.

⁸ I. e. to Julius Cæsar. This is derived from the margin of North's Plutarch, 1379:—'Cleopatra trusted up in a mattress, and so brought to Cæsar upon Apollodorus' backe.'

⁹ I. e. been acquainted. So in *Cymbeline* —'Sir, we have *known* together at Orleans.'

¹⁰ 'The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character, like the speaker's: and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that *fattery* can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflection.'—Warburton.

¹ Brave, courageous.

² This verb is used by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pref. p. 23, ed. 1632: 'What madness *ghosts* this old man? but what madness *ghosts* us all?'

³ 'Thou canst not *affright* us with thy numerous navy.' So in *Measure for Measure* —

'Setting it up to *fear* the birds of prey.'

⁴ 'At land indeed thou dost exceed me in possessions; having added to thy own my father's house.' *O'ercount* seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps is meant to insinuate that Antony not only *outnumbered* but had *overreached* him. The circumstance of Antony's obtaining the house of Pompey's father, the poet had from Plutarch.

⁵ Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.'

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoever their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; Pray, you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.¹

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum. *Music.* Enter two or three Servants, with a Banquet.²

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants³ are ill rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms drink.⁴

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition,⁵ he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that

1 *Conversation* is *behaviour*, manner of acting in common life. 'He useth no virtue or honest conversation at all: Nec habet ullum cum virtute commercium.'—*Baret*.

2 A banquet here is a refection, similar to our *dessert*.

3 *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is used here for the foot, from the Latin. Thus in Chapman's version of the sixteenth liad:—

'Even to the low plants of his feete his forme was altered.' The French still use *plante du pied* for the sole of the foot.

4 A phrase (says Warburton) among good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companions drink to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy.

5 Warburton explains this phrase as equivalent to one still in use, of 'Touching one in a sore place.'

6 A *partizan* was a weapon between a *pike* and a *halberd*; not being so long, it was made use of in mounting a breach, &c.

will do me no service, as a partizan⁶ I could not leave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.⁷

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [To CÆSAR.] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth, Or foizon,⁸ follow: The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.⁹

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept: I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises¹⁰ are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [Aside.]

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [To MENAS *aside*.] Go, hang, sir, hang; Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool. [Aside.]

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

[Rises, and walks *aside*.]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

7 'To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a sight as unacently as the holes where the eyes should be, without the animating presence of the eye to fill them.' The sphere in which the eye moves is an expression Shakspeare has used more than once:—

'How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted.'

Sonnet 119.

'Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres.'

Hamlet.

8 *Foizon* is plenty, abundance.

9 Shakspeare seems to have derived his information respecting the Nilometer from Pliny, b. v. c. ix. Holland's translation. Or from Leo's History of Africa, translated by John Pery, 1600.

10 *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common use formerly: from this word Shakspeare formed the plural *pyramises*, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning 'to split what it speaks.' The usual ancient plural was *pyramides*.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What say'st thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?
That's twice.
Pom. How should that be?
Men. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Hast thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,¹
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.
Men. These three world-sharers, these competi-
tors,²
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [Aside.]
I'll never follow thy pall'd³ fortunes more,—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis
offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,
Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.
Men. Enobarbus, welcome.
Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.
Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off
LEPIDUS.]

Men. Why?
Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; See'st not?
Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it
were all,

That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.⁴
Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,⁵ ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.
Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had
rather fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.
Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANTONY.]
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

[To ANTONY.]

1 i. e. encloses and embraces.

2 i. e. confederates. See, in the present play, Act I. Sc. 4.

3 *Palled* is rapid, past its time of excellence; *palled* wine is wine that has lost its sprightliness.

4 Difficulties have been made about this passage, in which I must confess I see none. Menas says, 'The third part of the world is drunk (meaning Lepidus, one of the triumvirs;) would it were all so, that it might go on wheels, i. e. turn round or change.' To which Enobarbus replies, 'Drink thou; increase the reels,' i. e. increase its giddy course.

5 i. e. tap them, broach them. So in the last scene of Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*—'Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of wine, the town's ours.' See *Cotgrave in v. Tupper*.

6 The half line omitted in this place may be supplied with words resembling those in Milton's *Comus*—'Come let us all take hands, and beat the ground, Till,' &c.

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;⁶
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music;—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing
The holding⁷ every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them
hand in hand.]

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:⁸
In thy vats our cares be droum'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd,
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good
night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong *Eno-*
barbe

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o' the shore.
Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony,
You have my father's house,⁹—But what? we are
friends:

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.
[Exit POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and
Attendants.]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farwell!
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd,
sound out.

[A Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums.]

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain!
Come. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Plain in Syria. Enter VENTIDIUS,
as after Conquest, with SILIUS, and other Romans,
Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of PACO-
RUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;¹⁰
and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,¹¹
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,

7 The holding is the burden or under-song. Thus⁷ in *The Serving Man's Comfort*, 1598, 4to. Where a song is to be sung, the under-song or holding whereof is—

'It is merrie in haul,
When beards wag all.'

8 *Pink eyne* are small eyes. 'Some have mighty
yies and some be pinkyid. Quidam pergrandis sunt
luminibus, quidam peti.' *Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519.
The flower called a pink is in French *oillet*, or *little
eye*. To pink and *wick* is to contract the eyes and peep
out of the lids. Hence pinky for tipsy, from the pecu-
liar expression of the eyes of persons in liquor. The
epithet is therefore well appropriated to the god of
wine.

9 See note 4 on the previous scene.

10 *Struck* alludes to *darting*. Thou, whose darts
have often struck others, art struck now thyself.

11 Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia.

The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O, Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learp, this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does 't the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Stl. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Stl. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what
haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rome. An Antechamber in Cæsar's
House. Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meet-
ing.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey; he
is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark An-
tony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? the god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil?

Agr. O, Antony! O, thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—
go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent
praises.

1 *Grants for affords.* 'Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.' This was wisdom, or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him why he did not pursue his advantages; and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.—*Warburton.* There is somewhat the same idea in *Coriolanus*:—'Who sensible outdares his senseless sword.'

2 The Phoenix. So again in *Cymbeline*:—

'She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost my wager.'

3 This puerile arrangement of words was much affected in the age of Shakespeare, even by the first writers. Thus in *Daniel's* 11th Sonnet:—
'Yet will I weep, vow, pray to cruel shee;
Flint, frost, dislaine, wears, melts, and yields we see.'
And Sir Philip Sidney's Excellent Sonnet of a Nymph, printed in *England's Helicon*, is a tissue of this kind.

4 I. e. they are the wings that raise this heavy lumpish insect from the ground. So in *Macbeth*, 'The shard-borne beetle.'

5 In *The Tempest*, Prospero, in giving Miranda to Ferdinand, says:—

'I have given you here a third of my own life.'

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves

Antony: [cannot

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony? But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards,⁴ and he their beetle.

So,— [Trumpets.

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;⁵

Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest

band⁶

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue, which is set

Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,

To keep it builded,⁷ be the ram, to batter

The fortress of it: for better might we

Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious,⁸ the least cause

For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!

We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well

The elements⁹ be kind to thee, and make

Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,

And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What,

Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can

Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down

feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,

And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*]

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.¹⁰

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;

So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

He cried almost to roaring: and he wept

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a

rheum;

What willingly he did confound,¹¹ he wail'd:

Believe it, till I weep¹² too.

6 *Band and bond* were synonymous in Shakespeare's time.

7 'And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first.'

8 I. e. scrupulous, particular. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—'For curious I cannot be with you.'

9 It is singular that this passage could by any means have been misunderstood. Octavia was going to sail with Antony from Rome to Athens, and her brother wishes that the elements may be kind to her; in other words, that she may have a prosperous voyage.

10 A horse is said to have a cloud in his face, when he has a dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course looked upon as a great blemish. Burton has applied the phrase to the look of a female:—'Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herself—thin, lean, chitty-face, have clouds in her face, be crooked, &c.'—*Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 524, ed. 1632.

11 To confound is to consume, to destroy. See *Minshew's Dictionary*, 1617, in voce.

12 Theobald reads, 'till I wept too' Mr. Steevens on-

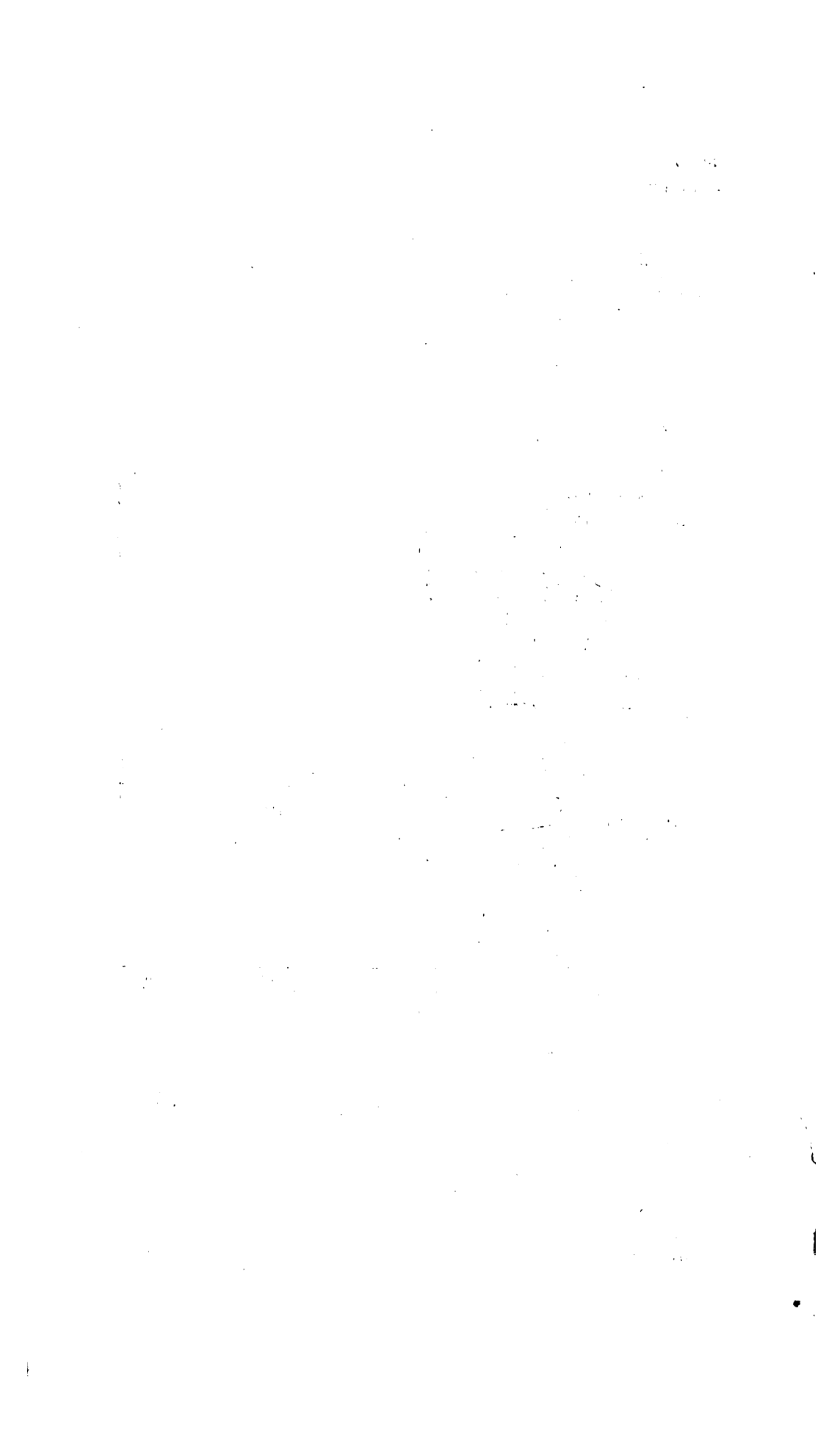




Figure 1. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

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Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Outgo my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you, in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu! be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]
Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Escunt.*]

SCENE III. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come?
Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou
near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-
voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? O, Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish!

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station* are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

deavours to give a meaning to the passage as it now
stands:—'Believe (says Enobarbus) that he wept over
such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occa-
sion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such
a construction on my tears, which in reality (like his,)
will be tears of joy.' I must confess I prefer the emenda-
tion of Theobald to the explanation of Steevens.
1 Station here means the act of standing. So in
Hamlet:—

'A station like the herald Mercury.'
2 Cleopatra rejoices in this circumstance, as it sets
Octavia on a level with herself, who was no virgin
when she fell to the lot of Antony.

3 This is from the old writers on physiognomy. Thus
In Hill's Pleasant History, &c. 1618:—'The head very
round, to be forgetful and foolish.' Again:—'The head
long, to be prudent and wary.' 'A low forehead,' &c.
p. 218.

4 To harry is to harass, to worry, to use roughly, to
vex, or molest, from the old Norman-French *Aarier* of
the same meaning. The word occurs frequently in our
old writers. Thus in The Revengers' Tragedy, 1607:—
'He harry'd her amidst a nest of pandars.'

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.
Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark!
Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long
or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that
are so.—

Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee:
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again: I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger*]

Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That I so harry'd* him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Escunt.*]

SCENE IV. Athens. *A Room in Antony's
House. Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey: made his will, and read it
To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure took he:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't;
Or did it from his teeth.⁵

Oct. O, my good lord;
Believe not all: or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: the good gods will mock
me presently;

When I shall pray, O, bless my lord and husband!
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; so midway
'T'wixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks:
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain' your brother; Make your soonest haste:
So your desires are yours.

So Nash, in his Lenten Stuff:—'As if he were harry-
ing and chasing his enemies.'

5 i. e. to appearance only, not seriously. Thus Dry-
den in his Wild Gallant:—'I am confident she is only
angry from the teeth outward.' So Chapman, in his
version of the fifteenth Iliad:—

'She laugh, but merrily from her lips.'
And Fuller, in his Holle Warre, b. iv. c. 17:—'This
bad breath, though it came but from the teeth of some,
yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others.'

6 The situation and sentiments of Octavia resemble
those of Lady Blanche in King John, Act iii. Sc. 1.

7 Mr. Boswell suggests that, perhaps, we should read,
'Shall stay your brother.' To stain is not here used
for to shame or disgrace, as Johnson supposed; but for
to eclipse, extinguish, throw into the shade, so put out
from the old French *esténêbre*. In this sense it is used
in all the examples cited by Steevens:

'—here at hand approacheth one
Whose face will stain you all.'

Totten's Miscellany, 1696.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Exit.]

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*
Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Ero. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Ero. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Ero. This is old; What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry¹ would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,² seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Ero. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;³

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Ero. Our great navv's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Ero. 'Twill be naught;

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [Exit.]

SCENE VI. *Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.*
Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this:
And more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,⁴
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarian, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'establishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia; She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

¹ So Shore's wife's face made fowle Brownetta blush.
² As pearly staynes pitch, or gold surmounts a rush.

³ Shore's Wife, by Churchyard, 1593.

⁴ Whose beautes staynes the faire Helen of Greece.

⁵ Churchyard's Charitie, 1593.

⁶ The praise and yet the stain of all womankind.

⁷ Sidney's Arcadia.

⁸ I. e. equal rank. In Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus are styled by Bernardo 'the rivals' of his watch.

⁹ Appeal here means accusation. Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation.

¹⁰ No more does not signify no longer; but has the same meaning as if Shakespeare had written and no

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it: and have now receiv'd,
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd; lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have con-
quer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome: and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land: supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,

Being an obstruct¹ 'twixen his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,

And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath uodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying²
The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,

more: 'Thou hast now a pair of chaps, and only a
pair. Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other,
though they have the world to prey on between them.'
The old copy reads *would* instead of *world*, and omits
one the in the third line of this speech.

¹ This is closely copied from the old translation of
Plutarch.

² The old copy reads, *abstract*. The alteration was
made by Warburton.

³ That is, which two persons are now levying, &c.
Upton observes, that there are some errors in the enu-
meration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that
the poet did not care to be scrupulously accurate. He
proposed to read:—

— Polemon and Amintas,

Of Lyconia, and the king of Mede,⁴
which obviates all impropriety.

The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of scepters.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort!
And ever welcome to us.

Ag. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,²
That noises³ it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Antony's Camp, near the Promontory
of Actium. Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARRUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke⁴ my being in these
wars;

And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not⁵ denounc'd against us? Why should
not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply;

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely⁶ lost; the mares would
bear

A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Pothinus a eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear 't the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:

Here comes the emperor.

1 This elliptical phrase is merely an expression of
entertainment addressed to Octavia.—*Thou best of comfort
to thy loving brother.*

2 And gives his potent regiment to a trull.
*Regiment is government, authority; he puts his power
and his empire into the hands of a harlot. Regiment is
used for regimen or government by most of our ancient
writers. Thus Spenser, Faerie Queene, b. li. c. 10:—*

'So when he had resigned his regiment.'
And in *Lily's Woman in the Moon*, 1397:—

'Or Hecate in Pluto's regiment.'

3 Milton has used this uncommon verb in *Paradise
Regained*, b. iv.:

'— though noising loud,
And threatening nigh.'

4 To forespeak here is to speak against, to gainsay,
to contradict; as to forbid is to order negatively. The
word had, however, the meaning, anciently, of to charm
or bewitch, like forbid in *Macbeth*.

5 The old copy reads, 'if not denounc'd,' &c. Stee-
vens reads, 'Is't not? Denounce against us, why,' &c.
The emendation I have adopted is more simple, and
gives an equally clear meaning. Cleopatra means to

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in' Torynæ?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that⁷ he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muletiers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare;⁸ yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full mann'd, from the head of

Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fall,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Torynæ.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be!⁹—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse: We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!¹⁰—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O, noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you moudoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyp-
tians,

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking: we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARRUS.*]

say, 'Is not the war denounced against us? Why should
not we then attend in person?' Malone explains the
reading of the old copy thus:—'If there be no particu-
lar denunciation against us, why should we not be there
in person?'

6 i. e. entirely, absolutely.

7 Take, subdive. This phrase occurs frequently in
Shakespeare, and has been already explained.

8 i. e. cause that, or that is the cause.

9 *Yare is quick, nimble, ready.* So in *The Tempest*,
Act v. Sc. 1:—'Our ship is tight and yare.' The word
seems to have been much in use with sailors formerly.

'The lesser [ship] will come and go, leave and take,
and is yare; whereas the greater is slow.'—*Raleigh*.

'Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, light and great,
&c.; but they were light of yarage.'—*North's Plutarch*.

10 Strange that his forces should be there.

11 Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this
sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assist-
ance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to
her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared, like
Thetis, surrounded by the Nereids.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows

Not in the power on't:¹ So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries² beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,³ as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour: and
throes⁴ forth,
Each minute, some. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII. *A Plain near Actium. Enter*
CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Can. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Can. Strike not by lap; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.⁵ *[Exeunt.]*

Enter ANTONY AND ENOBARRUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on you' side o' the
hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army
one way over the Stage; and TAURUS, the Lieu-
tenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going
in, is heard the noise of a Sea-fight. Alarum.—
Re-enter ENOBARRUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold
no longer:

The Antoniad,⁶ the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle⁷ of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd⁸ pestilence,
Where death is sure. You ribaudred⁹ hag¹⁰ of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
Hoists¹¹ upon her, like a cow in June,
The brize¹² sails, and flies.

1 His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, (namely his land force,) but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea.

2 i. e. passes all belief. I should not have noticed this, but for Stevens's odd notion of its being a phrase from archery.

3 Detachments, separate bodies.

4 i. e. emits as in parturition: So in *The Tempest*:—

Which throes thee much to yield.

5 i. e. this hazard. Thus in *Macbeth*:—

'We'd jump the life to come.'

6 The *Antoniad*, Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship.

7 A *cantle* is a portion, a scantling, a fragment: it also signified a corner, and a quarter-piece of any thing. It is from the old French, *chantel*, or *eschantille*.

8 The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar.

She once being loof'd,¹³
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a dotting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno.

Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
night

Indeed.

[Aside.]

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend

What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno.

I'll yet follow
The wounded chance!¹⁴ of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX. *Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither.
I am so lated¹⁵ in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att.

Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be
gone;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny: for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you.¹⁶ Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the seaside straitway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; 'pray you now:
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,¹⁷
Therefore I pray you;—I'll see you by—and-by.
[Sits down.]

9 The old copy reads, '*ribaudred nag*,' which was altered by Stevens and Malone into '*ribald-rid rag*,' but quite unnecessarily. *Ribaudred* is *obscene*, indecent in words or acts. Thus Baret:—'A *ribaudrous* and filthy tongue; or obscenium et impudicum. *Ribaudrie*, villanie in actes or wordes, filthiness, uncleanness.' And in *Horman's Vulgaria*:—'Refrayne fro suche foule and *rebaudry* wordes.' Mr. Tyrwhitt saw that the context required we should read *hag* instead of *nag*, which was an easy typographical error.

10 The *brize* is the ostrum, or *gadfly*, so troublesome to cattle in the summer months.

11 To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind. This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch. It also frequently occurs in Hackluyt's *Voyages*.

12 'Wounded chance.' This phrase is nearly of the same import as 'broken fortunes.'

13 Belated, benighted. So in *Macbeth*:—
'Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace.'

14 Thus also in *Hamlet*:—
'— they must sweep my way,

And marshal me to knavery.'

15 'I *entreat* you to leave me, because I have lost all power to command your absence.'

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him;—Comfort him.
 Iras. Do, most dear queen.
 Char. Do! why, what else?
 Cleo. Let me sit down. O, Juno.
 Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
 Eros. See you here, sir?
 Ant. O, fie, fie, fie.
 Char. Madam,—
 Iras. Madam; O, good empress!—
 Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
 His sword e'en like a dancer:¹ while I struck
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
 That the mad Brutus² ended: he alone
 Dealt on lieutenantry,³ and no practice had
 In the brave squares of war; Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.
 Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
 Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
 He is unqualified⁴ with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—Oh!
 Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
 Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
 Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
 A most unnobble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.
 Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
 How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,⁵
 By looking back on what I have left behind
 'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O, my lord, my lord!
 Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
 You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
 My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
 And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
 Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
 Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
 Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.
 Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
 And palter in the shifts of lowliness; who
 With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
 Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
 How much you were my conqueror; and that
 My sword, made weak by my affection, would
 Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.
 Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates⁶
 All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
 Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
 Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
 Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune
 knows,
 We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[Exeunt.]

1 The meaning appears to be, that Caesar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. It is alluded to in All's Well that Ends Well: Bertram, lameizing that he is kept from the wars, says:—

'I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
 Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
 Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
 But one to dance with.'

And in Titus Andronicus:—
 '—our mother unadvised
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side.'

2 Nothing can be more in character than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, madness.—Warburton.

3 'Dealt on lieutenantry' probably means only 'fought by proxy,' made war by his lieutenants, or on the strength of his lieutenants. In a former scene Ventidius says:—

'Caesar and Antony have ever won
 More in their officer, than person.'

To 'deal on any thing' is an expression often used by old writers. In Plutarch's Life of Antony, Shakespeare

SCENE X. Caesar's Camp, in Egypt. Enter CAESAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Ces. Let him appear that's come from Antony,
 Know you him?

Dol. Caesar, 'tis his schoolmaster:⁸
 An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
 Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Ces. Approach and speak.
 Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:

I was of late as petty to his ends,
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
 To his grand sea.⁹

Ces. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
 Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
 He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
 A private man in Athens: This for him.

Next Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
 Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
 The circle¹⁰ of the Ptolemia for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Ces. For Antony,
 I have no ears to his request. The queen
 Of audience, nor desire, shall fail: so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,¹¹
 Or take his life there: This if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!
 Ces. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit EUPHRONIUS.]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch:
 From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

[To THYREUS.]

And in our name, what she requires; add more,
 From thine invention, offers: women are not,
 In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal:¹² Try thy cunning,
 Thyreus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
 Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Caesar, I go,
 Ces. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;¹³
 And what thou think'st his very action speaks
 In every power that moves.

Thyr. Caesar, I shall. [Exit.]

SCENE XI. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.¹⁴

found the following words:—'They were always more fortunate when they made war by their lieutenants than by themselves.'

4 Unqualified seems to mean here unsoldiered, quality being used for profession by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Steevens says, 'Perhaps unqualified only signifies unmanned in general, disarmed of his usual faculties.'

5 But is here used in its exceptive sense.

6 'How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight.'

7 Values.

8 Euphronius, schoolmaster to Antony's children by Cleopatra.

9 'His grand sea' appears to mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. The poet may have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. His we find frequently used for it.

10 The diadem, the crown.

11 Friend here means paramour.

12 'O, opportunity! thy guilt is great, Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath.'

Rape of Lucrece.

13 'Note how Antony conforms himself to this breach in his fortune.'

14 To think, or take thought, was anciently synonymous with to grieve. Thus in Julius Caesar, Act II. Sc. 1:—

'—all that he can do
 Is to himself; take thought, and die for Caesar.'

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What though you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other? why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd¹ his captainship; at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The mered question:² 'Twas a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?
Eup. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
 Will yield us up.
Eup. He says so.
Ant. Let her know it.—
 To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
 Of youth upon him; from which the world should
 note
 Something particular: his coin, ships, legions
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declin'd,³ sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone; I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exit ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.*
Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,⁴
 Against a sword.—I see, men's judgments are
 A parcel⁵ of their fortunes; and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them,
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
 Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
 His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my wo-
 men!—
 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
 That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.
Eno. Mine honesty, and I begin to square.⁶ [*Aside.*
 The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
 Our faith mere folly:—Yet he, that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i' the story.

So Viola 'pined in thought.' And in The Beggar's
 Bush, of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

'Can I not think away myself, and die?'
 1 i. e. set the mark of folly upon it. So in the Comedy
 of Errors:—

— and the while
 His man with scissars nicks him like a fool.'

2 i. e. he being the object to which this great conten-
 tion is limited or by which it is bounded. So in Ham-
 let, Act i. Sc. 1:—

'— the king
 That was and is the question of these wars.'

3 His gay comparisons may mean those circum-
 stances of splendour and power in which he, when com-
 pared with me, so much exceeds me. 'I require of Cæ-
 sar not to depend on that superiority which the compa-
 rison of our different fortunes may exhibit, but to an-
 swer me man to man in this decline of my age and
 power.'

4 i. e. be exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the
 public gaze.

5 i. e. are of a piece with them.

6 To square is to quarrel. Enobarbus is deliberating
 upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake
 a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes
 no positive conclusion.

7 Thus the second folio. The first folio has, '—
 than he is Cæsar's,' which brings obscurity with it. We

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
 Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
 Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
 Whose he is, we are; and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So—
 Thus, then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,
 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
 Further than he is Cæsar.'

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace⁸ not Antony
 As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
 Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
 Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
 What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
 But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
 I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
 That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
 Thy dearest quit thee.⁹ [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
 What you require of him? for he partly begs
 To be desir'd to give. It much would please him
 That of his fortunes you should make a staff
 To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
 To hear from me you had left Antony,
 And put yourself under his shroud,
 The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
 Say to great Cæsar this in disputation,¹⁰
 I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
 To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
 Tell him, from his all-obeying¹¹ breath I bear
 The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
 Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can,
 No chance may shake it. Give me grace¹² to lay
 My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
 Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
 Bostow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
 As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
 What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs

has a clear meaning in the present reading: 'Cæsar
 entreats, that at the same time you consider your de-
 sperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar: that
 is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore
 them.' I think with Malone that the previous speech,
 which is given to Enobarbus, was intended for Cleo-
 patra.

8 Shakspeare probably wrote *embrac'd*.

9 So in The Tempest:—

'A rotten carcass of a boat—
 — the very rats
 Instinctively had quit it.'

10 Warburton suggests that we should read, 'in *depu-
 tation*,' i. e. 'as my deputy, say to great Cæsar this,'
 &c. Why the old punctuation of this line was altered
 in the modern editions, I am at a loss to imagine: the
 passage has been made obscure by printing it thus:

'Say to great Cæsar this, in disputation
 I kiss his conqu'ring hand.'

The following passage in King Henry IV. Part I seems
 to support Warburton's emendation:—

'Of all the favourites that the absent king
 In *deputation* left behind him here.'

11 i. e. breath which all obey. *Obeying for obeyed*;
 in other places we have *delighted for delighting, gulls
 for gulling, &c.*

12 Grant me the favour.

The bidding of the fullest¹ man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite;—Now,
gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried, *Ho!*
Like boys unto a muss,² kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will? Have you no ears? I am*
Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-
taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here (What's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attend. with THYREUS.*]

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders.³

Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O, misery on't!) the wise gods seal⁴ our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously⁵ pick'd out:—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,⁶
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan,⁷ to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which dogs the hangman thank
For being yare⁸ about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 Ant. Soundly, my lord.

¹ The most complete and perfect. And in Othello:
'What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe.'

² A muss is a scramble.

—nor are they thrown

To make a muss among the gamesome suitors,
Jonson's Magnetic Lady.

Dryden uses the word in the Prologue to *Widow Ranter*:

'Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a muss of more than half the town.'

³ That is, since she ceased to be Cleopatra.

⁴ i. e. on menials. Servants are called *esters* and

feeders by several of our old dramatic writers. Morrice,

in the *Silent Woman* of Ben Jonson, says:—'Where

are all my *esters*, my mouths now? Bar up my doors,

you varlets.' And in *The Wit*, by Sir W. Davenant:

—tall *esters*, in blue coats, sans number:

Thus also in Fletcher's *Nice Valour*, Act iii. Sc. 1:—

'*Servants* he has, lusty tall *feeders*.'

'Have I (says Antony) abandoned Octavia, a gem of

women, to be abused by a woman so base as to look on

servants? We are indebted to Mr. Gifford for fully es-

tablishing this explanation, and showing that Steevens

gave the true meaning of the passage, thereby over-

throwing Johnson's misconception, and Malone's perni-

cious support of it. See the works of Ben Jonson,

vol. iii. p. 493.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 Ant. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike

My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit⁹ me: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit THYREUS.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eqjip'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?¹⁰

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines,¹¹ see
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion¹² smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discarding of this polluted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,¹³ threat'ning most
sealike.

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice¹⁴ and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,

⁵ Close up.

⁶ Wantonly.

⁷ This is an allusion, however improper, to the *Psalm*.

'An high hill as the hill of Basan.' The idea of the *horned herd* was also probably caught from the same source:—'Many *oxen* are come about me: fat *bulls* of Basan close me in on every side.' It is not without pity and indignation (says Johnson) that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury.

⁸ i. e. ready, nimble, active.

⁹ To repay me this insult, to *requite* me.

¹⁰ i. e. with a menial attendant. The reader will doubtless remember that *points* were the laces with which our ancestors fastened their trunk-hose.

¹¹ That is, as the *ballad* *dissolves* or wastes away.

¹² So in King Henry VI. Part II.:

'Till his friend sickness hath *determin'd* me.'

¹³ Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

¹⁴ To *fleet* and to *float* were anciently synonymous.—

Thus Baret:—'To *fleet* above the water: *float*.' Steevens has adduced numerous examples from old writers.

¹⁵ *Nice* is here equivalent to *soft*, *tender*, *wanton*, or *luxurious*.

¹⁶ In softer and more fortunate hours.

Let's have one other gaudy! night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night
I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen:

There's sap in't yet.—The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.¹

[*Exeunt ANT. CLEO. and Attendants.*]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning.² To be
furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear: and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge;³ and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria. Enter
CÆSAR, reading a Letter; AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS,
and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had
power

To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die;⁴ mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot⁵ of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.
Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS,
CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno.

No.

Ant. Why should he not?

1 Feast days, in the colleges of either university, are called *gaudy* days, as they were formerly in the Inns of Court. 'From *gaudium*, (says Blount,) because, to say truth, they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students.'

2 This may have been caught from Harington's *Ariosto*, b. xii.:

'Death goeth about the field, rejoicing mickle
To see a sword that so surpass'd his sickle.'
Death is armed with a weapon in Statius, *Theb.* l. 633:—

'Mors fila sororum
Ense metit.'

3 Plutarch says of Antony, 'He used a manner of phrase in his speeches called *Asiatic*, which carried the best grace at that time, and was much like to him in his manners and life; for it was full of ostentation, foolish braverie, and vaing ambition.'—*North's Translation.*

4 l. e. the estridge falcon.

5 Upon would read:—

'He hath many other ways to die: mean time
I laugh at his challenge.'

This is certainly the sense of Plutarch, and given so in modern translations; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one:—'Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die than so.'

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,

By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Wood't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all!*

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd
me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow
shoots
[*Aside.*]

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;

And all of you clapp'd up together in

An Antony; that I might do you service,

So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,

As when mine empire was your fellow too,

And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:

Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,

A mangled shadow:⁶ perchance, to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you,

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master

Married to your good service, stay till death:

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield⁷ you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd;⁸ for shame,

Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!!!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall!⁹ My hearty

friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense:

I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you

To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,

Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Palace. Enter
Two Soldiers, to their Guard.*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

6 l. e. take advantage of.

7 Let the survivor *take all*; no composition; victory or death. So in King Lear:—

_____ unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will, *take all!*

8 'Or if you see me more, you will see me a *mangled shadow*, only the external form of what I was.' The thought is, as usual, taken from North's translation of Plutarch.

9 l. e. 'God reward you.'

10 We have a similar allusion in Act i. Sc. 2:—'The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.'

11 Steevens thinks that this exclamation of Antony's means *stop or desist*, desiring his followers to cease weeping. *Ho!* was an interjection, frequently used as a command to desist or leave off. Mr. Boswell says, 'These words may have been intended to express an hysterical laugh, in the same way as Cleopatra exclaims, in Act i. Sc. 5:—

_____ *Ho! Ha!*

Give me to drink mandragora.'

12 'Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place, I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.'

King Richard II.

2 Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 Sold. Nothing: What news?

2 Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
Good night to you.

1 Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers. Soldiers,

Have careful watch.

3 Sold. And you: Good night, good night.

[The first Two place themselves at their Posts.

4 Sold. Here we: [They take their Posts.] and if
to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[Music of Hautboys under the Stage.

4 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. List, list!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Music 't' the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

4 Sold. It signs' well,

Doesn't not?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony

lovd,

Now leaves him.²

1 Sold. Walk: let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do. [They advance to another Post.

2 Sold. How now, masters?

Sold. How now?

How now? do you hear this?

[Several speaking together.

1 Sold. Ay; Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;

Let's see how't will give off.

Sold. [Several speaking.] Content: 'Tis strange.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN

and others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,

Eros!

Enter Eros, with Armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this,

this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well:

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly,³ sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

1 I. e. it bodes well.

2 This is from the old translation of Plutarch:—

'Within a little of midnight, when all the cities was

quiet, full of care, and sorrows, thinking what would

be the issue and end of this warre, it is said that

suddenly they heard a marvellous sweete harmonie of

sundry sortes of instruments of musike, with the cry

of a multitude of people as they had bene dauncinge,

and had song as they use in Bacchus feastes, with mov-

inges and turnings after the manner of the satyres: and

it seemed that this daunce went through the city unto

the gates that opened to the enemies, and that all the

troupe that made this noyse they heard went out of the

More tight⁴ at this, than thou: Despatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and know'st
The royal occupation; my should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,⁵
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 Off. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, what'er becomes of me:

This is a soldier's kiss; rebukable, [Kisses her.

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,

Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and

Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight:

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a

Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and these thy scars had once

prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Had'st thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier

That has this morning left thee, would have still

Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,

He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp

Say, I am none of thine.

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;

Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him

(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:

Say, that I wish he never find more cause

To change a master.—O, my fortunes have

Corrupted honest men:—Despatch:—Enobarbus!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR with AGRIPPA, ENO-

BARBUS, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight;

Our will is, Antony be took alive;

Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit AGRIPPA.

city at that gate. Now such as in reason sought the in-

terpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god

unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counter-

feats and resemble him, that did 'wake them.'

3 That is, 'quickly, sir.'

4 *Tight* is *handy, adroit*. See *The Merry Wives*

of Windsor:—'Bear you these letters *tightly*.' A *tight*

lass is a handy one.

5 So in King Henry V.—

'The armourers accomplishing the knights,

With busy hammers closing rivets up'

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near :
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-mock'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.¹

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa,
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exit CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony ; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony : for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus : The messenger
Came on my guard ; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true : Best you sa'd the bringer
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O, Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows² my
heart :

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought : but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee !—No : I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die ; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *Field of Battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA,
and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far ;
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression³
Exceeds what he expected. [*Exit.*]

Alarum. *Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.*

Scar. O, my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thor' bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ;⁴ I have
yet
Room for six soothes more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage
serves

For a fair victory.

¹ The meaning is that the world shall then enjoy the
blessings of peace undisturbed. The following pas-
sages illustrate this passage :—

'Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.' *King John.*

'There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.'

King Henry VI. Part II. Act iv. Sc. 4.

² 'This generosity (says Enobarbus) smells my heart,
so that it will quickly break, if thought break it not.'

Blown is used for *puffed* or *swelled* in the last scene :—

'— on her breast

'There is a vent of blood, and something blown.'

And is *Leas* :—

'No blown ambition doth our arms excite.'

Thought here also signifies *grief*. See Act iii. Sc. 2.

³ 'Our oppression' means the force by which we are
oppressed or overpowered.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. *Under the Walls of Alexandria.—*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching ; SCARUS,
and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp ; Run one
before,

And let the queen know of our guests.⁴—To-
morrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all ;
For doughty-handed are you : and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine ; you have shown all Hector's.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congelment from your wounds, and hiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand ;
[*To SCARUS.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy⁵ I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O, thou day o' the
world,

Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness⁶ to my heart, and these
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords !

O, infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great anar⁷ uncaught ?

Ant. My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ?
though gray

Do something mingle with our younger brow ; yet
have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth.⁸ Behold this man ;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—
Kiss it, my warrior :—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold : it was a king's.
Ant. He has deserv'd it : were it carbonated
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand ;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them :⁹
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines :¹¹
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-
gether,
Applauding our approach. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IX. *Cæsar's Camp. Sentinels on their Post. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard:¹ The night
Is shiny: and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night —
3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O, thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent! —

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!
3 *Sold.* Peace;

Hark further.

Eno. O, sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispo² upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;³
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O, Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous.
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O, Antony! O, Antony!

2 *Sold.* Let's speak
To him. [Dis.]

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath rought⁴ him.

Hark, the drums [Drums afar off.]
Demurely⁵ wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on, then; [Exeunt with the Body.]
He may recover yet.

SCENE X. *Between the two Camps. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hill adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Let's seek a
spot,⁶
Where there appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But⁷ being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine
does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit Scar.]

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurs⁸
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look
grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarm afar off, as at a Sea-fight. Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore!⁹ 'tis
thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, begone.

[Exit SCARUS.]

O, sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd¹⁰ me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, to discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O, this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm¹¹
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet,¹² my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,¹³
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

should read here, and not *augurers*, improperly substituted by Malone.

10 Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as Antony supposes, to Augustus.

11 The old editions read, *pannell'd*. *Spaniel'd* is the happy emendation of Sir Thomas Haamer. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Helena says to Demetrius:—

'I am your *spaniel*,—only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.'

12 'This *grave charm*' probably means this deadly or destructive peace of witchcraft. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. Thus in the nineteenth book:—

'— but not far hence the fatal minutes are
Of thy *grave* ruin.'

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravia*.

13 'That which I looked to as the reward or crown of my endeavours.' The allusion is to *furis carnalium opus*. In All's Well that Ends Well we have:—'Still the *fine's* the crown.'

14 The allusion is to the game of *fast and loose*, or *pricking at the bell or girdle*, still practised by juggling cheats at fairs, and which was practised by the gipsies in Shakespeare's time, as appears in an Epigram of Thomas Freeman's, in his collection, called 'Rui; and a great Case,' 1614, which is printed in the Variorum Shakespeare, together with Sir John Hawki's description of the game. See also Scott's Discoveries of Witchcraft, 1694, p. 236.

1 The court of guard is the guard-room, the place where the guard musters. The phrase is used again in Othello.

2 Discharge, as a sponge when squeezed discharges the moisture it had imbibed.

3 'It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting.'—Johnson.

4 Stevens has justly observed, that Shakespeare, in most of his conceits, is kept in countenance by his contemporaries. We have something similar in Daniel's 118th Sonnet, ed. 1394:—

'Still mung I wret my young desires abated,
Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling.'

5 *Rought* is the ancient preterite of the verb to reach.

6 *Demurely* for solemnly.

7 Some words appear to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, which Malone has supplied by the phrase, 'Let's seek a spot.' Rowe supplied the omission by the words, 'Further on.'

8 'Where we may but discover their numbers, and see their motions.'

9 *But*, in its exceptive sense, for *be out*, i. e. without. Stevens has added a passage from the MS. Romance of Guillaume de Palerne, in the Library of King's Coll. Cambridge, in which the orthography almost explains the word:—

'I sayle now in the see as schip *boute* mast,
Boute anker, or ore, or any semlych sayle.'

10 The old copy reads, *auguries*. *Augurs*, the plural of *augur*, was anciently spelled *augures*, which we

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.
 Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?
 Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits;¹ and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. [Exit CLEO.] 'Tis well
 thou'rt gone,
 If it be well to live: But better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
 Let me lodge Lichas² on the horns o' the moon;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
 club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I
 fall

Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [Exit.

SCENE XI. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.
 Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
 Than Telamon³ for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
 Was never so emboss'd.⁴

Char. To the monument;
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are
 dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,⁵
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
 Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
 To the monument. [Exit.

SCENE XII. The same. Another Room. Enter
 ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;⁶
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a peakèd rock,
 A forked mountain or blue promontory
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these
 signs;

They are black vespèr's pageants.⁷

Eros. Ay, my lord.

1 i. e. for the smallest pieces of money. The old copy reads, 'for dolts'; and, at Mr. Tyrwhitt's suggestion, Stevens reads, 'to dolts.'

2 Shakspeare was probably indebted to Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, b. ix. for the story of Lichas.

3 i. e. than Ajax Telamon for the armour of Achilles, the most valuable part of which was the shield. The boar of Thessaly was the boar killed by Meleager.

4 When a hunted animal is so hard run that it foams at the mouth, it is said to be emboss'd.

5 — It is a sufferance, panging
 As soul and body's severing.

King Henry VIII.

6 'Like to a mass of clouds, that now seem like
 An elephant, and straightway like an ox,
 And then a mouse.' Chapman's *Mons. D'Olive*.

7 — Like empty clouds,
 In which our faulty apprehensions forge
 The forms of dragons, lions, elephants,
 When they hold no proportion.

8 *Bussy D'Amboise*.
 7 The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age. The following apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Mr. Boswell:—"I feare some of you are like the pageants of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lion, or elephant,

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a
 thought,
 The rack dislimns,⁸ and makes it indistinct,
 As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave,⁹ Eros, now thy captain is
 Even such a body: here I am Antony;
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave:
 I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
 Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
 A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
 Pack'd cards¹⁰ with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph.—
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
 My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
 With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
 She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
 And that she has discharged: What thou would'st do
 Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
 Was Antony! most noble Antony!

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 The name of Antony; it was divided
 Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
 Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead. . . .
 Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
 And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence
 safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—
 [Exit MARDIAN.]

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
 The battery from my heart.¹¹ O, cleave my sides!
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,¹²
 Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
 No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
 You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.—
 [Exit EROS.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All length is torture:¹³ Since the torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength: Seal, then,¹⁴ and all is done.—
 Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:

or unicorn; but if they be curiously look'd into, there is nothing but cloth, and sticks, and ayre.¹⁵
 8 i. e. 'the fleeing away of the clouds destroys the picture.'

9 Knave was familiarly used for servant. Thus in A Mery Geste of Robyn Hood:—

'I shall thee lende lytle John my man,

For he shall be thy knave.'

But it had already begun to have no favourable signification when Baret published his *Alvearie*, in 1573.

10 'To pack the cards' was to put them together in an unfair manner. It is often used metaphorically, for contriving together to deceive another. The poet meant to say, that Cleopatra, by collusion, played the great game they were engaged in falsely; so as to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy. There is an equivocal between *trump* and *triumph*. The game of *trump* (trionphe, Fr.) was then popular; it was a rude prototype of whist.

11 'The battery from my heart' means 'the battery proceeding from my heart, which is strong enough to break through the sevenfold shield of Ajax; I wish it were strong enough to cleave my sides and destroy me.'

12 i. e. the thing that contains thee.

13 Stevens thinks that the poet wrote *life*, and not *length*. But *length* may signify *extension* or *protraction* of *life*.

14 A passage in King Henry V. explains this:—

'And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.'

Dido and her Æneas' shall wait troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come;
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Pat colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?

Eros. I would not see't.
Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be
cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents uspurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherewith the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [Turning from him.
Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there, then:—[Falls on his Sword.]
Thus do I escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [Dies.
Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[Falling on his Sword.]

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

1 Warburton remarks that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly associated, 'where souls do couch on flowers.' Either the poet forgot Virgil's celebrated description in the sixth book of the Æneid, or confounded Æneas with Sicanus inadvertently.

2 'Less noble mind' must be accepted as if it was written less nobly minded. The termination *bly* is often written *ble* by old writers, and is frequently to be found so in Shakspeare. To *mind* or *purpose* is a verb extensively used in former times. We have it in the Third Part of King Henry VI.:

'Belike she *mind*s to play the amazon.'
And in another place—

'But if you *mind* to hold your true obedience,'
So Baret:—'I am fully *purposed*, *mind*ed, or deter-
mined so to do.' The passage in North's Plutarch,
which Shakspeare copied, runs thus:—'I am *apprise*

Enter DERCEAS and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
an end

Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and wo!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exit Guard.]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Will thou not answer, man? [Exit DERCEAS.]
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a pre-
phesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She hath dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
dead;

But, fearing, since, how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late. [pr'y thee.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Wo, wo are we, sir, you may not live
to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you off; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[Exit bearing ANTONY.]

SCENE XIII. The same. A Monument. Enter
above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O, Charmian, I will never go from hence,
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

that having been so great a captain and emperor, I
am indeed condemn'd to be judg'd of *lesse* courage and
noble mind than a woman?

3 i. e. arms folded in each other.

4 *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetra-
tive* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has '*penetrabile frigus*'
for '*penetrans frigus*,' in his *Georgica*.

5 'Branded with baseness the poor wretch that *fol-
low'd*.'

6 i. e. the *honour*, the *dignity*.

7 This thought occurs in Measure for Measure:—

'I will encounter darkness as a *bride*,
And hug it in my arms.'

8 i. e. *arranged* with him, agreed with him. The
word is used in this sense in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act
ii. Sc. 3:—

'*Agam.* What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his *dispos*e
Without observance or respect of any.'

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dia. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O, thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling
stand

The varying shore o' the world. O, Antony, Antony,
Antony!

Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help: help, friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:
Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but wo 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Least I be taken:¹ not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Caesar ever shall
Be brooch'd² with me; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion,³ shall acquire so honour
Demouring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport, indeed?⁴—how heavy weighs
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw ANTONY up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken⁵ with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Caesar seek your honour with your safety.—O!
Cleo. They do not go together.

¹ It should be remembered that, according to the old philosophy, the sun was accented a planet, and thought to be whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. Supposing this consumed, the sun must wander in endless space, and the earth be involved in endless night.

² Cleopatra means that she dare not come down out of the monument to Antony. Ritson proposed to read—

'(Dear my lord, pardon) I dare not come down.'
³ Brooch'd here must mean ornamented, adorned. Any ornamental jewel was called a brooch:—'Honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times.'—*Ben Jonson's Postmaster.*

And love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.'
King Richard II. Act ii. Sc. 5.

⁴ 'Sedate detrimination; silent coolness of resolution.'

⁵ Cleopatra by these words seems to contrast the melancholy task in which they are now engaged with their former sports.

⁶ I. e. revive by my kiss. To quicken, according to Barot, is 'to make lively and lumle; to make strong and sound, to refresh.'

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Caesar trust, but Proculeius
Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Caesar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pulse is fallen; young boys and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.⁷ [*She faints.*]

Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She is dead, too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—
Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt!

Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras.
Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman!⁸ and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.⁹—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is settish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us!—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Char-
mian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take heart:
[*To the Guard below.*]

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's
noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY'S
Body.*]

7 'Let us sit and mock the good housewife
Fortune from her wheel,' &c.

As You Like It.
⁸ That is, their standard or rallying point is thrown
down. Marlowe concludes his Faustus with a similar
image:—

'Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burn'd is Apollo's laurel bough.'

⁹ From this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag on.'
Macbeth.

¹⁰ Iras has just said, 'Royal Egypt, Empress.' Cleopatra completes the sentence, (without taking notice of the intervening words of Charmian.) Empress 'no more; but e'en a woman,' now on a level with the meanest of my sex. The old copy reads 'but in a woman.' Dr. Johnson made the correction.

¹¹ I. e. task-work. 'She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry chares.—*Heywood's Brazen Age*, 1613.

'And at my crummed messe of milke, each night from
maid or dame

To do their chares as they supposed,' &c.
Warner's Albion's England.

Thus in Act v. Sc. 2, Cleopatra says:—
'When thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday'

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Caesar's Camp before Alexandria.*
Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS, PROCULIUS, and others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrate,¹ tell him, he mocks us by
 The passes that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that
 dar'st

Appear thus to us?²

Der. I am call'd Dercetās;
 Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
 Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,
 He was my master; and I wore my life,
 To spend upon his haters: If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him,
 I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O, Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should
 make

A greater crack: The round world should have shook
 Lions into civil streets,³
 And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
 Is not a single doom; in the name lay
 A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
 Not by a public minister of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Spilt the heart.—This is his sword,
 I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
 With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
 The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
 To wash the eyes of kings.⁴

Agr. And strange it is,
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
 Waged⁵ equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
 Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
 him,

He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O, Antony!
 I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance⁶

1 Frustrate for frustrated was the language of Shakespeare's time; and we find *contaminate* for *contaminated*, *consummate* for *consummated*, &c. Thus in *The Tempest*—

— and the sea mocks
 Our *frustrate* search by land.

The two last words in this line, *we do*, are not in the old copy, in which something seems omitted, and these words, which suit the context well, were supplied by Malone, who has justified his selection of them by instances of similar phraseology in other passages of these plays.

3 I. e. with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand.

4 The passage is thus arranged in the old copy:—

'The breaking of so great a thing should make
 A greater crack: the round world
 Should have shook lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dens.'

The second line is evidently defective, some word or words being omitted at the end, as in a former instance. What is lost may be supplied by conjecture, thus:—
 '— The round world *convulsive*.'

Johnson thought that there was a line lost: and Steevens proposed to read:—

'A greater crack than *this*: The *rain'd* world,' &c. I know not with whom the present arrangement of the text originated, but I do not think it judicious. Malone thought that the passage might have stood originally thus:—

— The round world should have stook,
 Thro' *three* *Aurigy* lions into civil streets,' &c.

Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,
 Or look on thine; we could not stall together
 In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
 That thou, my brother, my competitor
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle—that our stars
 Unreconcilable, should divide
 Our equality to this.⁷—Hear me, good friends,—
 But I will tell you at some meetest season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
 We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?
Mess. A poor Egyptian yet.⁸ The queen, my
 mistress,
 Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction;
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
 How honourable⁹ and how kindly we
 Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
 To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*]

Cæs. Come hither, Proculius; Go, and say,
 We purpose her no shame: give her what comfort
 The quality of her passion shall require;
 Lest in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
 She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
 Would be eternal in our triumph.¹⁰ Go,
 And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
 And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULIUS.*]

Cæs. Gallus, you go along.—Where's Dolabella,
 To second Proculius? [*Exit GALLUS.*]

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
 How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.
 Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
 How hardly I was drawn into this war;
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my writings: Go with me, and see
 What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.*
Enter CLEOPATRA,¹² CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cæs. My desolation does begin to make
 A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;

4 'May the gods rebuke me if this be not tidings to make kings weep.' But again in its exceptive sense.

5 *Waged* here must mean to be *opposed*, as equal stakes in a wager; unless we suppose that *weighed* is meant. The second folio reads *way*.

6 *Lanced*, the word in the old copy, is only the obsolete spelling of *lance*.

7 *His* for *its*.

8 That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die.

9 I. e. 'yet an Egyptian, or subject of the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome.'

10 I have before observed that the termination *die* was anciently often used for *day*. This Malone calls using adjectives adverbially, or using *substantives* adjectively, as the case may be. I doubt whether it be any thing more than the laxity of old orthography. We have *honourable* for *honourably* again in *Julius Cæsar*—

'Young man, thou could'st not die more *honourable*.'

11 'If I send her in *triumph* to Rome, her meagery and my glory *will be eternal*.' Thus in *The Scourge of Venus*, 1614—

'If some foule-swelling ebou cloud would fall

For her to hide herself *eternal in*.'

12 The poet here has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be difficult to represent this scene on the stage in any other way than making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches, all the queen is seized within the monument.

Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,¹
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung;
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.²

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,
GALLUS, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [Within.] What's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [Within.] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I³
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid⁴ for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [Within.] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got.⁵ I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him in⁶ the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd;
[Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend
the Monument by a Ladder placed against a
Window, and having descended, come behind
CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and
open the Gates.]

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit
GALLUS.]

Itas. Royal queen!

1 Servant.

2 Voluntary death (says Cleopatra) is an act which
bolts up change; it produces a state—

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sus-
tenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are
on a level. It has been already said in this play, that—

—our dungy earth
Feeds man as beasts.

3 The Ethiopian king (in Herodotus, b. iii.) upon hear-
ing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that
he was not at all surpris'd if men, who eat nothing, but
dung, did not attain a longer life.

4 Mason would change as I; to and I; but I have
shown in another place that as was used by Shakespeare
and his contemporaries for that.

5 Praying in aid is a term used for a petition made
in a court of justice for the calling in of help from an-
other that hath an interest in the cause in question.

6 By these words Cleopatra means—'In yielding to
him I only give him that honour which he himself
achieved.' A kindred idea seems to occur in The Tem-
pest:—

Then as my gift, and thy own acquisition,
Worthily purchased, take thou my daughter.

7 There is no stage direction in the old copy, that
which is now inserted is formed on the old translation of
Plutarch:—'Proculeius came to the gates, that were
very thicke and strong, and surely barred; but yet there
were some craneses through the which her voyce might
be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra
demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sonnes; and
that Proculeius answered her, that she should be of
good cheere, and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar.
After he had viewed the place very well, he came and

Char. O, Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. [Drawing a Dagger.
Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[Seizes and disarms her.]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir,
(If idle talk will once be necessary;*)

I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varlety
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramids⁸ my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLOBELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please

[To CLEOPATRA.]

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Sav, I would die.

[Exit PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
Cleo. I cannot tell.

reported her answers unto Cæsar: who immediately
sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bad him
purposely hold her with talk, whilst Proculeius did set
up a ladder against that high windowe, by the which
Antoniuss was tress'd up, and came down into the ma-
nument with too of his men, hard by the gate, where
Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One
of her women shrieked out, O povere Cleopatra, thou
art taken. Then when she sawe Proculeius behind her,
as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed
herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her
side. But Proculeius came sodainly upon her, and
taking her by both the hands, said unto her, Cleopatra,
first thou shalt doe thyselfe greate wrong, and secondly
unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and oppor-
tunitie openlie to shew his vauntage and mercie, and to
give his enemies cause to accuse the most courtesous
and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach him as
though he were a cruel and merciless man that were
not to be trusted. So even as he spake the word he
tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for
fear of any poison hid aboute her. The speech given
to Gallus here is given by mistake to Proculeius in the
old copy.

7 It should be remembered that once is used as once
for all by Shakespeare. I take the meaning of this line,
which is evidently parenthetical, to be, 'Once for all, if
idle talk be necessary about my purposes.' Johnson
has shown that will be is often used in conversation
without relation to the future. I have placed this line
in a parenthesis, by which the sense of the passage is
now rendered sufficiently clear, without having re-
course to supplementary words, as Malone and Rason
proposed.

8 Pyramids is so written and used as a quadrisylla-
ble by Sandys and by Drayton.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known. You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams; Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony; O, such another sleep, that I might see But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and lighted

The little O, the earth.¹

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean:² his rear'd arm
Crested the world:³ his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like: they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands
Were

As plates⁴ dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods. But, if there be, or ever were one such, It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff To vie⁵ strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine An Antony, were nature's piece gainst fancy, Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam: Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it As answering to the weight: 'Would, I might never O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel, By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir. Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you know.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.

Within. Make way there!—CÆSAR!

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCLEIUS, MÆCÆNAS, SELEUCUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the queen Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.
(CLEOPATRA kneels.)

Cæs. Arise,

You shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

¹ Shakespeare uses O for an orb or circle. Thus in King Henry V. :—

'— can we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques.'

² So in Julius Cæsar :—
'Why, man, he doth bestride the world
Like a Colossus.'

³ Dr. Percy thinks that 'this is an allusion to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet.' To crest is to surmount.

⁴ Plates means silver money :—
'What's the price of this slave, 300 crowns?
Belike he has some new trick for a purse,
And if he has, he's worth 300 plates.'

In heraldry, the roundlets in an escutcheon, if or, or yellow, are called besants; if argent, or white, plates, which are round flat pieces of silver money, perhaps without any stamp or impress. It is remarkable after all that the commentators have said against Ben Jonson,

Cleo. Sir, the gods Will have it thus; my master and my lord I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts: The record of what injuries you did us, Though written in our flesh, we shall remember As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world I cannot project⁶ mine own cause so well To make it clear; but do confess, I have Been laden with like frailties, which before Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know, We will extenuate rather than enforce: If you apply yourself to our intents, (Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek To lay on me a cruelty, by taking Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself Of my good purposes, and put your children To that destruction which I'll guard them from, if thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours: and we Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.⁷

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels;

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued; Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam, I had rather seal⁸ my lips, than, to my peril, Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra! I approve Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold! How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours; And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine. The ingratitude of this Seleucus does Even make me wild:—O, slave, of no more trust Than love that's hid!—What, goest thou back; thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes Though they had wings: Slave, soulless villain, dog! O, rarely base!⁹

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O, Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this: That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, Doing the honour of thy lordliness To one so meek, that mine own servant should Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Steevens should have expunged a note that appeared in his edition of 1778, in which he cites the following beautiful passage from Ben Jonson's New Inn, on the subject of liberality :—

'He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge: Then shower'd his bounties on me, like the hours— That open-handed sit upon the clouds, And press the liberality of heaven Down to the lap of thankful men.'

⁵ To vie here has its metaphorical sense of to contend in rivalry.

⁶ To project is to delineate, to shape, to form. So in Look About You, a Comedy, 1600 :—
'But quite dislike the project of your suit.'

⁷ Cæsar afterwards says :—

'For we intend so to dispose you, as Yourself shall give us counsel.'

⁸ Close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. To seal hawks was the technical term for sewing up their eyes.

⁹ I. e. base in an uncommon degree.

Addition of his envy!¹ Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern² friends withal: and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With³ one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To SELEUCUS.
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.⁴—Wert thou a
man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[Exit SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are
misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits⁵ in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknow-
ledg'd,

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons:⁶ no, dear
queen,

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!
Cæs. Not so: Adieu.
[Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.
[Whispers CHARMIAN.]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [Exit CHARMIAN.]

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

1 That this fellow should add one more parcel or item to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice.

2 I. e. common, ordinary.

3 With is here used with the power of by.

4 I. e. fortune. 'Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecility of my present weak condition.' Chaucer has a similar image in his *Canterbury Tales*, v. 3180:—
'Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken.'

5 I. e. we answer for that which others have merited by their transgressions.

6 'Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.'

7 I. e. the lively or quick-witted comedians.

8 It has been already observed that the parts of females were played by boys on our ancient stage. Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, makes it a subject of exultation that 'our players are not as the players beyond sea, that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts.' To obviate the impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his *Tragedy of the Raging Turk*, 1681, has no female character.

9 *Aburd* here means *unmeet, unfitting, unreason-able*.

10 *Sirrah* was not anciently an appellation either

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dol.] Now
Iras, what think'st at thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be unclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy¹ my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O, the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.
Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd² intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—F am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah,¹⁰ Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch, indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all:
Wherefore's this noise?

[Exit IRAS. A Noise within.]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How¹¹ poor an instrument
[Exit Guard.]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting¹² moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown, bringing a Basket.
Guard. This is the man.
Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.]

Hast thou the pretty worm¹³ of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him; but I would not be
the party that should desire you to touch him, for
his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do
seldom or never recover.

reproachful or injurious; being applied, with a sort of
playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and
what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present
case, to women. It is nothing more than the exclamation,
Sir ha: and we sometimes find it in its primitive
form, 'A syr a, there said you wel.'—*Confutation of
Nicholas Shaxton*, 1546. The *Heus tu* of Plautus is
rendered by an old translator, *Ha Sirra*. In Beaumont
and Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, one gentleman says
to another, 'Sirrah, why dost thou not marry?'

11 The first folio has 'What poor an instrument.'

12 *Fleeting*, or *sliding*, is *changeable, inconstant*:—
'More variant than is the *fitting luse*.'

13 *Walter's Gustard and Sismond*, 1667.

I am now (says Cleopatra) 'whole as the marble,
founded as the rock,' and no longer inconstant and
changeable, as woman often is.

14 *Worm* is used by our old writers to signify a *serpent*.
The word is pure Saxon, and is still used in the north
in the same sense. We have it still in the *blind-worm*
and *slow-worm*. Shakspeare uses it several times.—
The notion of a serpent that caused death without pain
was an ancient fable, and is here adopted with propriety.
The *worm of Nile* was the asp of the ancients, which
Dr. Shaw says is wholly unknown to us.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Cleop. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt.—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do.¹ But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Cleop. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Cleop sets down the Basket.*
Cleop. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.²

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Cleop. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Cleop. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Cleop. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Cleop. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me:³ Now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—Yare, yare,⁴ good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire, and air; my other elements I give to baser life.⁵—So,—have you done? Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell. [*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?⁶ If thou stid nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch, Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st of the world It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base: If she first meet the curled Antony, He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss, Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,

[*To the Asp, which she applies to her Breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool, Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak! That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass Unpolicied!⁷

Char. O, eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

1 Warburton observes that 'Shakespeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire;' but he would have *all* and *and* change places. I think with Steevens that the confusion was designed to heighten the humour of the clown's speech.

2 I. e. act according to his nature.

3 From hence probably Addison's, Cato:—

'This longing after immortality.'

4 I. e. be nimble, be ready. See Act iii. Sc. 3.

5 Thus in King Henry V. :—'He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.'

6 Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O, Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too;—

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*
What should I stay— [*Falls on a bed, and dies.*

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well,—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;⁸
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal? Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.⁹

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the Asp.*
O, come; apace, despatch; I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's
beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar:—
call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this
well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess.
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! [*Dis.*
Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there! a way for Cæsar!
Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?
1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her
figs;

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

1 *Guard.* O, Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and
spoke:

I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O, noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:¹⁰
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-
leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,

arm while her mistress was sculling her dress, to account
for her falling so soon.

7 I. e. an ass without more wit or policy than to leave
the means of death within my reach, and thereby defeat
his own purpose.

8 Charmian may be supposed to close Cleopatra's
eyes, the first melancholy office performed after death.

9 Charmian remembers the words uttered to her by
her beloved mistress just before:—

'—when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play till doomsday.'

10 I. e. swelled, puffed.

She hath pursu'd conclusions¹ infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.]

¹ To pursue conclusions is to try experiments. So in Hamlet:—

‘—— like the famous ape
To try conclusions’

THIS play keeps curiously always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward with out intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: The most turpid speech in the play is that which Cesar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition. JOHNSON.

CYMBELINE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE general scheme of the plot of Cymbeline is formed on the ninth novel of the second day in the Decamerone of Boccaccio. It appears from the preface of the old translation of the Decamerone, printed in folio in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately. A deformed and interpolated imitation of the novel in question was printed at Antwerp, by John Dusborowghe, as early as 1518, under the following title: ‘This matter treateth of a merchauntes wife that afterwarde wente lyke a man and became a greate lord, and was called Fредeryke of Jennen afterwarde.’ It exhibits the material features of its original, though the names of the characters are changed, their sentiments debased, and their conduct rendered still more improbable than in the scenes of Cymbeline. A book was published in London in 1603, called ‘Westward for Sooths, or the Waterman’s Fare of mad merry western Wanches, whose Tongues albeit like Bell-clappers they never leave singing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you.’ Written by Rit of Kingstone. It was again printed in 1630. To the second tale in this work Shakespeare seems to have been indebted for the circumstances in his plot of Imogen’s wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken at a subsequent period into the service of the Roman general as a page. But time may yet bring to light some other modification of the story, which will prove more exactly conformable to the plot of the play.

Malone supposes Cymbeline to have been written in the year 1605. The king, from whom the play takes its title, began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the nineteenth year of the reign of Augustus Cesar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline’s reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian era: notwithstanding which, Shakespeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; Philario, Iachimo, &c. Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. Tenantius (who is mentioned in the first scene) was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud’s younger son, was established on the throne, of which he and his elder brother Androgeus, who fled to Rome, had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakespeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our poet with these facts, furnished him also with the name of Sicilius, who was admitted king of Britain, A. M. 2659.

Schlegel pronounces Cymbeline to be ‘one of Shakespeare’s most wonderful compositions,’ in which the poet ‘has contrived to blend together into one harmonious whole, the social manners of the latest times with heroic deeds, and even with appearances of the gods. In the character of Imogen not a feature of female excellence is forgotten; her chaste tenderness, her softness, and her virgin pride, her boundless resignation, and her magnanimity towards her mistaken husband,

by whom she is unjustly persecuted; her adventures in disguise, her apparent death, and her recovery, form altogether a picture equally tender and affecting.

The two princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. In these two young men, to whom the chase has given vigour and hardihood, but who are unacquainted with their high destination, and have always been kept far from human society, we are enchanted by a native heroism which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valour, till an occasion is offered which they are irresistibly impelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when Guiderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship, with all the innocence of childhood, for the tender boy, (in whom they neither suspect a female nor their own sister,) when on returning from the chase they find her dead, sing her to the ground, and cover the grave with flowers—these scenes might give a new life for poetry to the most deadened imagination.

The wise and virtuous Belarius, who after living long as a hermit, again becomes a hero, is a venerable figure; the dexterous dissimulation and quick presence of mind of the Italian Iachimo is quite suitable to the bold treachery he plays; Cymbeline, the father of Imogen, and even her husband Posthumus, during the first half of the piece, are somewhat sacrificed, but this could not be otherwise; the false and wicked queen is merely an instrument of the plot; she and her stupid son Cloten, whose rude arrogance is portrayed with much humour, are got rid of by merited punishment before the conclusion.

Steevens objects to the character of Cloten in a note on the fourth act of the play, observing that ‘he is represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutish, sagacious and foolish, without that subtlety of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in Hamlet, and the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet.’ It should, however, be observed, that Imogen has justly defined him ‘that irreligious devil Cloten;’ and Miss Seward, in one of her Letters, assures us that singular as the character of Cloten may appear, it is the exact prototype of a being she once knew. ‘The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of voice; the bustling insignificance; the fever and ague fits of valour; the forward teetichness; the unprincipled malice; and what is most curious, those occasional gleams of good sense, amidst the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man’s brain; and which, in the character of Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity in character, but in the some time Captain C——n I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature.’

In the development of the plot of this play the poet has displayed such consummate skill, and such minute attention to the satisfaction of the most anxious and scrupulous spectator, as to afford a complete refutation of Johnson’s assertion, that Shakespeare usually hurries over the conclusion of his pieces.

There is little conclusive evidence to ascertain the date of the composition of this play; but Malone places it in the year 1605. Dr. Drake, after Chalmers, has ascribed it to the year 1605.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.
 CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
 LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.
 BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
 GUIDERIUS, { Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under
 ARVIAGUS, { the names of Polydore and Cad-wal, supposed Sons to Belarius.
 PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
 IACHIMO, Friend to Philario,
 A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
 CAIUS LOCIUS, General of the Roman Forces.
 A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.

PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus.
 CORNELIUS, a Physician.
 Two Gentlemen.
 Two Goulers.
 Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
 IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.
 HELLEN, Woman to Imogen.
 Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.
 SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace. Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gentleman.

You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers, Still seem, as does the king's.¹

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow That late he married,) hath refer'd herself Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded; Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king?

1 Gent. He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,

That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier, Although they wear their faces to the bent Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so?

1 Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing

Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her, (I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!— And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such As, to seek through the regions of the earth For one his like, there would be something failing In him that should compare. I do not think, So fair an outward, and such stuff within Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. You speak him far.²

1 Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself; Crush him together, rather than unfold His measure duly.³

2 Gent. What's his name, and birth?

1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: His father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour⁴ Against the Romans, with Cassibelan; But had his titles by Tenaantius,⁵ whom He serv'd with glory and admir'd success: So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:

¹ Our bloods [i.e. our dispositions or temperaments] are not more regulated by the heavens, by every skyey influence, than our courtiers are by the disposition of the king: when he frowns, every man frowns. Blood is used in old phraseology for disposition or temperament. So in King Lear:—

— Were it my fitness To let these hands obey my blood,²

² I.e. you praise him extensively.
³ My eulogium, however extended it may seem, is short of his real excellence; it is rather abbreviated than expanded.³ Perhaps this passage will be best illustrated by the following lines in Troilus and Cressida, Act iii. Sc. 3:—

— no man is the lord of any thing, Till he communicate his parts to others: Nor doth he of himself know them for aught, Till he behold them form'd in the applause Where they are extended.⁴ [i.e. displayed at length.]

And had, besides this gentleman in question, Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time, Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,

(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow, That he quit being; and his gentle lady, Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd As he was born. The king, he takes the babe To his protection; calls him Posthumus; Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber: Puts him to all the learnings that his time Could make him the receiver of; which he took, As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:⁵ A sample to the youngest; to the more mature A glass that feated⁶ them; and to the graver, A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,⁷ From whom he now is banish'd,—her own price Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue; By her election may be truly read, What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him Even out of your report. Well, 'pray you, tell me, Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gent. His only child. He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing, Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old, In the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery Were stolen: and to this hour, no guess in knowledge

Which way they went.
 2 Gent. How long is this ago?

1 Gent. Some twenty years.
 2 Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow, That could not trace them!

1 Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange, Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at, Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.
 1 Gent. We must forbear: Here comes the queen and princess. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The same. Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter, After the slander of most step-mothers,

⁴ I do not (says Steevens) understand what can be meant by 'joining his honour against, &c. with, &c.' Perhaps Shakespeare wrote:—

— did join his banner.⁴ In the last scene of the play Cymbeline proposes that 'a Roman and a British ensign should wave together.'
⁵ The father of Cymbeline.

⁶ 'This encomium (says Johnson) is highly artful. To be at once in any great degree loved and praised is truly rare.'

⁷ Feate is well-fashioned, proper, trim, handsome, well compact. Concinnus. Thus in Horman's Vulgaria, 1319:—'He would see himself in a glass, that all things were feet.' Feature was also used for fashion or proportion. The verb to feat was probably formed by Shakespeare himself.

⁸ 'To his mistress,' means as to his mistress.

Evil-eyed unto you : you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril :—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections : though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit Queen.*
O,
Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest hus-
band,

I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty,)¹ what
His rage can do on me : You must be gone ;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes : not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
O, lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man ! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's ;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure :—Yet I'll move him

To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends :
Pays dear for my offences.² [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow : Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up³ my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the Ring.*
While sense⁴ can keep it on ! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,

¹ 'I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty.'

² 'He gives me a valuable consideration in new kindness, (purchasing, as it were, the wrong I have done him), in order to renew our amity, and make us friends again.'

³ Shakespeare poetically calls the *cere-cloth*, in which the dead are wrapped, the *bonds of death*. There was no distinction in ancient orthography between *sear*, to dry, to wither ; and *sear*, to dress or cover with wax. *Cere-cloth* is most frequently spelled *sear-cloth*. In *Hamlet* we have :—

'Why, thy canonized bones hearsed in death
Have burst their cerements.'

⁴ i. e. while I have sensation to retain it. There can be no doubt that it refers to the ring, and it is equally obvious that *thee* would have been more proper. Whether this error is to be laid to the poet's charge or to that of careless printing, it would not be easy to decide. Malone, however, has shown that there are many passages in these plays of equally loose construction.

⁵ i. e. *renovate* my youth, make me young again

To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trides
I still win of you : For my sake, wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*
Imo. O, the gods !
When shall we see again ?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king !
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my
night !

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou darest : Away !
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you !
And bless the good remainders of the court !
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O, disloyal thing,
That should'st repair⁶ my youth ; thou heapest
A year's age on me !⁷

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation : I
Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past
grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen !

Imo. O, bless'd, that I might not ! I chose an
eagle,

And did avoid a puttock.⁸

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; would'st have
made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O, thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus :
You bred him as my playfellow ; and he is
A man, worth any woman : overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.⁹

Cym. What !—art thou mad ?
Imo. Almost, sir : Heaven restore me !—'Would
I were

A neat-herd's daughter ! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son !

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing !—
They were again together : you have done

[*To the Queen*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience :—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace ; Sweet sovereign,

⁶ *To repair* (according to *Baret*) is to restore to the first state, to renew.⁷ So in *All's Well that Ends Well* :—

'—— it much repairs me
To talk of your good father.'

⁸ Sir Thomas Hammer reads :—

'—— thou heapest many
A year's age on me !'

Some such emendation seems necessary.

⁷ 'A touch more rare' is 'a more exquisite feeling, a superior sensation.' So in *The Tempest* :—

'Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions.'

And in *Antony and Cleopatra* :—

'The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us.'

A passage in *King Lear* will illustrate Imogen's meaning :—

'—— where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.'

⁸ A *puttock* is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to deserve training.

⁹ 'My worth is not half equal to his'

Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.¹

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this fully!² [*Exit.*]

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?
Pis. My lord, your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your son's my father's friend: he takes his
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself with with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your mas-
ter?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A public Place. Enter CLOTEN,
and two Lords.*

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to take a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a
sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in:
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.
[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass,
if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel if it
be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the
backside the town. [*Aside.*]

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward
your face. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Stand you! you have land enough of
your own: but he added to your having; gave you
some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans:
Puppies! [*Aside.*]

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how
long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*]

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and re-
fuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she
is damned. [*Aside.*]

1 Advice is consideration, reflection. Thus in Mea-
sure for Measure:—
'But did repent me after more advice.'

2 This is a bitter form of malediction, almost conge-
nial to that in Othello:—
'—may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day.'

3 'Her beauty and her sense are not equal.' To un-
derstand the force of this idea, it should be remembered
that anciently almost every sign had a motto, or some
attempt at a witticism underneath. In a subsequent
scene Iachimo, speaking of Imogen, says:—
'All of her that is out of door, more rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird.'

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and
her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I
have seen small reflection of her wit.³

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the re-
flection should hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there
had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the
fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

Clo. You'll go with us?
1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.
2 Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.
Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the
haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is.⁴ What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*
Imo. Then wad'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam
Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear⁵
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less,⁶ ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space⁷ had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pi-
sanio,

When shall we hear from him?
Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.⁸

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him:⁹ or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.¹⁰

Enter a Lady.
Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

1 Its loss would be as fatal as the loss of intended
mercy to a condemned criminal.⁴ A thought resem-
bling this occurs in All's Well that Ends Well:—
'Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried.'

2 The old copy reads, 'his eye or ear.'

3 This comparison may be illustrated by the follow-
ing in King Lear:—
'—the crows and choughs that wing the mid-
way air,
Seem scarce so gross as beetles.'

4 The diminution of space is the diminution of which
space is the cause.

5 Opportunity.
6 I. e. 'to meet me with reciprocal prayer, for then my
solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf.'

7 I. e. our buds of love, likened to the buds of flowers.
So in Romeo and Juliet:—
'This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.'

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Phi. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House. *Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*¹

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes² him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.³

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend⁴ him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more⁵ quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone⁶ my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance⁷ of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences:⁸ but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded⁹ one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

¹ This enumeration of persons is from the old copy; but *Mynheer* and the *Don* are mute characters.

² i. e. *accomplishes* him.

³ Words him—a great deal from the matter, makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

⁴ i. e. to *magnify* his good qualities. See Act i. Sc. 1.

⁵ The old copy reads, *less*. The poet has in other places entangled himself with the force of this word in construction. Thus in the *Winter's Tale*:—

— I ne'er heard yet

That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

⁶ i. e. reconcile.

⁷ *Importance* is *importance*.

⁸ Rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of others, than to be guided by their experiences.

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.¹⁰

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe¹¹ she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual: a cunning thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince¹² the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or the loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get round of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

⁹ i. e. *destroyed*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii. Sc. 2:—

'What willingly he did confound he wall'd.'

¹⁰ *Friend* and *lover* were formerly synonymous. *Posthumus* means to bestow the most exalted praise on *Imogen*, a praise the more valuable as it was the result of reason, not of amorous dotage. I make my avowal, says he, in the character of her adorer, not of her possessor. I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty I enjoy. I rather profess to describe her with the devotion of a worshipper, than the raptures of a lover. This sense of the word also appears in a subsequent remark of *Iachimo*:—

'You are a *friend*, and therein the wiser.'

i. e. you are a *lover*, and therefore show your wisdom in opposing all experiments that may bring your lady's chastity into question.

¹¹ The old copy reads, 'I could not believe she excell'd many.' Mr. Heath proposed to read, 'I could but believe,' &c. The emendation in the text is *Malone's*, 12 l. e. *overcome*.

Post. You are a great deal abused! in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray, you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation³ of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend,² and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches;⁴ and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: her's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one: If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate; if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Post. and Iach.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace. Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Mace haste: Who has the note of them?

1 l. e. *deceived.*

² The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave. *Othello.*

3 l. e. *proof*

⁴ how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to. *King Henry V.*

5 See note 10 in the preceding page.

6 I know what I have said; I said no more than I meant.

7 *Conclusions* are experiments. 'I commend (says Walton) an angler that trieth conclusions, and improves his art.'

8 This thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Despatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]
Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small Box.*]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence; My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have Commanded me these most poisonous compounds, Which are the movers of a languishing death; But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,) To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their act; and by them gather Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness, Shall from this practice be made hard your heart? Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.* Will I first work: he's for his master, And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?— Doctor, your service for this time is ended; Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;

But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*]

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile: Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;

Then afterward up higher: but there is No danger in what show of death it makes, More than the locking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd With a most false effect; and I the truer, So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,

Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time

She will not quench;⁵ and let instructions enter Where folly now possesses? Do thou work; When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son, I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then As great as is thy master; greater; for His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor Continue where he is; to shift his being,⁶ Is to exchange one misery with another;

experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men who have practis'd tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

⁷ Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor. *Johnson.*

8 This soliloquy is pronounced by Johnson to be 'very inartificial, and that Cornelius makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows.' The great critic forgot that it was intended for the instruction of the audience, to relieve their anxiety at mischievous ingredients being left in the hands of the Queen. It is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life.

9 l. e. grow cool.

10 To change his abode

And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?¹
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
[The Queen drops a Box: PISANIO takes it up.
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pry'thee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on;² but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee; I'll move the king
Upon any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women;
Think on my words. [Exit PISA.]—A sly and
constant knave;
Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers³ for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [Exeunt Queen and Ladies.
Pis. And shall you:⁴

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

SCENE VII. Another Room in the same. Enter
IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd:—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious:⁵ Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fis!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [Presents a letter.

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
[Aside.]

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend.
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.]—He is one of the noblest notes,
to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.⁶
LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach?⁷ and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and:
Contemn with mows⁸ the other: Nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttish, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.⁹

Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—Beseech you,
sir, desire [To PISANIO.

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.¹⁰

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.
Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, be-
seech you?

Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves

1 That inclines towards its fall.

2 'Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service.' It has been proposed to read:—

'Think what a chance thou chancest on.'

And, 'Think what a change thou chancest on.'

But there seems to be no necessity for alteration.

3 A lieger ambassador is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest. So in Measure for Measure:—

'Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger.'

4 Some words, which rendered this sentence less abrupt, and perfected the metre of it, appear to have been omitted in the old copies.

5 Imogen's sentiment appears to be, 'Had I been stolen by thieves in my infancy, I had been happy. But how pregnant with misery is that station which is called glorious, and so much desired. Happier far are those, how mean soever their condition, that have their honest wills; it is this which seasons comfort.' (I. e. tempers it, or makes it more pleasant and acceptable.) See Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 3:—'My blessing seasons this in you.'

6 The old copy reads, *trust*. The emendation was suggested by Mason; is defended by Steevens; and, of course, opposed by Malone.

7 We must either believe that the poet by 'number'd beach' means 'numerous beach,' or else that he wrote 'th' unnumber'd beach;' which, indeed, seems most probable.

8 To mow or moe, is to make mouths.

9 Iachimo, in his counterfeited rapture, has shown how the eyes and the judgment would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the supposititious present mistress of Posthumus, he proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. Desire (says he) when it approached sluttish, and considered it in comparison with such neat excellence, would not only be not so allured to feed, but, seized with a fit of loathing, would vomit emptiness, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object.

10 I. e. he is a foreigner and foolish, or silly. Iachimo says again at the latter end of this scene:—

'And I am something curious, being strange
To have them in safe stowage.'

Here also *strange* means a stranger or foreigner.

A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces¹
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton,
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs,
cries, O !

Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage ?

Imo. Will my lord say so ?

Iach. Ay, madam ; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman : But, heavens
know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he : But yet heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;²
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir ?

You look on me ; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ! What !

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo. I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me ; 'Pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do : For certainties
Either are past remedies ; or, timely knowing,³
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.⁴

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here : should I, (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gapes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood,⁵ (falsehood, as
With labour ;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlistrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,

Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce

The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O, dearest soul ! your cause doth strike my
heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,⁶
Would make the great'st king double ! to be part-
ner'd

With tomboys,⁷ hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield ! with diseas'd
ventures,

That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd
stuff,⁸

As well might poison poison ! Be reveng'd ;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd !

How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd ?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest, betwix cold sheets ;
While he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse ? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure ;
More noble than that runcage to your bed ;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio !

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away !—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st at ; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains

Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio !—

The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish⁹ stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio !

Iach. O, happy Leonatus ! I may say ;

The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust ; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit !—Blessed live you long !

A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er ; And he is one
The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him :¹⁰

Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

1 We have the same expression in Chapman's preface to his translation of the Shield of Homer, 1598 :—
'Furnaceth the universal sighes and complaints of this transposed world.' And in As You Like It :
'Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad.'

2 'If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable.'

3 It seems probable that *knowing* is here an error of the press for *known*.

4 'The information which you seem to press forward and yet withhold.' The allusion is to horsemanship. So in Sidney's Arcadia :—'She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably spurred, but so short-reined, as he cannot stirre forward.'

5 Hard with falsehood is hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands.

6 *Empery* is a word signifying *sovereign command*, now obsolete. Shakespeare uses it in King Richard III. :—
'Your right of birth, your empery your own.'

7 We still call a forward or rude hoyden a *tomboy*. But our ancestors seem to have used the term for a wanton.

8 What humorous tomboys be these ?—
The only gallant Messalinae of our age.

Lady *Alimony*.

8 This allusion has been already explained. See Timon of Athens, Act ii. Sc. 3.

9 *Romish* for *Roman* was the phraseology of Shakespeare's age. Thus in Claudius Tiberius Nero, 1607 :—
'In the loathsome Romish steeces, Drauit, in his translation of the first epistle of the second book of Horace, 1587, has—

'The Romish people wise in this, in this point only just.'

And in other places we have the '*Romish* cirque,' &c.

10 '— he did in the general bosom reign
Of young and old, and sexes both enchanted—
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted.'

Jack. He sets 'mongst men, like a descended god :¹ He hath a kind of honour sets him off, More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry, Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd To try your taking of a false report ; which hath Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment In the election of a sir so rare.

Which, you know, cannot err : The love I bear him Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you, Unlike all others, chafless. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir : Take my power !² the court for yours.

Jack. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot To entreat your grace but in a small request, And yet of moment too, for it concerns Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends, Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?
Jack. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord, (The best feather of our wing,³) have mingled sums, To buy a present for the emperor ; Which I, the factor for the rest, have done In France : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels, Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ; And I am something curious, being strange,⁴ To have them in safe storage ; May it please you To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;
And pawn mine honour for their safety : since My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them In my bed-chamber.

Jack. They are in a trunk, Attended by my men : I will make bold To send them to you, only for this night ; I must abroad to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.
Jack. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word, By length'ning my return. From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ; But not away to-morrow ?

Jack. O, I must, madam : Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night : I have outstod my time ; which is material To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept, And truly yielded you : You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court before Cymbeline's Palace.—*
Enter CLOREN, and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed the jack upon an upcast,⁵ to be hit away ! I had a hundred pound on't : And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed nine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : Ha ?

2 Lord. No, my lord ; nor [*Aside*] crop the ears of them.

¹ So in Chapman's version of the twenty-third book of the *Odyssey* :—

“— as he were

A god descended from the starry sphere.”

And in *Hamlet* :—

“— a station like the herald Mercury

New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.”

² You are so great you would faine march in fields, That world should judge you feathers of one wing.”

Churchyard's Warning to Wanderers, 1602.

³ See note 10, p. 314, ante.

⁴ He is describing his fate at bows. The *jack* is the

Clo. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ? 'Would, he had been one of my rank !

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother : every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sayest thou ?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion⁷ that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that : but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger ! and I know not on't !

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. There's an Italian come ; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him ? Is there no derogation in't ?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted ; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian : What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOREN and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass ! a woman, that Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess, Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st ! Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd ; A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer, More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshak'd That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou may'st stand, To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber ; in one part of it a Trunk. IMOGEN reading in her Bed ; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then ; mine eyes are weak :—

Fold down the leaf where I have left : To bed ;

Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I prythee, call me. Sleep bath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods !

small bowl at which the others are aimed : he who is nearest to it wins. 'To kiss the jack' is a state of great advantage. The expression is of frequent occurrence in the old comedies. The *jack* is also called the *nut-tress*.

⁵ The same quibble has occurred in *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 2 :—

'*Truck.* Nay, if I kept not my rank.

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.'

⁶ That is, in other words, you are a *corcombe*.

⁷ The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt.

From fairness, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. IACHIMO, from the Trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd
sense

Repairs itself by rest : Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lily !
And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
But kiss ; one kiss !—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't !—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus :² The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her ; and would underpeep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows :³ White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.⁴—But my design ?
To note the chamber :—I will write all down :—
Such, and such, pictures :—There the window :—
Such

The adornment of her bed ;—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such :—And the contents o' the
story,—

Ay, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory :
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying !—Come off, come off ;—

[Taking off her Bracelet.

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !—
'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
F' the bottom of a cowslip : Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
end ?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus ;⁵ here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up ;—I have enough :
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night !⁶—that
dawning

May hare the raven's eye : I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three,—Time, time !

[Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.

SCENE III. An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment. Enter CLOREN and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the
noble temper of your lordship ; You are most hot,
and furious, when you win.

1 It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with
rushes. This passage may serve as a comment on the
' ravishing strides' of Tarquin, in Macbeth, as it shows
that Shakspeare meant ' softly mealing strides'

2 '— no lips did seem so fair

In his conceit ; through which he thinks doth lie
So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air.'

Pygmalion's Image, by Marston, 1598.

3 That is, her eyelids. So in Romeo and Juliet :—
' Thy eyes' windows fall
Like death when he shuts up the day of life.'

4 Warburton wished to read :—
'— White with azure lac'd,
The blue of heaven's own tinct.'

But there is no necessity for change. It is an exact de-
scription of the eyelid of a fair beauty, which is white
tinged with blue, and laced with veins of darker blue.
By azure our ancestors understood not a dark blue, but
a light glaucous colour, a tinct or effusion of a blue colour.

5 Tereus and Progne is the second tale in A Petite
Palace of Petite his Pleasure, 4to. 1876. The story is
related in Ovid, Metam. l. vi. ; and by Gower in his
Confessio Amantis, b. v. fol. 113, b.

6 The task of drawing the chariot of Night was as-

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage :
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough : It's almost morning, is't not ?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come : I am
advised to give her music o' mornings ; they say,
it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune : If you can penetrate her with your
fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue, too . if none
will do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er.
First, a very excellent good-conceited thing ; after,
a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words
to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,⁷
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On challic⁸ flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin :
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will consider
your music the better :⁹ if it do not, it is a vice in
her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, nor the
voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.
[Exit Musicians.

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late ; for, that's the
reason I was up so early : He cannot choose but
take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good mor-
row to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern
daughter ?

Will she not forth ?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she
vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king ;

Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter : Frame yourself
To orderly solicits ; and be friended
With aptness of the season :¹⁰ make denials
Increase your services : so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless ? not so.

signed to dragons, on account of their supposed watch-
fulness. Milton mentions ' the dragon yoke of night'
in Il Penseroso ; and in his Comus :—

'— the dragon womb

Of Stygian darkness.'

Agath, in Obitum Fœsulis EHenas :—

'— sub pedibus deam

Vidi triforem, dum coërebat suos

Francis dracones aureis.'

It may be remarked that the whole tribe of serpents
sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to ex-
ert a constant vigilance.

7 The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's Paradise
Lost, book v.—

'— ye birds

That singing up to heaven's gate ascend.'

And in Shakspeare's 29th Sonnet :—

' Like to the lark at break of day arising

From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.'

8 The morning dries up the dew which lies in the
cups of flowers called calices, or chalcices. The mar-
gold is one of those flowers which closes itself up at
sunset.

'— the day is waxen olde,

And 'gins to shut up with the marigold.'

Brownie ; Britannia's Pastorals.

9 I. e. I will pay you more amply for it.

10 ' With sollicitations not only proper but well timed.'

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his : We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
queen.

[*Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho !—
[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her ; What
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and
makes

Diana's rangers false¹ themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer ; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief ;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man :
What

Can it not do, and undo ? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me ; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks ?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of : What's your lordship's pleasure ?

Clo. Your lady's person : Is she ready ?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you : sell me your good
report.

Lady. How ! my good name ? or to report of you
What I shall think is good ?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest sister : Your sweet
hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir : You lay out too much
pains

For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : i' faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness ; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.²

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :
I will not.

¹ That is, we must extend towards himself our notice
of his goodness heretofore shown to us. Shakspeare
has many similar ellipses. Thus in Julius Caesar :—

'Thine honourable metal may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd [to].'

See the next Scene, note 3.

² *False* is not here an adjective, but a verb. Thus in
Tamburlaine, Part II. :—

'And make him *false* his faith unto the king.'
Shakspeare has one form of the verb to *false* in The
Comedy of Errors, Act ii. Sc. 2 :—'Nay, not sure in a
thing *falseing*.'

³ i. e. 'a man of your knowledge, being taught for-
bearance, should learn it.'

⁴ This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.⁴

Clo. Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal :⁵ and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself,) I hate you : which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in mainer parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean ?) to knit their souls,
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary,) in self-figur'd knot ;⁶
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding⁷ for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made,
Comparative for your virtues,⁸ to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than
come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio ?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment ? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman his thee presently :—

Clo. His garment ?

Imo. I am sprighted⁹ with a fool,
Frighted, and anger'd worse :—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm ; it was thy master's : 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning : Confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kies'd it :
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*

Clo. You have abus'd me :—

His meanest garment ?

Imo. Ay ; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :
She's my good lady ;¹⁰ and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

mode of calling him a fool. The meaning implied is
this : 'If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can
never be.' 'Fools are not mad folks.'

⁵ i. e. so *verbose*, so full of talk.

⁶ In knots of their own tying.

⁷ A low fellow only fit to wear a livery.

⁸ 'If you were to be dignified only in comparison to
your virtues, the under-hangman's place is too good for
you.'

Johnson says, that 'the *rudeness* of Cloten is not
much undermatched' in that of Imogen ; but he forgets
the provocation her gentle spirit undergoes by this per-
secution of Cloten's addresses, and the abuse bestowed
upon the idol of her soul.

⁹ i. e. haunted by a fool as by a *sprite*.

¹⁰ This is said ironically. 'My good lady' is equiva-
lent to 'my good friend.'

Clo. I'll be reveng'd :—
His meanest garment?—Well.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House. Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would, I were so sure To win the king, as I am bold, her honour Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time ; Quake in the present winter's state, and wish That warmer days would come : in these fear'd

hopes,
I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company, O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius Will do his commission thoroughly : And, I think, He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages, Or¹ look upon our Romans, whose remembrance Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist² though I am none, nor like to be,) That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear The legions now in Gallia, sooner landed In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage Worthy his frowning at : Their discipline, (Now mingled with their courages,) will make known

To their approvers,³ they are people, such That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See ! Iachimo ?
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land : And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails, To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best ; or let her beauty Look through a casement to allure false hearts, And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court, When you were there there ?⁴

Iach. He was expected then, But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.— Sparkles this stone as it was wont ? or is't not Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I have lost it, I should have lost the worth of it in gold. I'll make a journey twice as far to enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortness, which Was mine in Britain ; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir, Your loss your sport : I hope, you know that we Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must, If you keep covenant : Had I not brought The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant We were to question further : but I now Profess myself the winner of her honour, Together with your ring ; and not the wronger Of her, or you, having proceeded but By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent That you have tasted her in bed, my hand, And ring is yours : if not, the foul opinion You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses, Your sword, or mine ; or masterless leaves both To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances, Being so near the truth, as I will make them, Must first induce you to believe : whose strength I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not, You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find You need it not.

Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bed-chamber

(Where, I confess, I slept not ; but, profess, Had that was well worth watching,⁵) It was hang'd With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story, Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for The press of boats, or pride : a piece of work So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive In workmanship, and value : which, I wonder'd, Could be so rarely and exactly wrought, Since the true life on't was⁶—

Post. This is true ; And this you might have heard of here, by me, Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must, Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece, Chaste Dian, bathing : never saw I figures So likely to report themselves : the cutter Was as another nature, dumb ;⁷ outwent her, Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing, Which you might from relation likewise reap ; Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber With golden cherubins is fretted.⁸ Her andirons (I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely Depending on their brands.⁹

¹ Or stands here for *ere*. Respecting the *tribute* here alluded to, see the *Preliminary Remarks*.

² I. e. *statesman*.

³ That is, 'to those who try them.' The old copy, by a common typographical error in the preceding line, has *wingled* instead of *mingled*, which odd reading Steevens seemed inclined to adopt, and explains it, 'their discipline borrowing wings from their courage.'

⁴ This speech is given to Posthumus in the old copy ; but Posthumus was employed in reading his letters, and was too much interested in the end of Iachimo's journey to put an indifferent question of this nature. It was transferred to Philario at the suggestion of Steevens.

⁵ I. e. 'that which was well worth watching or lying awake [for].' See the preceding scene.

⁶ Mason proposes to read —

'Such the true life on't was.'

It is a typographical error easily made : and the emendation deserves a place in the text.

Johnson observes, that 'Iachimo's language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use ; a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gayety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gayety to be without art.'

⁷ I. e. so near speech. A *speaking picture* is a common figurative mode of expression. The meaning of the latter part of the sentence is : 'The *sculptor* was as *nature dumb* ; he gave every thing that nature gives but breath and motion. In *breath* is included *speech*.'

⁸ Steevens says, 'this tawdry image occurs in King Henry VIII. :—

— their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins all gilt.'

By the very mention of cherubins his indignation is moved. 'The sole recommendation of this Gothic idea, (says he,) which is critically repeated by modern artists, seems to be, that it occupies but little room on canvas or marble ; for chubby unmeaning faces, with ducks' wings tucked under them, are all the circumstances that enter into such infantine and absurd representations of the choirs of heaven.'

⁹ It is well known that the *andirons* of our ancestors were sometimes costly pieces of furniture ; the *standards* were often, as in this instance, of silver, and representing some *terminal* figure or device ; the transverse or horizontal pieces, upon which the wood was supported, were what Shakspeare here calls the *brands*, properly

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
(Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And new 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the Ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues: which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Send to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am
sure,

She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn⁵ and honourable:—They induc'd to
steal it!

And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance⁶ of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly—

There, take thy hire: and all the fends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it: and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Strandiron. Upon these the Cupids which formed the
standards *sicily depended*, seemed to stand on one foot.

¹ The meaning seems to be, 'if you ever can be pale—
be pale now with jealousy.'

² *Fate jealousy*, child of insatiate love.
Not, as Johnson says, 'forbear to flush your cheek with
rage.' Mr. Boswell's conjecture that it meant, 'if you
can control your temper, if you can restrain yourself
within bounds,' is surely inadmissible.

³ It was anciently the custom for the servants of great
families (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take
an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office. See
F Percy's Northumberland Household Book, p. 49.

⁴ The badge, the token, the visible proof. So in King
Henry IV. Part I.—

'As cognizance of my blood-slinking hate.'
4. *e. covert* his wrath from himself, prevent him from
injuring himself in his rage.

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the
turns;

Once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert⁷ the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exit.

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the
same. Enter POSTHUMUS.*

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit:⁸ Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow;—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattery, hers; deceiving, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.' [Exit.

⁵ Milton was probably indebted to this speech for one
of the sentiments which he has imputed to Adam, *Par
Loet*, b. x.:

'——— O, why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind?'

See Rhodomonte's invective against women in the *Or
lando Furioso*; and above all a speech which Euripides
has put into the mouth of Hippolytus, in the tragedy of
that name.

⁶ We have the same image in Measure for Measure:—
'Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid.'

See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Part III. Sect. 3.

⁷ 'God could not lightly do a man more vengeance,
than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes'
Sir T. More's Comfort against Tribulation.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace. Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, (whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues, Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it,) for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay, For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors; together with The natural beavery of your isle; which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and pal'd in With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters; With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats, But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag Of *came, and saw, and overcame*; with shame, (The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping, (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas, Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof, The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point, (O, giglot! fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword, Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright, And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crook'd noses: but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as sard as Cassibelan; I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know, Till the injurious Romans did extort This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch The sides of the world,) against all colour,² here Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,

1 'O, false and inconstant fortune!' A *giglot* was a strumpet. So in Measure for Measure:—'Away with those *giglots* too.' And in Hamlet:—

'Out, out, thou strumpet fortune!'

The poet has transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. See Holinshed, book iii. ch. xiii. 'The same historie also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibelane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield, by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him. But Nennius died, within 15 daies after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand; although after he was hurt he slew Labienus, one of the Roman tribunes.'

2 i. e. without any pretence of right.

3 Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinshed.

4 i. e. at the extremity of defiance. So in Helyas Knight of the Swanne bk l. no date:—'Here is my

Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar, Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar: Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, (Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put His brows within a golden crown, and call'd Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline, That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy: Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion, In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied, I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent Much under him;³ of him I gather'd honour; Which he, to seek of me again, perforce, Behoves me keep at utterance:⁴ I am perfect,⁵ That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold: So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crowns shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:

All the remain is, welcome. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same. Enter PISANIO.*

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!

O, master! what a strange infection Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian (As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,) hath prevail'd On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No: She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes, More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults As would take in⁶ some virtue.—O, my master Thy mind to her is now as low, as were Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her? Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood? If it be so to do good service, never Let me be counted serviceable. How look I, That I should seem to lack humanity, So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*

*That I have sent her, by her own command Shall give thee opportunity:*⁷—O, damn'd paper! Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,

usage to sustain it to the utterance, and beflit it to the death.'

5 Well informed.

6 To take in is to conquer. So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'—— cut the Ionian seas

And take in Tornyne.'

7 Thy mind compared to hers is now as low as thy condition was compared to hers. According to modern notions of grammatical construction, it should be 'thy mind to hers.'

8 The words here read by Pisanio from his master's letter (as it is afterwards given in *prose*) are not found there, though the *substance* of them is contained in it. Malone thinks this a proof that Shakespeare had no view to the publication of his pieces—the inaccuracy would hardly be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader

Art thou a feodary¹ for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.²

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!
[Reads.]

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me as
you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew
me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cam-
bria, at Milford-Haven. Whate'er your own love will
out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all
happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your
increasing in love.⁴ LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond⁵) say, and speak thick;⁶
(Love's counsellor should fill the pores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get
hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot!⁷
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

1 I. e. a subordinate agent, as a vassal to his chief. A feodary, however, meant also a prime agent, or steward, who received aids, reliefs, suits of service, &c. due to any lord.—*Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 1719. Yet after all, it may be doubted whether Shakespeare does not use it to signify a confederate or accomplice, as he does feodary in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. Sc. 1:—

'More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is
A feodary with her.'

2 I. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. So in *King Henry IV.* Part I. —

'O, I am ignorance itself in this.'

3 *As* is here used for *that*. See *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. Sc. 2. The word *not* in the next line, being accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by Malone.

4 We should now write 'yours,' increasing in love, *Four* is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus Posthumus*, and not with *increasing*; the latter is a *participle present*, and not a noun.

5 I. e. her longing is *further* than beyond; beyond any thing that desire can be said to be beyond.

6 I. e. speak quick.

7 That is 'in consequence of our going hence and returning back.' So in *Coriolanus*, Act II. Sc. 1:—

'He cannot temperately support his honours
From where he should begin and end.'

8 I. e. before the act is done for which excuse will be necessary.

9 This practice was, perhaps, not much less prevalent in Shakespeare's time than it is at present. Fynes Moryson, speaking of his brother's putting out money

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,⁸

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:⁹—But this is
foolery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's¹⁰ housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best¹¹ consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.¹² Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Wales. A mountainous Country,
with a Cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This
gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows
you

To a morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet¹³ through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!
Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to you hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-
sider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens, and sets off,
And you may then revolve what tales I have told
you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd:¹⁴ To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded¹⁵ beetle in a safer hold
Than in the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a brabe;¹⁶

to be paid with interest on his return from Jerusalem (or, as we should now speak, travelling thither for a wager), defends it as an honest means of gaining the charges of his journey, especially when 'no means lords, and lords' sounes, and gentlemen in our court, put out money upon a horse-race under themselves, yea, upon a journey afoote.'

10 It may be necessary to apprise the reader that the sand of an hour-glass used to measure time is meant. The figurative meaning is, swifter than the flight of time.

11 A franklin is a yeoman.

12 That is 'you'd best consider.'

13 'I see neither on this side nor on that, nor behind me; but find a fog in each of those quarters that my eye cannot pierce. The way to Milford is alone clear and open: Let us therefore instantly set forward.' By 'what ensues,' Imogen means what will be the consequence of the step I am going to take.

14 *Strut*, walk proudly. So in *Twelfth Night*, 'How he jets under his advanced plumes.' The idea of a giant was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen.

15 'In any service done, the advantage rises not from the act, but from the allowance (i. e. approval) of it.'

16 I. e. scaly-winged beetle. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. Sc. 2. The epithet full-winged, applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the poet's imagery; for whilst the bird can soar beyond the reach of human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day.

17 The old copy reads *brabe*; the uncommon word *brabe* not being familiar to the compositor. A *brabe* is a contemptuous or proud look, word, or gesture; quasi, a *brave*.

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.¹

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor
unfedg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know
not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known: well corresponding
With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.²

Ar. What should we speak o',³
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!⁴
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain than only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the
search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'ry at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords: and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one
night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.⁵

Gui. — Uncertain favour!
Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told
you off.)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world:

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends

1 i. e. compared to ours.

2 To stride a limit is to overpass his bound.

3 This dread of an old age unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more desolate than that of him, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.—Johnson.

4 Otway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation which passes between Acasto and his sons from the scene before us.

5 Thus in Timon of Athens:—

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fallen from their boughs; and left me, open, bare,
For every storm that blows.

6 ——— nulla aconita, bibuntur

Uctilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
Commata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.⁷

Juv.

7 Shakespeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he

In place of greater state.⁸ I'll meet you in the
valleys. [Exit Gui. and Arv.]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!

These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.

They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prance it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!

When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rough'd!—
O, Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;⁹

Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,

And every day do honour to her grave:¹⁰
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. Near Milford Haven. Enter PISA-
NIO and IMOGENE.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place

Was near at hand: Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that
sigh

From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before: if wintery, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath plays
the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie
bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises;

has done to the young prince, whom he has robbed of a kingdom, only to rob their father of heirs. The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to him self what he could not know better by telling it.—Johnson.

8 i. e. to the grave of Euriphile; or to the grave of 'their mother,' as they supposed it to be. The grammatical construction requires that the poet should have writ ten 'to thy grave;' but we have frequent instances of this change of persons, not only in Shakespeare, but in all the writings of his age.

9 The true pronunciation of Greek and Latin names was not much regarded by the writers of Shakespeare's age. The poet has, however, differed from himself, and given the true pronunciation when the name first occurs, and in one other place:—

'To his protection; call him Posthumus.'
'speak the mainstop! O, Posthumus! alas!'

from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose; Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me distoyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue

Outvenoms all the worms¹ of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,²
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'd'st like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,³ hath betray'd
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,⁴
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O, husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false

Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear: took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Post-
humus,

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men:⁵
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjurd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest
him,

¹ It has already been observed that *worm* was the general name for all the *serpent* kind. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act v. Sc. 2

² I. e. persons of the highest rank.

³ *Putta*, in Italian, signifies both a *jay* and a *whore*. We have the word again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—'Teach him to know turtles from jays.' Some jay of Italy, whose mother was her painting, i. e. made by art; the creature not of nature, but of painting. In this sense painting may be said to be her mother. Steevens met with a similar phrase in some old play:—'A parcel of conceited feather-caps, whose fathers were their garments.'

⁴ That is, to be hung up as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. So in *Measure for Measure*:—

'That have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall: Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials, were not kept in drawers, or given away as their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them; and though such cast off things as were composed of rich substances were occasionally ripped for domestic uses, articles of inferior quality were suffered to hang by the walls till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations:—

'Comitem horridulum trita donata lacerna,' seems not to have been customary among our ancestors. When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left

A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not: 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it; Do his bidding, strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand.⁶ Come, here's my
heart;

Something's afore't: Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures⁷ of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are be-
tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows,⁸ shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st⁹ on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O, gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.¹⁰

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbest,¹¹ when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

above three thousand dresses behind her. Steevens once saw one of these repositories at an ancient mansion in Suffolk, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.

⁵ 'Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men.'

The *leaven* is, in Scripture phraseology, 'the whole wickedness of our sinful nature.' See 1 Corinthians, v. 6, 7, 8. 'Thy failure, Posthumus, will lay falsehood

to the charge of men without guile: make all suspected.'

⁶ 'That makes me afraid to put an end to my own life.' Hamlet exclaims:—

'O, that the everlasting had not fir'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.'

⁷ Shakspeare here means Leonatus's letters, but there is an opposition intended between *scripture*, in its common signification, and *Arcady*.

⁸ *Fellows for equals*; those of the same princely rank with myself.

⁹ — when thou shalt be *disedg'd* by her
That now thou tir'st on.'

It is probable that the first, as well as the last, of these metaphorical expressions is from falconry. A bird of prey may be said to be *disedged* when the keenness of its appetite is taken away by tiring, or feeding, upon some object given to it for that purpose. Thus in Hamlet:—

'Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off mine edge.'

¹⁰ *Blind*, which is not in the old copy, was supplied by Hanmer.

¹¹ To have thy bow *unsent*, alluding to a hunter. So





At the Hill of Antiquity

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Pis. But to win time
To close so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet: and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing: '1
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? '1 the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest; Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; '2 and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: '4 yes, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

In one of Shakspeare's poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599:—

'When as thine eye hath chose the dame
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike.

1 This line requires some word of two syllables to complete the measure. Steevens proposed to read:—
'With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, Cloten;
That Cloten,' &c.

2 The poet may have had in his mind a passage in Lyly's *Euphues*, which he has imitated in King Richard II.

3 To wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the mind, is secrecy; applied to the fortune, is obscurity. The next lines are obscure. 'You must (says Fiesco) disguise that greatness which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself.'

4 *Full of view* appears to mean of ample prospect, affording a complete view of circumstances which it is your interest to know. Thus in Pericles, 'Full of face' appears to signify 'amply beautiful': and Duncan assures Banquo that he will labour to make him 'full of growing,' i. e. of 'ample growth.'

5 So in King Henry IV. Part I

'A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with.

This character of the weasel is not mentioned by naturalists. Weasels were formerly, it appears, kept in

Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; and change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self.) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel: '1 nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it, (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan! and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one,
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
(Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him
know,

If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubting that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, '2 rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. '3 Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even! '4
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I am soldier to, '5 and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell:
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

SCENE V. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*—
Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

houses instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin. Phædrus notices this their feline office in the first and fourth fables of his fourth book. The poet, no doubt, speaks from observation; while a youth he would have frequent opportunities to ascertain their disposition. Perhaps this note requires the apology which Steevens has affixed to it:—'Rivola hæc fortassis cupiam et nimis levæ esse videntur sed curiositas nihil recusat.' *Vopiscus in Vita Auréliani*, c. x.

6 Thus in Othello:—

'The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets.'
So in Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. iii. 'And beautiful might have been if they had not suffered greedily Phæbus over often and hard to kiss them.'

7 i. e. wherein you are accomplished.

8 'As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.'

9 Steevens has a note on this passage no less disgusting than absurd, making the pure Imogen allude to the spare regimen prescribed in some diseases. The interpretation was at once gross and erroneous. When Iago talks of dieting his revenge, he certainly does not mean putting it on a spare diet. This, and a note on a former passage of this play by Mr. Whalley, which could only have been the offspring of impure imaginations, were justly stigmatized and degraded by the late Mr. Boswell, at the suggestion of Mr. Douce.

10 We'll make our work even with our time; we'll do what time will allow.

11 i. e. equal to, or have ability for it.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke : and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !¹

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office :
The due of honour in no point omit :—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner ; Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness !

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and LORDS.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that be already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly ;

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day : She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty :
We have noted it.—Call her before us ; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her : she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

[*Re-enter an Attendant.*
Cym. Where is she, sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer
That will be given to loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close ;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer : this
She wish'd me to make known ; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd ?
Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that which I
Fear² prove false ! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—
[*Exit CLOTEN.*

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus !—
He hath a drug of mine : I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that ; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seized her ;

¹ We should apparently read 'his grace and you,'
or 'your grace and yours.'

² Fear must be pronounced as a disyllable to complete
the measure.

³ I. e. may his grief this night prevent him from ever
seeing another day, by anticipated and premature de-
struction. Thus in Milton's *Comus* :—

'Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.'

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she b' shown
To her dear'd Posthumus : Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour ; and my end
Can make good use of either : She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

[*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How now, my son ?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled ;
Go in, and cheer the king ; he rages ; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better ; May
This night forestall him of the coming day³

[*Exit QUEEN.*

Clo. I love and hate her ; for she's fair and royal ;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman ;⁴ from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all : I love her therefore ; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd ; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

[*Enter PISANIO.*

Shall—Who is here ? What ! are you packing,
sirrah ?

Come hither : Ah, you precious pander ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the bonds.

Pis. O, good my lord !

Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir ? Come nearer ;
No further halting : satisfy me home,
What is become of her ?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord !

Clo. All-worthy villain !
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word.—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [Presenting a Letter.

Clo. Let's see't :—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.⁵
She's far enough ; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph !
Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O, Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again !

[*Aside.*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I think.
Clo. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know't,—Sirrah,
if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true
service ; undergo those employments, wherein I
should have cause to use thee, with a serious indus-
try,—that is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do, to
perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee
an honest man : thou should'st neither want my
means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.
Clo. Will thou serve me ? For since patiently
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune

⁴ Than any lady, than all ladies, than all woman-
kind. There is a similar passage in *All's Well* that
Ends Well, Act II. Sc. 3 :—

'To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man.'

⁵ By these words it is probable Pisanio means 'I
must either practise this deceit upon Cloten or perish
by his fury.' Dr. Johnson thought the words should be
sworn to Cloten.

of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Cla. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Cla. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither; let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

Cla. Meet thee at Milford Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath din'd, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Cla. How long is't since she went to Milford Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Cla. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee; the third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would, I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true.

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his need!

SCENE VI. Before the Cave of Belarius. Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O, Jove! I think, Foundations fly the wretched:¹ such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness Is sorer,² than to lie for need; and falsehood

¹ Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as true, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain equally an enemy to them both.

² Thus in the fifth *Æneid*:—

Italian sequimur Augustem.

³ I. e. a greater or heavier crime.

⁴ *Civil* is here *civilized*, as opposed to *savage*, wild, rude, or uncivilized. "If any one dwell here."

⁵ A woodman in its common acceptation, as here, signifies a *hunter*. So in *The Rape of Lucrece*:—

"He is no woodman that doth bend his bow Against a poor unreasonable doe."

⁶ I. e. our compact.

⁷ *Restie*, which Steevens unwarrantably changed to

Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord! Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee, My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to sink for food.—But what is this? Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold: I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine, Ere clean it o'rtrow nature, makes it valiant. Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here? If any thing that's civil,⁴ speak; if savage, Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter. Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't. Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the Cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,⁵ and Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I, Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match. The sweat of industry would dry, and die, But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness Can snore upon the flint, when restie's cloth Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here, Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.
Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in: [*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not, An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not: Before I enter'd here, I call'd: and thought To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth, I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found Gold strew'd i' the floor.⁶ Here's money for my meat:

I would have left it on the board, so soon As I had made my meal; and parted With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt: As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry: Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford Haven.
Bel. What is your name?
Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford; To whom being going, almost spent with hunger, I am fallen in⁷ this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth, Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!

restie, signifies here *dull*, *heavy*, as it is explained in Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616. So Milton uses it in his *Eccelesiastes*, sec. 34, "The master is too resty, or too rich, to say his own prayers, or to bless his own table." What between Malone's '*resty*, *rust*, *mouldy*,' and Steevens's '*restive*, *stubborn*, *refractory*,' the reader is misled and the passage left unexplained; or what is worse, explained erroneously in all the variorum editions.

⁶ Hammer altered this to '*of the floor*,' but unnecessarily—It was frequently used for *on* in Shakespeare's time, as in *The Lord's Prayer*; "Thy will be done *in* earth."

⁷ *In* for *into*, as in *Othello*:—

"Fallen *in* the practice of a cursed slave."

'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers!—'Would, it had been so,
that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my } *Aside.*
prize!

Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings² at some distress.

Gui. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing³ multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.⁴

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll merrily demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray draw near.
Arv. The night to the owl, the morn to the lark,
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Rome. *Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.*

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission.⁵ Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy

Must be suppliant: The words of your commission

Will tie you to the numbers, and the time

Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.
[*Exeunt.*]

¹ I have elsewhere observed that *prize*, *prise*, and *prizes* were confounded, or used indiscriminately by our ancestors. Indeed it is not now uncommon at this day, as Malone observes, to hear persons above the vulgar confound the words, and talk of high-*prize'd* and low-*prize'd* goods. *Prize* here is evidently used for *value*, *estimation*. The reader who wishes to see how the words were formerly confounded, may consult Baret's *Alvanerie*, in v. *price*.

² To *wring* is to *writhe*. So in *Much Ado* about Nothing, Act v. Sc. 1:—

'To those that *wring* under the load of sorrow.'

³ *Differing* multitudes are *varying* or *wavering* multitudes. So in the Induction to the Second Part of King Henry VI:—

'The still discordant *wavering* multitude.'

⁴ Malone says, 'As Shakspeare has used in other places Menelaus' tent, and thy mistress' ear for 'Menelaus tent,' and 'thy mistress' ear: it is probable

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forest, near the Cave. Enter CLOTEN.*

Clot. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (saving reverence of the world,) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place: and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Before the Cave. Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. You are not well: [*To IMOGEN.*] remain here in the cave:

We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, stay here: [*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well:

But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick: So please you leave me;

Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom

Is breach of all.⁶ I am ill; but your being by me

Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort

To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:

I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,

Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:

How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me

that he used 'since Leonatus' false' for 'since Leonatus is false.' Steevens doubts this, and says that the poet may have written 'Since Leonate is false,' as he calls *Enobarbus*, *Enobarbe*; and *Prospero*, *Prosper*, in other places.

⁵ He commands the commission to be given you. So we say, I ordered the materials to the workmen.

⁶ i. e. *cause*.

⁷ 'In single combat.' So in King Henry IV. Part I.

Act I. Sc. 3:—

'In single opposition, hand to hand,

He did confound the best part of an hour

In changing hardiment with great Glendower.'

An *opposite*, in the language of Shakspeare's age, was the common phrase for an *antagonist*.

Imperseverant probably means no more than *perseverant*, like *imbosomed*, *impassioned*, *imwashed*.

⁸ Warburton thought we should read, 'before her face.' Malone says, that Shakspeare may have intentionally given this absurd and brutal language to Cloten.

The Clown in *The Winter's Tale* says, 'If thou'st see a thing to talk of after thou art dead.'

⁹ 'Keep your daily course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion.'—*Johnson.*

In my good brother's fault: I know not why I love this youth; and I have heard you say, Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door, And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say, My father, not this youth.

Bel. O, noble strain! [*Aside.* O, worthiness of nature! breed of greatness! Cowards father cowardly, and base things sire base: Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace. I am not their father: yet who this should be, Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.— 'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court: Experience, O, thou disprov'st report! The imperious' seas breed monsters; for the dish, Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish. I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisano, I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him; He said, he was gentle,* but unfortunate; Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:— We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick, For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill, I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit IMOGEN.*]
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick, And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes A smiling with a sigh; as if the sigh Was that it was, for not being such a smile; The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly From so divine a temple, to commix With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note, That grief and patience, rooted in him both, Mingle their spurs² together.

Arv. Grow, patience! And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine His perishing root, with the increasing vine!³

Bel. It is great morning.⁴ Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Cl. I cannot find those runagates; that villain Hath mock'd me: I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates! Means he not 'tis? I partly know him; 'tis Cloten, the son of the queen. I fear some ambush. I saw him not these many years, and yet I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

¹ Here again Malone asserts that 'imperious was used by Shakespeare for imperial.' This is absurd enough when we look at the context: what has imperial to do with seas? *Imperious* has here its usual meaning of proud, haughty. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Sc. 5.

² I could not move him to tell his story.' Gentle is of a gentle race or rank, well born.

³ Spurs are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. We have the word again in *The Tempest*—

—The strong bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs
Fluc'd up the pine and cedar.

⁴ How much difficulty has been made to appear in this simple figurative passage! which to me appears sufficiently intelligible without a note. 'Let patience grow, and let the stinking elder, grief, untwine his

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search What companies are near: pray you away; Let me alone with him.

[*Exit BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

Cl. Soft! What are you That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers? I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing

More slavish did I ne'er, than answering

A slave, without a knock.⁵

Cl. Thou art a robber,

A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?

Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not

My dagger in my mouth.⁶ Say, what thou art;

Why I should yield to thee?

Cl. Thou villain base,

Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal;

Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.⁷

Cl. Thou precious varlet,

My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank

The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;

I am loath to beat thee.

Cl. Thou injurious thief,

Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Cl. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,

I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider;

'Twould move me sooner.

Cl. To thy further fear,

Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know

I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming

So worthy as thy birth.

Cl. Art not afraid?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; their

wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Cl. Die thy death:

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,

I'll follow those that even now fled hence,

And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:

Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exit, fighting.*]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him;

sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,

But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour

Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,

And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute;

'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:

I wish my brother make good time with him,

You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,

I mean, to man, he had not apprehension

Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment

Is oft the cure⁸ of fear: But see, thy brother.

perishing root from those of the increasing vine, patience.' I have already observed, that *with, from, and by*, are almost always convertible words.

³ The same phrase occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Sc. 3. It is a Gallicism:—'Il est grand mathin.'

⁶ I. e. than answering that abusive word *stave*.

⁷ So in *Solyman and Perseda*, 1300—

'I fight not with my tongue: this is my oratrix.'

Macduff says to Macbeth:—

— I have no words;

My voice is in my sword.'

⁸ See a note on a similar passage in a former scene, p. 224, Act III. Sc. 4.

⁹ The old copy reads, 'Is oft the cause of fear;' but this cannot be right: Belarius is assigning a reason for Cloten's fool-hardy desperation, not accounting for his cowardice. The emendation adopted is Hammer's.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool: an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet, I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's
head;

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,¹
Displace our heads, where, (thank the gods!) they
grow,

And set them on Lud's town:

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For² we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason, [mour⁴
He must have some attendants. Though his hu-
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he

hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.⁵

Gui. With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:

'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though
valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would, I had done't,

So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would,
revenges, [through,
That possible strength might meet,⁶ would seek us
And put us to our answer.

1 I am well informed what.

2 i. e. conquer, suldus.

3 For again in the sense of *cause*. See note on Act
iv. Sc. 1.

4 The old copy reads, 'his *honour*.' The emenda-
tion is Theobald's. Malone has shown that the words
honour and *honour* have been erroneously printed for
each other in other passages of the old editions.

5 'Fidele's sickness made my walk forth from the
cave tedious.' So in King Richard III.—
'—our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious,' &c.

6 'Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any pos-
sibility of opposition.'

7 'To restore Fidele to the bloom of health, to reat⁷
the colour into his cheeks, I would let out the blood of
a whole parish, or any number of such fellows as Clo-
ten.' A *parish* is a common phrase for a great number.
'Heaven give you joy, sweet master Palatine.
And to you, sir, a whole parish of children.'

The Wits, by Davenant, p. 222.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,⁸

And praise myself for charity.

[Exit.

Bel. O, thou goddess,

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st

In these two princely boys! They are as gentle

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,

Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,

Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rud' st wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,

That an invisible instinct should frame them

To royalty unlearn'd: honour untaught;

Civility not seen from other; valour,

That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop

As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange

What Cloten's being here to us portends;

Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?

I have sent Cloten's cloppol down the stream,

In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage

For his return. [Solemn music.

Bel. My ingenious instrument!

Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion

Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my

dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things

Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?

Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,⁹

Is jollity for aces, and grief for boys;

Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in

his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,

And brings the dire occasion in his arms,

Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,

That we have made so much on. I had rather

Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,

To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,

Than have seen this.

Gui. O, sweetest, fairest lily!

My brother wears thee not the one half so well.

As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find

The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish care⁹

Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!

Jove knows what man thou might'st have made:¹⁰

but I,¹⁰

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—

How found you him?

Arv. Stark,¹¹ as you see:

⁸ Toys are trifles.

⁹ A *crare* was a small vessel of burthen, sometimes
spelled *crare*, *crayer*, and even *craye*. The old copy
reads, erroneously, '—thy sluggish care.' The
emendation was suggested by Symphon in a note on
The Captain of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

'—let him venture

in some decayed *crare* of his own.

¹⁰ We should most probably read, 'but *ah*.' *Ay* is
always printed *ah*! in the first folio, and other books of
the time. Hence, perhaps, *I*, which was used for the
affirmative particle *ay*, crept into the text. 'Heaven
knows (says Belarius) what a man thou wouldst have
been hadst thou lived; but, *alms*! thou died'st of melan-
choy, while yet only a most accomplished boy.'

¹¹ *Stark* means entirely cold and stiff.

'And many a nobleman lies stark—
Under the hoofs of vaulting enemies.'

King Henry IV Part I.

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept: and
put
My clouted brogues¹ from off my feet, whose rule-
ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:²
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.³

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock⁴ would,
With charitable bill (O, bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground⁵ thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall I lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bcl. Great grief, I see, medicine the less:⁶ for
Cloten

1 Clouted brogues are coarse woollen shoes, strengthened with clout or hob-nails. In some parts of England thin plates of iron, called clouts, are fixed to the shoes of rustics.

2 I cannot forbear (says Steevens) to introduce a passage somewhat like this from Webster's White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona [1613.] on account of its singular beauty:—

3 Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin
To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corse,
While horror waits on princes!

3 Steevens imputes great violence to this change of person, and would read, 'come to him'; but there is no impropriety in Guiderius's sudden address to the body itself. It might, indeed, be ascribed to our author's careless manner, of which an instance like the present occurs at the beginning of the next act, where Posthumus says,

— you married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves.
Douce.

4 The ruddock is the red-breast.

5 To winter-ground appears to mean to dress or decorate thy corse with 'furr'd moss,' for a winter covering, when there are no flowers to strew it with. In Cornutus, or Diversa Secreta, &c. by Thomas Johnson, 4to, 1696, sig. E. it is said, 'The robin red-breast, if he finds a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with moss; and some think that if the body should remain unburied that he would cover the whole body also.' The reader will remember the pathetic old ballad of the Children in the Wood.

6 So in a former passage of this play:

— a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs and fears.'

And in King Lear:—

— Where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.'

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid⁷ for that: Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence,⁸
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
east;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,⁹
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frowns o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.¹⁰

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-treaded thunder-stone;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign¹¹ to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser¹² harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation¹³ have;
And renowned be thy grave!¹⁴

7 i. e. punished. Falstaff, after having been beaten, when in the dress of an old woman, says, 'I pay'd nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.'

8 Reverence, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world.

9 This is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions.

10 The poet's sentiment seems to have been this:—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death: neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man.—Johnson.

11 To 'consign to thee' is to 'seal the same contract with thee'; i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. So in Romeo and Juliet:—

— seal
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.

12 It has already been observed that exorciser anciently signified a person who could raise spirits, not one who lays them.

13 Consummation is used in the same sense in King Edward III. 1596:—

'My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,
This mingled tribute, with all willingness
To darkness, consummation, dust, and worms

Milton, in his Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, is indebted to the passage before us:—

'Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have.'

14 For the obsequies of Fidele (says Dr. Johnson) a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory.'

Re-enter BELANUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Gen. We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but about midnight, more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,

Are strewings fit't for graves.—Upon their faces: You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—Come on, away: apart upon our knees. The ground, that gave them first, has them again; Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exit BEL, GUL, and ARV.]

Imo. [Awaking.] Yes, sir, to Milford Haven; Which is the way?—

I thank you.—By you bush?—Pray, how far thither? 'Ods pittikins!¹—can it be six miles yet?

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lay down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses! [Seeing the Body.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world; This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream; For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper, And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so; 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good

faith, I tremble still with fear: But if there be Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt. A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus! I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand; His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; The brows of Hercules: but his Jovial² face—

Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio, All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks, And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou, Conspir'd with that irregular³ devil, Cloten, Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read, Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—From this most bravest vessel of the world Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas, Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart, And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?

'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them Have laid this wo' here. O, 'tis pregnant!⁴ The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious And cordial to me, have I not found it Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home: This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's! O!—Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,

¹ Malone observes, that 'Shakespeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but one face on which the flowers could be strew'd.' It is one of the poet's lapses of thought, and will countenance the passage remarked upon in Act iv. Sc. 1.

² This diminutive adjunction is derived from God's pity, by the addition of *kin*. In this manner we have also 'Ods *botikins*.

³ 'Jovial face' here signifies such a face as belongs to Jove. The epithet is frequently so used in the old dramatic writers; particularly Heywood:—

'To plague you all with his high Jovial hand,'
The Silver Age.

⁴ Irregular must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule. The word has not hitherto been met with elsewhere; but in Reinolds's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, ed. 1671, p. 131, we have 'irregulated lust.'

⁵ This is another of the poet's lapses, unless we attribute the error to the old printers, and read, 'thy head on.' We must understand by 'this head,' the head of Posthumus; the head that *did* belong to *this* body.

6 i. e. 'tis a ready, apposite conclusion.

⁷ Shakespeare appears to have meant brother to the

That we the howider may seem to those Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia, After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending You here at Milford Haven, with your ships: They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners, And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits, That promise noble service; and they come Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, Sienna's brother.¹

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir, What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me vision:²

(I fast,³ and pray'd, for their intelligence.) Thus:—I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd From the spungy⁴ south to this part of the west, There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends Unless my sins abuse my divination,) Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so, And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here, Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather: For nature doth abhor to make his bed With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord. Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes: for it seems, They crave to be demanded: Who is this, Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he, That, otherwise than noble nature did,⁵ Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it? What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not, Nothing to be were better. This was my master, A very valiant Briton, and a good, That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas! There are no more such masters: I may wander From east to occident, cry out for service, Try many, all good, serve truly, never Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ.⁶ If I do lie, and do

prince of Sienna. He was not aware that Sienna was a republic, or possibly did not heed it.

⁸ It was no common dream, but sent from the very gods, or the gods themselves.

⁹ Fast for fasted, as we have in another place of this play *lift for lifted*. In King John we have *heat for heated, wast for wasted*, &c. Similar phraseology will be found in the Bible, Mark, i. 31; John, xiii. 16; Exodus, xii. 8, &c.

¹⁰ Milton has availed himself of this epithet in *Comus*:—

Thus I hurl My dazzling spells into the spungy air.¹¹

¹¹ Who has altered this picture, so as to make it other-wise than nature did it? Olivia, speaking of her own beauty as of a picture, asks Viola if 'it is not well done?'

¹² Shakespeare was indebted for his modern names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones), as well as for his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time. Steevens cites some amusing instances from a *Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1676. But the absurdity was not confined to novels: the drama would afford numerous examples.

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope

[Aside.

They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same: Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name. Will take thy chance with me? I will not say, Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure, No less below'd. The Roman emperor's letters, Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods, I'll hide my master from the fies, as deep As these poor pickaxes' can dig; and when With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers, Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh; And, leaving so his service, follow you, So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;

And rather father thee, than master thee.—

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can, And make him with our pikes and partizans A grave: Come, arm him.²—Boy, he is prefer'd By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd, As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes: Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.

A fever with the absence of her son: A madness, of which her life's in danger:—

Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen, The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen Upon a desperate bed; and in a time When fearful wars point at me, her son gone, So needful for this present: It strikes me, past The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow, Who needs must know of her departure, and Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours, I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress, I nothing know where she remains, why gone, Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,

The day that she was missing, he was here: I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform All parts of his subjection loyally.

For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him, And will,³ no doubt, be found.

¹ Meaning her fingers.

² That is 'take him up in your arms.' So in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*:—

'—Arm your prize,

I know you will not lose her.'

The prize was Emilia.

³ Perhaps we should read, 'As'll no doubt be found.' But this omission of the personal pronoun was by no means uncommon in Shakespeare's age. There are several other instances in these plays, especially in *King Henry VIII*: take one example:—

'—which if granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would

Have put his knife into him.'

See *Lear*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

⁴ My suspicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you.' We now say, the cause is depending.

⁵ i. e. confounded by a variety of business.

⁶ Your forces are able to face such an army as we fear the enemy will bring against us.'

⁷ Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, 'Pis had no letter.'

Cym. The time's troublesome:

We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy

[To PISANIO.

Does yet depend.⁴

Lord. So please your majesty,

The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,

Are landed on your coast; with a supply

Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and

queen!—

I am amaz'd with matter.⁵

Lord. Good my liege,

Your preparation can affront⁶ no loss

Than what you hear of: come more, for more

you're ready:

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,

That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;

And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not

What can from Italy annoy us; but

We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exeunt.

Pis. I heard no letter⁷ from my master, since

I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:

Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise

To yield me often tidings; Neither know I

What is betid to Cloten; but remain

Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:

Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be

true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,

Even to the note⁸ o' the king, or I'll fall in them.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:

Fortunes brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. Before the Cave. Enter BELARIUS,

GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Lot us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it

From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans

Must, or for Britons slay us; or receive us

For barbarous and unnatural revolts,⁹

During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.

To the king's party there's no going; newness

Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not

muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render¹⁰

Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us

That which we've done, whose answer would be

death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,

In such a time, nothing becoming you,

Now satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,

Behold their quarter'd fires,¹¹ have both their eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,

That they will waste their time upon our note,

To know from whence we are.

But perhaps 'no letter' is here used to signify 'no tidings,' not a syllable of reply.

⁸ 'I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour.'

⁹ i. e. *revolters*. As in *King John*:—

'Lead me to the revolts of England here.'

¹⁰ 'An account of our place of abode.' This dialogue is a just representation of the superstitious caution of an old man.

Render is used in a similar sense in a future scene of this play:—

'My boon is, that this gentleman may render

Of whom he had this ring.'

¹¹ i. e. the fires in the respective quarters of the Roman army. Their beacon or watch fires. So in *King Henry V*:—

'Fire answers fire: and through their pale flames

Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.'

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life;¹ ay, hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than he so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Aru. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never b. strid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel:
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Aru. So say I; Amen.
Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood
thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Field between the British and Roman Camps. Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.*²

Post. Yes, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying³ but a little?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on⁴ this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,

¹ That is, 'the certain consequence of this hard life.'

² The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio, in the foregoing act, determined to send.

³ This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed, spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen.—He is now grown reasonable enough to determine that, having done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but, as life is no longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered.

⁴ This uncommon verb is used by Stanyhurst in the third book of the translation of Virgil:—

— the maysters wring their vessells.

And in Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. l. ed. 1633, p. 67:— 'That from the right line of virtues are wryed to these crooked shifts'

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;⁵
And make them dread it to the doer's shrift.⁶
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O, Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods put the strength of the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise of the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; at the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengefully enfeebles me; Or could this carl,⁷
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lot, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*
The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of
the ground;

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. *Aru.* Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

⁴ To put on is to incite, instigate.

⁵ The last deed is certainly not the oldest; but Shakspeare calls the deed of an elder man an elder deed. Where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest.

⁶ The old copy reads:—

'And make them dread it to the doer's shrift.'

Which the commentators have in vain tormented themselves to give a meaning to. Mason endeavoured to give the sense of *repentance to shrift*: but his explanation better suits the passage as it now stands:—'Some you snatch hence for little faults: others you suffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doer.' *Shrift* is confession and repentance. The typographical error would easily arise in old printing, *sh* and *th* were frequently confounded.

⁷ *Carl* or *churl*, is a clown or countryman, and is used by our old writers in opposition to a gentleman. Falgrave, in his *Eclaircissement de la Langue Francoise*, 1690, explains the words *carle*, *chorte*, *churlis*, by *vilain*, *vilain laurdier*; and *churlishness* by *vilains, rusticite*. The thought seems to have been limited in Philaster:—

'The gods take part against me; could this poor
Have held me thus else?'

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field. Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fiers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost, But that the heavens fought: The king himself Of his wings destitute,¹ the army broken, And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted, Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damn'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,— An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd So long a breeding, as his white beard came to, In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane, He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run The country base,² than to commit such slaughter; With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,³) Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled, *Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men: To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand! Or we are Romans, and will give you that Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save, But to look back in frown: stand, stand.*—These three, Three thousand confident, in act as many, (For three performers are the file, when all The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand, Accommodated by the place, more charming, With their own nobleness, (which would have turn'd A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks, Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward*

But by example, (O, a sin in war, Damn'd in the first beginners!) gan to look The way that they did, and to grin like lions Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon, A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith they fly Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,

The strides they victors made: and now our cowards, (Like fragments in hard voyages,) became The life o' the need; having found the back-door open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound: Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends

O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by one, Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty: Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown The mortal bugs⁴ o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made Rather to wonder at the things you hear,

1 The stopping of the Roman army by three persons is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Hulinshed in his History of Scotland, p. 155; upon which Milton once intended to have formed a drama. Shakespeare was evidently acquainted with it:—'Haie beholding the king, with the most part of the nobles fighting with great valliance in the middle-ward, now destitute of the wings,' &c.

2 A country game called *prison bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*.

3 *Shame, for modesty, or shamefacedness.*

4 *i. e. terrors, bugbears.* See King Henry VI. Part III. Act v. Sc. 2.

⁵ For Warwick was a *bug* that fear'd us all.

⁶ Alluding to the common superstition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle.

Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't, And vent it for a mockery? Here is one: *Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lene, Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bene.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,

I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry. [*Exit.*]

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O, noble misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!

To-day, how many would have given their honours

To have sav'd their carcasses? took heed to do't,

And yet died too? I, in mine own wo charm'd,

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;

Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly

monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we

That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find

him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman,

No more a Briton, I have resum'd again

The part I came in: Fight I will no more,

But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Here made by the Roman; great the answer⁶ be

Britons must take; For me, my ransom's death;

On either side I come to spend my breath;

Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,

But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:

'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,⁷

That gave the affront⁸ with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported:

But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is

there?

Post. A Roman;

Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds

Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his

service

As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, attended: BELARIUS, GUIDE-

RIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Cap-

tives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV. *A Prison. Enter POSTHUMUS, and*

Two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have

locks upon you;⁹

So graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty: Yet am I better

Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had

rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd

By the sure physician, death; who is the key

—

6 *i. e. retaliation.* As in a former scene:—

'That which we've done, whose answer would be death.'

7 *Silly is simple or rustic.* Thus in the novel of Boc

caccio, on which this play is formed:—'The servant,

who had no great good will to kill her, very easily grew

pitifull, took off her upper garment, and gave her a

poore ragged doublet, a *silly* chaperone.'

8 *i. e. the encounter.*

9 This stage direction for 'inexplicable dumb show'

is probably an interpolation by the players. Shakespeare has expressed his contempt for such mumnery

in Hamlet.

10 The wit of the Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting

a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to pas

ture.

To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods,
give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appeare;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.¹
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds.² O, Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*]

*Solemn Music.*³ Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS
LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man,
attired like a Warrior; leading in his hand an an-
cient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHU-
MUS, with Music before them. Then, after other
Music, follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers to
POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the Wars.
They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder master, show,
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father then, (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art.)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vezing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus rip'd,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd and thrown
From Leonati's seat, and cast

¹ This passage is very obscure, and I must say with Malone, that I think it is so rendered either by the omission of a line, or some other corruption of the text. I have no faith in Malone's explanation: that which Steevens offers is not much more satisfactory; but I have nothing better to offer. 'Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the main part, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment.'

² So in Macbeth:—

'Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
That keeps me pale.'

There is an equivoke between the legal instrument and bonds of steel; a little out of its place in a passage of pathetic exclamation.

³ This Scene is supposed not to be Shakspeare's, but foisted in by the players for mere show. The great poet, who has conducted his fifth Act with such matchless

From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?
Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight t'ning of Italy,

To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy:
And to become the geck⁴ and scorn
O' the other's villany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Foil bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why has thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due?
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window open? look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help:
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the rhining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you, ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never withering banks of flowers.

Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is, you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted.⁵ Be content;
Your low-laid son our god-head will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;

And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloy's his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All.

Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd

skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. It appears that the players indulged themselves sometimes in unwarrantable liberties of the same kind. Nashe, in his *Leuten Stuffe*, 1590, assures us, that in a play of his, called the *Isle of Dogs*, four acts, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players. See the Prolegomena to Malone's *Shakspeare*, vol. ii., article *Shakspeare, Ford, and Jonson*.

⁴ The fool.

⁵ Delighted for delightful, or causing delight.

⁶ i. e. to grasp us in his pounces.

⁷ And till they foot and clutch their prey.

Herbert.
⁷ In ancient language, the *cleys* or *cleece* of a bird or beast are the same with *claws* in modern speech. To *claw* their beaks is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-
sire, and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: But (O, scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve;
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare
one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As a good promise.

[*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by
a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar
shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock,
and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace
and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready
for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the specta-
tors, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the
comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments,
fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sad-
ness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come
in faint for the want of meat, depart reeling with
too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much,
and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and
brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being
too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness:
O! of this contradiction you shall now be
quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up
thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and
creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, and
the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and coun-
ters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
toothache! But a man that were to sleep your sleep,
and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would
change places with his officer; for, look you, sir,
you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, follow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head, then; I
have not seen him so pictured: you must either be

1 i. e. trifling. Hence *new-fangled*, still in use for
new toys or trifles.

2 *Paid*, here means *subdued* or *overcome* by the
favour.

3 i. e. hazard.

4 *Prone* here signifies *ready, prompt*. As in *Measure
for Measure*, Act i. Sc. 3.

in her youth

There is a *prone* and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men.

This also in Lucan's *Pharsalia*, translated by Sir Ar-
thur Gorges, l. vi.

—Thessalian ferle steeds,

For use of war so prone and fit.

And in Willfrid Holme's poem, entitled *The Fall and
Evil Success of Rebellion*, l. c. 1337:—

'With bombard and basilisk, with men prone and
vigorous.'

directed by some that take upon them to know; or
take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do
not know; or jump² the after-inquiry on your own
peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's
end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes
to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink,
and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man
should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of
blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner
to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to
be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no
bolts for the dead.

[*Exit Posthumus and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and
beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.⁵
Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves de-
sire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be
some of them too, that die against their wills; so
should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one
mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation
of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present
profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[*Exit Gaol.*]

SCENE V.⁶ *Cymbeline's Tent. Enter Cymbe-
LINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PI-
SANIUS, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have
made

Preservers of my throne. Wo is my heart,
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before target of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARV.*]
By whom, I grant, she lives; 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees!
Arise, my knights o' the battle:⁷ I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!

5 'In the scene before us, all the surviving characters
are assembled; and at the expense of whatever incon-
gruity the former events may have been produced, per-
haps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend
the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and as
little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a cata-
strophe which is intricate without confusion, and not
more rich in ornament than nature.'—*Stevens.*

6 Thus in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 164, edit. 1615:—

'Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet *Knight of
the Fielde.*'

7 So in *Macbeth*:—

'The business of this man looks out of him.'

To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err: who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you;
only

Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand² to
love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O, most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess,
she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute seed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'come you with her show: yes, and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lucy. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been
vicious,

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman Prisoners, guarded: *POSTHUMUS* behind,
and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made
suit,

That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted;
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so dutious, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat,³ so nurselike: let his virtue join

With my request, which, I'll make bold, your high-
ness

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:

His favour⁴ is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say live, boy:⁵ ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yes, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: a lack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your
vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One said another

Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress: [Aside.

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;

Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [To IACH.] stop

you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;

Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

[Aside.

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,

How came it yours?

Iach. Thou't torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
which

¹ This observation has already occurred in the Funer-
al Song, p. 332.

² The *accipere*, learning, *physic*, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

³ To bear in hand' is 'to delude by false appear-
ances.'

⁴ *Feat* is ready, dexterous. ⁴ *Counenance*.

⁵ 'I know not what should induce me to say, live,
boy.' The word *nor* was inserted by Rowe.

Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail¹ to remember.—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive man and speak.

Iach. Upon a time (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Post-
humus,

(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature,² laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Poetures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye;—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Post-
humus

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not disparaging whom we prais'd (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Provd' us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wagers'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car.⁴ Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes⁵
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks

1 To quail is to faint, or sink into dejection.

2 Feature is here used for proportion.

3 As for as if. So in The Winter's Tale.—

4 — he utters them as he had eaten ballads.

5 He had deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like Phoebus' car. — Antony and Cleopatra.

6 I. e. such marks of the chamber and pictures, as
averred or confirmed my report.

7 Justicer was anciently used instead of justice.—

Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post.

Ay, so thou dost,
[Coming forward.]

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer!⁷ Thou, king, send out
For tortures ingenious: it is I

That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O, Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O, Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo.

Peace, my lord; hear, hear—
Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
page,

There lie thy part. [Striking her; she falls.]

Pis.

O, gentlemen, help, help,
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym.

Does the world go round?
Post. How comes these staggers⁸ on me?

Pis.

Wake, my mistress!
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis.

How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathes not where princes are.

Cym.

The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym.

New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor.

O, gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym.

What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper⁹ poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life: but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo.

Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gwi.

This is sure, Fidele.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

Imo.

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.¹⁰ [Embracing him.]

Shakspeare has the word thrice in King Lear. And
Warner, in his Albion's England, 1602, b. x. ch. 45—

'Preselling his progenitors, a justicer upright.'

7 'Not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.'

8 I. e. this wild and delirious perturbation. It is still
common to say 'it stagger'd me,' when we have been
moved by any sudden emotion of surprise.

9 Mix, compound.

10 Imogen comes up to Posthumus as soon as she
knows that the error is cleared up; and, hanging fondly

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir,
[*Kneeling.*
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye
not;

You had a motive for't. [To *Gui.* and *Ans.*

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! *Imogen,*
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught: and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's,
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poets
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing princelike; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could roar so to me; I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

[*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

on him, says, not as upbraiding him, but with kindness and good humour, 'How could you treat your wife thus?' in that endearing tone which most readers, who are fathers and husbands, will understand, who will add poor to wife. She then adds, Now you know who I am, suppose we were on the edge of a precipice, and throw me from you; meaning, in the same endearing irony, to say, I am sure it is as impossible for you to be intentionally unkind to me, as it is for you to kill me. Perhaps some very wise persons may smile at part of this note; but however much black-letter books may be necessary to elucidate some parts of Shakespeare, there are others which require some acquaintance with those familiar pages of the book of Nature:

'Which learning may not understand,
And wisdom may disdain to hear.' *Psy.*
1 The consequence is taken for the whole action; by *tasting* is by forcing us to make thee to taste.

2 As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really

Ans. In that he speaks too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Ans. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it, then.—
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age;² indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot,
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?
Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;

Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd;
Your pleasure was my more offence,³ my punish-
ment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty year
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before.

For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweetest companions in the world:—
The benedictions of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.⁴

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Must worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand

was, it must have a reference to the different appearance which he now makes in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him.

² The old copy reads 'more offence'; the emendation is by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Belarius means to say 'My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only.'

⁴ 'Take him and cut him into little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,' *See*
Romeo and Juliet.

⁵ 'Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate.' The king reasons very justly—*John*
son.

Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O, Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O, my gentle brother,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Imo. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O, rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce' abridg-
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives³ to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
place,

Will serve our long interrogatories.⁴ See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.]
Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching: 'twas a fitment for

1 *Fierce* is vehement, rapid.

2 i. e. which ought to be rendered distinct by an ample narrative.

3 'Your three motives' means 'the motives of you three.' So in *Romeo and Juliet*, 'both our remedies' means 'the remedy for us both.'

4 *Interrogatories* was frequently used for *interrogatories*, and consequently as a word of only five syllables. In *The Merchant of Venice*, near the end, it is also thus used:—

'And charge us there upon *interrogatories*.'
5 *Spritely shows* are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances.

6 A *collection* is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So in *Davies's* poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*:—

'When she from sundry arts one skill doth draw;
Gathering from divers sights one act of war;
From many cases like one rule of law:

These her *collections*, not the senses are.'

The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [*Kneeling*]
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech
you,

Which I so often owe: but, your ring first
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princess.—Good my lord of
Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,

Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows⁷
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection⁸ of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—
Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to
himself unknown, without seeking find, and be em-
braced by a piece of tender air; and when from a
stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being
dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the
old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus
end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in
peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much;
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]
Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *matris*: which *matris* I divine,
Is this most constant wife: who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice (both on her and hers),
Have laid most heavy hand.⁹

So the Queen in *Hamlet* says:—
'— Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth more
The hearers to collection.'

Whose containing means the *contents* of which.
7 It should apparently be, 'By peace we will begin.
The Soothsayer says, that the label promised to Britain
'peace and plenty.' To which Cymbeline replies, 'We
will begin with peace, to fulfil the prophecy.'

8 i. e. have said most heavy hand on. Many such
elliptical passages are found in Shakespeare. Thus in
The Rape of Lucrece:—
'Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on whom he looks [on] gainst law and duty,'
So in *The Winter's Tale*:—
'— The queen is spoussed
In that which you accuse her [of].'

9 'The queen is spoussed
In that which you accuse her [of].'

South. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams of the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify: seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

THIS play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.*

JOHNSON.

* Johnson's remark on the gross incongruity of names and manners in this play is just, but it was the common error of the age; in *The Wife for a Month*, of Beaumont and Fletcher, we have Frederick and Alphonso among a host of Greek names, not to mention the firing of a pistol by Demetrius Poliorcetes in *The Humorous Lieutenant*.—*Pye.*

It is hardly necessary to point out the extreme injus-

A SONG,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ANVIRAGUS OVER FIDEL'S GRAVE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.*

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

*The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the zephyran cell;
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Below'd till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.*

tice of the unfounded severity of Johnson's animadversions upon this exquisite drama. The asideote will be found in the reader's appeal to his own feelings after reiterated perusal. It is with satisfaction I refer to the more just and discriminative opinion of a foreign critic, to whom every lover of Shakspeare is deeply indebted, cited in the preliminary remarks. B. W. S.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

ON what principle the editors of the first complete edition of Shakspeare's works admitted this play into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author in revising it, or in some way or other aided in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, in the time of King James II., warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. 'I have been told (says he, in his preface to an alteration of this play, published in 1687,) by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts.'

'A book, entitled *A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*, was entered at Stationers' Hall, by John Danter, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition,) and acted by the servants of the Earle of Pembroke, Derby, and Sussex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Conyention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The old Taming of a Shrew*, and *Marlowe's King Edward II.*; by whom not one of Shakspeare's plays is said to have been performed.

From Ben Jonson's *Induction to Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation, in 1569; or, taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

'To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were ex-

amined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works cannot entertain a doubt on the question. I will, however, mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tancred and Gismund*, *The Battle of Alcazar*, *Jeronimo*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *The Wounds of Civil War*, *The Wars of Cyrus*, *Lochrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, *King Edward I.*, *The Spanish Tragedy*, *Solyman and Perseda*, *King Leir*, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the same mint.

'The testimony of Meres, [who attributes it to Shakspeare in his *Palladis Tamia*, or the *Second Part of Witte Common Wealth*, 1598,] remains to be considered. His enumerating it among Shakspeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being printed by his fellow comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was, in 1598, when his book first appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and probably acquainted with some of the dramatic poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakspeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakspeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of Shakspeare, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c.; the stately march of the versification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style

from our author's undoubted plays, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft (when some of his contemporaries had not long been dead (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and Sir Wm. Davenant did not die till April, 1668;) all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of Titus Andronicus has been erroneously ascribed to Shakspeare.—*Malone*.

Mr. Malone, in the preceding note, has expressed his opinion that Shakspeare may have written a few lines in this play, or given some assistance to the author in revising it. Upon no other ground than this has it any claim to a place among our poet's dramas: Those passages in which he supposed the hand of Shakspeare may be traced, he marked with inverted commas. This system of seizing upon every line possessed of merit, as belonging of right to our great dramatist, is scarcely doing justice to his contemporaries; and resembles one of the arguments which Theobald has used in his preface to *The Double Falsehood*:—"My partiality for Shakspeare makes me wish that every thing which is good or pleasing in our tongue had been owing to his pen." Many of the writers of that day were men of high poetical talent; and many individual speeches are found in plays, which, as plays, are of no value, which would not have been in any way unworthy of Shakspeare himself; of whom, Dr. Johnson has observed, that "his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of the fable and the tenour of his dialogue; and that he that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen." Dr. Farmer has ascribed Titus Andronicus to Kyd, and placed it on a level with *Lochnore*; but it appears to be much more in the style of Marlowe. His fondness for accumulating horrors upon other occasions, will account for the sanguinary character of this play; and it would not, I think, be difficult to show by extracts from his other performances, that there is not a line in it which he was not fully capable of writing.—*Boswell*.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, &c. from an old ballad which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play to John Danter, Feb. 6, 1593; and again entered to Tho. Pavier, April 19, 1602. The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i. Palnter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. speaks of the story of Titus as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of Tamora. And there is an allusion to it in *A Knack to Know a Knave*, 1594.

I have given the reader a specimen (in the notes) of the changes made in this play by Ravenscroft; and may add, that when the Empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:—

"She has undone me, ev'n in mine own art,
Oudone me in murder, kill'd her own child;
Give it me, I'll eat it."

It rarely happens that a dramatic piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but Titus Andronicus has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings and imagination were congenial with those of the author.

It was evidently the work of one who was acquainted with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakspeare from those of other writers; I mean that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humour so constantly interwoven with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellencies, nor of his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles, from first to last. That Shakspeare should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable as that he should have studiously avoided dissyllable and trisyllable terminations in this play and in no other.

Let it be likewise remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakspeare till after his death. The quartos [of 1600] and 1611 are anonymous.

Could the use of particular terms, employed in no other of his pieces, be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palament* for robe, a Latinism, which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add, that Titus Andronicus will be found on examination to contain a greater number of classical allusions, &c. than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the seal of Shakspeare is indubitably fixed.—Not to write any more about and about this suspected thing, let me observe, that the glitter of a few passages in it has, perhaps, misled the judgment of those who ought to have known that both sentiment and description are more easily produced than the interesting fabric of a tragedy. Without these advantages many plays have succeeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with lavish profusion. It does not follow that he who can carve a frieze with minuteness, elegance, and ease, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple.

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakspeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt—a *Thersites* babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.—*Steevens*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.
BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.
LUCIUS, } Sons to Titus Andronicus.
QUINTUS, }
MARTIUS, }
MUTIUS, }
Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.
PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus the Tribune.
ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS, } Sons to Tamora.
CHIRON, }
DEMETRIUS, }
AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.
Goths and Romans.
TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a Black Child.
Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE—Rome; and the Country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers on the other; with Drum and Colours.

Saturninus.

Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;

And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title¹ with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age² with this indignity.

1 i. e. my title to the succession. 'The empire being elective and not successive, the emperors in being made profit of their own times.'—*Raleigh*.

2 Saturninus means his seniority in point of age. In

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, clemency, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS *clast, with the Crown.*

Mar. Princes that strive by factions, and by friends,

Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited¹ home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.]

Sat. Friends that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee,—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with Senators, MARCUS, &c.]

SCENE II. *The same. Enter a Captain, and others.*

Cap. Romans, make way; the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS; after them two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TA-

a subsequent passage Tamora speaks of him as a very young man.

1 Summoned.

2 Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

3 *Scythia.* Ed 1600.

MORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. *The Bearers set down the Coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,²

Stand gracious to the rights that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The Tomb is opened.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O, sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly³ prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.⁴

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen. *[Quoror,*

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren.—Gracious con-

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion⁵ for her son;
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?

O! if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient⁶ yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.]

Tam. O, cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The selfsame gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy

4 It was supposed that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to solicit the rites of funeral.

5 i. e. In grief.

6 This verb is used by other old dramatic writers. Thus in Arden of Feversham, 1592:—

'Patient yourself, we cannot help it now.'

With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,¹
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen.)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MURTIUS, with their Swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Ti. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
[Trumpets sounded, and the Coffins laid in the Tomb.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges ; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !
Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long :
My noble lord and father, live in fame !
Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies :
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Ti. Kind Rome, thou hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !—
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !²

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and others.

Mar. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Ti. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords :
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,³
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament⁴ of white and spotless hue ;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperor's sons :
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Ti. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :
What ? should I don⁵ this robe, and trouble you ?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day ;
To-morrow, yield up rule resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all ?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knights in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country :
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world :
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

¹ Theobald says that we should read, 'in her tent ;' i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan women were kept ; for thither Hecuba by a wife had decoyed Polyxestor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. Steevens objects to Theobald's conclusion, that the writer gleaned this circumstance from the Hecuba of Euripides, and says, 'he may have been misled by the passage in Ovid—'vadit ad artificem ;' and therefore took it for granted she found him in his tent.' Yet on an-

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.
Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell ?—

Ti. Patience, Prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right ;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor :—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !
Ti.—Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die ;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be : and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Ti. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Ti. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Ti. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal :
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—Long live our emperor !

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor ;
And say,—Long live our emperor Saturnine !

[A long Flourish.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart
And in the sacred Pantheon her spouse :
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Ti. It doth, my worthy lord ; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.
Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Ti. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ; [To TAMORA.
To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance ;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome.
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes : Madam, he comforts you,

other occasion he observes, that the writer has a plain allusion to the Ajax of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakspeare.

² To 'outlive an eternal date' is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.

³ The maxim alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced happy before his death.

⁴ A robe.

⁵ I. e. do on, put it on.

Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Luc. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility

Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[Seizing LAVINIA.]

Ty. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal

To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Ty. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's

guard?

Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may

Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exit MARCUS and BASSANIUS, with LAVINIA.]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[Exit LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

Ty. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Ty. What, villain boy!

Barr't me my way in Rome! [Ty. kills MUT.]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,

Le wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Ty. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:

My sons would never so dishonour me:

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will: but not to be his wife,

That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit.]

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of the stock:

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

These never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale³ of,

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these words with that foul brag of thine,

That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Ty. O, monstrous! what reproachful words are

these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing

piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To ruffe⁴ in the commonwealth of Rome.

Ty. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of

Goths,—

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,

Dost overshadow the gallant'st days of Rome,—

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my

choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—

[Exit SATURNINE.]

I It was a pity to part a couple who seem to have

corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and

Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse

her, already wishes he were to choose again; and she

who was engaged to Bassanius (whom she afterward

marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives

her to Saturninus. Her subsequent rallery to Tamora

is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all

she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (who-

ever he was) might have escaped censure on the score

of poetic justice.—*Steevens.*

³ A *stale* here signifies a *stalking-horse*. To make a

stale of any one seems to have meant 'to make them

an object of mockery.'

Sith priest and holy water are so near,

And tapers burn so bright, and every thing

In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I

swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,

She will a handmaid be to his desires,

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, ac-

company

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,

Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,

Whose wisdom hath her virtuous conquered:

There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[Exit SATURNINUS, and his Followers; TAMORA, and her Sons; AARON and Goths.]

Ty. I am not bid⁵ to wait upon this bride;—

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,

Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and

MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done⁶

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Ty. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—

Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed

That hath dishonour'd all our family;

Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;

Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Ty. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.

This monument five hundred years hath stood,

Which I have sumptuously re-edified:

Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,

Repose in fame, none basely slain in brawls:—

Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;

He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. *Mart.* And shall, or him we will accom-

pany.

Ty. And shall! What villain was it spoke that

word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but

here.

Ty. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee

To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Ty. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,

And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast

wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself: let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS and the Sons of TYTUS kneel.]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Ty. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.⁷

³ To *ruffe* was to be tumultuous and turbulent. Thus

Baret:—'A trouble or *ruffling* in the common-weale:

procella.'

⁴ *i. e. invited.*

⁵ He is not with himself.' This is much the same

sort of phrase as *he is beside himself*, a genuine

English idiom.

⁶ This passage alone would sufficiently convince me

that the play before us was the work of one who was

conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original

language. We have here a plain allusion to the Ajax

of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the

Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismal'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS is put into the Tomb.]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with
thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—
All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.¹

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS,
attended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and
AARON: at the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,
and others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;²
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile, I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir; You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only this much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome fore-
send,

I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him:
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents: }
You are but newly planted in your throne; } *Aside.*
Lest then the people, and patricians too, }

time of Shakspeare. In that piece Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains.—*Steevens.*

¹ This is evidently a translation of the distich of Ennius:—

'Nemo me lacrimis decorat: nec funera setu
Fascit quare? voluit viva? per ora virum.'

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to make a
queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
vain.

Aside.

Come, come, sweet emperor,—Come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—

For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—

And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his
highness,

That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon jour.*

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.³

SCENE I. Rome. Before the Palace. Enter
AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot: and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;

Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,

Gallops the zodiac in his glittering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.

Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,

And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,

² To play a prize was a technical term in the ancient fencing schools.

³ In the quarto of 1600 the stage direction is 'Sound trumpets, manet Moore.' In the quarto of 1611 the direction is 'Manet Aaron,' and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act.—*Johnson.*

Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd:
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all:
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier¹ by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threaten your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [They draw.

Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I: till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy
tongue,²

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—
Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

¹ This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened.

² It appears that a light kind of sword, more for show than use, was worn by gentlemen, even when dancing, in the reign of Elizabeth. So in *All's Well that Ends Well* :—

— no sword worn
But one to dance with.

And Greene in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier* :— 'One of them carrying his cutting sword of choller the other his dancing-rapier of delight.'

³ This phrase appears to have been adopted from *Virgil*, *Æneid* xl. 333 :—

'*Proinde tona eloquio, solitum tibi*—'

⁴ Chiron appears to mean, 'that, had he a thousand lives, such was his love for Lavinia, he would propose to venture them all to achieve her.' Thus in the *Taming of the Shrew* :—

'Tranio, I burn, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.'

⁵ These two lines occur, with very little variation, in the *First Part of King Henry VI* :—

'*She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;*
She is a woman, therefore so be won.'

Chi. I care not, I, know she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths

Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.⁴

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill⁵

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?⁷

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch,

or so,

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would, you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,

To square⁸ for this? Would it offend you then

That both should speed?

Chi. I'faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,

So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that
you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve;

That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious;

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind⁹ for rape and villainy:

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred¹⁰ wit,

To villainy and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

This circumstance has given rise to a conjecture that the author of the present play was also the writer of the original *King Henry VI*. Ritson says that he 'should take Kyd to have been the author of *Titus Andronicus*, because he seems to delight in murders and scraps of Latin, though it must be confessed that in the first of those good qualities Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* may fairly dispute precedence with the Spanish Tragedy.'

⁶ There is a Scottish proverb, 'Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps.' Non omnium molitor quæ fuit unda videt. The subsequent line is also a northern proverb, 'It is safe taking a shive of a cut loaf.'

⁷ Mr. Holt is willing to infer that *Titus Andronicus* was one of Shakspeare's early performances, because the stratagems of the profession traditionally given to his youth seem here to have been fresh in the writer's mind. But when we consider how common allusions to sports of the field are in all the writers of that age, there seems to be no real ground for the conclusion.

⁸ Quarrel. ⁹ By nature.

¹⁰ Sacred here signifies *accursed*; a Latinism.

And she shall file our engines with advice,¹
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
turns:

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*² [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.³ *A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.*
Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with HUNTERS, &c.
MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a Peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then, horse and chariots let us
have,

And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.]

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the
game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A desert Part of the Forest. Enter*
AARON, *with a Bag of Gold.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had
none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit⁴ it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
[Hides the Gold.]

That have their aims out of the empress' chest.⁵

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
sad,⁶

1 The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by giving smoothness, facilitates the motion of the parts of an engine or piece of machinery.

2 These scraps of Latin are taken, though not exactly, from some of Seneca's tragedies.

3 The division of this play into acts, which was first made in the folio of 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun.—Johnson.

4 i. e. possess.

5 This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
birds,

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:

What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venerable signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel⁷ must lose her tongue to-day

Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—

Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel⁸ of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be. [Exit.]

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress
Unfurnish'd of her well-beeeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;

Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently

With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:

Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cim-
merian⁹

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot, ●
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it.—Johnson.

6 Malone remarks, that there is much poetical beauty in this speech of Tamora; he thinks it the only part of the play which resembles the style of Shakspeare.

7 See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book vi.

8 i. e. a part.

9 *Swarth is dusky.* The Moor is called *Cimmerian* from the affinity of blackness to darkness.

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of
this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
long :¹

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun,² here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,³

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.⁴

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew;

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my
strength. [*Stabs BASSIANUS.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,⁵—nay, barbarous
Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my
boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;

First, tumbled the corn, then after burn the straw:

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And with that painted hope⁶ braves your mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,

Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that
sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce, we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O, Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory
To see her tears: but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

¹ He had yet been married but one night. The true
reading may be 'made her,' i. e. Tamora.

² Rowe seems to have thought on this passage in his
'ane Shore':—

'This is the house where the sun never dawns,
The bird of night sits screaming o'er its roof,
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
And nought is heard but wallings and lamentings.'

³ Hedgehogs.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:

The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[*To CHIRON.*

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself
a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:

Yet I have heard, (O, could I find it now!)

The lion mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,

That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless:—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent.

Therefore away with her, and use her as you will,

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O, Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this place:

For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;

Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing
more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit;

Where never man's eye may behold my body:

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly
creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring
thou her husband:

[*Dragging of LAVINIA.*

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her
sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same.* *Enter AARON with*

QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,

Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MARTIUS falls into the Pit.*

⁴ This is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear
the groan of the mandrake when torn up. The same
thought, and almost the same expression, occur in Ro-
meo and Juliet.

⁵ The propriety of this address will be best understood
by consulting Pliny's Nat. Hist. ch. 42. The incon-
tinent of Semiramis has been already alluded to in the
Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, Sc. ii.

⁶ Painted hope is only specious hope, or ground of
confidence more plausible than solid. Stevens thought
that the word *hope* was interpolated, the sense being
complete and the line more harmonious without it.

Quin. What art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O, brother, with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.
Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here:
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[Exit AARON.]
Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
Quin. I am surpris'd with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'erturns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrowed here,
All on a heap like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,¹
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mer. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose
again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Falls in.]
Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here.
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing
grief.

¹ Old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable. Thus in the *Gesta Romanorum*:—"He farther beheld and saw a carbuncle that lighted all the house." And Drayton in *The Muse's Elysium*:—

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ.
[Giving a Letter.]

The complot of this timeless² tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] *An if you miss to meet him hand
somely,—*

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward*

*Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.*

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.
O, Tamora: was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder tree
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[Showing it.]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [To Tit.] fell curse of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O, wondrous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered!
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd; you see, it is apparent—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow
me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come: stay not to talk with
them. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V. *The same.* Enter DEMETRIUS and
CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her Hands cut
off, and Tongue cut out.

Dem. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning
so:

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can
scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to
wash:

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang my-
self.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord.
[Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.]

¹ Is that admired mighty stone,
The carbuncle that's named;
Which from it such a flaming light
And radiancy ejecteth,
That in the very darkest night
The eye to it directeth.

² i. e. undimely. So in *King Richard II.*:—
'The bloody office of his timeless end.'

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and how'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep

in;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflour'd thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will who's months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.* Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the Place of Execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, good tribunes, in the dust I write

[*Throwing himself on the Ground.*]
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.*]

¹ 'If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking.'

² The old copies read, 'two ancient times.' The emendation is by Sir T. Hanmer.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil, from these two ancient urns,²
Than youthful April shall with all his showers;
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.
Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
All bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than

stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O, happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA

Mar. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break!
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon

her:—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight!

What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,
And they have nurs'd this wo, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use;
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,³
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage:
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

³ This piece furnishes scarce any resemblances to Shakespeare's works; this one expression, however, is found in his *Venus and Adonis*:—

'Once more the engine of her thoughts began.'

Mar. O, this I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here, my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me; What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, thou fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd
her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd? like meadows, yet not dry
With myrty slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And make a brine pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your
grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece;—good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of wo is this!
As far from help as limbo¹ is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Mar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?

With all my heart, I'll send the emperor

My hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battleaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?²

O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Mar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go
along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as
these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exit Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Mar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you in another sort, [Aside.
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[*He cuts off Titus's Hand.*]

Enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now, stay your strife: what shall be, is
despatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Mar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,

Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee:—

Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villain [Aside.

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [Exit.

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To LAVINIA.*]

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our

prayers;

Or wish our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,

When they do hug him in their melting beams.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,

And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I bind my woes:

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth e'er's

flow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,

Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swollen face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

¹ The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's re-

surrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools.

² It appears from Grose on *Antient Armour*, that a *castle* was a kind of close helmet, probably so named from *casquetel*, old French.

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow—
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two Heads and a Hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st to the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That wo is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*]

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two son's heads;
Thy warlike hand: thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
Beat off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this
hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threaten me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what tax I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
Add, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exit TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.*]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woful'at man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till *Lucius* come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, *Lavinia*, my noble sister;

1 This scene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet seems to be by the same author as the rest, is wanting in the quarto copies of 1600 and 1611, but found in the folio of 1623.

2 So in *The Tempest*—

— sitting,
His arms in this sad knot,¹

O, 'would, thou wert as thou 'tfore hast been!
But now nor *Lucius*, nor *Lavinia* lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs,
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his empress
Beg at the gates, like *Tarquin* and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Titus's House. A Bonquet set out. Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a Boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;²
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate³ our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of wo, that thus dost talk in signs!

[*To LAVINIA.*]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl; kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made these dote al
ready?

Why, *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to: and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, *Marcus*, what she says:—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs,—
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd⁴ upon her cheeks:
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling: thou art made of
tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the Dish with a Knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are clov'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not *Titus'* brother: Get thee gone;

I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

3 This obsolete verb is likewise found in *Spenser*—

Great pleasure mix'd with pitiful regard.

That godly king and queen did passionate.⁴

4 So in *Troilus and Cressida*—

— thou

Handlest in thy discourse, O that her hand⁵

5 A very coarse allusion to brewing.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?¹
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd
him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd
fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!²

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on
him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Titus's House.*
Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter Young
LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine
aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these
signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she
mean:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee.
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.³
Canst thou not guess wherefore she ples thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over the Books which LUCIUS
has let fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means
this?

Some book there is that she desires to see:—

Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence⁴ thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more
than one

Confederate in the fact:—Ay, more there was:—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;
My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape?
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note how she quotes⁵
the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none
but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down
by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides
it with his Feet and Mouth.*]

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece: and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge!
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides
it with her Stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator patri,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me: Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere,⁶
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

¹ To quote is to observe.

¹ Steevens conjectures that the words 'and mother' should be omitted. Ritson proposes to read the line thus:—

'But! How if that fly had a father, brother?'

² This was formerly not a disrespectful expression. Poins uses the same address to the Prince of Wales in King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. 2.

³ Tully's Treatise on Eloquence, entitled *Orator*.

⁴ Succession.

⁵ *Magne Regnator Deum*, &c. is the exclamation of Hippolytus when Phædra discovers the secret of her incestuous passion, in Seneca's Tragedy.

⁶ *Fere* signifies a companion, and here metaphorically a husband, as in the old romance of Sir Eglamour of Artois, sig. A 4:

'Christabele, your daughter free,
When shall she have a fere?'

Ti. 'Tis sure enough, an you know how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad' of steel will write these words,
And lay it by : the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,²
And where's your lesson then ?—Boy, what say
you ?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Ti. Come, go with me into mine armoury ;
Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and, withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both :
Come, come ; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou
not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-
sire.

Ti. No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come :—Marcus, look to my house ;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court ;
Ay, marry, will we, sir : and we'll be waited on.

[*Exit* TITUS, LAVINIA, and *Boy.*]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him ?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy ;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield :
But yet so just, that he will not revenge :—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE H. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*
Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, *at one*
Door ; at another Door, Young LUCIUS, *and an*
Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Ver-
ses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-
father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—
And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

[*Aside.*]
Dem. Gramercy,³ lovely Lucius ; What's the
news ?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the
news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it
please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say ;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well :—
And so I leave you both, [*aside*] like bloody
villains, [*Exit* *Boy* and *Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here ? A scroll ; and written round
about ?

Let's see ;
Integer vita, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace ; I know it well :
I read it in the grammar long ago.

¹ A gad, in Anglo-Saxon, signified the point of a spear. It is here used for a similar pointed instrument.

³ Folli-tantum ne carmina manda,
Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

JEn. vi. 76.

Aar. Ay, just !—a verse in Horace :—right, you
have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !
Here's no sound jest !⁴ the old man hath
found their guilt ;
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about
with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
quick. [*Aside.*]

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unreat awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height ?
It did me good, before the palace-gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius ?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say
amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Dem. Come, let us go : and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils ; the gods have given us
o'er. [*Aside.* *Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus ?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft ; who comes here ?

Enter a Nurse, *with a Black-a-moor Child in her*
Arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords :
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor ?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is : and what with Aaron now ?

Nur. O, gentle Aaron, we are all undone !
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore !

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep ?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms ?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace ;
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom ?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest ! What hath he sent her ?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam ; a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful
issue :

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore ! is black so base a hue ?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aar. Done ! that which thou
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must ; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

³ I. e. grand merci ; great thanks.

⁴ This mode of expression was common formerly.
So in King Henry IV. Part I. :—' Here's no fine villany !'

Dem. I'll broach¹ the tadpole on my rapier's point;

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*]

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scymetar's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,²

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth;

This, before all the world, do I prefer;

This, manure all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.³

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.⁴

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!⁵

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:⁶

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchis'd and come to light:

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice;

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:

Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the Ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in

league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—

But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:⁷

Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:—

[*Stabbing her.*]

Wake, wake!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Whorefore

didst thou this?

1 In *Lust's Dominion*, by Marlowe, a play in its style

bearing a near resemblance to *Titus Andronicus*, *Eliazar*, the Moor, a character of unmingled ferocity, like

Aaron, and, like him, the paramour of a royal mistress, exclaims:—

— Run, and with a voice

Ereozed high as mine, say thus, thus threaten

To Roderigo and the Cardinal,

Seek no queens here; I'll broach them, if they do,

Upon my fashions' point.

2 A giant, the son of *Titan* and *Terra*.

3 I. e. this foul illegitimate child. So in *King John*:—

'No escape of Nature.'

Aar. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one *Muliteus* lives,⁸ my countryman,

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;

His child is like to her, fair as you are:

Go pack⁹ with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all;

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd

And be received for the emperor's heir,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the court;

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords, ye see, that I have given her phymo,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:

This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air

With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,

Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow

fies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—

Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you

hence;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,

And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,

And cabin in a cave; and bring you up

To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A public Place. Enter*

TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters at the ends of

them; with him MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, and

other Gentlemen, with Bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is

the way:—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;

Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:

Terras Astra reliquit;

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled,

Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;

Happily you may find her in the sea;

Yet there's as little justice as at land:—

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;

'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you deliver him this petition:

Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid:

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—

Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—

Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,

To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,

4 I. e. ignominy.

5 Thus also in *Othello*:—

'They are close denotements working from the heart.'

6 Complexion.

7 This proverb is introduced in *Romeo and Juliet*,

Act ii.

8 The word *lies*, which is wanting in the old copies,

was supplied by Rowe. Seevens thinks *Muliteus* a

corruption for *Muly lips*.

9 To pack is to contrive insidiously. So in *King*

Lear:—

'Snuffs and packings of the duke's'

By day and night to attend him carefully ;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ? how now, my masters ?
What,
Have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord : but Pluto sends you
word

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall :
Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclop's size :
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can
bear :

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven ; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak' our wrongs :
Come, to this gear.² You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the Arrows.*—

Ad Jovem, that's for you :—Here, *ad Apollinem*.—

Ad Martem, that's for myself ;—

Here, boy, to Pallas :—Here, to Mercury :

To Saturn, Caius,³ not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose you when I bid :

O' my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court :⁴

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well
said, Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord : when Publius
shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court ;
And who should find them but the empress' villain ?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not
choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes : God give your lord-
ship joy.

Enter a Clown, with a Basket and two Pigeons.

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is
come.

Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?
Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clo. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he
hath taken them down again, for the man must not
be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter ; I never drank
with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven ?

1 Revenge.

2 Gear is here put for matter, business.

3 Caius appears to have been one of the kinsmen of
Titus. Publius and Caius are again mentioned, Act v.

4 In the ancient ballad, Titus Andronicus's Complaint,
is the following passage :—

' Then past relesse I upp and downe did goe,
And with my teares wrote in the dust my woe :
I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often cry.'

5 The Clown means to say, *plebeian tribune* ; i. e. tri-
bune of the people. Hamner supposes that he means
tribunus plebe.

6 Equal.

Clo. From heaven ? alas, sir, I never came there :
God forbid, I should be so bold to pease to heaven
in my young days. Why, I am going with my
pigeons to the tribunal plebs,⁵ to take up a matter
of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's
men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve
for your oration ; and let him deliver the pigeons to
the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the
emperor with a grace ?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in
all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither : make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor :
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold ;—mean while, here's money for thy
charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And
when you come to him, at the first approach, you
must kneel ; then kiss his foot ; then deliver up
your pigeons ; and then look for your reward, I'll
be at hand, sir : see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir ; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife ? Come, let me
see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration ;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant :—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir ; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go ;—Publius, follow
me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace. Enter*

SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,

Lords, and others ; SATURNINUS with the Arrows
in his Hand that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these Was
ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus : and, for the extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt ?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreake,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness ?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress :
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury ;
This to Apollo ; this to the god of war :
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome !
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where ?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords ?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages :
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health ; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his
heart ;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,

Supposing the ballad to have been written before the
play, this may be only a metaphorical expression, taken
from Psalm lxxiv. 3 :—' They shoot out their arrows, even
bitter words.'

5 The Clown means to say, *plebeian tribune* ; i. e. tri-
bune of the people. Hamner supposes that he means
tribunus plebe.

6 Equal.

Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempters. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze¹ with all : [*Aside.*
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out : if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?
Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.
Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.
Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you
good den :—I have brought you a letter, and a couple
of pigeons here. [*SAT. reads the Letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.
Clo. How much money must I have?
Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.
Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up
a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despitiful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds;
May this be borne!—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughterman;
Sly frantic wretch, that help'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?
Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had
more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often overheard them say
(When I have walk'd like a private man)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their em-
peror.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city
strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius:
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious,² like thy
name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint³ their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks⁴ to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.
Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smoothe and fill his aged ear

¹ Flatter.

² See note on Troilus and Cressida, Act iv. Sc. 5; and Cymbeline, Act iv. Sc. 2.

³ I. e. stop their melody. So in Romeo and Juliet:—
"—— it stinted, and cried—ay."

⁴ If by honey-stalks clover flowers are meant, it is an error to suppose that they produce the rot in sheep. Cows and oxen will indeed overcharge themselves with clover and die.

⁵ Scath is harm.

⁶ Shakspeare has so perpetually offended against

With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador; [*To ÆMIL.*
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit ÆMILIUS.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper with him all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome. Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with Drum and Colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,⁵
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great An-
dronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his Arms.

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
stray'd,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;⁶
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
*Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;*

*Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.*
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O, worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;⁷

chronology, that no very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms relative to the authenticity of Titus Andronicus. And yet the ruined monastery, the popish tricks, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very much out of place, that I cannot persuade myself that even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance of another.⁸—*Stevens.*

⁷ Alluding to the proverb, 'A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye.'

And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'at thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a
word?

A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A Ladder is brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.*]

Aar. Lucius, save the child;

And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou
speak'at,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:¹
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no
god;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath:—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble² for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;
So that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear, to thee I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the em-
press.

Luc. O, most insatiate, luxurious³ woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon:

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd⁴ her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trim-
ming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them!

That coddling⁵ spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trim-
ming?

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Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them!

That coddling⁵ spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trim-
ming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.⁶—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,⁷
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoonded⁸ almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.
Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never
blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill;
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved, in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die though I am dead.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.⁹

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die¹⁰
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth and let him speak no
more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome.
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away.¹⁰ [*Exeunt.*]

1 I. e. performed in a manner exciting commiseration.

2 Stevens thinks that the allusion is to a custom mentioned in Genesis, xxiv. 9.

3 I. e. lascivious.

4 That love of bed-sports.

5 An allusion to bull-dogs; whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front.

6 — Amongst the dogs and bears he goes,
Where, while he skipping cries—*To head,—to head.*

Davies's Epigrams.

7 Perhaps Young had this speech in his thoughts when he made his Moor say:—

'I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress;
I forg'd the letter; I dispos'd the picture;
I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy'd.'

7 The verb to *swoond*, which we now write *swoon*, was anciently in common use.

8 Marlowe has been supposed to be the author of this play; and whoever will read the conversation between Barabas and Ithmore, in the Jew of Malta, Act ii. and compare it with these sentiments of Aaron, will perceive much reason for the opinion.

9 It appears from these words that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off.

10 Perhaps this is a stage direction crept into the text.

SCENE II. Rome. Before Titus's House. Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment, I will encounter with Andronicus ; And say, I am Revenge, sent from below, To join with him and right his heinous wrongs. Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps, To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ; Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him, And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ? Is it your trick, to make me ope the door ; That so my sad decrees may fly away, And all my study be to no effect ? You are deceiv'd : for what I mean to do, See here, in bloody lines I have set down ; And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No ; not a word : How can I grace my talk, Wanting a hand to give it action ? Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough : Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines ;

Witness these trenches, made by grief and care ; Witness the tiring day, and heavy night ; Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well For our proud empress, mighty Tamora : Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ; She is thy enemy, and I thy friend : I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom, To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind, By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes. Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ; Confer with me of murder and of death : There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place, No vast obscurity, or misty vale, Where bloody murder, or detested rape, Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ; And in their ears tell them my dreadful name, Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me, To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee. Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands ; Now give some 'urance that thou art Revenge, Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ; And then I'll come, and be thy wagoner, And whirl along with thee about the globes. Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet, To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away, And find out murderers in their guilty caves : And, when thy car is laden with their heads, I will dismount, and by the wagon wheel Trot, like a servile footman, all day long ; Even from Hyperion's rising in the east, Until his very downfall in the sea. And day by day I'll do this heavy task, So thou destroy Rapine¹ and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are them² thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

Tam. Rapine and Murder ; therefore called so, 'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are !

And you the empress ! But we worldly men

¹ Rape and rapine appear to have been sometimes used anciently as synonymous terms. Gower, De Confessione Amantis, lib. v. ver. 116, uses *rapyne* in the same sense :-

'For if thou be of suche covine
To get of love by *rapyne*,
Thy love,' &c.

Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes. O, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee : And, if one arm's embracement will content thee, I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit TITUS, from above.

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy : Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits, Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ; And being credulous in this mad thought, I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ; And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure, I'll find some cunning practice out of hand, To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths, Or, at the least, make them his enemies. See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee : Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house ; Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too :— How like the empress and her sons you are ! Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :— Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?— For, well I wot, the empress never wags, But in her company there is a Moor ; And, would you represent our queen aright, It were convenient you had such a devil : But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape, And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that hath done thee wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself, Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.— Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap, To find another that is like to thee, Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.— Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court There is a queen, attended by a Moor : Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion, For up and down she doth resemble thee ; I pray thee, do on them some violent death, They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do— But would it please thee, good Andronicus, To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son, Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths. And bid him come and banquet at thy house : When he is here, even at thy solemn feast, I will bring in the empress and her sons, The emperor himself, and all thy foes ; And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel, And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart. What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother !— Titus and Titus calls

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ; Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths : Bid him repair to me, and bring with him Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ; Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are : Tell him, the emperor and the empress too Feast at my house : and he shall feast with them. This do thou for my love ; and so let him, As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[Exit.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business, And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;

² Similar violations of syntax, according to modern notions, are not unfrequent in our elder writers. Thus Hobbes, in his History of the Civil Wars :—'If the king give us leave, you or I may as lawfully preach as *them* that do.'

Or else I'll call my brother back again,

And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,

How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,

[*Aside.*]

And tarry with him, till I come again.

Ti. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,

A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[*Aside.*]

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes

To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[*Exit TAMORA.*]

Ti. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revengo,

farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Ti. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and others.

Pub. What's your will?

Ti. Know you these two?

Pub. Th' empress' sons,

I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Ti. fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much de-

ceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;

And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS. PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on*

CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.]

Chi. Villains, forbear: we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-

manded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:

Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she

bearing a Bason, and he a Knife.

Ti. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are

bound;—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with

mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more

dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say, if I should let you speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The bason, that receives your guilty blood.

You know, your mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—

Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;

And of the paste a coffin¹ I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads;

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,

Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.²

This is the feast that I have bid her to,

And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,

And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:

And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,

And now prepare your throats.—

[*He cuts their Throats.*]

Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder small,

And with this hateful liquor temper it;

And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.

Come, come, be every one officious

To make this banquet; which I wish may prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,

And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Pavilion, with Tables,*

&c. Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with

AARON, Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,

That I repair to Rome, I am content.

I Goth. And ours, with thine,³ befall what fortune

will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;

Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,

Till he be brought unto the empress' face,

For testimony of her foul proceedings:

And see the ambush of our friends be strong:

I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,

And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unallow'd slave!—

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish.*]

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes,

Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than

one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break⁴ the

parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your

places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at*

Table.]

Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA, veiled,

Young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the

Dishes on the Table.

Ti. Welcome, my gracious lord: welcome, dread

queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Ti. Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Ti. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor resolve me this;

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and defour'd?⁵

1 A coffin is the term for the crust of a raised pie.

2 i. e. her own produce. 'The earth's increase' is the produce of the earth. 'Then shall the earth bring forth her increase.' Psalm lxxv. 6. So in the Tempest, Act iv. Sc. 1:

'Earth's increase and filson plenty.'

3 'And our content runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may.'

4 i. e. begin the parley. We yet say, he breaks his salad.

5 Rowe may have availed himself of this passage in The Fair Penitent, where Sciolto asks Calista:—

'Hast thou not heard what brave Virginius did? With his own hand he slew his only daughter,' &c. Titus Andronicus (as Steevens observes) is incorrect in his statement of this occurrence, for Virginia died unviolated. Mr. Boswell seems to think this is qualified by his saying that he had more cause to slay his daughter than Virginius.

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind!

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was:

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them lither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.¹

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The People in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their Partisans ascend the Steps before SATUS's House.*]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To LUCIUS*] as erst
our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To lovesick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i' the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd²

Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out;
And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood:
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.

Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,

[*Pointing to the Child in the Arms of an Attendant.*]

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronicus

Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,³
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make mutual closure of our house.

Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. descend.

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
[*To an Attendant.*]

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof,—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses TITUS.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
of us

To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:

¹ The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene are much of a piece with it:—

² Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,
And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up.

[*Stabs the Empress.*]

And then a Curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall: their bodies in chairs in bloody linen.

² i. e. 'and be basely cozen'd.'

³ i. e. see the poor remainder, &c. will cast us down.

Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O, lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

I Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers,
I should repent the evil I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

That justice and cookery may go hand in hand to the conclusion of the play, in Raveinscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once *racked* and *roasted* on the stage.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [Exeunt.]

ALL the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience, yet we are told by Jonson that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing. JOHNSON

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

MR. DOUCE observes that 'the very great popularity of this play in former times may be supposed to have originated from the interest which the story must have excited. To trace the fable beyond the period in which the favourite romance of *Apollonius Tyrius* was composed, would be a vain attempt: that was the probable original; but of its author nothing decisive has been discovered. Some have maintained that it was originally written in Greek, and translated into Latin by a Christian about the time of the decline of the Roman empire; others have given it to Symposius, a writer whom they place in the eighth century, because the riddles which occur in the story are to be found in a work entitled *Symposii Enigmata*. It occurs in that storehouse of popular fiction the *Gesta Romanorum*, and its antiquity is sufficiently evinced by the existence of an Anglo Saxon version, mentioned in Wanley's *Nat.* and now in Bene't College, Cambridge. One Constantine is said to have translated it into modern Greek verse, about the year 1500, (this is probably the MS. mentioned by Dufresne in the Index of authors appended to his Greek Glossary,) and afterwards printed at Venice in 1563. It had been printed in Latin prose at Augsburg in 1471, which is probably as early as the first dateless impression of the *Gesta Romanorum*.*

A very curious fragment of an old metrical romance on the subject was in the collection of the late Dr. Farmer, and is now in my possession. This we have the authority of Mr. Tyrwhitt for placing at an earlier period than the time of Gower. The fragment consists of two leaves of parchment, which had been converted into the cover of a book, for which purpose its edges were cut off, some words entirely lost, and the whole has suffered so much by time as to be scarcely legible. Yet I have considered it so curious a relic of our early poetry and language, that I have bestowed some pains in deciphering what remains, and have given a specimen or two in the notes toward the close of the play.— I will here exhibit a further portion, comprising the

* Towards the latter end of the twelfth century, Godfrey of Vierbo, in his *Fantheon*, or *Universal Chronicle*, inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about two hundred years before Christ. It begins thus [MS. Reg. 14, c. xi.]:—
Filia Seleuci stat clara decore

Matroque defuncta pater arsit in ejus amore
Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet.
The rest is in the same metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.—*Tyrwhitt*.

name of the writer, who appears to have been Thomas Vicary, of Winborn Minister, in Dorsetshire. The portion I have given will continue the story of Apollonius (the Pericles of the play):—

Wit hys wyf in gret solas

* * * * *
He lyvede after this do was,
And had twey sones by iunge age
That wax wel farynge men;

— the kyndom of Antioche
Of Tyre and of Cirenen,
Came never werra on hys londe
Ne hungre, ne no mesayge
Bot hit yde wol an hond,
He lyvede well at aye.

He wrot twey bokys of hys lyf,
That in to hys owene bible he sette

— at byddyng of hys wyf,
He latte at Ephose th' he her fette.
He rullede hys londe in goud manere,
Tho he drew to age,

Anatogora he made king of Tyre,
That was his owene heritage.

— best some of that empire

He made king of Aitnag

— that he louede dure,

Of Cirenen th' was —

Whan that he hadde al thys y dyght

Cam deeth and axede hys fee,

— hys soule to God al myght

So wol God th' hit bee,

And sende ech housbonde grace

For to lovee so hys wyf

That cherysed hem wit oute trespace

As sche dyde him al here lyf,

— me on alle lyues space

Heer to amende our mysdede,

In blisse of heuene to have a place;

Amen ye singe here y rede.

In trouth thys was translatyd

Almost at Engelondes ende,

— to the makere stat

Tak sich a mynde,

— have ytake hys bedys on hond

And sayde hys patir nost' & crede,

Thomas vicary y understonde

At Wymborne mynstre in that stode,

— y thoughte you have wryte

Hit is nought worth to be knowe,

Ze that woll the sothe y wryte

Go thider and men wol the schewe,
 Now Fader & sone & holy gost
 To wham y clemde at my bygynninge,
 And God he hys of myghtes most
 Brynges us alle to a goud enlyge,
 Lede us wile the payne of helle
 O God lord & prynces three
 In to the bylase of heuene to dwelle,
 Amen pr Charite.

Explicit Appoloni Tyrus Rex nobilis & virtuosus, &c.
 This story is also related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. vii. p. 173—183, edit. 1534. Most of the incidents of the play are found in his narration, and a few of his expressions are occasionally borrowed.—Gower, by his own acknowledgment, took his story from the Pantheon of Godfrey of Vierbo; and the author of *Pericles* professes to have followed Gower. Chaucer also refers to the story in *The Man of Lawe's Prologue* :—

'Or elles of Tyrius Appolonius,
 How that the cursed king Antiochus,
 Beraft his daughter of hire maidenhede;
 That is so horrible a tale for to rede,' &c.

A French translation from the Latin prose, evidently of the fifteenth century, is among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, 20. c. ii. There are several more recent French translations of the story : one under the title of 'La Chronique d'Appolin Roi de Thyre,' 4to. Geneva, blk. l. no date. Another by Gilles Corrozet, Paris, 1530, 8vo. It is also printed in the seventh vol. of the *Histoires Tragiques* de Belleforest, 12mo. 1604; and modernised by M. Le Brun, was printed at Amsterdam in 1710, and Paris in 1711. 120. There is an abstract of the story in the *Melanges tires d'une grande Bibliotheque*, vol. lxiv. p. 265.

The first English prose version of the story, translated by Robert Copland, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1510. It was again translated by T. Twine, and originally published by W. Howe, 1576. Of this there was a second impression in 1607, under the title of *The Patterne of painful Adventures*, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Accidents that befel unto Prince Appolonius, the Lady Lucia his Wife, and Tharsia his Daughter, &c. translated into English by T. Twine, Gent. The poet seems to have made use of this prose narration as well as of Gower.

'That the greater part, if not the whole, of this drama, was the composition of Shakspeare, and that it is to be considered as his earliest dramatic effort, are positions, of which the first has been rendered highly probable by the elaborate disquisitions of Messrs. Stevens and Malone, and may possibly be placed in a clearer point of view by a more condensed and lucid arrangement of the testimony already produced, and by a further discussion of the merits and peculiarities of the play itself, while the second will, we trust, receive additional support by inferences legitimately deduced from a comprehensive survey of scattered and hitherto insulated premises.'

The evidence required for the establishment of a high degree of probability under the first of these positions, necessarily divides itself into two parts; the external and the internal evidence. The former commences with the original edition of *Pericles*, which was entered on the Stationers' books by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays, on the 20th of May, 1609, but did not pass the press until the subsequent year, when it was published, not, as might have been expected, by Blount, but by one Henry Gosson, who placed Shakspeare's name at full length in the title page. It is worthy of remark, also, that this edition was entered at Stationers' hall, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, and that it (and the three following editions, which were also in quarto) was styled in the title page *the much admired play of Pericles*. As the entry, however, was by Blount, and the edition by Gosson, it is probable that the former had been anticipated by the latter, through the procurement of a play house copy. It may also be added, that *Pericles* was performed at Shakspeare's own theatre, *The Swan*. The next ascription of this play to our author is in a poem entitled *The Times Displayed*, in *Six Sestades*, by S. Sheppard, 4to. 1646, dedicated to Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and containing in the ninth stanza of the sixth Sestad a positive assertion of Shakspeare's property in this drama :—

'See him whose tragic scenes Euripides
 Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
 Compare great Shakspeare; Aristophanes
 Never like him his fancy could display,
 Witness the Prince of Tyre his Pericles

This high eulogium on Pericles received a direct contradiction very shortly afterwards from the pen of an obscure poet named Tatham, who bears, however, an equally strong testimony as to Shakspeare's being the author of the piece, which he thus presumes to censure :—

'But Shakspeare, the plebeian driller, was
 Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass'

To these testimonies in 1646 and 1652, full and unqualified, and made at no distant period from the death of the bard to whom they relate, we have to add the still more forcible and striking declaration of Dryden, who tells us in 1677, and in words as strong and decisive as he could select, that—

'Shakspeare's own muse, his *Pericles* first bore.'

'The only drawback on this accumulation of external evidence is the omission of Pericles in the first edition of our author's works : a negative fact which can have little weight, when we recollect that both the memory and judgment of Heminge and Condell, the poet's editors, were so defective, that they had forgotten *Troilus and Cressida*, until the entire folio, and the table of contents, had been printed; and admitted Titus Andronicus and the *Historical Play of King Henry the Sixth*, probably for no other reasons than that the former had been, from its unmerited popularity, brought forward by Shakspeare on his own theatre, though there is sufficient internal evidence to prove, without the addition of a single line; and because the latter, with a similar predilection of the lower orders in its favour, had obtained a similar, though not a more laboured attention from our poet, and was therefore deemed by his editors, though very unnecessarily, a requisite introduction to the two plays on the reign of that monarch, which Shakspeare had really remodelled.'

'It cannot consequently be surprising, as they had forgotten *Troilus and Cressida* until the folio had been printed, they should have forgotten Pericles until the same folio had been in circulation, and when it was too late to correct the omission; an error which the second folio has, without doubt or examination, blindly copied.'

'If the external evidence in support of Shakspeare being the author of the greater part of this play be striking, the internal must be pronounced still more so, and, indeed, absolutely decisive of the question; for, whether we consider the style and phraseology, or the imagery, sentiment, and humour, the approximation to our author's uncontested dramas appears so close, frequent, and peculiar, as to stamp irresistible conviction on the mind.'

'The result has accordingly been such as might have been predicted, under the assumption of the play being genuine; for the more it has been examined the more clearly has Shakspeare's large property in it been established. It is curious, indeed, to note the increased tone of confidence which each successive commentator has assumed, in proportion as he has weighed the testimony arising from the piece itself. *Rouse*, in his first edition, says, "It is *owned* that some part of Pericles certainly was written by him, particularly the last act;" *Dr. Farmer* observes that the hand of Shakspeare may be seen in the latter part of the play; *Dr. Pery* remarks that "more of the phraseology used in the genuine dramas of Shakspeare prevails in *Pericles* than in any of the other six doubted plays." *Stevens* says, "I admit without reserve that Shakspeare—

'— whose hopeful colours
 Advance a half fa'd sun, striving to shine,'

is visible in many scenes throughout the play;—the purple panni are Shakspeare's, and the rest the production of some inglorious and forgotten playwright;"—adding, in a subsequent paragraph, that Pericles is valuable, "as the engravings of *Mark Antonio* are valuable not only on account of their beauty, but because they are supposed to have been executed under the eye of *Raffaello*;" Malone gives it as his corrected opinion, that "the congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in Shakspeare's undisputed plays, some of the incidents, the situation of many of the persons, and in various places the colour of the style, all these combine to set his seal on the play before us, and furnish us with internal and irresistible proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him." On this ground he thinks the greater part of the three last acts may be safely ascribed to him; and that his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two. "Many will be of opinion (says Mr. Douce) that it contains more than

Shakespeare might have written than either Love's Labour's Lost, or All's Well that Ends Well.

For satisfactory proof that the style, phraseology, and imagery of the greater part of this play are truly Shakspearian, the reader has only to attend to the numerous coincidences which, in these respects, occur between Pericles and the poet's subsequent productions; similitudes so striking, as to leave no doubt that they originated from one and the same source.

If we attend, however, a little further to the dramatic construction of *Pericles*, to its humour, sentiment, and character, not only shall we find additional evidence in favour of its being, in a great degree, the product of our author, but fresh cause, if it is expected, for awarding it a higher estimation than it has hitherto obtained.

Dr. Drake enters much more at large into the argument for establishing this as a juvenile effort of our great poet, and for placing the date of its composition in the year 1590, but we must content ourselves with referring the reader to his work for these particulars.—He continues:—

“Stevens thinks that this play was originally named *Pyrocles*, after the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*, the character, as he justly observes, not bearing the smallest affinity to that of the Athenian statesman. “It is remarkable,” says he, “that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage, and when his subordinate heroes were advanced to such honour, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorus, (his companion,) Argalus and Parthenia, Phaulantus and Eudora, Andromana, &c. furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney had once such popularity, that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. I must add, that the Appolyn of the *Story-book* and *Gower* could only have been rejected to make room for a more favourite name; yet however conciliating the name of *Pyrocles* might have been, that *Pericles* could challenge no advantage with regard to general predilection. All circumstances therefore considered, it is not improbable that Shakspeare designed his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*, not *Pericles*, however ignorance or accident might have shuffled the latter (a name of almost similar sound) into the place of the former.” This conjecture will amount almost to certainty if we diligently compare *Pericles* with the *Pyrocles* of the *Arcadia*; the same romantic, versatile, and sensitive disposition is ascribed to both characters, and several of the incidents pertaining to the latter are found mingled with the adventures of the former personage, while, throughout the play, the obligations of its author to various other parts of the romance may be frequently and distinctly traced, not only in the assumption of an image or a sentiment, but in the adoption of the very words of his once popular predecessor, proving incontestibly the poet's familiarity with and study of the *Arcadia* to have been very considerable.

“However wild and extravagant the fable of *Pericles* may appear, if we consider its numerous chorusses, its pageantry, and dumb shows, its continual succession

of incidents, and the great length of time which they occupy, yet it is, we may venture to assert, the most spirited and pleasing specimen of the nature and fabric of our earliest romantic drama which we possess, and the most valuable, as it is the only one with which Shakspeare has favoured us. We should therefore welcome this play as an admirable example of “the neglected favourites of our ancestors, with something of the same feeling that is experienced in the reception of an old and valued friend of our fathers or grandfathers. Nay, we should like it the better for its gothic appendages of pageants and chorusses, to explain the intricacies of the fable; and we can see no objection to the dramatic representation even of a series of ages in a single night, that does not apply to every description of poem, which leads in perusal from the fireside at which we are sitting, to a succession of remote periods and distant countries. In these matters faith is all-powerful; and without her influence, the most chastely cold and critically correct of dramas is precisely as unreal as the *Midsommer Night's Dream*, or the *Winter's Tale*.”

“A still more powerful attraction in *Pericles* is, that the interest accumulates as the story proceeds; for, though many of the characters in the earlier part of the drama, such as *Antiochus* and his *Daughter*, *Simonides* and *Thaisa*, *Cleon* and *Dionyza*, disappear and drop into oblivion, their places are supplied by more pleasing and efficient agents, who are not less fugacious, but better calculated for theatrical effect. The inequalities of this production are, indeed, considerable, and only to be accounted for, with probability, on the supposition that Shakspeare either accepted a conditor, or improved on the rough sketch of a previous writer, the former, for many reasons, seems entitled to a preference, and will explain why, in compliment to his dramatic friend, he has suffered a few passages, and one entire scene, of a character totally dissimilar to his own style and mode of composition, to stand uncorrected; for who does not perceive that of the closing scene of the second act not a sentence or a word escaped from the pen of Shakspeare.

“No play, in fact, more openly discloses the hand of Shakspeare than *Pericles*, and fortunately his share in its composition appears to have been very considerable; he may be distinctly, though not frequently, traced in the first and second acts; after which, feeling the incompetency of his fellow-labourer, he seems to have assumed almost the entire management of the remainder, nearly the whole of the third, fourth, and fifth acts bearing indisputable testimony to the genius and execution of the great master.”

“The most corrupt of Shakspeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in every page. I mention these circumstances only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable if the old copies had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber.”—*Malone*.

* Shakspeare and his Times, by Dr. Drake, vol. ii. p. 262 and seq.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, } two Lords of Tyre.
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, Governor of Tharsus.
LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.
CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a Lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, Servant to Dionyza. Marshal.

A Pandar, and his Wife. BOULT, their Servant.
GOWER, as Chorus.

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, Wife to Cleon.
THAISA, Daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina. DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various Countries.†

* We meet with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, consisting of *five cities*. Pentapolis occurs in the thirty-seventh chapter of King Appolyn of Tyre, 111; in *Gower*; the *Gesta Romanorum*; and Twine's translation from it. Its site is marked in an ancient map of the world, MS. in the Cotton Library, Brit. Mus. Tiberius, b. v. In the original Latin romance of Apollonius Tyrius it is most accurately called *Pentapolis Cyrenorum*: and was, as both Strabo and Ptolemy inform

us, a district of Cyrenaica in Africa, comprising five cities, of which Cyrene was one.

† That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria, *Tyre* a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tharsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the *Ægean sea*; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the *Lesser Asia*.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.¹ Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old² was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;³
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eyes, and holy ales;⁴
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase⁵ is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great
Built up this city for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors say:)
This king unto him took a pheeer,⁶
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,⁷
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom what they did begin,
Was, with long use, account⁸ no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,⁹
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures playfellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law
(To keep her still, and men in awe),¹⁰
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As you grim looks do testify.¹¹

1 Chorus, in the character of Gower, an ancient English poet, who has related the story of this play in his *Confessio Amantis*.

2 i. e. that of old.

3 The defect of metre (*sung and come* being no rhymes) points out that we should read—
'From ancient ashes Gower springs;'
alluding to the restoration of the Phoenix.

4 That is, says Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales*. The old copy has 'holy days.' Gower's speeches were certainly intended to rhyme throughout.

5 'The purchase' is the reading of the old copy; which Steevens, among other capricious alterations, changed to *purpose*. That Steevens and Malone were ignorant of the true meaning of the word *purchase*, I have shown, King Henry IV. part I. act II. sc. 1. It was anciently used to signify *gain, profit; any good or advantage* obtained; as in the following instances:—James the First, when he made the extravagant gift of 30,000*l.* to Rich, said, 'You think now that you have a great *purchase*; but I am far happier in giving you that sum than you can be in receiving it.'

6 No *purchase* passes a good wife, no loose

is, than a bad wife a more cursed crosser.'

Chapman's *Georgics of Hesiod*, b. II. 44, p. 32.

7 Long would it be ere thou hast *purchase* bought,
Or welthier wexen by such idle thought.'

Hall, *Satire* II. b. 2.

8 *Wife*; the word signifies a *mate or companion*.

9 i. e. completely exuberantly beautiful. A *full* fortune, in *Othello*, means a *complete* one.

10 *Account* for accounted.

11 i. e. *shape or direct* their course thither.

12 'To keep her still to herself,' and to deter others from demanding her in marriage.'

13 Gower must be supposed to point to the scene of the palace gate at Antioch, on which the heads of those unfortunate wights were fixed.

14 *Which* (the judgment of your eye) best can justify, i. e. prove its resemblance to the ordinary course of nature. Thus afterwards:—

'When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge.'

15 It does not appear in the present drama that the

What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify.¹² [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIUCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre,¹³ you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [*Music.*]

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,¹⁴
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,¹⁵)
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIUCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparel'd like the
spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!¹⁶
Her face the book of praises,¹⁷ where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.¹⁸
Ye gods that made me man, and away in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance
pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,²⁰

father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand *prince regnant*. In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Apollonius is *king* of Tyre; and Apollon in Copland's translation from the French. In Twine's translation he is repeatedly called *prince of Tyrus*, as he is in Gower.

14 In the old copy this line stands:—

'*Music*, bring in our daughter clothed like a bride.' Malone thinks it a marginal direction, inserted in the text by mistake. Mr. Boswell thinks it only an Alexandrine, and adds, 'It does not seem probable that music would commence at the close of Pericles' speech, without an order from the king.'

15 The words *whose* and *her* refer to the daughter of Antiochus. The construction is, 'at whose conception the senate-house of planets all did sit,' &c.; and the words, 'till Lucina reign'd, Nature,' &c. are parenthetical. The leading thought may have been taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, book II.:—'The senate-house of the planets was at no time to set for the decreeing of perfection in a man,' &c. Thus also Milton, *Paradise Lost*, viii. 511:

— all heaven,

And happy constellations on that hour

Shed their selectest influence.'

16 'The Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign of every virtue that gives renown to men.' The ellipsis in the second line is what obscured this passage, which Steevens would have altered, because he did not comprehend it.

17 'Her face is a book where may be read all that is praiseworthy, every thing that is the cause of admiration and praise.' Shakespeare has often this image.

18 By 'her mild companion' 'the companion of her mildness' is meant.

19 *Hesperides* is here taken for the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; as we find it in Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV.

20 Thus Lucan, lib. vii:—

'— celo tegitur qui non habet urnam.'

They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must :¹
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath ; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will, then ; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling wo,²
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do ;
My riches to the earth from whence they came :
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of ANTIUCHUS.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice.—Read the conclusion then ;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Dough. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous !

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness !⁴

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.⁵

[*He reads the Riddle.*]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed :
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I, mother, wife, and yet his child,
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last :⁶ but O, you powers !
That give heaven countless eyes⁷ to view men's
acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually⁸
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[*Takes hold of the Hand of the Princess.*

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill :
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt ;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,⁹
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings :
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,

1 l. e. 'for fear of going,' or 'lest they should go.'—
Dr. Percy proposed to read, 'in death's net;' but *on*
and *in* were anciently used the one for the other.

2 That is, 'to prepare this body for that state to
which I must come.'

3 'I will act as sick men do; who having had expe-
rience of the pleasures of the world, and only vision-
ary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the
latter for the former; but at length, feeling them-
selves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures,
but prepare calmly for futurity.'

4 The old copy reads:—
'Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous ;
Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness !'

The emendation is Mr. Mason's.

5 This is from the third book of Sidney's *Arcadia*:—
'Whereupon asking advice of no other thought but
faithfulness and courage, he presently lighted from
his own horse,' &c.

6 l. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle, that
his life depends on resolving it: which he properly
enough calls *sharp physic*, or a bitter potion.

7 Thus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

— who more engilds the night
Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light.

8 — stars *hide* your fires,
Let not light see,' &c. *Macbeth*.

9 l. e. he is no *perfect* or *honest* man, that knowing,
&c.

10 This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king
cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman
he loves. His jealousy resembles that of Antony:—

— to let him be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts.'

Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
harken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime :
Good sooth, I care not for you,

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not,¹⁰ upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd ;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown ;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;¹¹
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole

casts
Copp'd¹² hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is
throng'd

By man's oppression ;¹³ and the poor worm¹⁴ doth
die for't.

Kings are earth's gods : in vice their law's their will ;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill ?
It is enough you know ; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head ! he has found
the meaning ;—

But I will glaze¹⁵ with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince
of Tyre,

Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days ;¹⁶
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
Forty days longer we do respite you ;
If by which time our secret be undone,

This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son :
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exit ANT. his Daughter, and Attend.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin !

When what is done is like a hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,

Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
Where¹⁷ now you're both a father and a son,

Malefort, in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, expresses
the like impatient jealousy, when Beaufort *touches*
his daughter Theocrine, to whom he was betrothed.

11 'The man who knows the ill practices of princes is
unwise if he reveals what he knows ; for the publisher
of vicious actions resembles the wind, which while it
passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the
blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the
dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the fu-
ture the air that would annoy them.' Pericles means
by this similitude to show the danger of revealing the
crimes of princes ; for as they feel hurt by the publica-
tion of their shame, they will of course prevent the
repetition of it, by destroying the person who divulged.
He pursues the same idea in the instance of the mole.

12 'Copp'd hills' are hills rising in a conical form,
something of the shape of a sugarloaf. Thus in Hor-
man's *Vulgaria*, 1519: 'Sometime men wear *copp'd*
caps like a sugar loaf.' So Baret: 'To make *copp'd*,
or sharpe at top; cacumino.' In Anglo-Saxon, *cop* is a
head.

13 The earth is oppressed by the injuries which crowd
upon her. Steevens altered *throng'd* to *wrong'd* ;
but apparently without necessity.

14 The mole is called *poor worm* as a term of com-
miseration. In *The Tempest*, Prospero, speaking to
Miranda, says, 'Poor worm, thou art infected.' The
mole remains secure till it has thrown up those hillocks
which betray his course to the mole-catcher.

15 Flatter, insinuate.

16 To the destruction of your life.

17 *Where* has here the power of *whereas* ; as in
other passages of these plays. It occurs again with the
same meaning in Act II. Sc. 2, of this play

By your untimely clasplings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents ar', who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun' no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,²
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.]

Re-enter ANTIUCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which
we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our
mind

Partakes³ her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.⁴

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is dead.

[Exit Messenger.]

Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure; so farewell to your highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.]
SCENE II. Tyre. A Room in the Palace. Enter
PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why should this
change of thought?

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,

1 The old copy erroneously reads *show*. The emendation is Malone's. The expression here is elliptical:—
'For wisdom sees that those men who do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night, will not shun any course in order to preserve them from being made public.'

2 'To prevent any suspicion from falling on you.'—
So in *Macbeth*:—
'— always thought, that I
Require a clearness.'

3 In *The Winter's Tale* the word *partake* is used in an active sense for *participate*:—
'— your exultation
Partake to every one.'

4 These words are addressed to the Messenger, who enters in haste.

5 '— Why should this change of thought?' This is the reading of the old copies: which Stevens changed to, 'Why this change of thoughts?' I think without necessity. Pericles, addressing the Lords, says, 'Let none disturb us.' Then apostrophising himself, says, 'Why should this change in our thoughts disturb us?'

(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed
me quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
shun them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by misread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.

And so with me; the great Antiochus,
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,]
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence,
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him.⁶

If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war' will look so huge.

Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am' no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us.
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience:
tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath' gives heat and strongest
glowing;

Whereas proof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err,
When Signior Sooth¹⁰ here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [Exit Lords.] Helicanus,
thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
whence

They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [Kneeling.] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pry'thee rise;

6 *Him* was supplied by Rowe for the sake of the metre.

7 Old copies:—
'And with the *stent* of war will look so huge.'
The emendation, suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is confirmed by the following passage in Decker's *Entertainment to King James I. 1604*:—

'And why you bear stone th' *astent* of warre.'
Again in Chapman's translation of Homer's *Etrachomumachia*:—

'Both heralds bearing the *astents* of war.'

8 The old copy reads, 'Who once no more,' &c. The emendation is by Stevens. Malone reads, 'Who wants no more,' &c.

9 i. e. the breath of flattery. The word *spark* was here accidentally repeated by the compositor in the old copy.

10 A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale*:—'And his pond fished by his next neighbour, by Sir *Smile*.'

Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults
hid!

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring to subjects joys.¹

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:² but thou know'st
this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hurried fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,

Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,

To keep his bed of blackness unaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir!
Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.³

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who, either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence——

1 'Forbid it, heaven, that kings should *suffer* their ears to hear their feelings palliated.'

2 'From whence I might propagate an issue that are arms,' &c. Stevens reads:—

'Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.'
3 To smooth is to *sooth*, *coax*, or *flatter*. Thus in King Richard III.:

'Smile in men's faces, *smooth*, deceive, and cog.'
So in Titus Andronicus:—

'Yield to his humour, *smooth*, and speak him fair.'
The verb to *smooth* is frequently used in this sense by our elder writers; for instance, by Stubbes in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1563:—'If you will learn to deride, scoffe, mock, and flowt, to flatter and *smooth*,' &c.

4 The quarto of 1609 reads, 'And should he *doot*,' &c.; from which the reading of the text has been formed.

5 Should he *be in doubt* that I shall keep his secret, (as there is no doubt but he is,) why, to 'lop that doubt,' i. e. to get rid of that painful uncertainty, he will strive to make me appear the aggressor, by attacking me first as the author of some supposed injury to himself.'

6 That is, to lament their fate. The first quarto reads, 'to grieve for them.'

7 This transfer of authority naturally brings the first scene of Measure for Measure to our mind.

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.⁴
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbs' we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,⁵
Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince.⁶

Exit.
SCENE III. Tyre. An Ante-Chamber in the
Palace. Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court.
Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not,
I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—
Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good
discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of
the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.⁷
Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a
king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the in-
denture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come
the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! *[Aside.]*

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——

Thal. What from Antioch? *[Aside.]*

Hel. Royal Antiochus, (on what cause I know not,)
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself⁸ unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive *[Aside.]*

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.⁹
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come,
With message unto princely Pericles:
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since¹⁰
Commended to our master, not to us:

7 i. e. in our different spheres.

8 '— in seipso toftus teres atque rotundus.'

9 Overcome.
10 This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff:—
'I shall think the better of myself and thee during my
life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.'
The same idea is more clearly expressed in King Henry
VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2:—

'A loyal subject is
Therein illustrated.'

11 Who this wise fellow was, may be known from the
following passage in Barnabé Richea Souldier's *Wiebe*
Britain's Welfare, or Captain's Skill and Captain's
Pill, 1604, p. 27:—'I will therefore commend the poet
Philippides, who being demanded by King Lisimachus,
what favour he might do unto him for that he loved
him, made this answer to the king—That your majesty
would never impart unto me any of your secrets.'

12 Stevens has thought this phrase wanted illustration;
but it is of very common occurrence. 'To put
himself in danger of his life; in periculum caput se
inferre.'—Baret.

13 The old copy reads:—
'But since he's gone the king's seas must please:
He scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.'

The emendation is by Dr. Percy.

14 The adverb *since*, which is wanting in the old copy,
was supplied by Stevens for the sake of sense and
metre.

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Tharsus. *A Room in the Governor's House. Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.*

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O, my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,¹
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O, Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If the gods slumber,² while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.
Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,
A city, on whom plenty held full hand
(For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;)
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted³ and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:⁴
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our
change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are desir'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,⁵
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nuzzle⁶ up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:

1 The old copy reads:—

‘—— and seen with mischief's eye.’

The alteration was made by Steevens, who thus explains the passage:—‘Withdrawn as we now are from the scene we describe, our sorrows are simply felt, and appear indistinct, as through a mist.’ Malone reads:—

‘—— unseen with mischief's eyes.’

i. e. ‘unseen by those who would feel a malignant pleasure in our misfortunes, and add to them by their triumph over us.’

2 The old copy reads, ‘If heaven slumber,’ &c. This was probably an alteration of the licencier of the press. Sense and grammar require that we should read, ‘If the gods,’ &c.

3 To jet is to strut, to walk proudly.

4 Thus in the Second Part of King Henry IV.—

‘—— He was indeed the glass,
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.’

Again in Cymbeline:—

‘A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them.’

5 The old copy has:—

‘—— who not yet too savers younger.’

The emendation was proposed by Mason. Steevens remarks that Shakespeare computes time by the same number of summers in Romeo and Juliet:—

‘Lex tuo more summers wither in their pride,’ &c.

Malone reads:—

‘—— who not used to hunger's savour.’

6 Steevens thought that this word should be *nurste*; but the examples are numerous enough in our old writ-

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her superstitious so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring
shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,⁷
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,⁸
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear: for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him!⁹ untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show incans most deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
The ground's the low'st, and we are halfway there.¹¹
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist:¹²
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships, and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And see the desolation of your streets!
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,

ters to show that the text is right. This in New Custom: Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 234:—

‘Borne to all wickedness, and nuzzled in all evil.’

So Spenser, Faerie Queene, i. vi. 23:—

‘Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
He nuzzled up in life and maners wilde.’

‘It were a more vauntage and profit by a great dele that younge children's wytes were otherwyse sette a warke, than nuzzel them in suche erreur.’—*Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519, fo. 56.

‘Nuzzled in virtuous disposition, and framed to an honest trade of living.’—*Udal's Apophthegmen*, fo. 75.
So in The Death of King Arthur, 1601, cited by Malone:—

‘Being nuzzled in effeminate delights.’

7 *Hollow*, applied to ships, is a Homeric epithet. See *Iliad*, v. 26. By *power* is meant *force*.

8 A letter has been probably dropped at press: we may read, ‘of unhappy men.’

9 It has been already observed that *whereas* was sometimes used for *where*; as well as the converse, & *here* for *whereas*.

10 The quarto of 1609 reads:—

‘Thou speak'st like *himnes* untutor'd to repeat.’

‘Like him untutor'd,’ for ‘like him *who is* untutor'd.’ Delected by the pacific appearance of this *navy*, you talk like one who has never learned the common adage, —that the fairest *outsides* are most to be suspected.’

11 The quarto of 1613 reads:—

‘But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?’

12 i. e. if he rest or stand on peace.

With bloody views, expecting overthrow,¹
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half
dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love;
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here
a while,

Until our stars that frow, lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.²
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.

I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.

The good in conversation,
(To whom I give my benizon,)

Is still at Tharsus, where each man³
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:⁴

And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue to make it glorious:⁵

But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show.

Enter at one Door PERICLES, talking with CLEON; at the Train with them. Enter at another Door, a Gentleman with a Letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the Letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane, that staid at home,⁶

(Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince's desire,)

Sends word of all that haps in Tyre;⁷
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:

1 The old copy reads:—

¹ And these our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse, was stuff'd within
With bloody reines,⁸ &c.

The emendation is Stevens's. Mr. Boswell says that the old reading may mean, elliptically, 'which was stuff'd.'

² I. e. 'you have seen a better prince, &c. that will prove awful,' i. e. *reverent*. The verb in the first line is carried on to the third.

³ The good in conversation

(To whom I give my benizon,)

Is still at Tharsus, where'—

Gower means to say, 'The good prince (on whom I bestow my best wishes) is still engaged at Tharsus, where every man; &c. Conversation is conduct, behaviour. See the Second Epistle of St. Peter, iii. 11.'

⁴ 'Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if k were Holy Writ.'

⁵ This circumstance, as well as the foregoing, is found in the Confessio Amantis:—

'That thei for ever in remembrance

Made a figure in resemblance

Of hym, and in a common place

Thei set it up; so that his face

Might every maner man beholde,

It was of laon over gylte; &c.

He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;

For now the wind begins to blow;

Thunder above, and deeps below,

Make such unquiet, that the ship

Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;

And he, good prince, having all lost,

By waves from coast to coast is tost:

All perishes of man, of pelf,

Ne aught escapen but himself;

Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,

Threw him ashore, to give him glad:

And here he comes: what shall be next,—

Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text.⁹ [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. Pentapolis. *An open Place by the Sea Side. Enter PERICLES, wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man

Is but a substance that must yield to you;

And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;

Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,

Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath

Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:

Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,

To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;

And having thrown him from your watery grave,

Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter Three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilche!¹⁰

2 Fish. Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 Fish. What say you, master?

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away,
or I'll fetch thee with a wannon.¹¹

3 Fish. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor
men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor souls, it griev'd my heart to
hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help
them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help our-

selves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when
I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?¹²
they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plays
on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd.

Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones
eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers
to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and
tumbles, driving the poor fry before him,¹³ and at
last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales
have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping
till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church,
steeples, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I
would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me
too: and when I had been in his belly, I would

6 Thus the old copy. Stevens reads:—

'Good Helicane hath staid at home.'

7 Old copy:—'Sar'd one of all,' &c. The emendation is Stevens's.

8 'Pardon old Gower from telling what ensues, it belongs to the text, not to his province as chorus.'—Stevens justly remarks, that 'the language of our fictitious Gower, like that of the Pseudo-Rowley, is so often irreconcilable to the practice of any age, that criticism on such bungling imitations is almost thrown away.'

9 The old copy reads:—

'What to pelche.'

The emendation was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who remarks that *Pelche* is a *leathers coat*.

10 This expression, which is equivalent to *with a mischief*, or *with a vengeance*, is of very frequent occurrence in old writers.

11 Sailors have observed, that the playing of porpoises round a ship is a certain prognostic of a violent gale of wind.

12 So in Coriolanus:—

'————— like scaled sculls

Before the belching whale.'

have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea These fishers tell the infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect All that may men approve, or men detect! Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.¹

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea; to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon,² entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure: for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on: A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die, quoth-a? Now, gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and, moreover, puddings and flap-jacks,³ and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

1 Fish. Hark, you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver, too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

¹ The old copy reads, 'If it be a day fits you search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.' The preceding speech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Some remark upon the day appears to have been omitted. Steevens supplied it thus:—

'*Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fisherman; The day is rough, and thwarts your occupation.'

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconsistent:—

'*Y*' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast,' The emendation is by Steevens.

Dr. Farmer thinks that there may be an allusion to the *die honestissimus* of Cicero. The lucky and unlucky days are put down in the old calendars.

² Thus in Sidney's *Arcadia*, book v.:—'In such a shadow, &c. mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to fear, and are, like tennis balls, tossed by the racket of the higher powers.'

³ Flap-jacks are pancakes. Thus in Taylor's *Jack a Lent*:—'Untill at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.⁴

Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't,⁵ 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And, though it was mine own,⁶ part of mine heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,) Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield

'Twist me and death (and pointed to this brace:)' For that it sav'd me, keep it: in like necessity, The which the gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given it again, I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, And for his sake, I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with't I may appear a gentleman; And if that ever my low fortunes better, I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel; And spite of all the rupture⁷ of the sea, This jewel holds his bidding⁸ on my arm;

transformed into the form of a flap-jack, which in our translation, is call'd a pancake.⁹

⁴ 'Things must be' (says the speaker,) as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt.' The Fisherman may then be supposed to begin a new sentence—'His wife's soul;' but here he is interrupted by his comrades; and it would be vain to conjecture the conclusion of his speech.

⁵ This comic execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent. The bots is a disease in horses produced by worms.

⁶ i. e. and I thank you, though it was mine own.

⁷ The brace is the armour for the arm. So in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,

And in my vant brack put this wither'd brawn.'

⁸ The rupture of the sea may mean the breaking of the sea, as Malone suggests; but I would rather read *rapture*, which is often used in old writers for *violent seizure*, or the act of carrying away forcibly. As in the example cited by Malone.

⁹ The old copy reads, 'his building;' but *bidding*

Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.¹

2 Fish. We'll sure provide : thou shalt have my
best gown to make thee a pair ; and I'll bring thee
to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will ;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public Way, or Plat-
form, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side
of it, for the reception of the King, Princess,
Lords, &c. Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords,
and Attendants.*

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ?
1 Lord. They are, my liege ;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them,² we are ready ; and our
daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]
Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so ; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself :
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour,³ daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll per-
form.

*Enter a Knight : he passes over the Stage, and his
Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself ?
Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun ;
The word,⁴ *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.
[*The second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second, that presents himself ?
Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady :
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que
per fuerca.*⁵ [*The third Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the third ?
Thai. The third, of Antioch ;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry :
The word, *Me pompæ proovesit apex.*⁶

[*The fourth Knight passes.*]
Sim. What is the fourth ?
Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down ;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

was probably the poet's word. A similar expression
occurs in *Othello* :—

— look, I have a weapon,
A better never did sustain itself
Upon a soldier's thigh.⁷
Any ornament of enchased gold was anciently styled a
jewel.

¹ *Bases* were a sort of petticoat that hung down to
the knees, and were suggested by the Roman military
dress, in which they seem to have been separate paral-
lel slips of cloth or leather. In *Rider's Latin Diction-
ary*, *bases* are rendered *palliotum curium*. The High-
landers wear a kind of bases at this day. In *Massing-
er's Picture*, *Sophia*, speaking of *Hilario's* disguise,
says to *Corisca* :—

You, minion,
Had a hand in it too, as it appears
Your petticoat serves for *bases* to this warrior.⁸

² I. e. return them notice that we are ready, &c.
³ The sense would be clearer were we to substitute
both in this and in the following instance *office* for *ho-
nour*. *Honour* may however mean her situation as
queen of the feast, as she is afterwards called. The
flea of this scene may have been derived from the
third book of the *Iliad*, where *Helen* describes the Gre-
cian leaders to her father-in-law *Priam*.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power
and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*]
Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds ;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried :
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*]
Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the
knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?
Thai. He seems to be a stranger ; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*⁹

Sim. A pretty moral ;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his out-
ward show

Can any way speak in his just commend :
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock,¹⁰ than the
lance.

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honor'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.¹¹

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.¹²
But stay, the knights are coming ; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Hall of State. A
Banquet prepared. Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA,
Lords, Knights, and Attendants.*

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :
You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest ;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed ;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen of
the feast

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place :
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Simo-
nides*.

⁴ I. e. the *mot* or *motto*. See *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 5 :—
'Now to my sword.'

⁵ I. e. more by sweetness than by force. It should
be '*Mas per dulçura.*' &c. *Piu* is Italian not Spanish.

⁶ The work which appears to have furnished the
author of the play with this and the two subsequent de-
vices of the knights, has the following title :—'The he-
roical Devices of M. Claudius Paradin, canon of Beau-
gen ; whereunto are added the Lord Gabriel Symeon's,
and others. Translated out of Latin into English, by
P. S.' 1591, 24mo. Mr. Douce has given copies of
some of them in his *Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 126.

⁷ This device and motto may have been taken from
Daniel's translation of *Paulus Jovius*, 1585 ; in which it
will be found at sig. H 7. b.

⁸ I. e. the *carter's whip*. It was sometimes used as a
term of contempt ; as in *Albumazar*, 1615 :—
— out *Carter*,

Hence, dirty *whipstock*.

⁹ The idea of this ill-appointed knight appears to
have been taken from the first book of *Sidney's Arca-
dia* :—'His armour of as old a fashion, beside the
rustic poornesse, &c. so that all that looked on measured
his length on the earth already,' &c.

¹⁰ I. e. 'that makes as scan the inward man by the
outward habit.' Such inversions are not uncommon in
old writers.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me,¹ be not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that eat
Do seem un-savoury, wishing him my meat;
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but

A country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.

None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did veil² their crowns to his supremacy;
Where³ now his son's a glowworm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,⁴
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile;
You knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.⁵

Therefore to make his entrance⁶ more sweet,
Here say, we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

¹ i. e. 'these delicacies go against my stomach.'—
The old copy gives this speech to Simonides, and reads,
'he not thought upon.' Gower describes Apollinus, the
Pericles of this play, under the same circumstances:—
'That he sat ever stille and thought.
'As he which of no meat rought.'

² Lower.

³ Where is here again used for *whence*. The peculiar property of the glowworm, upon which the poet has here employed a life, is happily described in Hamlet in a single line:—

'The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his *uneffectual* fire.'

⁴ So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;

What is her burying grave, that is her womb.'

Milton has the same thought:—

The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.'

Thai. The king, my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;)—
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,⁷
Will very well become a soldier's dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.

Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be denied
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well;
But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights,
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours,
sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House. Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;

For which, the most high gods not minding longer,
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,

Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,

A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them⁸ ere their fall,

Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Escan. 'Twas very strange.

⁵ 'When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised. The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it: a natural reflection on the death of an unserviceable prince, who having dispensed no blessings, can hope for no better character.'—*Steevens.*

⁶ By his *entrance* appears to be meant his present *entrance*, the *reverté* in which he is sitting.

⁷ 'As you are accoutred, prepared for combat.' So in *King Henry V.*—

'To-morrow for the march are we *address'd.*'

⁸ i. e. which ador'd them.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft; but sin had his reward.
Eosa. 'Tis very true.

Enter Three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.¹

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

2 *Lord.* Follow me, then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince
you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there:
And be resolv'd,² he lives to govern us,
Or ead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in
our censure:³

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Lives, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,⁴
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.

A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice⁵ the absence of your king;⁶

If in which time expir'd, he not return,

I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love,

Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,

And in your search spend your adventurous worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,

You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;

And, since Lord Helicane enjoineeth us,

We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands;

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter; the Knights
meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you
know,

That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake

A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,

Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my
lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

1 'To what this charge of partiality was designed to
conduct we do not learn; for it appears to have no in-
fluence over the rest of the dialogue.'—*Stevens.*

2 *Satisfied.*

3 I. e. 'the most probable in our opinion.' *Censure*

is frequently used for *judgment, opinion*, by Shakspeare.

4 The old copy reads:—

'Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,' &c.

Stevens contends for the old reading; that it is merely
figurative, and means, 'I embark too hastily on an ex-
pedition in which ease is disproportioned to labour.'

5 Some word being omitted in this line in the old copy,
Stevens thus supplied it:—

'To forbear choice¹ the absence of your king.'

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,⁶
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take
our leaves. [*Exeunt.*]

Sim. So,
They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's
letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,

For your sweet music this last night: my ears,

I do protest, were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;

Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think,
sir, of

My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair, too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer: wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,

And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'Tis the king's subtlety to have my life. [*Aside.*]

O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord,

A stranger, and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and
thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat (unless it be the king's)

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
[*Aside.*]

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relish'd⁷ of a base descent.

I came unto your court, for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove his honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then as you are as virtuous as fair,

Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe

To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,

Who takes offence at that would make me glad.

6 'It were to be wished, (says *Stevens*,) that *Simo-*
nides, who is represented as a blameless character, had
hit on some more ingenious expedient for the dismissal
of these wooers. Here he tells them, as a solemn truth,
what he knows to be a fiction of his own.'

7 So in *Hamlet*:—

'That has no *relish* of salvation in it.'

And in *Macbeth*:—

'So well thy words become thee as thy wounds,

They smack of honour both.'

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll
tame you;
I'll bring you in subjection.—
Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside.*
Hear, therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.—
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.¹
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yalack hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast.²
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded;—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly oche;³
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with
Attendants: a Messenger meets them, kneels, and
gives PERICLES a Letter. PERICLES shows it to
SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former.⁴ Then
enter THASIA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES
shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices:
she and PERICLES take leave of her Father,
and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch⁵

¹ The quarto of 1619 reads:—
'Even as my life or blood that fosters it.'
We have the same thought most exquisitely expressed
in Julius Cæsar:—

'As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.'

² So Virgil, speaking of Rhamnes, who was killed in
the midnight expedition of Nisus and Euryalus:
'Rhamneten aggredditur, qui forte tapetibus altis
Exstructus, toto profabat pectore somnum.'

³ Eke out.

⁴ The Lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now,
for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king
of Tyre. 'No man,' says Gower, in his *Confessio*
Amantis:—

_____ knew the soth cas,
But he hym selfe; what man he was.'

By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has
also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence
of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

⁵ *Dearn* signifies *tenetly, solitary*. A perch is a
measure of five yards and a half. 'The careful search
of Pericles is made by many a dearn and painful perch,
by the four opposing coignes which join the world to-
gether; with all due diligence.'

⁶ I. e. *help*, befriend or assist the search. So in
Measure for Measure:—

_____ can you so stead me
To bring me to the sight of Isabella?'

⁷ I. e. to suppress: opprimer.

⁸ An exclamation equivalent to *well-a-day*.

⁹ 'The further consequences of this storm I shall not
describe; what ensues may be conveniently exhibited
in action; but action could not well have displayed all
the events that I have now related.'

Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,
Which the world together joine,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expence,
Can stand the quest.⁶ At last from Tyre,
(Fame answering the most strong inquire,⁷)
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenor these:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead:
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he hastes 'oppress;⁸
Says to them, if King Pericles
Come not home, in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king:

Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen, with child, makes her desire,
(Which, who shall cross?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and wo;)
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-*near!*⁹
Doth fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall, for itself, itself perform.
I will relate; action may
Conveniently the rest convey:
Which might not what by me is told.⁹
In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship,¹⁰ upon whose deck
The sea-lost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at Sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast,¹¹ rebuke these surges,

¹⁰ It is clear from these lines that when the play was
originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit
either a sea or a ship. The ensuing scene and some
others must have suffered considerably in the repre-
sentation, from the poverty of the stage apparatus in
the time of the author.

¹¹ It should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to
speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is
supposed to be in the cabin beneath. 'This great vast'
is 'this wide expanse.' This speech is exhibited in so-
strange a form in the old editions, that it is here given
to enable the reader to judge in what a corrupt state it
has come down to us, and be induced to treat the at-
tempts to restore it to integrity with indulgence:—

'The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
Upon the windes commaund, bind them in brass;
Having call'd them from the deepe, o sdill
Thy deafning dreadful thunders, gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes, o How Lychorida:
How does my queene? thou smorn venomously
Wilt thou speal all thyself? the sea-mans whistle
Is as a whisper in the care of death,
Unheard Lychorida? Lucia oh!
Divinest patronesse and my wife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing boat, take swift the pangues
Of my queenes travayles? now Lychorida?'

Pericles, having called to Lychorida, without the power
to make her hear on account of the tempest, at last with
frantic peevishness addresses himself to it:—

_____ Thou storm thou! venomously

Wilt thou spit all thyself?—

Having indulged himself in this question, he grows
cooler, and observes that the very boatswain's whistle
has no more effect on the sailors than the voices of those
who speak to the dead. He then repeats his inquiries

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still thy
deaf'ning,
Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble
Sulphureous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen!—Thou storm, thou! venom-
ously!
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit² would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O, you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie³ honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!⁴
For thou art the rudest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding⁵ a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,⁶
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter Two Sailors.

1 Sail. What courage, sir? God save you.
Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;⁷
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 Sail. Slack the bolins⁸ there; thou wilt not,
wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.

2 Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till
the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

of Lychorida, but receiving no answer, concludes with
a prayer for his queen.

¹ Maliciously.

² i. e. 'who if it had thought.'

³ That is, 'contend with you in honour.' The old
copy reads:—'Use honour with you.'

⁴ Conditions are qualities, dispositions of mind.

⁵ i. e. as noisy a one.

⁶ i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy
mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can
counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee.
Portage is here used for conveyance into life.

⁷ A *flaw* is a stormy gust of wind. See *Coriolanus*,
Act v. Sc. 2.

⁸ *Bolins* or *boollines* are ropes by which the sails of a
ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable: they
are slackened when it is high. Thus in *The Two Noble
Kinamen*:—

———— the wind is fair;
Top the *bowling*!

⁹ The old copy reads, 'strong in *easterne*.' The
emendation is Mr. Boswell's.

¹⁰ Old copy, 'in *oars*.'

¹¹ The old copies erroneously read:—
'The *air*-remaining lamps.'
The emendation is Malone's. The propriety of it will

1 Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still
hath been observed; and we are strong in custom.⁹
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard
straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched
queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear,
No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze!¹⁰
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining¹¹ lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer!¹² lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A piously farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit LYCHORIDA.*]

2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is
this?

2 Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre!¹³ When canst thou
reach it?

2 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's
House. *Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some
Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as
this,

Till now I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell him how it works!¹⁴

[*To PHILEMON*
[*Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who
had been shipwrecked.*]

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow, sir.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

be evident if we recur to the author's leading thought,
which is founded on the customs observed in the pomp
of ancient sepulture. Within old monuments and re-
ceptacles for the dead perpetual (i. e. *aye-remaining*)
lamps were supposed to be lighted up. Thus Pope, in
his *Eloisa*—

'Ah hopeless lasting flames, like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn!'

'Instead of a monument erected over thy bones, and per-
petual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall
oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters
shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head.'

¹² The old copies have *coffin*. Pericles does not mean
to bury his queen in this coffer (which was probably one
lined with satin,) but to take from thence the *cloak* of
state, in which she was afterwards shrouded.

¹³ Change thy course, which is now for Tyre, and go
to Tharsus.

¹⁴ The precedent words show that the physic cannot
be designed for the master of the servant here introduced.
Perhaps the circumstance was introduced for no other
reason than to mark more strongly the extensive bene-
volence of Cerimon. It could not be meant for the poor
men who have just left the stage, to whom he has ordered
kitchen physic.

1 *Genl.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals¹ did seem to rend,
And all to topple;² pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Genl.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.³

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Genl.* But I much marvel that your lordship,
having
Rich tior⁴ about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning⁵ were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice,) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.⁶

2 *Genl.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd
forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter Two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that? Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;

'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down, let's look on it.

2 *Genl.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2 *Genl.* 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—
Did the sea cast it up?

1 The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.

2 *All-to* is a common augmentative in old language. The word *topple*, which means *tumble*, is used again in *Macbeth*:—

'Though castles *topple* on their warders' heads.'

3 *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence. So in *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 3:—

'— borrowing dulls the edge of *husbandry*.'

And in *Henry V.*:—

'For our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,

Which is both heathful and good *husbandry*.'

4 The gentlemen rose early because they were in lodgings, which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder to find Lord Cerimon stirring, because he had *rich tior* about him, meaning perhaps a *bed* more richly and comfortably furnished, where he could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest. Steevens thinks that the reasoning of these gentlemen should have led them rather to say, '*such towers* about you,' i. e. a house or castle that could safely resist the assaults of the weather.

5 i. e. knowledge.

6 Mr. Steevens had seen an old Flemish print in which *Death* was exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* (discriminated by his bauble, &c.) was standing behind and grinning at the process. The *Dance of Death* appears to have been

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 *Genl.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.

O, you most potent god! what's here? a corpse!

1 *Genl.* Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd

With bags of spices full! A passport too!

Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

[Unfolds a Scroll.]

Here I give to understand

(*If e'er this coffin drive a-land,*)⁷

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying,

She was the daughter of a king;

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for wo!—This chanc'd to-night.

2 *Genl.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too
rough,

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,

And yet the fire of life kindle again

The overpressed spirits. I have heard

Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,

By good appliance was recover'd.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—

The rough and woful music that we have,

Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.

The vial once more—how thou stirr'st, thou block!

The music there.—I pray you, give her air:—

Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth

Breath's out of her; she hath not been entranc'd

Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow

Into life's flower again!

1 *Genl.* The heavens, sir,

Through you, increase our wonder, and set up

Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,

Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels

Which Pericles hath lost,

Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;⁸

The diamonds of a most prais'd water

Appear to make the world twice rich. O, live,

anciently a popular exhibition. A venerable and aged clergyman informed Mr. Steevens that he had once been a spectator of it. The dance consisted of *Death's* contrivances to surprise the *Merry Andrew*, and of the *Merry Andrew's* efforts to elude the stratagems of *Death*, by whom at last he was overpowered; his finale being attended with such circumstances as mark the exit of the Dragon of Wantley. It should seem that the general idea of this serio-comic *pas-de-deux* had been borrowed from the ancient *Dance of Machabre*, commonly called the *Dance of Death*, which appears to have been anciently acted in churches like the *Moralities*. The subject was a frequent ornament of cloisters both here and abroad. The reader will remember the beautiful series of wood-cuts of the *Dance of Death*, attributed, (though erroneously,) to Holbein. Mr. Douce is in possession of an exquisite set of initial letters, representing the same subject; in one of which the *Fool* is engaged in a very stout combat with his adversary, and is actually buffeted him with a bladder filled with peas or pebbles, an instrument used by modern *Merry Andrews*.

7 In Twine's translation of the story of Apollonius of Tyre this uncommon phrase, *a-land*, is repeatedly used. In that version it is to Cerimon's pupil, Machaon, and not to Cerimon himself, that the lady is indebted for her recovery.

8 So in the *Tempest*:—

'The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond?'

And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Hark as you seem to be! [*She moves.*]

Thai. O, dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is
this?

2 Genl. Is not this strange?

1 Genl. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapses is mortal. Come, come, come;
And *Æsculapius* guide us!

[*Exeunt carrying THAISA away.*]

SCENE III. *Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.*
Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,
and MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
mortally,

Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O, your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her
hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you),
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,¹
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will² in't. So I take my leave.

1 This is from the *Confessio Amantis*:—

'And first hir eyen up she caste,
'And when she more of strength caught,
Her armes both forth she straughte;
Held up hir honde, and piteouslie
She spake, and said, *Where am I?*
Where is my lord? What world is this?'

2 The old copy reads:—

'Your shaftes of fortune, though they haunt you
mortally,

Yet glance full wand'ringly,³ &c.

The folios have 'though they hate you.' The emenda-
tion is by Steevens, who cites the following illustra-
tions:—*Omalibus telis fortunæ proposita sit vita nos-
tra.*—*Cicero Epist. Fam.*

'The shot of accident or dart of chance.' *Othello.*
'The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune.' *Hamlet.*
'I am glad, though you have taken a special stand to
strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.'

Merry Wives of Windsor.

The sense of the passage seems to be, all the malice of
fortune is not confined to yourself, though her arrows
strike deeply at you, yet wandering from their mark,
they sometimes glance on us; as at present, when the
uncertain state of Tyre deprives us of your company at
Tharsus.

3 I. e. be satisfied that we cannot forget the benefits
you have bestowed on us.

4 The old copy reads, 'teach me to it;' the alteration
was made by Steevens.

5 I. e. appear wilful, perverse by such conduct. The
old copy reads in the preceding line:—

'Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine,' &c.

Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge of
the shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune;⁴ and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's
House. Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning⁵ time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.⁶
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall thore attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all:
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

*Enter Gower.*⁷

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress,
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find⁸
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place!¹¹

The corruption is obvious, as appears from a subsequent
passage:—

'This ornament, that makes me look so dismal
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form,' &c.
6 I. e. Invidious waves that wear a treacherous smile.
'Subdola quem ridet placidi peNacia ponti.'
Lucret. li. v. 569.

7 The quarto, 1619, and the folio, 1664, which was prob-
ably printed from it, both read *eaning*. The first quar-
to reads *learning*. Steevens asserts that *eaning* is a
term only applicable to sheep when they produce their
young, and substituted 'yearning,' which he interprets
'her groaning time.' But it should be observed that to
can or *yeen*, in our elder language, as in the Anglo-
Saxon, signified to bring forth young, without any par-
ticular reference to sheep. I have therefore preferred the
reading in the text to Steevens's conjecture.

8 I. e. until you die. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'The date is out of such prolixity.'
Again, in the same play:—
'— and expire the term
Of a despised life.'

And in the Rape of *Lucrece*:—

'An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun.'
9 This chorus, and the two following scenes, in the
old editions, are printed as part of the third act.

10 The same expression occurs in the chorus to *The
Winter's Tale*:—

'— your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between.'

11 The old copies read—

'Which makes high both the art and place.'
The emendation is by Steevens. We will use the *heart*

Of general wonder. But alack !
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight ; this maid
Hight Philoten : and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be ;
Be't when she weav'd the sleided¹ silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk ;
Or when she would with sharp needl² wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it ; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records³ with moan ; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail⁴ to her mistress Dian ; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute⁵ Marina : so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to steed,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead ;
And cursed Dionyza bath
The pregnant⁶ instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content :⁷
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—

of oak for the central part of it, and the heart of the hand in much such another sense. Place here signifies residence. So in A Lover's Complaint :—

'Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place.'

¹ 'Sleided silk' is unwrought silk, prepared for weaving by passing it through the weaver's sley or reed-comb.

² The old copies read *needle*, but the metre shows that we should read *needl*. The word is thus abbreviated in a subsequent passage in the first quarto. See King John, Act v. Sc. 2.

³ To record anciently signified to sing. Thus in Sir Philip Sydney's *Ourania*, by [Nicholas Breton] 1606 :—

'Recording songs unto the Delitie.'

The word is still used by bird fanciers.

⁴ *Vail* is probably a misprint. Steevens suggests that we should read '*Hail*.' Malone proposes to substitute '*wail*.'

⁵ i. e. highly accomplished, perfect. So in Antony and Cleopatra :—

— at sea

He is an absolute master.'

And in Green's Tu Quoque :—'From an absolute and most complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover.'

⁶ *Pregnant* in this instance means apt, quick. *Prest* is ready.

⁷ 'I do commend to your content.'

Steevens conjectures that the poet wrote *consent* instead of *content* ; but observes that perhaps the passage as it stands may mean 'I wish you to find content in that portion of our play which has not yet been exhibited.'

⁸ The first quarto reads :—

— Let not conscience,

Which is but cold, inflame thy love bosome,

Enflame too nicelie, nor let pitie, &c.

Malone reads :—

— Let not conscience,

Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,

Inflame too nicely, nor let pity, &c.

Steevens proposed to omit the words, 'Inflame too nicely,' and 'which even,' adding the pronoun that, in the following manner :—

— Let not conscience,

Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom ;

Nor let that pity women have cast off

Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose.'

Dionyza does appear,

With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit

SCENE I. THAMUS. An open Place near the Sea's shore. Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do it ;

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known. Thou canst not do a thing⁹ the world so soon, To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience, Which is but cold, inflaming love, thy bosom inflame too nicely ;¹⁰ nor let pity, which Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.

Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.¹¹

Thou art resolv'd ?

Leon.

I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green¹² with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last.¹³ Ah me ! poor maid
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring¹⁴ me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina ! why do you keep alone ?¹⁵
How chance my daughter is not with you ? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing :¹⁶ you have
A nurse of me. Lord ! how your favour's¹⁷ chang'd
With this unprofitable wo ! Come, come ;
Give me your wreath of flowers. Ere the sea mar it,
Walk forth with Leonine ;¹⁸ the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come :
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you ;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion.

Come, come ;
I love the king your father, and yourself,

The reading I have given is sufficiently intelligible, and deviates less from the old copy. Nicely here means tenderly, fondly.

⁹ The old copy reads :—

'Here she comes weeping for her only mistress death, As Marina had been trained in music, letters, &c. and had gained all the graces of education, Lychorida could not have been her only mistress. The suggestion and emendation are Dr. Percy's.

¹⁰ This is the reading of the quarto copy ; the folio reads *grave*. *Weed*, in old language, meant garment.

¹¹ So in Cymbeline :—

— with fairest flowers,

While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,

I'll sweeten thy sad grave.'

The old copy reads, 'Shall as a carpet hang,' &c. The emendation is by Steevens.

¹² Thus the earliest copy. The second quarto, and all subsequent impressions, read :—

'Hurrying me from my friends.'

Whirring or whirring had formerly the same meaning ; a bird that flies with a quick motion is still said to whirry away. The verb to whirry is used in the ballad of Robin Goodfellow, Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 208 :—

'More swift than winds away I go,

O'er hedge and lands,

Thro' pools and ponds,

I whirry, laughing ho, ho, ho.'

Whirring is often used by Chapman in his version of the Iliad ; so in book xvii. :—

— through the Greeks and Ilians they rap

The whirring chariot.'

¹³ So in Macbeth : 'How now, my lord ! why do you keep alone ?'

And in King Henry IV. Part II.

'How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother ?'

Milton employs a similar form of words in *Comus*, v. 308 :—

'How chance she is not in your company ?'

¹⁴ In King Henry VI. Part II. we have 'blood-consuming sighs.'

¹⁵ Countenance, look.

¹⁶ i. e. ere the sea by the coating in of the tide mar your walk.

With more than foreign heart.¹ We every day
Expect him here : when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports,² thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again ; reserve³
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go ;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you,
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least ;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while ;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood :
What ! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
(*Exit* *DIONYZA*.)

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so ?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *Good seamen !* to the sailors, galling
His kindly hands with hauling of the ropes ;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this ?

Mar. When I was born :
Never was waves nor wind more violent ;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvass-climber.⁴ *Ha !* says one, *wilt out ?*
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern : the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.⁵

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it : Pray ! but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me ?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why should she have me kill'd ?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life ;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature : believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly ;
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger ?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,

When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :
Good sooth, it show'd well in you : do so now :
Your lady seeks my life : come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst *MARINA* is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain ! [*LEONINE runs away.*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize ! a prize !

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's
have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exit* Pirates with *MARINA*.]

SCENE II. *The same.* *Re-enter* *LEONINE*.

Leon. These roving⁶ thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes ;

And they have seiz'd *Marina*, Let her go :
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further ;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.

[*Exit*.]

SCENE III. *Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.*
Enter *PANDEA*, *Bawd*, and *BOULT*.

Pand. Boul.

Boul. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly ; *Mitylene*
is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart,
by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures.
We have but poor three, and they can do no more
than they can do ; and with continual action are
even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, what'e'er
we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to
be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true : 'tis not the bringing up
of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some
eleven—

Boul. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down
again.⁷ But shall I search the market ?

Bawd. What else, man ? The stuff we have,
a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so piti-
fully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true ; they are too unwhole-
some o' conscience. The poor *Transilvanian* is
dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boul. Ay, she quickly pooped him ; she made
him roast meat for worms :—but I'll go search the
market.

[*Exit* *BOULT*.]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as
pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you ? is it a
shame to get when we are old ?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the com-
modity ; nor the commodity waxes not with the
danger ;⁸ therefore, if in our youths we could pick
up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep

1 That is, with the same warmth of affection as if I
was his countryman.

2 Our fair charge, whose beauty was once equal to all
that fame said of it. So in *Othello* :—

' ——— He hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame.'

3 Reserve has here the force of preserve. So in
Shakespeare's thirty-second Sonnet :—

' Reserve them for my love, not for their rhymes.'

4 i. e. a sailor, one who climbs the mast to furl or
unfurl the canvass or sails.

5 Mr. Steevens thus regulates and reads this passage :

' That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
Wash'd off a canvass-climber. *Ha !* says one,

Wilt out ? and, with a dropping industry
They skip from stem to stern : The boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this ?

Mar. It was when I was born :

Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.'

6 Old copy reads 'raging thieves.'

7 The Spanish armada perhaps furnished this name.

Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and
had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia.
His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis
Drake on the 2d of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth
This play was not written, we may conclude, till after
that period. The making one of this Spaniard's ances-
tors a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in
those days. There is a particular account of this *Valdes*
in Robert Greene's Spanish Masquerado, 1599. He was
then prisoner in England.

8 I have brought up (i. e. educated,) says the bawd,
some eleven. Yes, answers Boul, to eleven, (i. e. as
far as eleven years of age,) and then brought them
down again. The latter clause of the sentence requires
no explanation. In the play of *The Weather*, by John
Heywood, 4to. bl. l. Merry Report says :—

' Oft tyme is sene both in court and towne,
Longe be women a bryngynge up, and some brought
down.'

9 i. e. is not equal to it. So in *Othello* :—

' To wake and wage a danger proofless.'

And in *Antony and Cleopatra*, vol. viii. :—

' ——— his taunts and honours
Wag'd equal with him.'

our door hatch'd.¹ Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Baud. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boul.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boul. Come your ways. [To MARINA.]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boul. Master, I have gone thorough² for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Baud. Boul, has she any qualities?

Boul. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Baud. What's her price, Boul?

Boul. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw³ in her entertainment.

[*Exit PANDER and Pirates.*]

Baud. Boul, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boul. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates

(Not enough barbarous) had not overboard Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Baud. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Baud. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,

To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Baud. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Baud. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a

young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Baud. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boul's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boul. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Baud. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boul. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Baud. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boul. To-night, to night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that covers⁴ i' the hams?

Baud. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boul. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Baud. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it.⁵ I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.⁶

Boul. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.⁷

Baud. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere⁸ profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boul. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Baud. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boul. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Baud. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boul. I may so.

Baud. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boul. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boul, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have: you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

The reader may see the cut and the railery in the variorum Shakespeare.

1 i. e. bid a high price for her.

2 i. e. unripe, unskilful. So in Hamlet:—'And yet but raw neither in respect of his full sail.'

3 To cower is to sink or crouch down. Thus in King Henry VI.—

'The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands.' Again in Gammer Gurton's Needle:—

'They cower so o'er the coles, their eyes be clear'd with smoke.'

4 i. e. renovate it. So in Cymbeline, Act I. Sc. 2.—

'O, disloyal thing! Thou should'st repair my youth.'

5 The allusion is to the French coin *écus de soleil*, crowns of the sun. The meaning of the passage is merely this, 'That the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his money there.'

6 'If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin.' A similar eulogy is pronounced on Imogen in Cymbeline: 'She's a good sign; but I have seen small reflection of her wit.'

7 i. e. an absolute, a certain profit.

1 A Hatch is a half door, sometimes placed within a street door, preventing access farther than the entry of a house. When the top of a hatch was guarded by a row of spikes, no person could reach over and undo its fastening, which was always within side, and near its bottom. This domestic portcullis perhaps was necessary to our ancient brothels. Secured within such a barrier, Mrs. Overdone could parley with her customers, refuse admittance to the shabby visitor, bargain with the rich gallant, defy the beadle, or keep the constable at bay. From having been her usual defence, the Hatch became the unequivocal denotement of her trade; for though the hatch with a flat top was a constant attendant on buteries in great families, colleges, &c. the hatch with spikes on it was peculiar to early houses of amorous entertainment, and Mr. Steevens was informed that the bagnios of Dublin were not long since so defended. Malone exhibited a copy of a wood cut, prefixed to an old pamphlet entitled Holland's Leaguer, 4to. 1632, in which is a representation of a celebrated brothel, on the Bank side, near the Globe play-house, in which he imagined the Hatch was delineated. Steevens has pleasantly bantered him upon it.

Bout. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,¹ as my giving out her beauty stir up the lowly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Boud. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, said my purpose!

Boud. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.
Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undene?

Cle. O, Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed.² O, lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth, I' the justice of compare! O, villain Leonine, Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness Becoming well thy feat:³ what canst thou say, When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it? Unless you play the impious innocent,⁴ And for an honest attribute, cry out, *She died by foul play.*

Cle. O, go to. Well, well, Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence, And open this to Pericles. I do shame To think of what a noble strain you are, And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding Who ever but his approbation added, Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so, then: Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead, Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.

She did disdain⁵ my child, and stood between Her and her fortunes: None would look on her, But cast their gazes on Marina's face; Whilst ours was blurred⁶ at, and held a malkin,⁷ Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough, And though you call my course unnatural, You not your child well loving, yet I find, It greets me⁸ as an enterprise of kindness, Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it! *Dion.* And as for Pericles, What should he say? We wept after her hearse, And even yet we mourn; but her monument Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs In glittering golden characters express A general praise to her, and care in us At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy, Which, to betray, doth with thine angel's face Seize with thine eagle's talons.⁹

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;¹⁰ But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gower, before the Monument of Marina at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't; Making¹¹ (to take your imagination,) From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime To use one language, in each several clime, Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you, To learn of me, who stand i' the gap to teach you The stages of our story. Pericles

Is now again thwarting the wayward seas¹² (Attended on by many a lord and knight,) To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late¹³ Advanc'd in time to great and high estate, Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind, Old Helicanus goes along behind.

Well sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought

This king to Tharsus (think this pilot-thought:¹⁴ So with his steering shall your thoughts grow on,) To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.¹⁵

1 Thunder is supposed to have the effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so render them more easy to take in stormy weather. Marston alludes to this in his Satires:—

'They are nought but eels that never will appear Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, tear Their slimy beds.'

2 So in *Macbeth*:—'Wake Duncan with this knocking:—Ay, 'would, thou couldst!' In Pericles, as in *Macbeth*, the wife is more criminal than the husband, whose repentance follows immediately on the murder.

3 The old copy reads *face*. The emendation is Marston's. *Feat* is *deed*, or *exploit*.

4 An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an *idiot*. She calls him an impious simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife. This is the ingenious interpretation of Malone; but I incline to think with Mason that we should read, — the *pious innocent*.

5 The old copy reads, 'She did *disdain* my child.' But Marina was not of a *disdainful* temper. Her excellence indeed *eclipse'd* the meaner qualities of her companion, i. e. in the language of the poet, *disdain'd* them. In Tarquin and Lucrece we meet with the same verb again:—

'Ware Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child,) The silver-shining queen he would *disdain*.' The verb is several times used by Shakspeare in the sense of *to eclipse*, to throw into the shade; and not in that of *to disgrace*, as Stevens asserts.

The same cause for Dionyza's hatred to Marina is also alleged in Twine's translation:—'The people beholding the beauty and comeliness of Tharsia, said—Happy is the father that hath Tharsis to his daughter; but her companion that goeth with her is foule and ill-favoured. When Dionisilades heard Tharsia commended, and her owne daughter, Philomacia, so dispraised, she returned home wonderful wrath,' &c.

6 This contemptuous expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. So in King Edward III. 1596:—

'This day hath set derision on the French, And all the world will *blurt* and scorn at us.'

7 A coarse wench, not worth a good morrow.

8 'It greets me' appears to mean it *salutes* me, or is grateful to me. So in King Henry VIII.:—

'Would, I had no being, If this *salute* my blood a jot.'

9 'With thine angel's face,' &c. means 'You having an angel's face, a look of innocence, have at the same time an eagle's talons.'

10 This passage appears to mean, 'You are so affectually humane, that you would appeal to heaven against the cruelty of winter in killing the flies. *Superstitious* is explained by Johnson, *scrupulous beyond need*.'—*Boswell*.

11 So in a former passage:—'O, *make* for Tharsus.' *Making*, &c. is travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one division or boundary of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story.—We still use a phrase exactly corresponding with *take your imagination*; i. e. *to take one's fancy*.

12 So in King Henry V.:—

'— and there being seen, Heave him away upon your winged thoughts *Atchari* the seas.'

13 These lines are strangely misplaced in the old copy. The transposition and corrections are by Stevens.

14 This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone altered to '*his pilot thought*.' I do not see the necessity of the *char* ge. The passage as it is will bear the interpretation given to the correction:—'Let your imagination steer with him, be his pilot, and, by accompanying him in his voyage, *think this pilot thought*.'

15 Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there.

Like notes and shadows see them move awhile ;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb Show.

Enter at one Door, PERICLES, with his Tyne ;
CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows
PERICLES the Tomb of MARINA ; whereat PERI-
CLES makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in
a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and
DIONYZA retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show !
This borrow'd passion stands for true old we ;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
show'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel's tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wick'd Dionyza.

[Reads the Inscription on MARINA's Monument.
The fairest, sweetest, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year,
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;
Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth ;
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint,)
Make raging battery upon shores of sint.
No visor does become black villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune ; while our scenes display
His daughter's wo and heavy well-a-day,
In her unwobly service. Patience, then,
And thank you now are all in Mitylen.

[Exit.

SCENE V. Mitylene. A Street before the Brethel.

Enter, from the Brethel, Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like ?
2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place
as this, she being once gone.
1 Gent. But to have divinity preached there ! did
you ever dream of such a thing ?
2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more hawdy-
houses : shall we go hear the vestals sing ?
1 Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous ;
but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. The same. A Room in the Brethel.

Enter PANDEL, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of
her, she had ne'er come here.
Bawd. Fie, fie upon her : she is able to freeze
the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We

1 I. e. for such tears as were shed when the world
being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. Per-
haps, however, we ought to read, 'true told wo.'
2 So in King Richard III. :-
'O, then began the tempest of my soul.'
What is here called his mortal vessel (i. e. his body) is
styled by Cleopatra her mortal house.
3 'Now be pleased to know.' So in Gower :-
'In which the lordle hath to him writ
That he would understand and wite.'
4 *Sweetest* must be read here as a monosyllable, as
highest in the Tempest :- 'Highest queen of state,' &c.
Steevens observes that we might more elegantly read,
omitting the conjunction and -
'The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here.'
5 The inscription alludes to the violent storm which
accompanied the birth of Marina ; at which time the
sea, proudly overawelling its bounds, swallowed, as is
usual in such hurricanes, some part of the earth. The
poet ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which
Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element ; and
supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflown,
bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens ; and

must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When
she should do for clients her fimest, and do me the
kindness of our profession, she has me her quicks,
her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her
knees ; that she would make a paritan of the devil,
if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Bawd. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll dis-
turbish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swea-
vers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her great-sickness for
me !

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but
by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Ly-
simachus, disguised.

Bawd. We should have both lord and lady, if
the peevish baggage would but give way to our
tomers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now ? How 'a dozen of virginities ?
Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour !
Bawd. I am glad to see your honour in good
health.

Lys. You may so ; 'tis the better for you that
your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now,
wholesome iniquity ? Have you that a man may
deal withal, and defy the surgeoon ?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would -
but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, these
would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well
enough.

Lys. Well ; call forth, call forth.

Bawd. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red you
shall see a rose ; and she were a rose indeed, if she
had but -

Lys. What, prythee ?

Bawd. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less
than it gives a good report to an anchor to be
chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk ;
- never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not
a fair creature ?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage
at sea. Well, there's for you ; - leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave : a
word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an
honourable man. [To MAR. whom she takes aside.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily
note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country,
and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to
him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that, I
know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginity'

that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against
the shores. - Mason.

6 I. e. never cease.

7 This is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price
of a different kind of commodity :-
'How a score of ewes now ?'

8 The use of *to* in composition with verbs is very
common in Gower and Chaucer.

9 The old copy, which both Steevens and Malone con-
sidered corrupt in this place, reads, 'That dignifies the
renown of a bawd, no less than it gives good report to a
number to be chaste.' I have ventured to substitute *an*
anchor, i. e. *hermit*, or *anchorite*. The word being for-
merly written *anchor*, *anchor*, and even *anker*, it is evi-
dent that in old MSS. it might readily be mistaken for a
number. The word is used by the Player Queen in
Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 2 :-
'An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope.'

It is evident that some character contrasted to *bawd* is
required by the context.

10 This uncommon adjective is again used in Cori-
nthus :-
' - - - the virginial palms of your daughters.'

...with you, but think lightly? He will find your
...with gold.

...What he will do graciously, I will thank
...him for.

...How you dare?
Bawd. My lord, she's not-paced yet; you want
...to make her pace to work her to your manage. Come,
...we will leave her to her.

[Exeunt Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.]
...How do they ways?—Now, pretty one, how long
...have you been at this trade?

...What trade, sir?
...What I cannot name but I shall offend.

...I cannot be offended with my trade. Please
...you to name it.

...How long have you been of this profession?
...Ever since I can remember.

...Did you go to it, so young? Were you a
...gambler? at five, or at seven?

...Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

...Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims
...you to be a creature of sale.

...Do you know this house to be a place of
...high resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you
...are of honourable parts, and are the governor of
...this place.

...Why, hath your principal made known unto
...you who I am?

...Who is my principal?
...Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds
...and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have
...heard something of my power, and so stand aloof
...for more serious wooing. But I protest, to thee,
...pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else,
...I'll be as ready upon thee. Come, bring me to some
...private place. Come, come.

...If you were born to honour, show it now;
...If put upon you, make the judgment good
...That thought you worthy of it.

...How's this? how's this?—Some more;—
...be sage.

For me,
That am a maid, though most gentle fortune
...has plac'd me here, within this loathsome street,
...since I came, diseases have been sold—
...Dearer than physic.—O, that the good gods
...would get me free from this unallow'd place!
...Though they did change me to the meanest herd
...That lives, the purer air!

I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd
...as thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
...I should speak and alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for
...thee:

Remember still in that clear way thou goest,
...And the gods strengthen thee!

The gods preserve you!
For me, be you thoughten
That I come with no ill intent; for to me
...The way does and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue,¹ and
...delightest but thy training hath been noble.—

...I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd
...as thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
...I should speak and alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for
...thee:

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Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
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Remember still in that clear way thou goest,
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...I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd
...as thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
...I should speak and alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for
...thee:

Remember still in that clear way thou goest,
...And the gods strengthen thee!

The gods preserve you!
For me, be you thoughten
That I come with no ill intent; for to me
...The way does and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue,¹ and
...delightest but thy training hath been noble.—

...I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd
...as thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
...I should speak and alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for
...thee:

Remember still in that clear way thou goest,
...And the gods strengthen thee!

The gods preserve you!
For me, be you thoughten
That I come with no ill intent; for to me
...The way does and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue,¹ and
...delightest but thy training hath been noble.—

Hold; here's more gold for thee, hold for thee!
A curse upon him, do he like a thief,
That robs thee of the goodness! If thou hear'st
...from me,
It shall be for thy good.

[As LYSIMACHUS is putting up his Purse,
BOULT enters.]

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.
Lys. Avault, thou damned door-keeper! Your
...house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[Exit LYSIMACHUS.]

Boult. How's this? We must take another course
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not
worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the
...cope,² shall undo a whole household, let me be
gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?
Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off,
or the common hangman shall execute it. Come
your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven
away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?
Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has been
spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O, abominable!
Boult. She makes our profession as it were, to
stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!
Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her
like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as
a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy
pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make
the rest spilloable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground
than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!
Bawd. She conjures: away with her. 'Would,
she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang
you! She's born to undo us! Will you not go the
way of womankind? Marry come up, my dear,
with rosmary and bays!' [Exit Bawd.]

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.
Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so
dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.
Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?
Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master,
or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,
since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pains of hell
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coynstrel.¹¹

here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny,
b. xxvi. ch. xxvii. but more circumstantially by Petronius.
Var. Edit. p. 189. A skilful workman, who had
discovered the art of making glass malleable, carried a
specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone
was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affir-
mative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be
struck off immediately, lest his invention should have
proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and
other metals. The same story, however, is told in the
Gesta Romanorum, c. 44.

8 Thus also in Antony and Cleopatra:—
'She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed,
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.'

9 Anciently many dishes were served up with this
garniture, during the season of Christmas. The Bawd
means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

10 So in King Henry IV. Part II.—
'P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?
Poins. Go to, I stand the push of your one thing.'

11 A coynstrel is a low mean person.

Tib was a common name for a strumpet.
'They wondred much at Tom, but at Tib more;
Faith (quoth the vicker) 'tis an extant w—'

Notice Tc, by Richard Turner. 1667

1 A term from the equestrian art; but still in familiar
language applied to persons, chiefly in a bad sense, with
its compound *through-paced*.

2 i. e. a wanton.

3 Lysimachus must be supposed to say this sneeringly.—
'Proceed with your fine moral discourse.'

4 Clear is pure, innocent. Thus in The Two Noble
Kinsmen:—
For the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses.'

5 In The Tempest:—
nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.'

6 thy mother was
A piece of virtue.' Tempest.

7 In Antony and Cleopatra, alluding to Octavia:—
'Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us.'

8 i. e. under the cope or canopy of heaven.

9 Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion

That hither comes inquiring for his tib ;
 To the choleic fating of each rogue thy ear
 Is liable ; thy very food is such
 As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me ? go to the wars,
 would you ? where a man may serve seven years
 for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in
 the end to buy him a wooden one ?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
 Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth ;
 Serve by indenture to the common hangman ;
 Any of these ways are better yet than this :
 For that which thou professest, a baboon,
 Could he speak, would own a name too dear.
 O that the gods would safely from this place
 Deliver me ! Here, here is gold for thee :
 If that thy master would gain aught by me,
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
 With other virtues, which I'll keep from boat ;
 And I will undertake all these to teach.
 I doubt not but this populous city will
 Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of ?
Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
 And prostitute me to the basest groom
 That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee :
 if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women ?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
 them. But since my master and mistress have
 bought you, there's no going but by their consent :
 therefore I will make them acquainted with your
 purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tracta-
 ble enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can ;
 come your ways.

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel escapes, and chanceth
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admired lays ;
 Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her peep'd com-
 poses
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry ;
 That even her art sisters the natural roses ;
 Her inkle's silk, twin with the rubied cherry :
 That popple lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain
 She gives the curs'd bawd. Here we her place ;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost ;
 Whence driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells ; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

1 *Stevens* observes that Marina, who is designed as
 a character of juvenile innocence, appears much too
 knowing in the impurities of a brothel ; nor are her
 expressions more chastised than her ideas.

2 That is, a baboon would think his tribe dishonour'd
 by such a profession. *Iago* says, ' Ere I would
 show myself, &c. I would change my humanky with
 a baboon.' In this speech *Stevens* has made some
 striking regulations to improve the metre.

3 The following passage from *A Midsummer Night's
 Dream* is adduced only on account of the similarity of
 expression, the sentiments being very different. The
 scene confounds those who address him, by his superior
 dignity ; *Martin* silences the learned persons, with
 whom she converses, by her literary superiority.

4 Where I have come great clerks have purpos'd
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
 And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome.

We have the verb to dumb again in *Antony and Cleo-
 patra* :—

— that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly dumb by him.

5 *Webster* :

God Neptune's annual feast to keep : seen whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expenses :
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
 In your supposing once more put your sight ;
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark :
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might
 Shall be discover'd ; please you, sit, and bark.

SCENE I. On board PERICLES' Ship, of Mity-
 lone. A close Partition on deck, with a Curtain
 before it ; PERICLES within it, reclined on a Couch.
 A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel. Enter
 Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel,
 the other to the Barge ; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the Lord Helicanus ? he can
 resolve you. [To the Sailor of Mitylone.

O, here he is.—
 Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylone,
 And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
 Who craves to come aboard. What is your will ?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentleman.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen ! my lord calls.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Genl.* Doth your lordship call ?
Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard ; I pray
 you,
 To greet them fairly.

[The Gentleman and the Two Sailors descend
 and go on board the Barge.]

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lysimachus's
 Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail, Sir,
 This is the man that can, in aught you would
 Resolve you.

Lys. Sir, reverend sir ! the gods preserve you !
Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
 And die as I would die.

Lys. You wish his death, being on shore,
 Honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
 Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
 Meads to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place ?

Lys. I am governor of this place you be before.

Hel. Sir,
 Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king
 A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
 To any one, nor taken sustenance,
 But to prorogue's grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperance ?
Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat ;
 But the main grief of all springs from the loss
 Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then ?
Hel. You may, indeed.

But bootless is your sight ; he will not speak
 To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

1 *Inkle* appears to have been a particular kind of
 silk thread or worsted used in embroidery. *Webster*
 translates *inkle* by *filum textile*.

2 *Stevens* thinks that we should read, ' The citizens
 Attend,' i. e. the citizens are collected like bees in a hive.
 We have the verb in the *Merchant of Venice* :—
 Droves alive not with me.'

3 ' Once more put your sight under the guidance of
 your imagination. Suppose you see what we cannot
 exhibit to you ; think this stage the bark of the melan-
 choly Pericles.'

4 ' Where all that may be displayed in action shall
 be exhibited ; and more should be shown, if our stage
 would permit.' The poet seems to be aware of the
 difficulty of representing the ensuing scene. Some
 modern editions read, ' more of might ;' which, if there
 was authority for it, should seem to mean ' more of
 greater consequence.'

5 ' To lengthen or prolong his grief. *Prologue* is
 used in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed* :—
 ' My life were better ended by their hands,
 Than death prorogued, waiting of thy love.'

Mal. Behold him, sir: [PERICLES discovered.]
 This was a goodly person,
 Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,¹
 Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you!

Hail,
 Hall, royal sir!

Mal. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst

wager,

Would win some words of him.²

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony

And other choice attractions, would allure,

And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,³

Which now are midway stopp'd:

She is all happy as the fairest of all,

And, with her fellow maids, is now upon⁴

The leafy shelter that abuts against

The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—*
Exit Lord, in the Barge of LYTIMACHUS.]

Mal. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
 That bears recovery's name. But since your kind-

ness,

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
 further,

That for our gold we may provision have,
 Wherein we are not destitute for want,

Not weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
 Which if we should deny, the most just God
 For every grass would send a caterpillar,
 And so infect our province.⁵—Yet once more
 Let me entreat to know at large the cause
 Of your king's sorrow.

Mal. Sit, sir, I will recount it;—
 But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the Barge, Lord, MARINA, and a
 Young Lady.*

Lys. O, here is
 The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
 Isn't not a goodly presence?

Mal. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she came
 Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish

I Few of the stage-directions, that have been given in
 this and the preceding acts, are found in the old copy.
 In the original representation Pericles was probably
 placed in the back part of the stage, concealed by a
 curtain, which was here drawn open. The ancient
 narratives represented him as remaining in the cabin
 of his ship; but as in such a situation Pericles would
 not be visible to the audience, a different stage-direction
 is now given.

¹ The old copies read, 'one mortal night.' The
 emendation is Malone's. *Mortal* is here used for
death, destructive.

² This circumstance resembles another in *All's Well*
 that Ends Well, where Lafew gives an account of He-
 lena's attractions to the king before she is introduced to
 attempt his cure.

³ The old copy reads, 'deafen'd parts.' Malone made
 the alteration, which he explains thus: i. e. 'his ears,
 which are to be assailed by Marina's melodious voice.'
 Steevens would read, 'deafen'd parts,' meaning 'the
 applied doors of hearing.'

⁴ Steevens prints this passage in the following man-
 ner; corrected and amended so as to run smooth no
 doubt, but with sufficient license:—
 'She all as happy as of all the fairest,
 Is with her fellow maidens now within.'

Difficulties have been raised about this passage as it
 stands; but surely it is as intelligible as many others
 in this play. 'Upon a leafy shelter,' which is the great
 stumbling-block, appears to mean 'Upon a spot which
 is sheltered.'

⁵ There can be but little doubt that the poet wrote:—
 'And so afflict our province.'

We have no example of *to infect* used by itself for *to*
perish.

⁷ It appears that when Pericles was originally per-
 formed the theatres were furnished with no such appa-
 ratus as, by any stretch of imagination, could be
 supposed to present either a sea or a ship; and that the
 audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in

No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
 Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty⁶

Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
 If that thy prosperous and artificial feat⁷

Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
 Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
 As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
 My utmost skill in his recovery,

Provided none but I and my companion
 Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her
 And the gods make her prosperous!

[*MARINA sings.*⁸

Lys. Mark'd he your music?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—
Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
 My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
 But have been gar'd on, like a comet: she speaks,
 My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
 Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
 Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
 My derivation was from ancestors
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:⁹
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,
 And to the world and awkward¹⁰ casualties
 Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
 But there is something glows upon my cheek,
 And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

[*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
 To equal mine?—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my pa-
 rentage,
 You would not do me violence.¹¹

Per. I do think so.
 I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
 You are like something that—What countrywoman?
 Here of these shores?¹²

Mar. No, nor of any shores;
 Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
 No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with we, and shall deliver
 weeping.

and out of port in their *mind's eye* only. This license
 being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the instance
 now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again
 in a few minutes, leading in Marina without any sen-
 sible impropriety; and the present drama exhibited be-
 fore such indigent spectators was not more incommo-
 dious in the representation than any other would have
 been. See Malone's Historical Account of the English
 Stage.

⁶ The quarto of 1609 reads:—
 'Fair on all goodness that consists in beauty,' &c.

The present circumstance puts us in mind of what
 passes between Helena and the King, in *All's Well that*
Ends Well.

⁷ The old copy has 'artificial fate.' The emenda-
 tion is by Dr. Parry.

⁸ This song (like most of those that were sung in the
 old plays) has not been preserved. It may have been
 formed on the lines in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The
 reader desirous of consulting the Latin hexameters, or
 Twine's translation of them, may consult the *Variorum*
Shakspeare. There was not merit enough in them to
 warrant their production in this abridged commentary.

⁹ So in *Othello*:—
 '— I fetch my birth
 From men of royal siege.'

¹⁰ *And twice by eastward wind from England's bank
 Drove back again.*

¹¹ This seems to refer to a part of the story that is made
 no use of in the present scene. Thus in Twine's trans-
 lation:—'Then Appolonius fell in rage, and forgetting
 all courtesie, &c. rose up sodainly and stroke the maid-
 en,' &c. Pericles however afterwards says—
 'Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
 (Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
 From good descending?'

¹² This passage is strangely corrupt in the old copies:—
 'Per, I do think so, pray you turne your eyes upon

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
Add car'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you
live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?²

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee, speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd³ truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee;
And make my senses credit thy relation.

To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st at thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.⁴ What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.
Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some licensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, goo sir,
Or here I'll cease.
Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;

me, your like something that, what country women
hears of these shewes,⁵ &c.

Mar. Nor of any shewes,⁶ &c.
For the ingenious amendment, *shores* instead of *shewes*,
as well as the regulation of the whole passage, Maloué
confesses his obligation to the earl of Charlemont.

1 So Demopon, in the *Budans* of Plautus, exclaims,
on beholding his long lost child:—
'O filia

Mea! cum ego hanc video, mearum me abesse miseria-
rum comunones.

Trima quem perit mihi: *Jam tanta esset, si vivit, scio.*
2 I. e. possesses. The meaning of the compliment is:—
These endowments, however valuable in themselves,
are heightened by being in your possession: they acquire
additional grace from their owner. One of Timon's
satirets says,

'You mend the jewel by wearing of it.'
3 Shakespeare, when he means to represent any quali-
ty of the mind, &c. as eminently perfect, furnishes the
personification with a crown. See the 37th and 143th
Sonnets. So in *Romeo* and *Juliet*:—

'Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne, where honour may be crown'd
Solo monarch of the universal earth.'

4 'By her beauty and patient meekness disarming
Calamity, and preventing her from using her uplifted
sword. *Extremity* (though not personified as here) is
in like manner used for the utmost of human suffering
in *King Lear*:—

'—another,
To amplify too much, would mock more,
And top extremity.'

So in *Twelfth Night*:—
'She sat like *Patience* on a monument
Smiling at Grief.'

5 I. e. No puppet dressed up to deceive me. So in *The
Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—
'O, excellent motion! O, exceeding puppet!'

6 That is, I will be the every the *minutest part* of
what you say. So in *Ant's Well* that Ends Well:—
'To the utmost syllable of your worthiness'
And in *Macbeth*:—
'To the last syllable of recorded time.'

But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion? Well; speak on. Where were you
born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse *Lychorida* hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well:—where
were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did
give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver.⁵ Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you
bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in *Tharsus* leave:
me;

Till cruel *Cleon*, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having wo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to *Mitylene*. But now, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be,

You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king *Pericles*,
If good king *Pericles* be.

Per. Ho, *Helicanus*!
Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of *Mitylene*,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O *Helicanus*, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that was't born at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea again! O *Helicanus*,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us; This is *Marina*.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,

4 'By her beauty and patient meekness disarming
Calamity, and preventing her from using her uplifted
sword. *Extremity* (though not personified as here) is
in like manner used for the utmost of human suffering
in *King Lear*:—

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To amplify too much, would mock more,
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what you say. So in *Ant's Well* that Ends Well:—
'To the utmost syllable of your worthiness'

And in *Macbeth*:—
'To the last syllable of recorded time.'

For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, (as in the rest thou hast
Been godlike perfect,) thou'rt the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.²

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.³

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my
child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Hid come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto hiccough, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eyelids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;

[*The Curtain before the Position of PERICLES
is closed.*]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,⁴
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
and attendants.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* PERICLES on the Deck
asleep; DIANA appearing to him as in a Vision.⁵

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; his throne
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;
Toss'd upon thy crosses, with thy daughter's call,
And give them repetition to the same.⁶

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

1 i. e. in plain language, 'though nothing ever hap-
pened to awake a scruple or doubt concerning your ver-
acity.'

2 This passage is very much corrupted in the old cop-
ies; in the last line we have, 'another like.' The
emendation is founded upon that of Mason. Malone
reads—

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, (as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,) the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.
Mason's emendation is confirmed by what Pericles says
in the preceding speech:—

—O come hither

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget.

3 So in the *Winter's Tale*—

—Lady;

Dear queen, that ended when I but began,

Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

4 Malone would give these lines to Marina, reading—

—Well, my companion-friend.

Observing that a lady had entered with her, and Marina
says, I will use my utmost skill in the recovery of
Pericles,

—provided

That none but I and my companion-maid

Be suffer'd to come near him.

Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIANA disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,⁷

I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown⁸ sails; ere long I'll tell thee why.—

[*To HELICANUS:*]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,

And give you gold for such provision

As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come
ashore,

I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,

Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems

You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lead your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA, at
Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;

More a little, and then done.⁹

This, as my last boon, give me,

(For such kindness must relieve me,)

That you aptly will suppose

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy, and pretty din,

The regent made in Mitylin,

To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,

That he is promis'd to be wif'd

To fair Marina; but in no wise

Till he¹⁰ had done his sacrifice

As Dian bade: whereto being bound

The interim, pray you, all confound.¹¹

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,

And wishes fall out as they're wif'd.

At Ephesus, the temple see,

Our king, and all his company,

That he can hither come to soon

Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [*Exit*]

SCENE III. *The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.*

THAISIA standing near the Altar, as High Priestess;

a number of Virgins on each side; CAMELION

and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending;

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS,

HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform the first command

I here confess myself the king of Tyre

Who, frighted from my country, did wed

The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth

A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,

Stevens contends for the text as it stands, remarking

that 'Lysimachus is much in love with Marina, and

supposing himself to be near the graduation of his

wishes, with a generosity common to noble natures of

such occasions, is desirous to make his friends and

companions partakers of his happiness.'

5 This vision appears to be founded on a passage in

Gower.

6 In the old copy we have here like for life again.

The passage appears to mean—'Draw such a picture

as shall prove itself to have been copied from real, not

from pretended calamities; such a one as shall strike

the hearers with all the lustre of conspicuous truth.'

7 i. e. regent of the silver moon. In the language of

alchemy, which was well understood when this play

was written, Luna or Diana means silver, as Sol does

gold.

8 That is, 'out swollen sails.' So in Antony and

Cleopatra:—

'A vent upon her arm, and something blown.'

9 The old copy reads *dim*. And in the last line of

this chorus *doom* instead of *boon*.

10 i. e. Pericles.

11 *Confound* here signifies to *consume*.

12 He did *confound* the best part of an hour,

Exchanging hardiment with great Glendower.

King Henry 2.

Wears yet thy silver livery?—She is Thaisa
(Has turn'd with Ocean; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder; but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene: against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.)

Thaisa. Voice and favour!—
You see—you are—O, royal Pericles!

Per. What means the woman? she dies, help,
gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend applier, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—Quasbe's but o'erjoy'd!
Early, one blustering morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd
her
Here in Diana's temple.³

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
house.⁴

Whether I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thaisa. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not drive a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thaisa. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.⁵

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thaisa. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your present
kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may

1 I. e. her white robe of innocence, as being yet under
the protection of the goddess of chastity.

2 The similitude between this scene and the discov-
ery in the last act of *The Winter's Tale*, will strike
every reader.

In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance, for-
merly in Dr. Farmer's possession, mentioned in the
Preliminary Remarks, this is told with simplicity and
pathos. I lay it before the reader as a philological curi-
osity:—

The whites he expounded thus hys tyf
W' sorwe & steiffast thoust,
He tolde hit to hys owene wyf,
Sche knew him [though] he hire nougth,
Heo caught hym in hire armes twon,
For joye sche ne myght spek a word,
The kyng was wroth & pitte her fro;
Heo cryede loude—'ye beth my lord,
I am youre wyf, youre loof yore,
Archistrata ye lovede so,
The kynges doughty was here,
Archistrates he ne hadde na mo.'
Heo clipte hym & eise*** kyase
And saide thus byfore hem alle
Ze seeth Appolyn the kyng
My mayst that taugt me all my good—
Cetera desunt.

3 The same situation occurs again in the Comedy of
Errors, where Elgoun loses his wife at sea, and finds
her at last in a nunnery.

4 This circumstance bears some resemblance to the
meeting of Leontes and Hermione in *The Winter's
Tale*. The office of Cerimon is not unlike that of Pau-
linus.

5 Sense is here used for *sensual passion*.

6 Drown'd in this instance does not signify suffocated
by water, but overwhelmed in it. Thus Knolles, *Hu-*

Melt, and no more to be seen:—O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Thaisa. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flush of thy flesh,
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thaisa. Bless'd and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thaisa. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.
Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thaisa. 'Twas Helicanus, then

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa: this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thaisa. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man
Through whom the gods have shown their power,
that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen relives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My sight obedient to thee. Thaisa,

This prince, the fair-betroth'd of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.⁶

Thaisa. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.⁷

wry of the Turks:—Galleys might be down'd in the
harbour with the great ordnance, before they could be
rigg'd.

7 So in King Lear:—

'It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.'

8 This is a sentiment which Shakspeare never fails
to introduce on occasions similar to the present. So in
the 30th Psalm:—'O spare me a little, that I may re-
cover my strength before I go hence, and be no more
seen.' The same thought is expressed by Perdita, in
the *Winter's Tale*:—

'Not like a come;—or if—not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms.'

9 I. e. fairly contracted, honourably affianced.
10 The author has here followed Gower, or the *Gesta
Romanorum*:—

— this a vowe to God I make
That I shall never for hir sake,
My berde for no likerage shawe,
Till it befall that I have
In convenable time of age
Besette her unto marriage.'

The poet has, however, been guilty of a slight inadver-
tency. If Pericles made the vow almost immediately
after the birth of Marina, it was hardly necessary for
him to make it again, as he has done, when he arrived
at Tharsus.

11 In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance, the
father dies in his daughter's arms.

'Ziu was hys fader-in-lawe a lyve
Archistrates the goud kyng,
Folk congregaynes hym so byrve
As any myght by oth thing;
They song daumado & were byrthe,
That ever he myghte that day yee,
And thanke God a thousand sythe,
The kynges was gladdest ever be ye.'

For Heaven make a star of him! Yet there,
my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyros reign.
Lord Corimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch,² and his daughter, you have
heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:

The he saw hem alle by fore
Hys dought' & hys sone in lawe,
And hys dought' so fair y core,
A kyngis wife heo was wel fawe,
And her chyld ther also
Al clene of kyngis blod,
He buste hem, ho was glad tho
But the olde kyngs so goud.
He made hem dwelle that yer
And deyde in hys dought'ers arm.³

¹ This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who expressed their mode of conferring divine honours and immortality on men, by placing them among the stars.
² I. e. the king of Antioch. The old copy reads *Antiochia*. Stevens made the alteration, observing that in Shakspeare's other plays we have *France for the king of France; Morocco for the king of Morocco, &c.*

In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although seem'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserv'd from fall destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicantus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty!
In reverend Corimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fates
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd
name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seem'd so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit GOWER.*

THAT this tragedy has some merit, it were vain to deny; but that it is the entire composition of Shakspeare, is more than can be hastily granted. I shall not venture with Dr. Farmer, to determine that the hand of our great poet is only visible in the last act: for I think it appears in several passages dispersed over each of these divisions. I find it difficult, however, to persuade myself that he was the original fabricator of the plot, or the author of every dialogue, chorus, &c.
STEVENS.

KING LEAR.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story of King Lear and his three daughters was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Hollinshed transcribed it; and in his Chronicle Shakspeare had certainly read it: but he seems to have been more indebted to the old anonymous play, entitled *The True Chronicle Historie of Leire, King of England, and his Three Daughters Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordelle*, 1606. A play with that title was entered on the Stationers' books by Edward White, May 14, 1594; and there are two other entries of the same piece, May 9, 1606; and Nov. 26, 1607. From the *Mirror of Magistrates*, Shakspeare has taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father, concerning her future marriage. The Episode of Gloucester and his sons must have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, no trace of it being found in the other sources of the fable. The reader will also find the story of King Lear in the second book and tenth canto of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and in the fifteenth chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*. Camden, in his *Remaines*, under the head of *Wise Speeches*, tells a similar story to this of Lear, of the King of the West Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. The story has found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; one ballad will be found in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i. 2d edit. The story is also to be found in the unpublished *Gesta Romanorum*, and in the *Romançe of Perceforest*. The whole of this play could not have been written till after 1603. Harnett's Declaration of Popish Impostures, to which it contains so many references, and from which the fantastic names of several spirits are borrowed, was not published till that year. It must have been produced before the Christmas of 1606; for in the entry of Lear on the Stationers' Register, on the 26th of November, 1607, it is expressly recorded to have been played, during the preceding Christmas, before his majesty at Whitehall. Malone places the date of the composition in 1604; Dr. Drake in 1604.

Of this noble tragedy, one of the first productions of the noblest of poets, it is scarcely possible to express our admiration in adequate terms. Whether considered as an effort of art, or as a picture of the passions, it is entitled to the highest praise. The two portions of which the fable consists, involving the fate of Lear and his daughters, and of Gloucester and his sons, influence

each other in so many points, and are blended with such consummate skill, that whilst the imagination is delighted by diversity of circumstances, the judgment is equally gratified in viewing their mutual co-operation towards the final result; the coalescence being so intimate, as not only to preserve the necessary unity of action, but to constitute one of the greatest beauties of the piece.

Such, indeed, is the interest excited by the structure and concatenation of the story, that the attention is not once suffered to flag. By a rapid succession of incidents, by sudden and overwhelming vicissitudes, by the most awful instances of misery and destruction, by the boldest contrariety of characters, are curiosity and anxiety kept progressively increasing, and with an impetus so strong as nearly to absorb every faculty of the mind and every feeling of the heart.

Victims of frailty, of calamity, or of vice, in an age remote and barbarous, the actors in this drama are brought forward with a strength of colouring which, had the scene been placed in a more civilized era, might have been justly deemed too dark and ferocious; but is not discordant with the earliest heathen age of Britain. The effect of this style of characterisation is felt occasionally throughout the entire play; but it is particularly visible in the delineation of the vicious personages of the drama, the parts of Gonorill, Regan, Edmund, and Cornwall, being loaded not only with ingratitude of the deepest dye, but with cruelty of the most savage and diabolical nature; they are the criminals, in fact, of an age where vice may be supposed to reign with lawless and gigantic power, and in which the extrusion of Gloucester's eyes might be such an event as not unfrequently occurred. Had this mode of casting his characters in the extreme been applied to the remainder of the *dramatis personæ*, we should have lost some of the finest lessons of humanity and wisdom that ever issued from the pen of an uninspired writer; but with the exception of a few coarsenesses, which remind us of the barbarous period to which the story is referred, and of a few incidents rather revolting to credibility, but which could not be detached from the original narrative, the virtuous agents of the play exhibit the manners and the feelings of civilization, and are of that mixed fabric which can alone display a just portraiture of the nature and composition of our species.

The characters of Cordelia and Edgar, it is true, approach nearly to perfection; but the filial virtues of

the former are combined with such exquisite tenderness of heart, and those of the latter with such bluer humiliation and suffering, that grief, indignation, and pity are instantly excited. Very striking representations are also given of the rough fidelity of Kent, and of the haughty cruelty of Gloucester; but it is in delineating the passions, feelings, and afflictions of Lear that our poet has wrought up a picture of human misery which has never been surpassed, and which agitates the soul with the most overpowering emotions of sympathy and compassion.

The conduct of the unhappy monarch having been founded merely on the impulses of sensibility, and not on any fixed principle or rule of action, no sooner has he discovered the baseness of those on whom he had relied, and the fatal mistake into which he had been hurried by the delusions of inordinate fondness and extravagant expectation, than he feels himself bereft of all consolation and resource. Those to whom he had given all, for whom he had stripped himself of dignity and power, and on whom he had centred every hope of comfort and repose in his old age, his inhuman daughters, having not only treated him with utter coldness and contempt, but sought to deprive him of all the respectability, and even of the very means of existence, what, in a mind so constituted as Lear's, the sport of intense and ill regulated feeling, and tortured by the reflection of having deserted the only child who loved him, what but madness could be expected as the result? It was, in fact, the necessary consequence of the reciprocal action of complicated distress and morbid sensibility; and in describing the approach of this dreadful infliction, in tracing its progress, its height, and subsidence, our poet has displayed such an intimate knowledge of the workings of the human intellect, under all its aberrations, as would afford an admirable study for the inquirer into mental physiology. He has also in this play, as in that of Hamlet, finely discriminated between real and assumed insanity. Edgar, amidst all the wild imagery which his imagination has accumulated, never touching on the true source of his misery, whilst Lear, on the contrary, finds it associated with every object and every thought, however distant or dissimilar. Not even the Orestes of Euripides, or the Clementina of Richardson, can, as pictures of disordered reason, be placed in competition with this of Lear: it may be pronounced, indeed, from its truth and completeness, beyond the reach of rivalry.¹⁶

An anonymous writer, who has instituted a comparison between the Lear of Shakspeare and the *Cleopatra* of Sophocles, and justly given the palm to the former, closes his essay with the following sentence, to which every reader of taste and feeling will subscribe—'There is no detached character in Shakspeare's writings which displays so vividly as this the hand and mind of a master; which exhibits so great a variety of excellence, and such amazing powers of delineation; so intimate a knowledge of the human heart, with such ex-

act skill in tracing the progress and the effects of its more violent and more delicate passions. It is in the management of this character more especially that he fills up that grand idea of a perfect poet, which we delight to image to ourselves, but despair of seeing realised.'¹⁷

In the same work from whence this is extracted will be found an article, entitled 'Aesthætia,' attributed to the pen of Mr. Charles Lamb, in which are the following striking animadversions on the liberty taken in changing the catastrophe of this tragedy in representation. 'The Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery with which they mimic the storm he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passions are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that rich sea, his mind, with all its vast riches: it is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of age; while we read it we see not Lear, but we are Lear;—we are in his mind; we are sustained by a grandeur, which baffles the malice of his daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, unmethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, as will on the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that 'they themselves are old!' What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show; it is too hard and stony; it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Fate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw it about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through, the flying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again, could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if at his years, and with his experience, any thing was left but to die.'

¹⁶ The Reflector, vol. ii. p. 139, on Greek and English Tragedy.

¹⁷ Drake's Shakspeare and his Times, vol. ii. p. 460.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, King of Britain.
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOSTER.
EDGAR, Son to Gloster.
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.
CURAN, a Courtier.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.
Physician. • Fool.

OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.
GONERIL, }
REGAN, } Daughters to Lear.
CORDELIA, }

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Room of State in King Lear's Palace. Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.
Kent.

I THOUGHT the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

1 There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters, he examines his daughters to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloster only were privy to

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity² in neither can make choice of either's moiety.³

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as subsequent reasons should determine him.—Johnson.

² Curiosity is scrupulous exactness, finical precision.

³ Moiety is used by Shakspeare for part or portion.

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could : whereupon she grew round-womb'd ; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault ?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.¹

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year² elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account : though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair ; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent : remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again :—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit GLOSTER, and EDMUND.*]

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker³ purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom : and 'tis our fast intent⁴ To shake all cares and business from our age ; Conferring⁵ them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will⁶ to publish Our daughters, several dowers, that future strife⁷ May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state,⁸) Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most ? That we our largest bounty may extend

¹ *Proper* is comely, handsome.

² i. e. 'about a year elder.'

³ 'We shall express our darker purpose : ' that is, 'we have already made known our desire of parting the kingdom ; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition.' This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue.—*Johnson.*

⁴ i. e. our determined resolution. The quartos read, 'fast intent.'

⁵ The quartos read, *confirming*.

⁶ *Constant will*, which is a confirmation of the reading 'fast intent,' means a firm, determined will : it is the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. The lines from *while us is prevented now* are omitted in the quartos.

⁷ The two lines in a parenthesis are omitted in the quartos.

⁸ 'Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is so much ; for how much soever I should name, it would yet be more.' Thus Rowe, in his *Fair Penitent*, Sc. 1 :—

I can only

Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.'

⁹ i. e. enriched. So Drant in his translation of Horace's *Epistles*, 1567 :—

'To rich his country, let his words lyke flowing water fall.'

¹⁰ That is, 'estimate me at her value, my love has at least equal claim to your favour. Only she comes short of me in this, that I profess myself an enemy to all other

Where merit doth most challenge it.—*Goneril*, Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon.

Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty ; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour : As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found. A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable : Beyond all manner of so much I love you.⁹

Cor. What shall Cordelia do ? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,¹⁰ With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady : To thine and Albany's issue Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall ? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister, And prize me at her worth.¹¹ In my true heart I find, she names my very deed of love ; Only she comes too short,—that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys, Which the most precious square of sense possesses ; And find I am alone felicitate

In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia ! [*Aside.* And yet not so ; since, I am sure, my love's More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever, Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ; No less in space, validity,¹² and pleasure, Than that conferr'd¹³ on Goneril.—Now, our joy, Although the last, not least ; to whose young love The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy, Strive to be interest'd :¹⁴ what can you say, to draw

A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing ?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing : speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia ? mend your speech a little, Lost it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I Return those duties back as are right fit, Obey you, love you, and most honour you. Why have my sisters husbands, if they say, They love you, all ? Haply, when I shall wed, That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :¹⁴

joys which the most precious aggregation of sense can bestow.' *Square* is here used for the *whole complement* as *circle* is now sometimes used.

¹¹ *Validity* is several times used to signify *worth, value*, by Shakspeare. It does not, however, appear to have been peculiar to him in this sense. 'The countenance of your friend is of less value than his council, yet both of very small validity.'—*The Linnæus Charter*, 1607.

¹² The folio reads *conferr'd* ; the quartos, *confirm'd*. So in a former passage we have in the quartos *confirming* for *confirming*. 'To confirm on a person is certainly not English now (says Mr. Boswell ;) but it does not follow that such was the case in Shakspeare's time. The original meaning of the word to *establish* would easily bear such a construction.'

¹³ To *interest* and to *interest* are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but two distinct words, though of the same import ; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *interesser*. We have *interest'd* in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* :—

'Our sacred laws and just authority Are *interest'd* therein.'

Drayton also uses the word in the Preface to his *Polyolbion*.

¹⁴ So in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1567, Cordelia says :—

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation² messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!

[*To CORDELIA.*]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who
stirs?

Call Burgundy,—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourselves, by monthly
course,

With reservation of a hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions³ to a king;

The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,⁴
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,⁵—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old
man?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;⁶
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judg-
ment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs⁷ no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies,⁸ nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank⁹ of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance, hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd¹⁰
pride,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear;)
Our potency made¹¹ good, take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases¹² of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt
appear,

Freedom¹³ lives hence, and banishment is here.
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To CORDELIA.*]

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches, may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.—

[*To ROBAN and GONERIL.*]

Thus Kent, O, princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*]
*Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY,
and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king¹⁴
Hath rival'd for our daughter; What, in the least,

cred and Gismund, 1592:—'You shall not be able to wage
against me in the charge growing upon this action.'
George Wither, in his verses before the Polyolbion,
says:—

'Good speed befall thee who hath rag'd a task

That better censures and rewards doth ask.'

⁹ The blank is the mark at which men shoot. 'See
better,' says Kent, 'and let me be the mark to direct
your sight, that you err not.'

¹⁰ As you have with unreasonable pride come be-
tween our sentence and our power to execute it, that
power shall be made good by rewarding thy contumacy
with a sentence of banishment.' In Othello we have
nearly the same language:—

'My spirit and my place have in them power

To make this better to thee.'

One of the quartos reads, 'make good.'

¹¹ Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *disasters*. By
the *diseases* of the world are meant, the *uneasinesses*,
inconveniences, and *slighter troubles or distresses* of the
world. So in King Henry VI. Part I. Act II. Sc. 5:—

'And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.'

The provision that Kent could make in five days
might in some measure guard against such *diseases*
of the world but could not shield him from his *disas-
ters*.

¹² The quartos read, 'Friendship.' And in the next
line, instead of 'dear shelter,' 'protection.'

¹ — Nature so doth bind me, and compel

To love you as I ought, my father, well;

Yet shortly may I chance, if fortune will,

To find in heart to bear another more good will:

Thus much I said of nuptial loves that meant.'

1 i. e. from this time.

2 His children.

3 All the titles belonging to a king.

4 By 'the execution of the rest,' all the other functions
of the kingly office are probably meant.

5 The allusion is probably to the custom of clergymen
praying for their patrons in what is called the bidding
prayer.

6 The folio reads, 'reserve thy state,' and has
stoops instead of 'falls to folly.' The meaning of
answer my life my judgment, is, 'Let my life be answer-
able for my judgment, or I will stake my life on my
opinion.'

7 This is perhaps a word of the poet's own, meaning
the same as *reverberates*.

8 That is, 'I never regarded my life as my own, but
merely as a thing of which I had the possession, and
not the property; and which was entrusted to me as a
pawn or pledge, to be employed in waging war against
your enemies.' 'To wage,' says Bullokar, 'to under-
take, or give security for performance of any thing.'

The expression to wage against is used in a letter
from Guil. Webbe to Robt. Wilmot, prefixed to Tan-

Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming² substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,³
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up⁴ our conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that
made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[To FRANCE.]

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthy way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it,⁵ or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint:⁶ which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for⁷ I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste⁸ action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me
better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,

1 That is, 'your amorous pursuit.' A quest is a seeking or pursuit: the expedition in which a knight was engaged is often so named in the Faerie Queen.

2 Seeming here means specious. Thus in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor':—'Pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page.'

3 I. e. owns, is possessed of.

4 That is, 'Election is not accomplished upon such conditions.' I cannot decide to take her upon such terms.

5 Such unnatural degree

6 That monsters it. In the phraseology of Shakespeare's age that and as were convertible words. So in Coriolanus:—

'Bug with such words that are but rooted in Your tongue.'

7 See Julius Caesar, Act i. Sc. 2. The uncommon verb to monster, occurs again in Coriolanus, Act ii. Sc. 2:—

'To hear my nothings monster'd.'

8 Her offence must be monstrous, or the former affection which you professed for her must fall into taint; that is, become the subject of reproach. Taint is here only an abbreviation of attain.

9 I. e. 'If cause I want, &c.'

10 The quarto read, 'no unclean action,' which in fact carries the same sense.

11 The folio has regards. The meaning of the passage is, that his love wants something to mark its sincerity, —

'Who seeks for aught in love but love alone.'

That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects,⁹ that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn: I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being
poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee, and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
neglect,

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious unaid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;
Thou lovest here a better where¹⁰ to find. [For us]

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[Flourish. *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, COR-
WALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you; I know you what you are:
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
To your profess'd¹¹ bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gen. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.¹²

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaid¹³ cunning
hides

Who cover faults,¹⁴ at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

10 Here and where have the power of nouns. 'Thou lovest this residence, to find a better residence in another place.' So in Churchyard's Farewell to the World, 1592:—

'That grows not here, takes root in other where.'

11 We have here *professed* for *professing*. It has been elsewhere observed that Shakespeare often uses one participle for another. Thus in the Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Sc. 3, we have *guiled* for *gulling*; in other places, *delighted* for *delighting*, &c. A remarkable instance of the converse occurs in Antony and Cleopatra; where we have *all-obeyed* for *all-obeying*.

12 Thus, she folio. The quartos read:—

'And well are worth the *worth* that you have wanted.' The meaning of the passage as it now stands in the text, is, 'You well deserve to want that dower, which you have lost by having failed in your obedience.' So in King Henry VI. Part iii. Act iv. Sc. 1.—'Though I want a kingdom; I. e. though I am without a kingdom.'

13 That is, *complicated*, *intricate*, *involved*, *cunning*.

14 The quartos read:—

'Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.'

The folio has:—

'Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.'

Mason proposed to read:—

'Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.'

The word *what* referring to *Time*. In the third act, Lear says:—

'Caitiff, shake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient seeming,
Hast practis'd on man's life.'

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.]
Gen. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gen. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gen. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition,¹ but therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gen. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. 'Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gen. We must do something, and i' the heat.²

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Hall in the Earl of Gloucester's Castle. Enter EDMOND, with a Letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess;³ to thy law My services are bound; Wherefore should I Stand in the plague⁴ of custom; and permit The curiosity⁵ of nations to deprive⁶ me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base? When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true, As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base? Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take More composition and fierce quality, Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops, Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund, As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top the legitimate. I grow: I prosper:—Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd⁷ his power! Confin'd to exhibition!⁸ All this done Upon the gad!⁹—Edmund! How now? what news?

1 *i. e.* temper; qualities of mind confirmed by long habit. Thus in Othello:—

2 *A woman of so gentle a condition.*

3 *We must strike while the iron's hot.*

4 Edmund calls nature his goddess, for the same reason as we call a bastard a natural son: one who, according to the law of nature is the child of his father; but, according to those of civil society, is *nullius filius*.

5 'Wherefore should I submit tamely to the plague (i. e. the evil), or injustice of custom?'

6 The *wicked* of civil institutions, their strictness and scrupulosity. See note 2, on the first scene.

7 To deprive is equivalent to *disinherit*. *Exharedo* is rendered by this word in the old dictionaries: and Hollander speaks of the fine of Henry before deprived.

8 How much the following lines are in character, may be seen by that monstrous wish of Vanini, the Italian atheist, in his tract *De Admiranda Natura*, &c. printed at Paris, 1616, the very year our poet died:—"O utinam extra legitimum et connubiale thorum essum procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in generem incaluitiscent ardentius ac cumulatim affatimque generosa se-

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'erread; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay¹⁰ or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [Reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond¹¹ bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Humph—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him—you should enjoy half his revenue.—My son Edgar!—Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?*

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O, villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please ye to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where,¹² if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his

mina contulissent, e quibus ego forme blanditiam et elegantiam, robustas corporis vires, mentemque innumibilem, consequutus fuissim. At quia conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum bonis." Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that Shakespeare alluded to this passage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist as Vanini would say when he wrote on such a subject.—Warburton.

7 To subscribe is to yield, to surrender.

8 Exhibition is an allowance, a stipend.

9 *i. e.* in haste, equivalent to upon the spur. A gad was a sharp pointed piece of steel, used as a spur to urge cattle forward; whence *goaded* forward. Mr Nares suggests that to gad and gadding originate from being on the spur to go about.

10 'As an essay,' &c. means as a trial or taste of my virtue. 'To assay, or rather essay, of the French word *essayer*,' says Baret; and a little lower: 'To taste or assay before; *prælibo*.'

11 *i. e.* weak and foolish.

12 Where for where?

purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour,¹ and to no other pretence² of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

[*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!³—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him,⁴ I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.⁵

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey⁶ the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects:⁷ love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. [This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!⁸—Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world,⁹ that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools; by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors;¹⁰ by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star!¹¹ My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maiden-

liest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. *Edgar*—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy:¹² My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi!¹³

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you,¹⁴ the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily: [as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts,¹⁵ nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come;] when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. [I pray you, have a continent!¹⁶ forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key;—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: 'Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit EDGAR.*

1 The usual address to a lord.

2 I. e. design or purpose.

3 The words between brackets are omitted in the folio.

4 'Wind me into him.' Another example of familiar expressive phraseology not infrequent in Shakspeare.

5 'I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution,' means 'I would give all that I am possessed of to be satisfied of the truth.' So in the *Four Frenches*, *Reed's Old Plays*, vol. viii. p. 92.

6 Ah, but the resolution of thy death! Made me to lose such thought?

7 Shakspeare frequently uses *resolv'd* for *satisfied*. And in the third act of *Massinger's Picture*, *Sophia* says:—

— I have practis'd
For my certain *resolv'd* with these courtiers.
And in the last Act she says:—

— Nay, more, to take,
For the resolution of his fears, a course
That is, by holy writ, denied a Christian.

8 To convey is to conduct, or carry through.

9 That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences.

10 All between brackets is omitted in the quartos.

11 Warburton, in a long and ingenious note on this passage, observes, that in this play the dotages of a judicial astrology are intended to be satirized. It was a very prevailing folly in the poet's time.

12 *Treachers* is the reading of the folio, which is countenanced by the use of the word in many of our old dramas. Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, mentions 'the false *treacher*;' and Spenser many times uses the same epithet. The quartos all read *treachere*.

11 So Chaucer's *Wife of Bath* (v. 6196):—

'I followed ay min Inclination,
By vertue of my constellation.'

12 Perhaps this was intended to ridicule the very awkward conclusions of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry insartificially, and just when the poet wants them on the stage.

13 Shakspeare shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these variables in solmisation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on music say *mi contra fa, est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi* including a *tritonus* or sharp fourth, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the 'dislocation of events, the times being out of joint, to the unnatural and offensive sounds *fa sol la mi*.—*Dr. Burney.*

14 The folio edition commonly differs from the first quarto, by augmentations or insertions, but in this place it varies by the omission of all between brackets. It is easy to remark that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inserted as it now is in the text. Edmund, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the past and the future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture.—*Johnson.*

15 For cohorts some editors read courts.

16 I. e. temperate. All between brackets is omitted in the quartos.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.]

SCENE III. A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace. Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle;—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him: say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[Horns within.]

Gon. Put on that weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
[Not to be over-ru'd. Idle old man,¹
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen
abus'd.²]

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
[I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—] I'll write straight to my sister,

To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. A Hall in the same. Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse,⁴ my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd³ my likeness.—Now, banish'd
Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

¹ This line and the four following are not in the folio. Theobald observes that they are fine in themselves, and much in character for Goneril.

² I take the meaning of this passage to be, 'Old men are babes again, and must be accustomed to checks as well as flatteries, especially when the latter are seen to be abused by them.'

³ The words in brackets are found in the quartos, but omitted in the folio.

⁴ To diffuse here means to disguise, to render it strange, to obscure it. See Merry Wives of Windsor. We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which otherwise would have no apparent introduction.

⁵ i. e. effaced.

⁶ To converse signifies immediately and properly to keep company, to have commerce with. His meaning is, that he chooses for his companions men of reserve and caution; men who are not tautlers nor talebearers.

⁷ It is not clear how Kent means to make the eating of fish a recommendatory quality, unless we suppose that it arose from the edict then cast upon the papists, who were the most strict observers of periodical fasts,

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse⁶ with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose: and to eat no fish.⁷

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, march a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you— [Exit.]

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-poll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knights. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knights. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knights. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knights. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity,⁸ than as a very pretence,⁹ and

which though enjoined to the people under the protestant government of Elizabeth, were not very palatable or strictly observed by the commonalty. Marston's Dutch Courtesan says, 'I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a Fridays.' I cannot think with Mr. Blakeway, who says that Kent means to insinuate that he never desires to partake of fish because it was esteemed a luxury; and therefore incompatible with his situation as an humble and discreet dependant. The repeated promulgation of mandates from the court for the better observation of fish days disproves this. I have before me a Letter of Archbishop Whitgift, in 1596, strictly enjoining the clergy of his diocese to attend to the observance of the fasts and fish days among their respective parishioners, and severely admonishing upon the refractory spirit which disposed them to eat flesh out of due season contrary to law.

⁸ By jealous curiosity Lear appears to mean a penitentious jealousy, resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity. See the second note on the first scene of this play.

⁹ A very pretence is an absolute design. So in a former scene, 'to no other pretence of danger.'

purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—
But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two
days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France,
sir, the fool hath much pined away.¹

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—
Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with
her.—Go you, and call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I,
sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave; you
whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you,
pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy² looks with me, you rascal?
[*Striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball
player. [Tripping up his Heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and
I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you dif-
ferences: away, away: If you will measure your
lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to:
Have you wisdom? so. [Pushes the Steward out.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee:
there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving KENT Money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coz-
comb. [GIVING KENT his Cap.]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost
thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my cozcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of
favour: Nay, and thou canst not smile as the wind
sits, thou'll catch cold shortly.³ There, take my
cozcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his
daughters, and did the third a blessing against his
will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my
cozcomb.⁴—How now, nuncle?⁵ Would, I had two
cozcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living,⁶ I'd keep my
cozcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of
thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; and the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel? he
must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach,⁷ may
stand by the fire, and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,⁸
Ride more than thou goest,⁹
Learn more than thou trowest,¹⁰
Set less than thou throwest,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfoe'd
lawyer; you gave me nothing for't; Can you make
no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out
of nothing.

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his
land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[*To KENT.*]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy,
between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. [No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,—

Or do thou for him stand?

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away;
that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not
me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part
on't: and ladies, too, they will not let me have
all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.¹¹—Give
me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle,
and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg.
When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and
gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy
back over the world: Thou had'st little wit in thy
bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away.
If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd
that first finds it so.

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;*¹² [Singing.]

For wise men are grown foppish;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs,
sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou
madest thy daughters thy mother; for when thou

term of respect and familiar endearment in France, as
well as *ma tante*. They have a proverb, 'Il est bien
mon oncle, qui le ventre me comble.' It is remarkable,
observes Mr. Vaillant, that the lower people in Shrop-
shire call the judge of *assise* 'my nuncle the judge.'

⁸ All my *estate* or *property*.

⁷ It has already been shown that *brach* was a man-
nerly name for a bitch. So Hotspur, in The Second
Part of King Henry IV. says,—'I would rather hear
Lady my brach howl in Irish.'

⁸ That is, 'do not lend all that thou hast.' To see
in ancient language is to possess.

⁹ To *trous* is to believe. The precept is admirable.
Set in the next-line means *stake*.

¹⁰ The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio,
perhaps for political reasons, as it seem to censure the
monopolies, the gross abuses of which, and the corrup-
tion and avarice of the courtiers, who went shames
with the patentee, were more legitimate than safe ob-
jects of satire.

¹¹ 'There never was a time when fools were less in
favour; and the reason is, that they were never so
little wanted, for wise men now supply their place.'—
In *Mother Bomble*, a Comedy, by Lyly, 1594, we find
'I think gentlemen had never less wit in a year.' It is
remarkable that the quarto reads 'less wit,' instead of
'less grace,' which is the reading of the folio.

¹ This is an endearing circumstance in the Fool's char-
acter, and creates such an interest in his favour as his
wit alone might have failed to procure for him.—*Steevens*.

² A metaphor from tennis. 'Come in and take this
bandy with the racket of patience.'—*Decker's Satiro-
masia*. 'To bandy a ball,' Cole defines *clava pilam
torquere*; 'To bandy at tennis,' *reticulo pelleret*. 'To
bandy blows' is still a common idiom.

³ I. e. be turned out of doors and exposed to the in-
clemency of the weather.

⁴ The reader may see a representation of this orna-
ment of the fool's cap in Mr. Douce's Illustrations of
Shakespeare, vol. ii. 'Natural idiots and fools have, and
still do accustom themselves to wear in their cap-
pocks feathers, or a hat with a necke and heade of a
cocke on the top, and a bell thereon.'—*Minsheu's Dic-
tionary*, 1617.

⁵ A familiar contraction of *mine uncle*, as *single*, &c.
It seems that the customary appellation of the old licen-
sed fool to his superiors was *uncle*. In Beaumont and
Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, when Alinda assumes the character
of a fool, she uses the same language. She meets
Alphonso, and calls him *nuncle*; to which he replies
by calling her *nuncle*. In the same style it appears the
fools called each other cousin. *Mon oncle* was long a

gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep. [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.]*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GENERAL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue! so your face [To Gen.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum, He that keeps nor crust nor crum, Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a shealed peascod.¹ [Pointing to LEAR.]

Gen. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful, By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on² By your allowance; which if you should, the fault Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep; Which in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle, The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, That it had its head bit off by its young, So, out went the candle and we were left darking.³

1 So in the Rape of Lucrece, by Heywood, 1608:—

'When Tarquin first in court began,
And was approv'd king,
Some men for sudden joy gan weep,
And I for sorrow sing.'

2 A frontlet, or forehead cloth, was worn by ladies of old to prevent wrinkles. So in George Chapman's Hero and Leander, *ad finem*:—

'E'en like the forehead cloth that in the night,
Or when they sorrow, ladies us'd to wear.'
Thus also in Zepheria, a collection of Sonnets, 4to. 1594:—

'But now, my sunne, k fits thou take thy set
And vayne thy face with frownes as with a frontlet.'
And in Lyly's Euphues and his England, 1580:—'The next day coming to the gallery where she was solitary walking, with her frowning cloth, as sickly lately of the sullens,' &c.

3 i. e. a cipher.

4 Now a mere husk that contains nothing. The robing of Richard II.'s effigy in Westminster Abbey is wrought with *peascods open* and the *peas out*; perhaps an allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's Remaines, 1674, p. 453. edit. 1637, p. 340.

5 Put it on, that is, promote it, push it forward. *Appearance is appropriation.*

6 Shakespeare's fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts; lively and sarcastic. Though they were licensed to say any thing, it was still necessary, to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said should have a playful air: we may suppose therefore that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into their mind. I know no other way of accounting for the ipocrecast

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gen. Come, sir, I would you would make use of that good wisdom wherof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why, this is not *Lear*: does *Lear* walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?⁷

Fool. *Lear's shadow.*—

Lear. [I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.]

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.]

Lear. Your name, fair gentleman?

Gen. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favour⁸ Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright: As you are old and reverend, you should be wis⁹ Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires, Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold, That this our court, infected with their manners, Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust Make it more like a tavern or a brothel, Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak For instant remedy: Be then desir'd By her that else will take the thing she begs, A little to disquantity your train: And the remainder, that shall still depend,¹⁰ To be such men as may besort your age, And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!— Saddle my horses; call my train together.— Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee; Yet have I left a daughter.¹¹ [Exit.]

Gen. You strike my people; and your disorder'd Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Wo, that too late repents,¹¹—O, sir, see you come!

words with which Shakespeare often finishes this fool's speeches.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.* In a very old drama, entitled *The Longer thou Lives the more Fools thou art*, printed about 1580, we find the following stage direction:—*Enter Moros, conversing with a variety of gaites and a foolish countenance, singing the foote of many songs, as fools were wont.*

7 The folio omits these words, and reads the rest of the speech, perhaps rightly, as verse.

8 This passage has been erroneously printed in all the late editions. 'Who is it that can tell me who I am?' says *Lear*. In the folio the reply, '*Lear's shadow*,' is rightly given to the Fool, but the latter part of the speech of *Lear* is omitted in that copy. *Lear* heeds not what the Fool replies to his question, but continues:—'Were I to judge from the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, or of reason, I should be induced to think I had daughters, yet that must be a false persuasion:—it cannot be.' The Fool seizes the pause in *Lear's* speech to continue his interrupted reply to *Lear's* question: he had before said, 'You are *Lear's* shadow;' he now adds, 'which they (i. e. your daughters), will make an obedient father.' *Lear* heeds him not in his emotion, but addresses *General* with 'Your name, fair gentleman.' It is remarkable that the conjunction of *Lear's* speech, and the continuation of the Fool's comment, is omitted in the folio copy.

9 i. e. of the complexion. So in *Julius Cæsar*:—
'In *furour's* like the work we have in hand.'

10 i. e. a conscious in service. So in *Measure for Measure*:—

'Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending.'

11 One of the quarto copies reads, 'We that too late repents us.' The others, 'We that too late repents.' This may have been suggested by the *Mirror for Magistrates*:—

'They call him doing fools, all his requests debarr'd:
Demanding if with life he were not well content:
Then he too late his rigor did repent
Gainst me.'

Story of Queen Elizabeth.

Is it your will? [To ALB.] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!¹

ALB. Pray, sir, be patient.

LEAR. Detested kite! thou fiend: [To GONERIL.]

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know:
And in the most exact regard support
The worship of their name.—O, most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine,² wrench'd my frame of na-

ture
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O, Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,

[Striking his Head.]

And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

ALB. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant

Of what hath mov'd you.

LEAR. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate³ body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart⁴ disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,⁵
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is⁶
To have a thankless child!—Away! away! [Exit.]

ALB. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

GON. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

LEAR. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

ALB. What's the matter, sir?

LEAR. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am
asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:

[To GONERIL.]

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
upon thee!

The untent'd⁷ woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?

¹ The sea monster is the hippopotamus, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his *Travels*, says, 'that he killeth his sire, and ravisheth his own dam.'

² By an engine the rack is here intended. So is The Right Walker, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

'Their souls are shot through with adlers, torn on engines.'

³ Derogate here means degenerate, degraded.

⁴ Thwart is a noun adjective is not frequent in our language. It is to be found, however, in *Promos* and *Camandira*, 1578:—

'Six fortune thousand' death crosses my joys with care.
Disnatur'd is wanting natural affection. So Daniel, in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1622:—'I am not so disnatur'd a man.'

⁵ Pains and benefits; in this place, signify maternal cares and good offices.

⁶ So in *Psalms* cxi. 3:—'They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adler's poison is under their lips.' The viper was the emblem of ingratitude.

⁷ The untent'd woundings are the ranking or never healing wounds inflicted by a parental malediction. Tents are well known dressings inserted into wounds as a preparative to healing them. Shakespeare quibbles upon this surgical practice in *Troilus* and *Cressida*:—

'Patr. Who keeps the tent now?'

'Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.'

Let it be so:—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.⁸

[Exit LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.]

GON. Do you mark that, my lord?

ALB. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you,—

GON. Pray you, content.—What Oswald, ho!

You sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[To the Fool.]

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter;

So the fool follows after. [Exit.]

GON. This man hath had good counsel:—A hundred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point,⁹ a hundred knights: Yes, that on every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.] Oswald, I say!

ALB. Well, you may fear too far.

GON. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harness I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—How now,
Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

GON. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [Exit Stew.] No, no, my lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more atask'd¹⁰ for want of wisdom,
Than praised for harmfulness.

ALB. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.¹¹

GON. Nay, then,—

ALB. Well, well; the event.

[Exit.]

SCENE V. Court before the same. Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

LEAR. Go you before to Gloster with these letters:
acquaint my daughter no further with any
thing you know, than comes from her demand out
of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I
shall be there before you.¹²

⁸ This speech is gleaned partly from the folios and partly from the quartos. The omissions in the one and the other are not of sufficient importance to trouble the reader with a separate notice of each.

⁹ All within brackets is omitted in the quartos.

¹⁰ At point probably means completely armed, and consequently ready at appointment on the slightest notice.

¹¹ The word task is frequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in the sense of tax. Goneril means to say, that he was more taxed for want of wisdom, than praised for mildness. So in *The Island Princess* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Quisana says to Ruy Dias:—

'You are too sancy, too impudent,

To task me with these errors.'

¹² 'Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,

To mar the subject that before was well?'

¹³ The word there in this speech shows that when the king says, 'Go you before to Gloster,' he means the town of Gloster, which Shakespeare chose to make the residence of the Duke of Cornwall, to increase the probability of their seeing out life from thence on a visit to

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, i' pr'ythes, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor i' neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in: not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!¹—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.² [*Exeunt.*]

the Earl of Gloucester. Our old English earls usually resided in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his son-in-law and his wife at home, follows them to the earl of Gloucester's castle.

¹ The Fool quibbles, using the word kindly in two senses; as it means *affectionately*, and like the rest of her kind, or after their nature.

² He is musing on Cordelia.

³ The subject of Lear's meditation is the resumption of that moiety of the kingdom he had bestowed on Goneril. This was what Albany apprehended, when he replied to the upbraodings of his wife:—'Well, well: the event.' What Lear himself projected when he left Goneril to go to Regan:—

—Thou shalt find

That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.⁴

And what Curan afterwards refers to, when he asks Edmund:—'Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?'

⁴ This idle couplet (apparently addressed to the females present at the representation of the play) most probably crept into the playhouse copy from the mouth of some buffoon actor who 'spoke more than was set down for him.' The severity with which the poet animadverted upon the mummeries and jokes of the clowns of his time (see Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 2) manifests that he had suffered by their indiscretion. Indecent jokes, which the applause of the groundlings occasioned to be repeated, would at last find their way into the

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloucester. *Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad: I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.⁵

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward,⁶ 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. I. My father hath set guard to take my brother; and I have one thing, of a queasy⁷ question, which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—Brother, a word; descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O, sir, fly this place; intelligence is given where you are hid; you have now the good advantage of the night:—Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste, and Regan with him; have you nothing said upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?⁸ Advise⁹ yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.

Yield:—come before my father:—Light, ho, here! Fly, brother;—Torches! Torches!—So farewell. [*Exit EDGAR.*]

Some blood drawn on me would breed opinion [*Wounds his Arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.¹⁰—Father! Father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand his auspicious mistress:¹¹—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

prompter's books, &c. Such liberties were indeed exercised by the authors of *Lochine*, &c. but such another offensive and extraneous address to the audience cannot be pointed out among all the dramas of Shakspeare.

⁵ *Ear-kissing arguments* means that they are yet in reality only *whispered ones*.

⁶ This and the following speech are omitted in the quarto B.

⁷ *Queasy* appears to mean here *delicate, unsettled*. See Ben Jonson, in *Sejanus*:—

'These times are rather *queasy* to be touched.—

Have you not seen or read part of his book?'

Queasy is still in use to express that sickness of stomach which the slightest disgust is apt to provoke.

⁸ Have you said nothing upon the party formed by him against the Duke of Albany?

⁹ I. e. consider, recollect yourself.

¹⁰ These drunken feats are mentioned in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*:—'Have I not been drunk for your health, eat glasses, drunk wine, stabbed arms, and done all offices of protected gallantry for your sake?'

¹¹ This was a proper circumstance to urge to Gloucester; who appears to have been very superstitious with regard to this matter, if we may judge by what passes between him and his son in a foregoing scene.

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means
he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit Serv.*]
By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted¹ by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my mas-
ter,

My worthy arch² and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him tight to do it, with curst speech;³
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal⁴
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,⁵) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a duellard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs⁶
To make thee seek it.*

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain;
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
comes:—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.⁷

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came
hither
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange
news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

¹ That is agasted, frighted. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wk at Several Weapons*—'Either the sight of the lady has gasted him, or else he's drunk.'
² 'And found—Despatch.—The noble duke,' &c.—The sense is interrupted. He shall be caught—and found, he shall be punished. Despatch.

³ *i. e. chief*; a word now only used in composition, as *arch-angel*, *arch-duke*, &c. So in Herwood's *If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody*—'Poole, that arch of trash and honesty.'

⁴ 'And found him tight to do it, with curst speech.' *Fight is pitched, fixed, settled*; *curst* is vehemently angry, bitter.

⁵ 'Therefore my heart is surely tight
Of her alone to have a sight.'

⁶ *Lusty Juventus*, 1561.
'He did with a very curst taunte, checke, and rebuke the felon.'—*Erasmus's Apophthegmes*, by N. Udal, f. 67.

⁷ *i. e.* my hand-writing, my signature.

⁸ The folio reads, 'prencial spirits.' And in the next line but one, 'O strange and fasten'd villain.'—

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
knights

That stand upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice,⁸ and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Av, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you.

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd
night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,⁹
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home;¹⁰ the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exit*]

SCENE II. *Before Gloster's Castle. Enter KENT
and Steward, severally.*

Stew. Gooddawning¹¹ to thee, friend: Art of the
house?

Kent. Av.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'll the mire.

Stew. 'Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pincold,¹² I would
make thee care for me.

Strong is determined, resolute. Our ancestors often used it in an ill sense; as *strong thief*, *strong whore*, &c.

⁹ *i. e.* capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding the legal bar of thy illegitimacy. 'The king next demanded of him (he being a fool) whether he were capable to inherit any land,' &c.—*Life and Death of Will Somers*, &c.

¹⁰ 'He did bewray his practice.' That is, he did betray or reveal his treacherous devices. So in the second book of Sidney's *Arcadia*:—'His heart fainted and gat a conceit, that with betraying his practices he might obtain pardon.' The quartos read *betray*.

¹¹ *i. e.* of some weight, or moment. The folio and quarto B. read *prize*.

¹² That is, not at home, but at some other place.

¹³ The quartos read, 'good even.' *Dawning* is used again in *Cymbeline*, as a substantive, for *morning*. It is clear from various passages in this scene that the morning is just beginning to dawn.

¹⁴ *i. e.* *Lipsbury pound*. *Lipsbury pincold* may, perhaps, like *Leb's pound*, be a coined name; but with what allusion does not appear. It is just possible (says Mr. Nares) that it might mean the teeth, as being the

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Follow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited,¹ hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would't be a bawd, in way of good-service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.²

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine³ of you: Draw, you whorson cullionly barber-monger,⁴ draw.

[Drawing his Sword.

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal! you come with letters against the king; and take vanity⁵ the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so o'boardo your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your way.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you worst slave,⁶ strike.

[Beating him.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you Goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

pinfold within the *lips*. The phrase would then mean, 'If I had you in my teeth.' It remains for some more fortunate inquirer to discover what is really meant.

1 'Three-suited knave' might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakespeare, one who had no greater change of raiment than *three suits* would furnish him with. So in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*:—'Went a pitiful fellow, and hadst nothing but *three suits* of apparel.' A *one-trunk-inheriting* slave may be a term used to describe a fellow, the whole of whose possessions were confined to one coffer, and that too inherited from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his successor in poverty; a *poor rogue hereditary*, as Timon calls Apemanus. A *worsted-stocking knave* is another reproach of the same kind. The stockings in England in the reign of Elizabeth were remarkably expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn, even by those who had not above forty shillings a year wages. This we learn from Stubbes in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1606. In an old comedy, called *The Hog hath Lost its Pearl*, by R. Taylor, 1614, it is said:—'Good parts are no more set by, than a good leg in a *woollen stocking*.' This term of reproach, as well as that of a *hundred pound gentleman*, occurs in *The Phoenix*, by Middleton. *Action-taking knave* is a fellow who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the assault instead of resenting it like a man of courage.

3 I. e. thy *title*.

4 An equivocal is here intended, by an allusion to the old dish of *eggs in moonshine*, which was eggs broken and boiled in salled oil till the yolks became hard. It is equivalent to the phrases of modern times, 'I'll *baste you*,' or '*beat you to a mummy*.'

5 *Barber-monger* may mean dealer with the *lower trade*; or a slur upon the Steward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family.

6 Alluding to the moralities or allegorical shows, in which *Vanity*, *Iniquity*, and other vices were personified.

7 *Neat slave* may mean you base cowherd, or it may mean, as Bevenson suggests, you *finical rascal*, you assemblage of *foppery and poverty*. See Cotgrave, in *Mirrors*, *Mistowin*, *Mondinet*; by which Sherwood renders a *neat fellow*.

8 To *disclaim in*, for to *disclaim* simply, was the

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives!

Ho dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in⁷ thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his gray beard,—

Kent. Thou whorson zed!⁸ thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbelted⁹ villain into mortar, and dash the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cerds atwain

Which are too intrinsic¹⁰ to unloose: smooth every passion¹¹

That in the natures of their lords rebels;

Bring oil to fire, show to their colder moods;

Reneg,¹² affirm, and turn their halcyon¹³ beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters,

As knowing nought, like dogs, but following,—

A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I wese a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.¹⁴

phrasing of the poet's age. See Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, vol. iii. p. 364.

8 *Zed* is here used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet: it is said to be an unnecessary letter, because its place may be supplied by S. Barot omits it in his *Alvare*, affirming it to be rather a syllable than a letter. And Mulcastr says 'Z is much harder amongst us, and seldom used. S is become its lieutenant-general. It is lightish (i. e. hardly) expressed in English, seven in foren enfranchisements.'

9 *Unbelted* is *unswifted*; and therefore signifies this coarse villain. Massinger, in his *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act i. Sc. 1, says —
I will help your memory,
And tread thee into mortar.

Unbelted mortar is mortar made of unswifted lime; and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes.

10 The quartos read, to *intrench*; the folio, to *intrince*. Perhaps *intrince*, for so it should be written, was put by Shakespeare for *intrinsicate*, which he has used in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

11 — Come, mortal wretch,

With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsicate*

Of life at once untie.

I suspect that the poet meant to write *too intricate*; that is, *too intricate*, or too much *intramelled*. See Florio in v. *intrecaire*; or *intrique* for *intricated*, as we find it in Phillips's *World of Words*.

12 See Pericles, Act i. Sc. 2.

13 To *reneg* is to *deny*. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, Sc. 1, note 1.

14 The bird called the kingfisher, which when dried and hung up by a thread, is supposed to turn his bill to the point from whence the wind blows. So in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

'But how now stands the wind?

Into what corner peers my *halcyon's* bill.'

A lylie byrde called the Kings Fisher, being hanged up in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or byll wyl be always direct or straight against ye winds.—*Book of Notable Things*.

16 In Somersetshire, near Camelot, are many lo-

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?
Glo. How fell you out?

Bay that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.¹

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's
his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.²

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or
hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature.³ He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
ness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly⁴ ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering⁵ Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you dis-
commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer:
he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain
knave; and which, for my part, I will not be, though I
should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.⁶

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Ste. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction:
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment⁷ of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.⁸

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice

moors, where are bred great quantities of geese. It was
the place where the romances say King Arthur kept his
court in the west.

1 Hence Pipo's expression:—

'The strong antipathy of good to bad.'

2 i. e. pleases me not.

3 Forces his *outside*, or his appearance, to some-
thing *really different* from his natural disposition.

4 *Silly* or rather *stily*, is simple or rustic. *Nicely*
here is with *scrupulous nicely, punctilious observance*

5 This expressive word is now only applied to the
motion and scintillation of flame. Dr. Johnson says
that it means to *flatter*, which is certainly one of its
oldest meanings, it being used in that sense by Chaucer.
But its application is more properly made to the fluctu-
ating scintillations of flame or light. In *The Cuckoo*,
by Nicola, 1607, we have it applied to the eye:—

'Their soft maiden voice and flickering eye.'

6 'Though I should win you, displeas'd as you now
are, to like me so well as to entreat me to be a knave.'

7 A young soldier is said to *flay* his sword the first
time he draws blood with it. *Fleshment*, therefore, is
here metaphorically applied to the first act of service,
which Kent, in his new capacity, had performed for his
master; at the same time, in a sarcastic sense, as
though he had esteem'd it an heroic exploit to trip a
man behind who was actually falling.

8 i. e. Ajax is a fool to them. 'These rogues and
cowards talk in such a boasting strain that, if we were
to credit their account of themselves, Ajax would ap-

Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:
As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night
too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[Stocks brought out.]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the
stocks.⁹

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
is such, as basest and contemn'd'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[KENT is put in the Stocks.]
Come, my good lord; away.

[EXECUTE REGAN AND CORNWALL.]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's
pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd;¹⁰ I'll entreat for
thee.

Kent. 'Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and
travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortunes may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill
taken. [Exit.]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common
saw¹¹

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery:—I know 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking,—to give
Losses their remedies:¹²—All weary and o'er-
watch'd,

near a person of no prowess when compared to them.¹³
So in King Henry VIII.:

—now this mark

Was cry'd incomparable, and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar.¹⁴

9 This kind of exhibition was familiar to the ancient
stage. In Hick Scornor, which was printed in the reign
of Henry VIII., Fity is put into the stocks, and left there
until he is freed by Perseverance and Contemplation.
It should be remembered that formerly in great hus-
ses, as lately in some colleges, there were moveable
stocks for the correction of the servants.

10 A metaphor from bowling.

11 The *saw*, or proverb alluded to, is in Heywood's
Dialogues on Proverbs, b. ii. c. v.:

'In your running from him to me ye runne

Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne.'

i. e. from good to worse. Kent was thinking of the king
being likely to receive a worse reception from Regan
than that which he had already received from Goneril.

12 How much has been written about this passage, and
how much it has been mistaken! Its evident meaning
appears to me to be as follows:—Kent addresses the
sun, for whose rising he is impatient, that he may read
Cordelia's letter. 'Nothing (says he), almost sees mir-
acles, but misery: I know this letter which I hold in
my hand is from Cordelia; who hath most fortunately
been inform'd of my disgrace and wandering in dis-
guise; and who seeking it, shall find time (i. e. oppor-
tunity,) out of this enormous (i. e. disordered, unnatu-
ral,) state of things, to give losses their remedies; to
restore her father to his kingdom, herself to his love,
and me to his favour.'

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy
wheel! [He sleeps.]

SCENE III. *A Part of the Heath. Enter EDGAR.*

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may escape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;¹
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars,² who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks,³ nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Pooz-pelling⁴ villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lumatic bans,⁵ sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turligood!⁶ poor
Tom!
That's something yet; Edgar, I nothing am.

SCENE IV. *Before Gloucester's Castle. Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart
from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
Lear. Hail to thee, noble master!
Lear. How!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pasture?

Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel⁷ garters!
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by
the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the
legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he
wears wooden nether-stocks.⁸

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy plate
mistook
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. No, no; they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.⁹
Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
murder,
To do, upon respect, such violent outrage:¹¹
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations:
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,¹²
Which presently they read; on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny,¹³ straight took
horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;

or *turchereus*, Fr.; both, among other things, signify
ing a fool or madman. It would perhaps be difficult
to decide with certainty whether those words are corrup-
tions of *turlupino* and *turlupin*; but at least it seems
probable. The *Turlupins* were a fanatical sect, which
overran the continent in the thirteenth and fourteenth
centuries, calling themselves *Beghards* or *Beghins*.
Their manners and appearance exhibited the strongest
indications of lunacy and distraction; and their popular
name, *Turlupins*, was probably derived from the *swif-
tish howling* they made in their fits of religious rai-
ving. Gougeon thus describes them:—'Turlupin cy-
nicorum sectam suscitantes, de nuditate pudenditum et
publico coitu.' It has not been remarked that Cotgrave
interprets '*Mon Turchereus*, My Pillicock, my pretty
knave.'

1 Hair thus knotted was supposed to be the work of
elves and fairies in the night. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:
'— plait the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the *elf locks* in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.'

2 Aubrey, in his *MS. Remains of Gentilisme and
Judaisme*, Part III. p. 224. b. (*MS. Lansdowne*, 226.)
says:—'Before the civil wars, I remember *Tom a Bed-
lam* went about begging. They had been such as had
been in *Bedlam*, and come to some degree of sober-
ness; and when they were licensed to go out, they
had on their left arms an armilla of tunc printed, of
about three inches breadth, which was soldered on.'—*H.
Ellis*.

Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*,
b. iii. c. 3, gives the following description of a class of
vagabonds feigning themselves mad:—'The *Bedlam* is
in the same garb, with a long staff, and a cow or ox-
horn by his side; but his cloathing is more fantastick
and ridiculous; for being a madman, he is madly deck-
ed and dressed all over with rubins, feathers, cuttings
of cloth, and what not; to make him seem a madman,
or one distracted, when he is no other than a disas-
sembling knave.'

In the *Bel-Man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1649,
is another account of one of these characters, under the
title of *Abraham Man*:—'He sweares he hath been in
Bedlam, and will talke frantickly of purpose: you see
pinnes stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, espe-
cially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe
to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He
calls himselfe by the name of *Poorer Tom*, and coming
near any body, cries out *Poor Tom is a-cold*. Of these
Abraham-men some be exceeding merry, and doe no-
thing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines:
some will dance, others will doe nothing but either
laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both
in looke and speech, that spying but a small company in
a house they boldly and bluntly enter, compelling the
servants through feare to give them what they demand.'
It is probable, as Steevens remarks, that to *sham Abra-
ham*, a cant term still in use among sailors and the vul-
gar, may have this origin.

3 I. e. showers: the *rosynmas*, or spindle-tree, of
which the best showers are made, is called *prick-wood*.

4 *Patry*.

5 *Turligood*, an English corruption of *turchereus*, Ital.;

7 See note 12, Act I. Sc. 5. p. 402. ante.
8 A quibble on *crucell*, I. e. *swarsted*. So in *The Two
Angry Women of Abingdon*:—
'— I'll warrant you, he'll have
His *cruell garters* cross about the knee.'

9 The old word for stockings.
10 This dialogue being taken partly from the *filio*
and partly from the *quarto*, is left without any metrical
division, as it was not probably all intended to be pre-
served.

11 'To do, upon respect, such violent outrage,' I
think, means 'to do such violent outrage, deliberately,
or upon consideration.' *Respect* is frequently used for
consideration by Shakspeare. Cordelia says, in the
first scene:—

'Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.'

And in *Hamlet*:—
'— There's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life.'

I cannot think that *respect* here means a *respected per-
son*, as Johnson supposed; or that it is intended for a
personification, as Malone asserts.

12 I. e. 'spite of leaving me unanswered for a time.'—
Goneril's messenger delivered letters, which they read
notwithstanding Lear's messenger was yet kneeling
unanswered.

13 *Meiny*, signifying a *family household*, or *retinue of
servants*, is certainly from the French *meine*, or as it
was anciently written, *meenie*; which word is regarded
by Du Cange as equivalent with *meonia* or *meonia*,
from *meison*; in modern French, *menage*. It does not
appear that the Saxons used *meiny* for a *family* or
household.

And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild goose fly
that way.²

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours³
for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother's swells up toward my
heart!

Hysteria passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*]

Gent. Made you no more offense than what you
speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for
that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant,⁴ to teach
these there's no labouring in the winter. All that
follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind
men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can
smell him that's stinking.⁵ Let go thy hold, when a
great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck
with following it; but the great one that goes up
the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man
gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I
would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool
gives it.⁶

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry, the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

1 The personal pronoun, which is found in the preceding line, is understood before the word *having*, or *having done*. The same license is taken by Shakespeare in other places.

2 If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. This speech is omitted in the quartos.

3 A quibble between *dolours* and *dollars*.

4 *Lear* affects to pass off the swelling of his heart, ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *mother*, or *hysteria passio*, which, in the poet's time, was not thought peculiar to women only.—It is probable that Shakespeare had this suggested to him by a passage in Harriot's Declaration of English Impostures, which he may have consulted in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam with demonic gibberish. 'Ma. Maynie had a spile of the *hysteria passio*, as it seems from his youth, he himself termes it the *mother*.' It seems the priests persuaded him it was from the possession of the devil. 'The disease I spake of was a spile of the *mother*, wherewith I had been troubled before my going into Fraunce; whether I doe rightly term it the *mother* or no, I know not. A Scotch Doctor of Physic, then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *virginium capitis*. It riseth of a wind in the bottom of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painful collicke in the stomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head.'

5 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard, (says Solomon,) learn her ways, and be wise; which having no guile, oversee, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in harvest.' If, says the fool, you had been schooled by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that sagacious insect, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived; and desert

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches; The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke; How unremovable and fix'd he is In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster, I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—No, but not yet!—may be, he is not well:

Infirmary doth still neglect all office, Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will, To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man. Death on my state! wherefore

Should he sit here? This act persuades me, That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth: Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me, Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,

Till it cry—Sleep to death.

Glo. I'd have all well betwix you. [*Exit.*]

Lear. O, me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, uncle, as the cockney⁷ did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd,

him whose 'mellow-hangers' have been all shaken down, and who by 'one winter's brush' has been left 'open and bare for every storm that blowe.'

8 All men, but blind men, though they follow their noses, are led by their eyes; and this class of mankind, seeing the king ruined, have all deserted him: with respect to the blind, who have nothing but their noses to guide them, they also fly equally from a king whose fortunes are declining; for of the noses of blind men there is not one in twenty but can smell him who, being 'muddy'd in fortune's mould, smells somewhat strong of her displeasure.' You need not therefore be surpris'd at Lear's coming with so small a train.

7 'One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses on all occasions to prevent his sentiment from being perversely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense:—"I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it."—*Warburton.*

8 The meaning of this passage seems to be, 'I'll beat the drum till it cries out—*Let them awake no more; let their present sleep be their last.*' Somewhat similar occurs in *Troilus* and *Cressida*:—

'—the death tokens of it
Cry no recovery.'

Mason would read, 'death to sleep,' instead of 'sleep to death.'

9 Bullokar, in his *Explicator*, 1616, under the word *Cockney*, says, 'It is sometimes taken for a child that is tenderly or wantonly brought up; or for one that hath been brought up in some great town, and knows nothing of the country fashion.' It is used also for a *Londoner*, or one born in or near the city, (as we say,) within the sound of Bow bell.' The etymology, (says Mr. Ward,)

Down, wondrous, down! 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn.

Hail to your grace!
[KENT is set at liberty.]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so: If thou should'st not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adulteress.—O, are you free!

[To KENT.]

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O, Regan, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,—

[Points to his heart.]

I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not believe, Of how deprav'd a quality—O, Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope, You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.¹

Lear.

Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance, She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesoms end, As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

O, sir, you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you, That to our sister you do make return; Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.²

Lear.

Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house:³ Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary:⁴ on my knees I beg, [Kneeling. That you'll vouchsafe me rainment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

Lear.

Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train;

seems most probable, which derives it from *cookery*.—*Le pays de cognac, or coquaine*, in old French, means a country of good cheer. *Cocagna*, in Italian, has the same meaning. Both might be derived from *coquina*. This famous country, if it could be found, is described as a region 'where the hills were made of sugar-candy, and the leaves ran down the hills, crying *Come eat me*.' Some lines in Camden's *Remaines* seem to make *cokeney* a name for London as well as its inhabitants. This *Laberland*, as Florio calls it, seems to have been proverbial for the simplicity or gullibility of its inhabitants. A *cockney* and a *ninny-hammer*, or *simpleton*, were convertible terms. Thus Chaucer, in the *Reeve's Tale*:—

'I shall be holden a *duffe* or a *cokesey*.'

It may be observed that *cokeney* is only a diminutive of *cock*; a wanton child was so called as a less circumlocutory way of saying, my 'little cock,' or my *bra-cock*. Decker, in his *Newes* from Hell, 1568, says, 'Tis not our fault; but our mothers, our *cockerling* mothers, who for their labour made us to be called *cokeneys*.' In the passages cited from the *Tournament of Tounsham*, and *Heywood*, it literally means a *little cock*. The reader will find a curious article on the subject in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. II. p. 151.

1 It is clear that the intended meaning of this passage is as Steevens observes: 'You less know how to value her desert, than she (knows) to scant her duty, i. e. to be scanting in it.' It is somewhat inaccurately expressed, Shakspeare having, as on some other occasions, perplexed himself by the word *less*. But all the verbiage of Malone was not necessary to lay this open.

2 'Say,' &c. This line and the following speech is omitted in the quartos.

3 I. e. the order of families, duties of relation. So Sir Thomas Smith, in his *Commonwealth of England*, 1601:—'The *House* I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their servants, bond and free.'

Look'd black upon me: struck me with her tongue, Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones, You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn.

Fie, fie, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty, You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun, To fall⁵ and blast her pride!

Reg.

O, the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse; Thy tender-hefted⁶ nature shall not give Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine

Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,⁷

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt

Against my coming in: thou better know'st

The offices of nature, bond of childhood,

Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;

Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,

Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg.

Good sir, to the purpose.

[Trumpets within.]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn.

What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's;⁸ this approves her letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride

Dwells in the sickle grace of her he follows:—

Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn.

What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have

good hope

Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here? O,

Heavens,

Enter GENERAL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway

Allow⁹ obedience, if yourselves are old,¹⁰

Makes it your cause: send down, and take my

part!—

4 *Unnecessary* is here used in the sense of *necessitous*; in want of necessities and unable to procure them. Perhaps this is also the meaning of the word in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:—

'—Your laws extend not to desert,
But to unnecessary years, and, my lord,
His are not such.'

5 *Fall* seems here to be used as an active verb, signifying to humble or pull down. 'Ye fen-suck'd fogs, drawn from the earth by the powerful action of the sun, infect her beauty, so as to fall and blast, i. e. humble and destroy her pride.'

6 *Tender-hefted* may mean moved, or leaving with tenderness. The quartos read *tender-hefted*, which may be right, and signify giving tender *heats* or commands. Miranda says, in *The Tempest*:—

'O my father, I have broke your *heat* to say so.'

7 A *size* is a portion or allotment of food. The word and its origin are explained in *Minsheu's Guide to Tongues*, 1617. The term *sizer* is still used at Cambridge for one of the lowest rank of students, living on a stated allowance.

8 Thus in *Othello*:—

'The Moor,—I know his trumpet.'

It should seem therefore that the approach of great personages was announced by some distinguishing note or tone appropriately used by their own trumpeters.—Cornwall knows not the present sound; but to Regan, who had often heard her sister's trumpet, the first flourish of it was as familiar as was that of the Moor to the ears of Iago.

9 To *allow* is to approve, in old phraseology. Thus in *Psalm* xi. ver. 6:—'The Lord alloweth the righteous'

10 '—hoc oro, munus concede parenti,
Si tua maturis signentur tempora canis,
Et sis ipse pater.' *Statius Theb.* x. 705.

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—

[To GONERIL.

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And detage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold!—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.¹

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.²

If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?

No, rather I adjure all roofs, and choose

To wage³ against the enmity o' the air;

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—

Necessity's sharp pinch!⁴—Return with her?

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought

To kneel his throne, and, squirrel-like, pension beg

To keep base life afoot;—Return with her?

Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter⁵

To this detested groom. [Looking on the Steward.

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:

We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,

A plague-sore, an embossed⁶ carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,

Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:

Mend, when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:

I can be patient; I'll stay with Regan,

I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided

For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion,

Must be content to think you old, and so—

But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken, now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir; What, fifty followers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one

house,

Should many people, under two commands,

Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd

to slack you,

1 By *less advancement* Cornwall means that Kent's disorders had entitled him to a post of even less honour than the stocks, a still worse or more disgraceful situation.

2 The meaning is, *since* you are weak, be content to think yourself weak.

3 See p. 203, note 7, ante.

4 The words, 'necessity's sharp pinch' appear to be the reflection of Lear on the wretched sort of existence he had described in the preceding lines.

5 *Sumpter* is generally united with *horae* or *mule*, to signify one that carried provisions or other necessities; from *sumptus*, Lat. In the present instance *horae* seems to be understood, as it appears to be in the following passage from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Two Noble Gentlemen*:—

'I would have had you furnish'd in such pomp

As never duke of Burgundy was furnish'd;

You should have had a *sumpter*, though 't had cost me

The laying out myself.'

We could control them: if you will come to me

(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you

To bring but five and twenty; to no more

Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my deputies;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number; What, must I come to you

With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord: no more

with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well

favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst,

Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;

[To GONERIL.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,

And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,

To follow in a house, where twice so many

Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap⁷ as beast's: thou art a lady,

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true

need,—

You heavens give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do such things,—

What they are, yet I know not;⁸ but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;

No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,⁹

Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[Exit LEAR, GONERIL, KENT, and FOOL.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[Storm heard at a distance.

Reg. This house

Is little; the old man and his people cannot

Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put

Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,

But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.

Where is my lord of Gloucester?

Perhaps *sumpter* originally meant the pannier or basket

which the sumpter-horse carried. Thus in *Cupid's*

Revenge:—

'And thy base issue shall carry *sumpters*.'

We hear also of *sumpter-cloths*, *sumpter-saddles*, &c.

6 *Embossed* here means *swelling*, *protuberant*.

7 I.e. to be not the worst deserves some praise.

8 *As cheap* here means *as little worth*. See *Baret's*

Alvearie, 1573. C. 388.

9 — magnum est quodcumque parvi.

Quid sit adhuc dubio. Ovid. *Met.* lib. vi.

— haud quid sit scio,

Sed grande quiddam est. Seneca *Thyestes*.

Let such as are unwilling to allow that copiers of nature

must occasionally use the same thoughts and expressions,

remember that of both these authors there were

early translations. *Golding* thus renders the passage

from *Ovid*:—

'The thing that I do purpose on is great, whate'er it is

I know not what it may be yet.'

10 *Flaws* anciently signified *fragments*, as well as

mere *cracks*. Among the Saxons it certainly had that

meaning. The word, as *Bailey* observes, was 'especially

applied to the breaking off *shivers* or thin pieces

from precious stones.'

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Cor. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.
Glo. The king is in high rage.
Cor. Whither is he going?
Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
 whither.
Cor. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads him-
 self.
Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
 winds

Do sorely ruffle;¹ for many miles about
 There's scarce a bush.
Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
 The injuries that they themselves procure,
 Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
 He is attended with a desperate train:
 And what they may incense² him to, being apt
 To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
Cor. Shut up your doors, my lord: 'tis a wild
 night;
 My Regan counsels well; come out o' the storm.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Heath. A Storm is heard, with
 Thunder and Lightning. Enter KENT, and a
 Gentleman, meeting.*

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-
 quietly.
Kent. I know you; Where's the king?
Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,³
 That things might change, or cease:⁴ tears his
 white hair;
 Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
 Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn⁵
 The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
 This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear⁶ would
 couch,
 The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
 Keep their fur dry, unbathed he runs,
 And bids what will take all.⁷
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the fool; who labours to outjest
 His heart-struck injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you;
 And dare upon the warrant of my art,⁸

1 Thus the folio. The quartos read, 'Do sorely
 ruffle,' i. e. rustle. But *ruffle* is most probably the true
 reading. See the first note on Macbeth.

2 To *incense* is here, as in other places, to *instigate*.

3 The *main* seems to signify here the *main land*, the
 continent. The *main* is again used in this sense in
 Hamlet:—

'Goes it against the *main* of Poland, sir?'

4 The first folio ends this speech at 'change, or
 cease,' and begins again at Kent's speech, 'But who is
 with him?'

5 *Stevens* thinks that we should read, 'out-storm.'
 The error of printing *scorn* for *storm* occurs in the old
 copies of *Troilus* and *Cressida*, and might easily hap-
 pen from the similarity of the words in old MSS.

6 That is, a bear whose dogs are drawn dry by its
 young. *Shakespeare* has the same image in *As You
 Like It*:—

'A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching—'
 Again, *ibidem*:—

'Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness.'
 7 So in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*. *Enobarbus* says:—
 'I'll strike, and cry, *Take all*.'

8 I. e. on the strength of that art or skill which teaches
 us 'to find the mind's construction in the face.' The
 folio reads:—

'—upon the warrant of my note;
 which Dr. *Johnson* explains, 'my observation of your
 character.'

9 This and seven following lines are not in the quar-
 tos. The lines in crotchets lower down, from 'But, true
 it is,' &c. to the end of the speech, are not in the folio.

Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
 Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
 With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
 Who have (as who have not, that their great stars⁹
 Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
 Which are to France the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs and packings¹⁰ of the dukes;
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings:¹¹—
 [But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet¹²
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner.—Now to you:
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Doyer, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
 And from some knowledge and assurance, offer
 This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.
Kent. No, do not.
 For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia
 (As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring
 And she will tell you who your fellow¹³ is
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm
 I will go seek the king.
Gent. Give me your hand: have you no more to
 say?
Kent. Few words, but to effect, more than all yet:
 That, when we have found the king, (in which your
 pain
 That way; I'll this;) he that first lights on him,
 Holla the other. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Heath. Storm
 continues. Enter LEAR and Fool.*

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!¹⁴ rage!
 blow!
 You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
 cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing¹⁵ fires,
 Vaux-couriers¹⁶ to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity¹⁷ of the world!
 Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,¹⁸
 That make ingrateful man!

So that if the speech be read with omission of the for-
 mer, it will stand according to the first edition; and if
 the former lines are read, and the latter omitted, it will
 then stand according to the second. The second edition
 is generally best, and was probably nearest to *Shak-
 speare's* last copy: but in this speech the first is prefer-
 able; for in the folio the messenger is sent, he knows
 not why, he knows not whither.

10 *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand con-
 trivances.

11 A *furnish* anciently signified a *sample*. 'To lend
 the world a *furnish* of wit, she lays her own out to
 pawn.'—*Green's Groatsworth of Wit*.

12 I. e. secret footing. 13 Companion.

14 The poet was here thinking of the common repre-
 sentation of the winds in many books of his time. We
 find the same allusion in *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

15 *Thought-executing*, 'doing execution with celerity
 equal to thought.'

16 *Avant-couriers*, Fr. The phrase occurs in other writ-
 ers of *Shakespeare's* time. It originally meant the fore-
 most scouts of an army. In *The Tempest* 'Jove's light-
 nings' are termed more familiarly,

'—the precursors
 O' the dreadful thunder-claps.'

17 There is a parallel passage in the *Winter's Tale*:—
 'Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
 And mar the seeds within.'

So again in *Macbeth*:—
 '—and the sum

Of nature's germens tumble all together.'
 For the force of the word *spill*, see *Genesis*, xxxviii 9.

Fra. O, nunces, court holy-water! in a dry house as better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncie, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing! Here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit fire! spout rain! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters; I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, You owe me no subscription;² why, then let fall Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:— But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall loose;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry wo,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies Gallow⁴ the very wanderers of the dark, And make them keep their caves: Since I was man, Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful pother⁵ o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, That hast within thee undivulged crimes, Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand; Thou perjur'd, and thou simular⁶ man of virtue That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming, Mast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilt, Rive your concealing continents,⁷ and cry These dreadful summoners grace.⁸ I am a man, More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed! Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel; Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest; Beseege you there: while I to this hard house, (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd; Which even but now, demanding after you,

1 *Court holy-water* is fair words and flattering speeches. *Gonfiare alcuno*, (says Florio,) to sooth or flatter one, to set one agogge, or with fair words bring him into a foole's paradise; to fill one with hopes, or court holie-water. It appears to have been borrowed from the French, who have their *Eau benite de la cour* in the same sense.

2 I. e. submission, obedience.

3 Meaning the king and himself. The king's *grace* was the usual expression in Shakespeare's time: perhaps the latter phrase alludes to the saying of a contemporary wit, that there is no discretion below the girdle.

4 To gallow, is to frighten, to scare.

5 Thus the folio and one of the quartos; the other quarto reads *thundering*.

6 I. e. counterfeit; from *simulo*, Lat.

7 My practices so prevail'd, That I return'd with simular proof enough To make the noble Leonatus mad.

Cymbeline, Act v. Sc. 5.

8 Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'Heart, once be stronger than thy continent.'

The quartos read,—*concealed centers*.

Denied me to come in,) return, and force Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn,— Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold? I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow? The art of our necessities is strange, That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel,

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart That's sorry yet for thee.⁹

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit.— With a heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,— Must make content with his fortunes fit; For the rain it raineth every day.*¹⁰

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR and KENT*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.¹¹

—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailor's tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors:
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build:—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.¹²

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Gloucester's Castle.* **Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.**

Glo. Alack, slack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!
Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken:—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged at home; there is part of a power already footed:¹³ we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privately relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund: pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too:—

8 *Summoners* are officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal. See Chaucer's *Sompnour's Tale*, v. 625–670. Thus in *Honour's Defensive against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, 1581:— 'They seem to brag most of the strange events, which follow for the most part after blazing stars, as if they were the summoners of God, to call princes to the seat of judgment.'

9 The quartos read, 'That sorrow yet for thee.'

10 Part of the Clown's song at the end of *Twelfth Night*.

11 This speech is not in the quartos.

12 These lines are taken from what is commonly called Chaucer's *Prophecy*; but which is much older than his time in its original form. It is thus quoted by Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:—

'When faith fails in priestes saws,
And lord's hests are holden for laws
And robbery is tane for purchase,
And lechery for solace,
Then shall the realm of Albion
Be brought to great confusion.'

See the Works of Chaucer, in Whittingham's edit. vol. v. p. 172.

13 The quartos read, *landed*.

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me :—
That which my father loses ; no less than all :
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *A Part of the Heath, with a Howl.*
Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord,
enter :

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Will break my heart ?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own : Good my lord,
enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.¹ Thou'dst shun a bear :
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the

mind's free,

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude !

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't ?—But I will punish home :—

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night

To shut me out !—Pour on ; I will endure.²—

In such a night as this ! O, Regan, Goneril !—

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all—

O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;

No more of that,——

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. 'Pr'ythee, go in thyself ; seek thine own
ease ;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in :

In, boy : go first.—[To the Fool.] You houseless³

poverty,——

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness,⁴ defend you
From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this ; Take physic, pomp ;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
That thou may'st shake the superfluous to them,
And show the heavens more just.⁵

Edg. [Within.] Fathom and half, fathom and
half ! Poor Tom !⁶

[The Fool runs out from the Howl.]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me !

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there ?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit ; he says his name's poor
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there
i' the straw ?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away ! the foul fiend follows me :—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph ! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.⁷

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters ?
And art thou come to this ?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom ? whom
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through
flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and
quagmire,⁸ that hath laid knives under his pillow,
and halters in his pew ; set ratsbane by his
porridge ; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay
troting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course
his own shadow for a traitor :—Bless thy five wits !⁹
Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee
from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking !¹⁰ Do
poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes :
There could I have him now,—and there,—and
there, and there again, and there. [Storm continues.]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to
this pass ?—

Could'st thou save nothing ? Did'st thou give them
all ?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had
been all ashamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pondulous
air

Hang fated o'er men's faults,¹¹ light on thy daughters !

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor ! nothing could have subdu'd
nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh ?
Judicious punishment ! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.¹²

¹ Steevens thought that Lear does not address this question to Kent, but to his own bosom ; and would point the passage thus :—

Will break, my heart ?
'Taking the words of Lear by themselves (says Mr. Pyle), the sense and punctuation proposed by Steevens is very judicious ; but is confuted by what Kent answers, who must know how Lear spoke it ; and there seems no sort of reason why, as is suggested, he should affect to misunderstand him. Nothing is more natural than for a person absorbed in the contemplation of his own misery, to answer offers of assistance that interrupt him, with petulance.'

² That of two concomitant pains, the greater obscures to relieve the less, is an aphorism of Hippocrates. See *Disquisitiones Metaphysical and Literary*, by F. Sayers, M.D. 1793, p. 68.

³ He lesser pangs can bear who hath endur'd the chief.
Faerie Queene, b. i. c. 5.

⁴ This line is omitted in the quartos.

⁵ This and the next line are only in the folio. They are very judiciously intended to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect of forms which affliction forces on the mind.

⁶ Loop'd and window'd is full of holes and apertures : the allusion is to loop-holes, such as are found in ancient castles, and designed for the admission of light, where windows would have been incommodious.

⁷ A kindred thought occurs in Pericles :—

'O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots,—hear these tears ;
The misery of Tharus may be theirs.'

⁸ This speech of Edgar's is omitted in the quartos.—He gives the sign used by those who are sounding the depth of sea

⁸ So in the Induction to the Taming of the Shrew, Sly says, 'Go to thy cold bed and warm thee ;' which is supposed to be in ridicule of The Spanish Tragedy, or some play equally absurd. The word cold is omitted in the folio.

⁹ Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction. He afterwards recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide ; the opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. Infernal spirits are always represented as urging the wretched to self-destruction. See in Dr. Faustus, 1664 :—

'Swords, poisons, halbers, and venom'd steel,
Are laid before me to despatch myself.'
Shakespeare found this charge against the fiend in Harriet's Declaration, 1604, before cited.

¹⁰ It has been before observed, that the *wits seem* to have been reckoned *five* by analogy to the five senses. They were sometimes confounded by old writers, as in the instance cited by Percy and Steevens ; Shakespeare, however, in his 141st Sonnet, considers them as distinct.

¹¹ But my *five wits* nor my *five senses* can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.'

¹² To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence. See a former passage :—

'—strike her young bones,
Ye taking airs, with lameness.'

¹³ So in Timon of Athens :—

'Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high view'd city hang his poison
In the sick air.'

¹⁴ The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. The allusions to this fable are very numerous in old writers.

Edg. Pillicock¹ sat on pillicock's-hill ;—
Hallow, hallow, loo, loo !

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend : Obey thy parents ; keep thy word justly ; swear not ; commit not with man's sworn spouse ; set not thy sweet-heart on proud array ; Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been ?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind ; that curled my hair ;² wore gloves in my cap ;³ served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her ; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven : one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it : Wine loved I deeply ; dice dearly ; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk : False of heart, light of ear,⁴ bloody of hand ; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books,⁵ and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind.—Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dorphin my boy, my boy, sessa ; let him trot by.

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this ? Consider him well : Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume :—**Ha ! here's three of us are sophisticated !—**Thou

¹ It should be observed that *Killicock* is one of the devils mentioned in Harasnet's book. The inquisitive reader may find a further explanation of this word in a note to the translation of Rabelais, edit. 1750, vol. i. p. 184. In Minshew's Dictionary, art. 9299 ; and Chalmers's Works of Sir David Lindsay, Glossary, v. *pillak*.

² Then Ma. Mainy, by the instigation of the first of the seven, [spirits,] began to set his hands unto his side, curled his hair, and used such gestures as Ma. Edmunds [the exorcist] presently affirmed that that spirit was *Pride*. Herewith he began to curse and banne, saying, What a poxe do I here ? I will stay no longer among a company of rascal priests, but go to the court, and brave it amongst my fellows, the noticmen there assembled.—' Shortly after they [the seven spirits] were all cast forth, and in such manner as Ma. Edmunds directed them, which was, that every devil should depart in some certain form, representing either a beast or some other creature that had the resemblance of that sinne wherof he was the chief author : wherof upon the spirit of *Pride* departed in the forme of a peacock ; the spirit of *Sloth* in the likeness of an asse ; the spirit of *Envy* in the similitude of a dog ; the spirit of *Gluttony* in the form of a wolfe ; and the other devils had also in their departure their particular likenesses agreeable to their natures.—*Harasnet's Declaration*, &c. 1603. Before each sin was cast out, Mainy, by gestures acted that particular sin—curling his hair, to show pride, &c. &c.

³ It was anciently the custom to wear gloves in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Hence Henry boasts that he will pluck a glove from the commonest creature and wear it in his helmet. And Tucca says to Sir Quintilian, in Decker's *Satromastix* :—' Thou shalt wear her glove in thy worshipful hat, like to a leather brooch.' And Pandora in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597 :—

— he that first presents me with his head
Shall wear my glove in favour of the dead.'

Pordis, in her assumed character, asks Baseanio for his gloves, which she says she will wear for his sake ; and King Henry V. gives the pretended glove of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occasions his quarrel with the English soldier.

⁴ Credulous of evil, ready to receive malicious reports.

⁵ When spendthrifts, &c. resorted to usurers or tradesmen for the purpose of raising money by means of shop goods, or brown paper commodities, they usually entered their promissory notes, or other similar obligations, in books kept for that purpose. In Lodge's *Looking Glass for England*, 1608, 4to. a usurer says to a gentleman, ' I have thy hand set to my book, that thou received'st forty pounds of me in monie.' To which

art the thing itself :—unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings :—Come ; unbutton here.'

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented ; this is a naughty⁸ night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart ; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend *Pilbertigibbet* :⁹ he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock ; he gives the web and the pin,¹⁰ squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip ; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the world ;¹¹

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold ;

Bed her aught,

And her troth plight,

And, Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee !¹²

Kent. How fares your grace ?

Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he ?

Kent. Who's there ? What is't you seek ?

Glo. What are you there ? Your names ?

Edg. Poor Tom ; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water ;¹³ that in the fury of the heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallots ; swallows the ol'

the other answers, ' It was your device to colour the statue, but your conscience knows what I had.'

' If I but write my name in mercers' books,

I am as sure to have at six months end

A rascal at my elbow with his mace,' &c.

All Fools, by Chapman, 1606.

⁶ ' Dolphin my boy, my boy,

Cease, let him trot by :

It seemeth not that such a foe

From me or you would fly.'

This is a stanza from a very old ballad, written on some battle fought in France ; during which the king, unwilling to put the suspected valour of his son the *Dauphin* to the trial, therefore, as different champions cross the field, the king always discovers some objection to his attacking each of them, and repeats the two first lines as every fresh personage is introduced ; and at last assists in propping up a dead body against a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Steevens had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to report part of the ballad. In Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Cokes cries out, ' God's my life ! He shall be Dauphin, my boy ! ' ' *Hey nonny, nonny*' is merely the burden of another ballad.

⁷ The words *unbutton here*, are only in the folio.

The quartos read, *Come on, be true*.

⁸ *Naughty* signifies *bad, unfit, improper*. This epithet, which, as it stands here, excites a smile, in the age of Shakspeare was employed on serious occasions. The merriment of the Fool depended on his general image, and not on the quaintness of his auxiliary.

⁹ The name of this fiend, though so grotesque, was not invented by Shakspeare, but by those who wished to impose upon their hearers the belief of his actual existence : this, and most of the fiends mentioned by Edgar, being to be found in Bishop Harasnet's book, among those which the Jesuits, about the time of the Spanish invasion, pretended to cast out, for the purpose of making converts. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Catholic. Harasnet published his account of the detection of the imposture, by order of the privy council. '*Fraterello, Flibberdigibet, Hoberdiance, Tocabatto*, were four devils of the round or morrice.—These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves do confesse. Flebergibbe is used by Latimer for a sycophant. And Cotgrave explains *Cocquette* by a *Flebergibet* or *Tuifill*.'

It was an old tradition that spirits were relieved from the confinement in which they were held during the day, at the time of curfew, that is, at the close of the day, and were permitted to wander at large till the first cock-crowing. Hence, in *The Tempest*, they are said to 'rejoice to hear the solemn curfew.'

¹⁰ The *pin* and *web* is a disease of the eyes resembling the cataract in an imperfect stage. Acerbi, in his *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 20, has given the Lapid method of cure.

¹¹ About *St. Withold* we have no certainty. This adventure is not found in the common legends of *St. Fittalis*, whom Mr. Tyrwhitt thought was meant.

¹² See Macbeth. ¹³ a. and the water—*see*.

rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*¹

Beware my follower: Peace, Smolkin;² peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.³

Glo. Our flesh, and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventur'd to come to seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord, His wits begin to unsettle.⁴

Glo. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself; I had a son, Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life, But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this! I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

¹ In the metrical Romance of Sir Bevis, who was confined seven years in a dungeon, it is said that—

'Rattes and mice, and such smal deer,
Was his meat that seven yere.'

² The names of other punie spirits cast out of Twyford, were these:—Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillo, &c.—*Harsner's Detection*, &c. p. 49. Again, 'Mahu was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams; but another of the possessed named Richard Mainy, was molested by a still more considerable fiend, called *Modu*,' p. 268; where the said Richard Mainy deposes:—'Furthermore it is pretended, that there remaineth still in mee the prince of devils, whose name should be *Modu*.' And, p. 269:—'When the said priests had despatched their business at Hackney, (where they had been exorcising Sarah Williams,) they then returned towards mee, upon pretence to cast the great prince *Modu* out of mee.'

In the Goblins, by Sir John Suckling, a catch is introduced, which concludes with these two lines:—

'The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Mahu is his name.'

This catch may not be the production of Suckling, but the original referred to by Edgár's speech.

³ Lord Orford has the following remark in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother*, which deserves a place here:—'When Belvidera talks of *lutes, laurals, seas of milk, and ships of amber*, she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn of a head discomposed by misfortune is that of King Lear. His

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words: Hush.

Edg. *Child Rowland*⁴ to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—*Fie, fie, and fum,*
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Room in Gloster's Castle. Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart this house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit,⁵ set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O, heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in thy love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle. Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, POOL, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!

[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Edg. *Fratretto*⁶ calls me; and tells me Nero is

thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate; we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakespeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet.

⁴ Capel observes that *Child Rowland* means the *Knight Orlando*. He would read *come*, with the quarto absolutely (*Orlando being come to the dark tower*); and supposes a line to be lost 'which spoke of some giant, the inhabitant of that tower, and the smeller-out of *Child Rowland*, who comes to encounter him.' He proposes to fill up the passage thus:—

'Child Rowland to the dark tower come,

[*The giant roar'd, and out he ran;*]

His word was still, &c.

Part of this is to be found in the second part of Jack and the Giants, which, if not as old as the time of Shakespeare, may have been compiled from something thus was so: they are uttered by a giant:—

'*Fie, fie, fum,*

I smell the blood of an Englishman,

Be he alive, or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make my bread.'

⁵ Cornwall seems to mean the merit of Edmund, which, being noticed by Gloster, provoked or instigated Edgár to seek his father's death.

⁶ See the quotation from Harnett, in note 2 on the preceding scene. Rabelais says that Nero was a fiddler in hell, and Trajan an angler. The history of Gargantua had appeared in English before 1578, being mentioned in Laneham's Letter from Killingworth, printed in that year.

an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. 'Frythoe, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing¹ in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.²

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's heels,³ a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight: Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer:⁴—

[To EDGAR.]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool.]—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wanest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn,⁵ Bessy to me:—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak.

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly⁶ for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence—

Thou robbed man of justice, take thy place;

[To EDGAR.]

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool.]
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission, sit you too. [To KENT.]

¹ Perhaps he is here addressing the *Fool*. *Fools* were anciently termed *innocents*. So in All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv. Sc. 3.—'The sheriff's fool—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.'

² The old copies have *Aissing*, which Malone changed to *whizzing*. One of the quartos spells the word *Aissing*, which indicates that the reading of the present text is right.

³ This and the next thirteen speeches are only in the quartos.

⁴ The old copies read, 'a horse's health'; but *heals* was certainly meant. 'Trust not a horse's heels, nor a dog's tooth,' is a proverb in Ray's Collection; which may be traced at least as far back as the time of our Edward II. 'Et ideo Babio in comediis insinuat dicens—In fide, dente, pede, mulierie, equi canis est fraus.—Hoc sic vulgariter est dicit:—

'Till horse's fote thou never traist,

'Till hondis loth, ne woman's fakh.'

Forduni Scotichronicon, l. xiv. c. 22.

The proverb in the text is probably from the Italian.

⁵ *Justicer* from *Justiciarus*, was the old term, as we learn from Lombard's *Eirenarcha*:—'And of this it cometh that M. Fitzherbert, (in his Treatise of the Justices of Peace,) calleth them *justicers* (contractly for *justiciars*), and not *justices*, as we commonly and not altogether improperly doe name them.'

⁶ When *Edgar* says, 'Look, where he stands and glares!' he seems to be speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend. 'Wanest thou eyes at trial, madam?' is a question addressed to some visionary spectator, and may mean no more than 'Do you want eyes when you should use them most? that you cannot see this spectre.'

⁷ *A bourn* is a brook or rivulet. At the beginning of *A Very Merry and Fythe Comedie*, called *The Longer Thou Livest The More Fool Thou Art*, &c. bk. let. no date:—'Entreth Moros, counterfaking a vain gesture and foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songs, as fooles were wont; and among them is this passage:—

'Com over the boorne, Bessé,

My lile pretie Bessé,

Come over the boorne, Bessé, to me.'

The old copies read, 'o'er the broome'; and Johnson suggested, as there was no connexion between a boat and a broom, that it was an error. Stevens made the correction, and added this illustration. There is peculiar propriety in this address: Bessy and poor Tom usually travelled together, as appears by a passage cited

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin's mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a jointstool.¹⁰
Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O, pity!—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, They'll mar my counterfeiting. [Aside.]

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;¹¹

Or bobtail tike,¹² or trundle-tail;

Tom will make them weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fed.

Do de, do de. *Sezza*.¹³ Come, march to wakers and fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.¹⁴

from *Dick Whipper's Sessions*, 1607, by Malone. Mad women, who travel about the country, are called in Shropshire *Cousin Betties*, and elsewhere *Mad Bessies*.

⁸ Much of this may have been suggested by Harnet's book. Sarah Williams deposed, 'That if at any time she did belch, as often times she did by reason that shee was troubled with a wind in her stomacke, the priestes would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her...and that the wind was the devill.' And, (as she saith,) if they heard any *croaking* in her belly... then they would make a wonderful matter of that.'—*Hoberdidance* is mentioned in a former note. 'One time shee remembereth that, shee having the said *croaking* in her belly, they said it was the devill that was about the bed, that spake with the voice of a toad,' p. 194, 195, &c.

⁹ *Minikin* was anciently a term of endearment.—Baret, in his *Alveaire*, interprets *feat* by 'proper, well fashioned, *minikin*, handsome.'

¹⁰ This proverbial expression occurs likewise in Lyly's *Mother Bombs*, 1594.

¹¹ I suspect that *brach* signifies a *greyhound*. A *lyme* or *lyme* was a *blood-hound*, (see *Minshew's Dict. in voce*); sometimes also called a *limmer* or *leamer*; from the *leam* or *leash*, in which he was held till he was let slip. In the book of *Ancient Tenures*, by T. B. 1679, the words 'canes domini regis *leasos*,' are translated *leash hounds*, such as draw after hurt deer in a *leash* or *leyson*. So Drayton, in *The Muses Elysium*:—
'My doghook at my belt, to which my *lyme's* ty'd.'

¹² *Tijk* is the Runic word for a little worthless dog. *Trindletails* are mentioned in the Books of *Hunting*, &c. bk. let. no date; and in the old comedy of *A Woman Kill'd with Kindness*.

¹³ *Sezza*; this word occurs before in the fourth Scene of this Act. It is spelled *Seassy* in both places in the old copy. The same word occurs in the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, where it is spelled *seaza*: it appears to have been a corruption of *cesses*, *stop* or *hold*, be quiet, have done.

¹⁴ *A horn* was usually carried about by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him, with whatever scraps of food they might give him. When, therefore, *Edgar* says *his horn is dry* or *empty*, he merely means, in the language of the character he assumes, to supplicate that it might be filled with drink. See *A Pleasant Dispute* between a Coach and a Sedan, 4to. 1636:—'I have observed where a coach is appendant but two or three hundred pounds

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments; you will say, they are Persian attire! but let them be changed.

[To EDGAR.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.¹

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou should'st at dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;² And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppress'd nature sleeps:³— This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses, Which, if convenience will not allow, Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master; Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exit* KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes, We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind; Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind: But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erstep, When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship. How light and portable my pain seems now, When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away: Mark the high noises,⁴ and thyself bewray,⁵ When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee. What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king! Lurk, lurk.] [Exit.

SCENE VII. A Room in Gloster's Castle. Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter;—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exit* some of the Servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

a yeere, marke it, the dogges are as leane as rakes; you may tell all their ribbes lying be the fire; and Tom a Bedlam may sooner ease his home than get it filled with small drinke, and for his old almes of bacon there is no hope in the world.

1 l. e. on the cushions to which he points.

2 One of the quartos reads, 'Take up the king;' the other, 'Take up to keep,' &c.

3 These two concluding speeches, by Kent and Edgar, are restored from the quarto. The soliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine; and the sentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the subject. Besides, with regard to the stage, it is absolutely necessary; for as Edgar is not designed, in the constitution of the play, to attend the king to Dover, how absurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the scene without one word said, or the least intimation what we are to expect from him.—Theobald.

4 The great events that are approaching, the loud tumult of approaching war.

5 Betray, discover.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our post shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.⁶

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence. Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questrists⁷ after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lord's dependants, Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast To have well armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exit* GONERIL and EDMUND.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exit* other Servants.

Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice; yet our power Shall do a courtesy⁸ to our wrath, which men May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful for! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky⁹ arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants bind him.

Reg. Hard, hard!—O, filthy traitor.

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find— [REGAN plucks his Beard.

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done.

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin, Will quicken,¹⁰ and accuse thee: I am your host; With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours¹¹ You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down, Which came from one that's of a neutral heart, And not from one oppos'd.

Corn.

Cunning.

Reg.

And false.

⁶ Meaning Edmund, invested with his father's titles. The Steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title.

⁷ A questrist is one who goes in quest or search of another.

⁸ 'Do a courtesy to our wrath,' simply means bend to our wrath, as a courtesy is made by bending the body. To pass on any one may be traced from Magna Charta:—'Neque super eum thimmes, nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum.' It is common to meet of our early writers:—'A jury of devils impaneled and deeply sworn to pass on all villains in hell.'—If this be not a Good Play the Devil is in it, 1612.

⁹ l. e. dry, wither'd, husky arms. This epithet was perhaps borrowed from Harriet:—'It would pose all the cunning exercises that are this day to be found, to teach an old corkie woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her morice gambols as Martha Brewster did.'

¹⁰ l. e. quicken into life.

¹¹ Favours mean the same as features; that is, the different parts of which a face is composed.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?
Glo. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore
 To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.
Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.¹
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister In his anointed flesh stick² boarish fangs. The sea, with such a storm as his bare head In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up, And quench'd the stelled³ fires: yet, poor old heart, He help the heavens to rain.
 If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern⁴ time, Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key;* All cruels else subscrib'd:⁵—But I shall see The winged vengeance overtake such children.
Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:
 Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.⁶
 [*GLOSTER is held down in his Chair, while CORNWALL plucks out one of his Eyes, and sets his Foot on it.*]
Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old, Give me some help:—O, cruel! O, ye gods!
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.
Corn. If you see vengeance,—
Serv. Hold your hand, my lord: have serv'd you ever since I was a child; But better service have I never done you, Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog?
Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin, I'd shake it on this quarrel; What do you mean?
Corn. My villain!⁷ [*Draws, and runs at him.*]
Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
 [*Draws. They fight. CORN. is wounded.*]
Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another Serv.*]
 A peasant stand up thus!
 [*Snatches a Sword, comes behind him, and stabs him.*]
Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
 To see some mischief on him:—O!⁸ [*Dies.*]
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!
 Where is thy lustre now?
 [*Tears out GLOSTER's other Eye, and throws it on the ground.*]
Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
 Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature, To quit⁹ this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

¹ So in Macbeth:—

'They have chain'd me to a stake; I cannot fly, But, bear-like, I must fight the course.'

² The quarto reads, 'rask boarish fangs.' To rask is the old hunting term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs.

³ Starred.

⁴ Thus the folio. The quartos read, 'that dearn time.' Dearn is dreary. The reading in the text is countenanced by Chapman's version of the 24th liliad: '— in this so stern a time

Of night and danger.'

⁵ I. e. yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion.

⁶ This horrible exhibition is not more sanguinary than that of some contemporary dramas. In Selimus, Emperor of the Turks, one of the sons of Bajazet, pulls out the eyes of an Aga on the stage, and says:—

Yes, thou shalt live, but never see that day,
 Wanting the tapers that should give thee light.

[*Pulls out his eyes.*]
 Immediately after his hands are cut off on the stage. In Marston's Antonio's Revenge, 1602, Piero's tongue is torn out on the stage.

⁷ Villain is perhaps here used in its original sense, of one in servitude.

⁸ Requite.

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he That made the overture⁹ of thy treason to us; Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O, my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady

Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:

Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN;— Servants unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1 Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,¹⁰ If this man comes to good.

2 Serv. If she live long,

And, in the end, meet the old course of death,¹¹

Women will all turn monsters.

1 Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the

Bedlam

To lead him where he would; his roguish madness

Allows itself to any thing.

2 Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites

of eggs,¹²

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, Heaven help

him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Heath. Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and know to be contemn'd,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd.¹³ To be worst

The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,

Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:

The lamentable change is from the best;

The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,¹⁴

Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!

The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,

Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here!—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O, world!

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,

Life would not yield to age.¹⁵

Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,

Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;

I stumbled when I saw: Full off 'tis seen,

⁹ Overture here means an opening, a discovery. 'It was he who first laid thy treasons open to us.'

¹⁰ This short dialogue is only found in the quartos. It is, as Theobald observes, full of nature. Servants could hardly see such barbarity committed without pity; and the vengeance that they presume must overtake the actors of it, is a sentiment and doctrine well worthy of the stage and of the great moral poet:

¹¹ I. e. die a natural death.

¹² Stevens asserted that this passage was ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The Case is Altered*. Mr. Gifford has shown the folly and falsehood of the assertion; and that it was only a common allusion to a method of stanching blood practised in the poet's time by every barber-surgeon and old woman in the kingdom.

¹³ 'It is better to be thus openly contemn'd, than to be flattered and secretly contemn'd.' The expression in this speech, 'owes nothing to thy blasts,' might seem to be copied from Virgil, *Æn.* xi. 61:—

'Nos juvenem exanimum, et sic jam caelestibus ullis Debetem, vano moesti comitatur honore.'

¹⁴ The next two lines and a half are not in the quartos.

¹⁵ 'O world! if reverses of fortune and changes such as I now see and feel, from ease and affluence to poverty and misery, did not show us the little value of life, we should never submit with any kind of resignation to death, the necessary consequences of old age; we should cling to life more strongly than we do.'

Our mean secures us,¹ and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son, Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,²
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?
Edg. [*Aside*] O, gods! Who is't can say, I am
at the worst!

I am worse than o'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Edg. [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet; The
worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*³

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar man?
Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm; My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since;

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.⁴

Edg. How should this be?—
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside*].—Bless thee,
master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, 'prythee, get thee gone: If, for my
sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake me, hence a mile or twain,
I'll the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.
Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead
the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I
have,

Come on't what will. [*Exit*].

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub⁵ it
further. [*Aside*].

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside*]. And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet
eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gato, horse-way, and foot-
path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good
wits: Bless the good man from the foul fiend!

1 *Mean* is here put for our moderate or mean conditions. It was sometimes the practice of the poet's age to use the plural, when the subject spoken of related to more persons than one. To avoid the equivocal, Pope changed the reading of the old copy 'to our mean secures us,' which is certainly more intelligible, and may have been the reading intended, as *means* being spelled with a final *e* might easily be mistaken for *means*, which is the reading of the old copy.

2 So in another scene, 'I see it feelingly.'

3 i. e. while we live; for while we yet continue to have a sense of feeling, something worse than the present may still happen. He recalls his former rash conclusion.

4 'Dil nos quasi pilas homines habent.'

Plaut. Captiv. Prof. l. 22.

This also in Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. ii.:

'wretched human kinde.
Balles to the starres,' &c.

5 i. e. disguise it.

6 So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue.'

King Richard III.

7 'The devil in Ma. Mairny confess'd his name to be *Modu*, and that he had besides himself *seven other spirits*, and all of them captaines, and of great fame. Then Edmunds, (the exorcist,) began againe with great earnestness, and all the company cried out, &c.—so as both that wicked prince *Modu* and his company might be cast out.—*Harsnet*, p. 163. This passage will account for 'five fiends' having been in poor Tom at once.'

[Five fiends⁷ have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waitingwomen.⁸ So, bless thee, master!]

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance,⁹ that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly,
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know
Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in¹⁰ the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt*].

SCENE II. Before the DUKE OF ALBANY'S Palace.
Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild
husband¹¹

Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your
master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
[*To EDMUND*].

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the
way,

May prove effects.¹¹ Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to
hear,

7 'If she have a little helpe of the mother, epilepsie, or cramp, to teach her role her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnash her teeth, starte with her body, hold her armes and handes stiffe, make antike faces, grince, *mau and mop*, like an ape, then no doubt the young girl is owle-blasted, and possessed.'—*Harsnet*, p. 136. The five devils here mentioned are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce, three *chambermaids* or *waiting women*, in Mr. Edmund Peckham's family. The reader will now perceive why a *coquette* is called *flibbertigibbet* or *titill* by Colgrave. See Act III. Sc. 4. The passage in crotchets is omitted in the folio.

8 'Lear has before uttered the same sentiment, which indeed cannot be too strongly impressed, though it may be too often repeated.'—*Johnson*. To *stare* an ordinance is to treat it as a slave, to make it subject to him, instead of acting in obedience to it. So in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:—

'none

Could *stare* him like the Lydian Omphale.'

Again, in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, by Massinger:—'that *stares* me to his will.' The quartos read, 'That *stands* your ordinance,' which may be right, says Malone, and means *withstands* or *abides*.

9 *In* is here put for *on*, as in other places of these plays.

10 It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Goneril, disliked the scheme of oppression and ingratitude at the end of the first act.

11 'The wishes which we expressed to each other on the way hither, may be completed, may take effect,' perhaps alluding to the destruction of her husband

If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
(Giving a Favour.)
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.
Gon. My most dear Gloucester!
(Exit EDMUND.)
O, the difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's services are due;
My fool usurps my bed.¹
Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.
(Exit Steward.)

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.²
Alb. O, Goneril!
You art not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face—I fear your disposition:³
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver⁴ and disbranch
From her material sap,⁵ perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.⁶
Gon. No more; the text is foolish.
Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filth's savour but themselves. What have you
done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,⁷
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you maddened.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a pruce, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.
Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,⁸
Fools do those villainous pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief!⁹ Where's thy
drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?
Alb. See thyself, devil!

¹ She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss, (the steward being present,) and that might appear only to him as a whisper.

² Quarto A reads 'my fool usurp my body.' Quarto B, 'my fool usurps my head.' Quarto C, 'a fool usurps my bed.' The folio reads, 'my fool usurps my body.'

³ Alluding to the proverb, 'It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling.' Goneril's meaning seems to be, 'There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you,' reproaching him for not having summoned her to consult with on the present occasion.

⁴ These words and the lines following, to *monsters of the deep*, are not in the folio. They are necessary to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany here expresses to his wife.

⁵ So in Macbeth:—

'—slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse.'

⁶ She who breaks the bonds of filial duty, and becomes wholly alienated from her father, must wither and perish, like a branch separated from that trunk or body which supplied it with sap.⁷ There is a peculiar propriety in the use of the word *material*: *materia*, Lat. signifying the trunk or body of the tree.

⁷ Alluding to the use that witches and enchanters are said to make of *withered branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life.—*Warburton*. Dr. Warburton might have added the passage from Macbeth above quoted in support of his ingenious interpretation.

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.¹¹
Gon. O, vain fool!
Alb. Thou chang'd and self-cover'd¹² thing, for
shame,
Be-monster not thy feature.¹³ Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,¹⁴
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones;—How'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee,
Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's
dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes?

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,

You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O, poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. *(Aside.)* One way I like this well:¹⁵

But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,

The news is not so tart.—I'll read and answer. *(Exit.)*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd
against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
ment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show'st the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;

Tell me what more thou knowest. *(Exit.)*

⁸ This line is not in the folio.

⁹ The rest of this speech is also omitted in the folio.

¹⁰ 'Goneril means to say that none but fools would be excited to commiserate those who are prevented from executing their malicious designs, and punished for their evil intention.' Malone doubts whether Goneril alludes to her father, but surely there cannot be a doubt that she does, and to the *pity* for his sufferings expressed by Albany, whom she means indirectly to call a *fool* for expressing it.

¹¹ That is, 'Diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil, to whom they belong, as in woman, who un-naturally assumes them.'

¹² The meaning appears to be 'thou that hast hid the woman under the fiend; thou that hast disguised nature by wickedness.' Steevens thinks that there may be an allusion to the coverings which insects furnish to themselves, like the silkworm, that—

'—labours till it clouds itself all o'er.'

¹³ It has been already observed that *feature* was often used for *form* or *person* in general, the *figure* of the whole body.

¹⁴ My blood is my passion, my inclination. This verse wants a foot, which Theobald purposed to supply by reading 'boiling blood.'

¹⁵ Goneril's plan was to poison her sister, to marry Edmund, to murder Albany, and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund.

[SCENE III.¹ *The French Camp near Dover.*
*Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.*²

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?³

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required, and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like;—a better way.⁴ Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.⁵—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name
of *father*

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, *Sisters! sisters!*—*Shame of ladies! sisters!*
Kent! father! sisters! What! 's the storm? 's the night?

*Let pity not be believed!*⁶—Then she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd:⁷ then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;⁸

1 This scene is left out in the folio copy, but is necessary to continue the story of Cordelia, whose behaviour is most beautifully painted.

2 The gentlemen whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia.

3 The king of France being no longer a necessary personage, it was fit that some pretext for getting rid of him should be formed before the play was too near advanced towards a conclusion. Decency required that a monarch should not be silently shuffled into the pack of insignificant characters; and therefore his dismissal, (which could be effected only by a sudden recall to his own commissions,) was to be accounted for before the audience. For this purpose, among others, the present scene was introduced. It is difficult to say what use could have been made of the king, had he appeared at the head of his own armament, and survived the murder of his queen. His conjugal concern on the occasion might have weakened the effect of Lear's paternal sorrow; and, being an object of respect as well as pity, he would naturally have divided the spectator's attention, and thereby diminished the consequence of Albany, Edgar, and Kent, whose exemplary virtues deserved to be ultimately placed in the most conspicuous point of view.—*Steevens*

4 Both the quartos read, 'were like a better way.' *Steevens* reads, upon the suggestion of Theobald, 'a better day,' with a long and somewhat ingenious, though unsatisfactory argument in defence of it. Warburton reads, 'a wetter May,' which is plausible enough. Malone adopts a part of his emendation, and reads 'a better May.' I have been favoured by Mr. Boaden with the following solution of this passage, which, as it preserves the reading of the old copy, merits attention:—'The difficulty has arisen from a general mistake as to the simile itself; and Shakspeare's own words here actually convey his perfect meaning, as indeed they commonly do. I understand the passage thus:

"—— You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like; a better way."

'That is, Cordelia's smiles and tears were like the conjunction of sunshine and rain, in a better way or manner. Now in what did this better way consist? Why

Else one self mate and mate,¹¹ could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her
since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; the poor distress'd Lear is i' the town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent.

Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent.

Alack, poor gentleman!
Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so, they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause¹²
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Tent. Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter,¹³ and furrow weeds,
With harlocks,¹⁴ hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel,¹⁵ and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*—
What can man's wisdom do,¹⁶

simply in the smiles seeming unconscious of the tears, whereas the sunshine has a watery look through the falling drops of rain—

"—— Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes."

'That the point of comparison was neither a "better day," nor a "wetter May," is proved by the following passages, cited by *Steevens* and *Malone*:—"Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine."—*Bidney's Arcadia*, p. 244.

'I may just observe, as perhaps an illustration, that the better way of *Charity* is that the right hand should not know what the left hand giveth.'

5 The quartos read *smiles*, which may be a diminutive of the poet's coining.

6 *Steevens* would read *dropping*, but as must be understood to signify as if. I do not think that jewelled pendants were in the poet's mind. A similar beautiful thought in *Middleton's Game of Chess* has caught the eye of *Milton*:—

"—— the holy dew lies like a pearl
Drop from the opening eyelids of the morn
Upon the bashful rose."

7 I. e. discourse, conversation.

8 I. e. let not pity be supposed to exist. It is not impossible but *Shakspeare* might have formed this fine picture of *Cordelia's* agony from holy writ, in the conduct of *Joseph*, who, being no longer able to restrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his presence; and then wept aloud, and discovered himself to his brethren.—*Theobald*.

9 That is, 'her outcries were accompanied with tears.'

10 Conditions are dispositions.

11 I. e. the selfsame husband and wife.

12 Important business.

13 I. e. fumitory, written by the old herbalists *fumittery*

14 The quartos read *hardocks*, the folio *hardokes*. *Drayton* mentions *harlocks* in one of his Eclogues:—

"The honey-suckle, the *harlocks*,
The lily, and the lady-smocke," &c.

Perhaps the *charlock*, *sinapis arvensis*, or wild mustard, may be meant.

15 *Darnel*, according to *Gerard*, is the most hurtful of weeds among corn.

16 *Steevens* says that *do* should be omitted as needless

In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my upward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.¹

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O, dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important² tears, hath pitied.
No blown³ ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Gloster's Castle. Enter*
REGAN and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself,
In person there?
Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spoke not with your lord at
home?
Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life;⁴ moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my
letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might
not you

to the sense of the passage, and injurious to the metre.
Thus in Hamlet:—

¹ Try what repentance can; What can it not?
Do, in either place, is understood, though suppressed.
Do is found in none of the old copies but quarto B.

1 i. e. the reason which should guide it.
² Important for importunate, as in other places of
these plays. See Comedy of Errors, Act v. Sc. 1. The
folio reads *importuned*.

³ No inflated, no swelling pride.
⁴ Quam bene te ambitio meruit vanissima, ventus,
Et tamidos tumidos vos superastis aque.
Beza on the Spanish Armada.

So in The Little French Lawyer of Beaumont and
Fletcher:—

¹ I come with no blown spirit to abuse you.
⁴ i. e. his life made dark as night, by the extinction
of his eyes.

⁵ I know not well (says Johnson) why Shakspeare
gives the Steward, who is a mere factor for wickedness,
so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and after-
wards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be
safely delivered.—*Johnson.*

⁶ Surely when Dr. Johnson made this note, he did
not recollect the character Edgar gives of this Stew-
ard after he is dead:—

"As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness could require."

⁷ Fidelity in agents of wickedness is, I fear, not so un-
common as to be unfit for the general probability of
dramatic manners.—*Pye*

Transport her purposely word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much
Let me unseal the letter.⁶

Stew. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange collards,⁷ and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:⁸
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this:⁹
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would, I could meet him, madam! I
would show
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.¹⁰ *The Country near Dover. Enter*
GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same
hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we
labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrib steep!

Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.¹¹

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd;¹² and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I
chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand
still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire;¹³ dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock;¹⁴ her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high;—I'll look no more;

⁶ Collard, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the
eye.
⁷ That is, observe what I am saying.

⁸ You may infer more than I have directly told you.
⁹ Perhaps a ring, or some token, is given to the
steward by Regan to be conveyed to Edmund.

¹⁰ This scene, and the stratagem by which Gloster is
cured of his desperation, are wholly borrowed from
Sidney's Arcadia, book ii.

¹¹ Something to complete the measure seems wanting
in this or the foregoing hemistich. The quartos read as
one line:—

'Horrib steep: hark, do you hear the sea?'
¹² Edgar alters his voice in order to pass afterwards
for a malignant spirit.

¹³ Samphire grows in great plenty on most of the
sea cliffs in this country: it is terrible to see how people
gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the
top of the impending rocks, as it were in the air.—
Smith's History of Waterford, p. 315, edit. 1774.—
Dover Cliff was particularly resorted to for this plant,
according to Drayton, Polyolbion, b. xviii.:—

'Rob Dover's neighbouring cleaves of samphire, to
excite

His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite.'

It is still eaten as a pickle in those parts of England
bordering on the southern coast.

¹⁴ i. e. her cock-boat. Hence the term *cock-stain*.

Least my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topples¹ down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within
a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O, you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft:² Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir!—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:³—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been ought but gossamer,⁴
feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
sound.

Ten masts at each⁵ make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn:⁶

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd,⁷ and wav'd like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest⁸ gods, who make them hos-
ours

Of men's impossibilities,⁹ have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now; henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,

Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place

Edg. Bear free!¹⁰ and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with Flowers.

The safer sense¹¹ will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;

I am the king himself.

Edg. O, thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's
your press-money.¹² That follow handles his bow
like a crow-keeper:¹³ draw me a clothier's yard.—
Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of
toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll
prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.¹⁴—
O, well flown, bird!—! the clout, i' the clout!
hewgh!—Give the word.¹⁵

Edg. Sweet majoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—
They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had
white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were
there. To say ay, and no, to every thing I said!—

because its shell is marked with convolved protuberant
ridges.

⁸ That is, the purest; the most free from evil. So in
Timon of Athens:—'Roots: you clear gods!

⁹ By men's impossibilities perhaps is meant what
men call impossibilities, what appear as such to mere
mortal beings.

¹⁰ 'Bear free and patient thoughts.' Free here means
pure, as in other places of these plays.

¹¹ The safer sense (says Mr. Blakeway) seems to
me to mean the eyesight, which, says Edgar, will never
more serve the unfortunate Lear so well as those which
Gloster has remaining will serve him, who is now
returned to a right mind. Horace terms the eyes 'oculi
fidelis,' and the eyesight may be called the safer sense
in allusion to the proverb 'Seeing is believing.' Goneril
afterwards laments the stiffness of his vile sense.

¹² It is evident from the whole of this speech that Lear
fancied himself in a battle. For the meaning of press
money, see the first scene of Hamlet, which will also
serve to explain the passage in Act v. Sc. 2:—
'And turn our imperial lances in our eyes.'

¹³ 'Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,
To some base rustic do thyself prefer;
And when corn's sown, or grown into the ear,
Practise thy quiver and turn crow-keeper.'

Drayton, Idea the Forty-eighth.

Ascham, in speaking of awkward shooters, says:—
'Another cowereth down, and layeth out his buttocks as
though he would shoote at crosses.'

The subsequent expression of Lear, 'draw me a
clothier's yard,' Steevens thinks, alludes to the old
ballad of Chevy Chase:—

'An arrow of a cloth yard long,

Up to the head he drew,' &c.

¹⁴ Battleaxes.

¹⁵ Lear is here raving of archery, falconry, and a

¹ To topple is to tumble: the word is again used in
Macbeth. So in Nashe's Lenten Stuffe, 1599:—'Fifty
people toppled up their heels there.'

² That is, 'when life is willing to be destroyed.'

³ 'Thus might he die in reality.' We still use the
word passing-bell. So in King Henry VI. Part II.—
'Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.'

⁴ The substance called gossamer is formed of the
collected webs of flying spiders, and during calm
weather in autumn sometimes falls in amazing quanti-
ties.—*Holt White.* Some think it the down of plants;
others the vapour arising from boggy or marshy ground
in warm weather. The etymon of this word, which
has puzzled the lexicographers, is said to be *summer
goose* or *summer gauze*, hence 'gauze o'the summer,'
its well known name in the north. See *Horæ Momentæ
Crævensæ, or the Cræven Dialect Exemplified*, 1824,
8vo. p. 79.

⁵ I. e. drawn out at length, or each added to the
other. 'Eche, exp. draw out, ab Anglo Saxon ecan,
eclen, Diferre, vel a verb. to eat.' *Skinner, Etymolog.*
Skinner is right in his last derivation, it is from the
Anglo-Saxon ecan, to add. Thus Chaucer, in The
House of Fame, b. iii. v. 975:—

—'gan somewhat to eche,

To this tiding in his speche.'

And in Trolius and Cresselde, b. i. v. 706:—

'As done these foolles, that hit sorrowes eche.'

Pope changed this to *attacht*; Johnson would read *on
end*; Steevens proposes at *reach*. Ignorance of our
earlier language has been the stumbling-block of all
these eminent critics.

⁶ I. e. this chalky boundary of England.

⁷ Welk'd is marked with protuberances. This and
whelt are probably only different forms of the same
word. The *welk* is a small shellfish, so called, perhaps,

Ay and no too was no good divinity.¹ When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie; I am not ague proof.

Glo. The trick² of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch, a king: When I do stare, see how the subject quakes. I pardon'd that man's life: what was thy cause?—

Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die; Die for adultery! No: The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly Does lecher in my sight. Let copulation thrive, for Gloucester's bastard son Was kinder to his father, than my daughters Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury,³ pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.— Behold yon simpering dame, Whose face between her forks presageth snow;⁴ That minces⁵ virtue, and does shake the head To hear of pleasure's name; The fitchew, nor the soiled horse,⁶ goes to't With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs, Though women all above; But⁷ to the gridle do the gods inherit,⁸ Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,

There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption:—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O, ruin'd piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid! I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

bathe, jumbled together in quick transition. 'Well flown bird' was the falconer's expression when the hawk was successful in her flight; it is so used in *A Woman Kill'd with Kindness*. The *clout* is the *white mark* at which archers aim. By 'give the word,' the *watchword* in a camp is meant. The quartos read, 'O well flown bird in the eyre, hugh, give the word.'

1 It has been proposed to read, 'To say ay and no to every thing I said ay and no to, was no good divinity.' Besides the inaccuracy of construction in the passage as it stands in the text, it does not appear how it could be flattery to *disent* from as well as *assent* to every thing Lear said.

2 *Trick* is a word used for the air, or peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others. We still say he has a *trick* of winking with his eyes, &c.

3 *i. e. incontinence.*

4 The construction is, 'Whose face presageth snow between her forks.' So in *Timon of Athens*, Act iv. Sc. 2:—

'Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow That lies on Dian's lap.'

See *Cogrove's Dict.* in v. *Fourcheare*.

5 *i. e. puts* on an outward affected seeming of virtue. See *Crusave* in v. *Mineas-se*. He also explains it under 'Faire la sacknette, to mince h, nicete it, be very squamish, backward, or coy.'

6 The *fitchew* is the polecat. A *soiled horse* is a horse that has been fed with hay and corn during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and carried to him. This at once cleanses the animal and fills him with blood. In the old copies the preceding as well as the latter part of Lear's speech is printed as prose. It is doubtful whether any part of it was intended for metre.

7 *But* in its exceptive sense.

8 *Process.*

9 From 'hide all' to 'accuser's lips' is wanting in the quartos

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?— Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority; A dog's obey'd in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand: Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back:

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.¹⁰ Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks: Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say none; I'll able 'em;¹¹ Take that of me, my friend, who have the power To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:

Pull off my boots;—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency!¹² mix'd!

Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester: Thou must be patient; we came crying hither. Thou know'st the first time that we smelt the air, We wawl, and cry:¹³—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come

To this great stage of fools;—This a good block?¹⁴

10 *i. e. support or uphold* them. So Chapman, in the *Widow's Tears*, 1612:—

'Admitted! ay, into her heart, and I'll able it.'

Again, in his version of the twenty-third *Illiad*:—

'I'll able this

For five revolved years.'

11 *Impertinency* here is used in its old legitimate sense of *something not belonging to the subject*.

12 'The child feels that, the man that feeling knows, Which cries first borne, the presage of his life,' &c. *Sidney's Arcadia*, lib. ii.

The passage is, however, evidently taken from *Pliny*, as translated by *Philemon Holland*. *Promeo* to b. vii.:— 'Man alone, poor wretch [nature] hath laid all naked upon the bare earth, even on his birthday to cry *woe* wrastle presently from the very first houre that he is borne into this world.'—*Douce*.

13 Upon the king's saying 'I will preach to thee,' the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his hat, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom I have seen represented in ancient prints) till the idea of *felt* which the good hat or block was made of, raised the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horses with the [same substance] which he held and moulded between his hands. So in *Decker's Gull's Hornbook*, 1609:— 'That cannot observe the tune of his husband, nor know what fashioned block is most kin to his head: for in my opinion the brain cannot chuse his felt well.' Again, in *Run* and a *Great Cast*, no date, *Epigram* 46, in *Bezilium*:—

'A pretty blocke Sexinus names his hat,

So much the fitter for his head by that.'

This delicate stratagem is mentioned by *Ariosto*:—

'— fece nel cadar strepito quanto

Avesse avuto sotto i piedi feltro.'

So in *Fenton's Tragical Discourses*, 4th. bk. l. 1567:—

'He anyrth himself for the purpose in a night-gowne

It were a delicate stratagem, to shooe
A troop of horse with felt : I'll put it in proof ;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.¹

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Genl. O, here he is, lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.—

Genl. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds ? All myself ?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,²
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Genl. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom :
What ?

I will be jovial ; come, come ; I am a king,
My masters, know you that !

Genl. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it.³ Nay, an you get it,
you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.⁴

[Exit, running ; Attendants follow.]

Genl. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch ;
Past speaking of in a king !—Thou hast one daughter
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Genl. Sir, speed you : What's your will ?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward ?

Genl. Most sure and vulgar : every one hears
that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,

How near's the other army ?

Genl. Near, and on speedy foot, the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.⁵

Edg. I thank you, sir : that's all.

Genl. Though that the queen on special cause is
here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [Exit Genl.]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from
me ;

Let not my worse spirit tempt me again

To die before you please !

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you ?

Edg. A most poor man, made lame by fortune's
blows :⁶

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,⁷

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,

I'll lead you to some bidding.

girt to hym, with a payre of shoes of felle leaste the
noyse of his fecte might discover his goinge,' p. 58.—
It had, however, been actually put in practice about
fifty years before Shakspeare was born, at a tournament
held at Lisle before Henry the VIII. (Oct. 13, 1513,)
where the horses, to prevent their sliding on a black
stone pavement, were shod with felt or flocks (filtra
sive tomento.) See Lord Herbert's Life of King Henry
VIII. p. 41.

¹ This was the cry formerly in the English army
when an onset was made on the enemy. So in Venus
and Adonis :—

' Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, Kill, kill.'

² So in Romeo and Juliet :—' O, I am fortune's fool.'

³ ' A man of salt' is a man of tears. In All's Well
that Ends Well, we meet with ' Your salt tears
head.' And in Troilus and Cressida, ' the salt of
broken tears.' Again, in Coriolanus :—

' He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome.'

⁴ The case is not yet desperate. So in Antony and
Cleopatra :—' There's sap in't yet.'

⁵ Mr. Boswell thinks that this passage seems to prove
that *cessa* means the very reverse of *cesses*. See
p. 414, and p. 416, note 13, ante.

⁶ The main body is expected to be descried every
hour.

Glo. Hearty thanks :
The bounty and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot !

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize ! Most happy !
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember :⁷—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [EDGAR opposes.]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,

Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor ? Hence ;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'll not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait,⁸ and let
poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out
of my life, 'twould not ha' been so long as 'tis by a
vornight. Nay, come not near the old man ; keep
out, che vor'ye,⁹ or ise try whether your costard¹⁰
or my bat be the harder : Ch'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill !

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir ; Come ; no mat-
ter vor your foins.¹¹

[They fight ; and EDGAR knocks him down.]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me :—Villain, take
my purse ;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body ;

And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster ; seek him out

Upon the British party :—O, untimely death

[Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well : A serviceable villain ;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead ?

Edg. Sit you down, father ; rest you.—

Let's see his pockets ; these letters, that he speaks of

May be my friends.—He's dead : I am only sorry

He had no other deathsmen.—Let us see :

Leave, gentle wax ; and, manners, blame us not :

To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts

Their papers, is more lawful.¹²

[Reads.] Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.

You have many opportunities to cut him off ; if your

will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.

There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror :

Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my goal ; from

the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the

place for your labour.

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your

affectionate servant,

GENERAL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will !¹³—

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life ;

And the exchange, my brother !—Here, in the sands,

⁷ By this expression may be meant ' my evil genius.'

⁸ The folio reads ' made lame by fortune's blows.'

The original is probably the true reading. So in Shak-
speare's thirty-seventh Sonnet :—

' So, I, mad' lame by fortune's dearest spite.'

⁹ Feeling is probably used here for *felt*. ' Sorrows
known not by relation, but by experience. Warburton
explains it, ' Sorrows past and present.'

¹⁰ I. e. ' quickly recollect the past offences of thy life,
and recommend thyself to heaven.'

¹¹ *Gang your gait*, is a common expression in the
north. In the last rebellion, the Scotch soldiers, when
they had finished their exercise, were dismissed by this
phrase, ' gang your gait.'

¹² I. e. *I warn you*. When our ancient writers have
occasion to introduce a rustic, they commonly allot
him the Somersetshire dialect. Golding, in his transla-
tion of the second book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*,
makes Mercury, assuming the appearance of a clown,
speak with the provinciality of Edgware.

¹³ I. e. *head*. A *bat* is a *staff*. It is the proper name
of a walking-stick in Sussex even at this day.

¹⁴ I. e. *thrusts*.

¹⁵ I. e. to rip their papers is more lawful.

¹⁶ This seems to me to mean, ' O how inordinate, how
unbounded is the licentious inclination of women.'

These I'll rake up, the post un sanctified¹
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit EDGAR, dragging out the Body.
Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling²
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[Exit.

SCENE VII. A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR
on a Bed asleep: Physician, Gentleman,⁴ and
others attending: Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O, thou good Kent, how shall I live, and
work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:⁵
These weeds are memories⁶ of those worsen hours;
I pray thee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:⁷
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does
the king? [To the Physician.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O, you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changed father!⁸

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?
Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake
him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

1 'These I'll rake up, the post un sanctified,' &c. l. e. I'll cover thee. In Staffordshire, to rake the fire, is to cover it for the night. Un sanctified refers to his want of burial in consecrated ground.

2 That is, the Duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by practice or treason.

3 'Ingenious feeling.' Bullokar, in his Expositor, interprets ingenious by quick conceived, l. e. acute. This makes Warburton's paraphrase unnecessary.

4 In the folio, the Gentleman and the Physician are one and the same person.

5 l. e. be better dressed, put on a better suit of clothes.

6 Memorials are memorials.

7 A made intent is an intent formed. We say in common language to make a design, and to make a resolution.

8 That is, changed by his children; a father whose jarring senses have been untuned by the monstrous ingratitude of his daughters. So care-crazed, crazed by care; wo-wearied, wearied by wo, &c.

9 This and the foregoing speech are not in the folio. It has been already observed that Shakspeare considered soft music as favourable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the Physician desires louder music to be played, for the purpose of waking him. So again in Pericles, Cerimon, to recover Thais, who had been thrown into the sea, says—

'The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.'
Again in the Winter's Tale—

'Music awake her, strike!'

10 Restoration is no more than recovery personified.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louden the music
there.⁹

Cor. O, my dear father! Restoration,¹⁰ hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challeng'd pity on them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
[To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and mumble stroke

Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm?¹¹ Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.¹²—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the
grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?
Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair
day-light?—

I am mightily abus'd.¹³—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would, I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me
No, sir, you must not kneel.¹⁴

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward;¹⁵ and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man.
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;

11 The lines in crotchets are not in the folio. The allusion is to the forlorn hope of an army, called in French *enfants perdus*; amongst other desperate adventures in which they were engaged, the night-watches seem to have been a common one. Warburton is wrong in supposing that those ordered on such services were lightly or badly armed; the contrary is clearly the fact, and to such a fact is the allusion of the poet. 'Poor perdu, you are exposed to the most dangerous situation, not with the most proper arms, but with a mere helmet of thin and hoary hair.' The same allusion occurs in Davenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:—

'I have endured
Another night would tire a perdu
More than a wet furrow and a great frost.'

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*:—
'I am set here like a perdu
To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress.'

12 l. e. had not all ended. So in Timon of Athens:—
'And dispossess her all.'

13 I am strangely imposed upon by appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty.

14 'This circumstance is found in the old play of King Lear, apparently written by another hand, and published before any edition of Shakspeare's play had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to say whether such accidental resemblances proceed from imitation, or a similarity of thinking on the same occasion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whose determination I leave the question.'—Steevens.

15 The folio here adds the words 'not an hour more or less.' Which, as they are absurd and superfluous, have been justly degraded as the interpolation of some inconsiderate player.

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am,

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even' o'er the time he has lost.]
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

'Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.
[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and Attendants.*]

[*Gent.* Holds it true, sir,

That the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,

His banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent

In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom

Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.

Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly

wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.]* [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover. Enter, with Drums, and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold; Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.†
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

1 'To make him even o'er the time he has lost,'

is to make the occurrence of it plain or level to his

troubled mind. See Barot's *Alvaric*, 1573, E. 307.

2 What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at least proper, if not necessary, and was perhaps only omitted by the players to abridge a play of very considerable length.

3 i. e. his settled resolution.

4 The first and last of these speeches within crotchets are inserted in Hamner's, Theobald's, and Warburton's editions, the two intermediate ones, which were omitted in all others, are restored from the 4to. 1608. Whether they were left out through negligence, or because the imagery contained in them might be thought too luxuriant, I cannot determine; but surely a material injury is done to the character of the Bastard by the omission; for he is made to deny that fealty at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return slight answers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood. Query, however, whether Shakspeare meant us to believe that Edmund had actually found his way to the forefended (i. e. forbidden) place?—Steevens.

5 Imposes on you; you are deceived.

6 'This business (says Albany) touches us, as France invades our land, not as it emboldens or encourages the

[*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended' place?]

Edm. That thought abuses' you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.]

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,

Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—

She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldier

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister

Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—

Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,

With others, whom the rigour of our state

Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest

I never yet was valiant: for this business,

It toucheth us as France invades our land,

Not bolds' the king; with others, whom, I fear,

More just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:

For these domestic and particular broils'

Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.†

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; 'pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so

poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound

For him that brought it; wretched though I seem,

I can produce a champion, that will prove

What is avouched there: If you miscarry,

Your business of the world hath so an end,

And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,

And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy

paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers,

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

By diligent discovery;†—but your haste

Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.†† [*Exit.*]

king to assert his former title.† Thus in the ancient

Interlude of Hycke Scorne:—

'Alas, that I had not one to bolde me.'

Again in Arthur Hull's translation of the fourth Iliad,

4to. 1581:—

'And Pallas bolde the Greeks,' &c.

'To make bolde, to encourage, *animus adlere.*'—

Baret.

7 The quartos have it:—

'For these domestic doore particulars.'

The folio reads in the subsequent line:

'Are not the question here.'

8 This speech is wanting in the folio.

9 i. e. all designs against your life will have an end,

These words are not in the quartos.

10 i. e. the conjecture, or what we can gather by diligent

espial, of their strength. So in King Henry IV.

Part I. Act iv. Sc. 1:—

—send discoverers forth

To know the number of our enemies'

The passage has only been thought obscure for want of

a right understanding of the word *discover*, which nei-

ther Malone nor Steevens seems to have understood,

11 i. e. be ready to meet the occasion.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both! one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive; To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,¹
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.² [Exit.]

SCENE II. *A Field between the two Camps.—
Alarm within. Enter, with Drum, and Colours,
LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.
Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.*³

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir!
[Exit EDGAR.]

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.
Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en;
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.
Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all:⁴ Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.
[Exit.]

SCENE III. *The British Camp near Dover. Enter,
in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND;
LEAR and CORDELIA, as Prisoners; Officers,
Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away; good guard;
Until their greater pleasure first be known
That are to censure⁵ them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with the best meaning, have incur'd the
worst.⁶

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else outfrown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see those daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
—And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies:⁷ And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects⁸ of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.⁹ Have I caught
thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes.¹⁰ Wipe thine eyes;
The gougiers shall devour them, flesh and fell,¹¹
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve
first.

Come. [Exit LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.
Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note:¹² [Giving a Paper] go, follow
them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear question:¹³ either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.
Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast
done.

Mark.—I say instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [Exit Officer.]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Offi-
cers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strain,

And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances¹⁴ in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. [At this time

¹⁰ Alluding to the old practice of smoking foxes out of their holes. So in Harrington's translation of *Arctost*, b. xxvii. stan. 17:—

¹¹ 'E'en as a fox whom *smoke* and *fire* doth fright,
So as he dare not in the ground remaine,
Bolts out, and through the *smoke* and *fire* he flieth
Into the tarrier's mouth, and there he dieth.'

¹² 'The *gougiers* shall devour them *flesh* and *fell*.'
The *gougiers*, i. e. morbus Gallicus. *Gouge*, Fr. is a soldier's trull; and as the disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, i. e. the disease of the *gouges*.—*Hammer*.

The expression, however, soon became obscure, its origin not being generally known, and it was at length corrupted to the good *year*; a very opposite form of expression. In the present instance the quartos, following the common corruption, have the good *years*. *Flesh* and *fell* is *flesh* and *skin*. Thus in *The Speculum Vitæ*, MS. —

¹³ 'That alle men sal a domesday rise
Oute of their graves in *fleshe* and *felles*.'

So in *The Dyrar's Playe*, *Chester Mysteries*, MS. in the Brit. Museum:—

¹⁴ 'I made thee man of *flesh* and *fell*.'

¹² This was a warrant signed by the Bastard and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia, referred to in a subsequent scene by Edmund.

¹³ I. e. admit of debate.

¹⁴ That is the lancersmen we have hired by giving them prose-money.

¹ Hardly shall I be able to make my side (i. e. my party) good; to maintain the game. Stevens has shown that it was a phrase commonly used at cards. So in the *Paston Letters*, vol. iv. p. 155:—'Heydon's son hath borne out the side stoutly here.' &c.

² 'Such is my determination concerning Lear; as for my state, it requires now not deliberation, but defence and support.'

³ Those who are curious to know how far *Shakespeare* was indebted to the *Arcadia*, will find a chapter entitled 'The Pitifull State and Storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kinde Sonne; first related by the Sonne, then by the blinde Father,' at p. 141 of the edition of 1590, 4to.

⁴ I. e. to be ready, prepared, is all. So in *Hamlet*:—'If it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.'

⁵ I. e. to pass sentence or judgment on them. So in *Othello*:—'Remains the censure of this hellish villain.'

⁶ That is 'the worst that fortune can inflict.'

⁷ 'As if we were angels, endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct.'

⁸ *Packs* and *sects* are combinations and parties.
⁹ The thought is extremely noble, and expressed in a sublime of imagery that Seneca fell short of on a similar occasion:—'Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat intenti operi suo deus; ecce par doo dignum vitæ cum mala fortuna compositus.'—*Warburton*.

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend:
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cur'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.¹

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission² of my place and person;
The which immediacy³ may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gov. Not so hot:
In his own grace⁴ he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gov. That were the most, if he should husband
you.⁵

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gov. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.⁶

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:⁷
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gov. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.⁸

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine.⁹ [*To EDMUND.*]

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason: Edmund, I arrest
thee

On capital treason; and, in thine, attain!¹⁰
This gilded serpent: [*Pointing to GOV.*—for your
claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is subcontracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gov. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester:—Let the trumpet
sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a Glove.*]
I'll prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!
Gov. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*]

Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a
Glove*] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue;¹¹ for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me
Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*]
Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Of. Sound, trumpet. [*A Trumpet sounds.*
Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of
the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl
of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him ap-
pear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in
his defence.

Edm. Sound.

Her. Again.

Her. Again.

[*Trumpet answers within*

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.¹²

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of
Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession:¹³ I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;¹⁴
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say'¹⁵ of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely¹⁶ I might well delay

11 i. e. the determination of what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy.

2 Commission for authority.

3 Immediacy is, I think, close and immediate connexion with me, and direct authority from me. Immediate is the reading of the quartos.

4 Grace here means noble deportment. The folio has addition instead of advancement in the next line.

5 'If he were married to you, you could not say more than this, nor could he enjoy greater power.' In the folio the line is given to Albany.

6 Alluding to the proverb, 'Love being jealous makes a good eye look a-squint.' So Milton:—

'And gladly banish squint suspicion.' *Comus.*

7 A metaphor taken from the camp, and signifying to surrender at discretion. This line is not in the quartos.

8 'To obstruct their union lies not in your good pleasure, your veto will crush nothing.'

9 It appears from this speech that Regan did not know that Albany had discharged her forces. This line is given to Edmund in the quartos.

10 The folio reads 'thy arrest.'

11 i. e. valour; a Roman sense of the word. Thus Raleigh:—'The conquest of Palestine with singular virtue they performed.'

12 This is according to the ceremonials of the trial by combat in cases criminal. 'The appellant and his procurator first come to the gate. The constable and marshal demand by voice of herald, what he is, and why he comes so arrayed.'—*Seiden's Duella.*

13 'Here I draw my sword. Behold, it is the privilege or right of my profession to draw it against a traitor.' It is the right of bringing the charge, and maintaining it with his sword, which Edgar calls the privilege of his profession.

14 Because, if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat. Goneril afterwards says:—

'By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer An unknown opposite.'

15 Say, or assay, is a sample, a taste. So in the preface to Maurice Kyffin's translation of the Andria of Terence, 1588:—'Some other like places I could recite, but these shall suffice for a say.'

16 'What safe and nicely I might well delay.' This seems to mean 'What I might safely well delay.'

By rule of knight hood, I disdain and spurn :
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head ;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest forever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight, EDMUND falls.*]

Alb. O, save him, save him!²

Gen. This is mere practice, Gloucester :
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it :—Hold, sir :—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil :
No tearing, lady ; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the Letter to EDMUND.*]

Gen. Say, if I do ; the laws are mine, not thine :
Who shall arraign me for't ?

Alb. Most monstrous !
Know'st thou this paper ?

Gen. Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit GENERAL.*]

Alb. Go after her : she's desperate ; govern her.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have
I done ;

And much more : the time will bring it out ;
'Tis past, and so am I : But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.⁴
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us :⁵
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;
The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness :—I must embrace thee ;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?

How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief
tale :—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst !
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness !
That we the pain of death would hourly die,⁶
Rather than die at once !) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags ; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit

if acted *punctiliously*.⁷ This line is omitted in the
quartos, but without it the subsequent line is nonsense.

¹ *To that place* where they shall rest for ever : i. e. thy heart.

² Albany desires that Edmund's life may be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter.

³ 'Knowest thou these letters ?' says Lear to Regan, in the old anonymous play, when he shows her both her own and her sister's letters, which were written to procure his death, upon which she snatches the letters and tears them.

⁴ Shakespeare gives his heathens the sentiments and practices of Christianity. In Hamlet there is the same solemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact propriety, for the personages are Christians :—

'Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.'

⁵ The folio reads 'to plague us.'

⁶ 'To die hourly the pains of death,' is a periphrasis for 'to suffer hourly the pains of death.' The quartos read :—

'That with the pain of death would hourly die.'

⁷ So in Pericles :—

'Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost.'

⁸ The lines within crotchets are not in the folio.

⁹ Of this difficult passage, which is probably corrupt, Steevens gives the following explanation :—'This would

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost ;' became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
Never, (O, fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until, some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and, from first to last,
Told him my pilgrimage ; But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support !)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good : but speak you on ;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in ;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

⁸ [*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow, but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.⁹

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but then finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven : threw him¹⁰ on my father ;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd : which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack : Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranç'd.

Alb. But who was this ?
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent ; who in dis-
guise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Help ! help ! O, help !

Edg. What kind of help ?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife ?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes ;

It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man ? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady : and her sister
By her is poison'd ; she hath confess'd it.¹¹

Edm. I was contract'd to them both ; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead !—
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us trem-
ble,

Touches us not with pity.¹² [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O ! it is he.

have seem'd a period to such as love not sorrow, but—
another, i. e. but I must add another, i. e. another period,
another kind of conclusion to my story, such as will
increase the horrors of what has been already told.⁸ It
will be necessary, if we admit this interpretation, to
point the passage thus :—

— but another :—

(To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.)

Whilst I was big, &c.

Malone's explanation is :—'This would have seem'd
the utmost completion of woe, to such as do not delight
in sorrow, but another, of a different disposition, to
amplify misery "would give more strength to that
which hath too much."⁹ Referring to the Bastard's
desiring to hear more, and to Albany's thinking that
enough had been said.

¹⁰ The quartos read 'threw me on my father.'—
Steevens thus defends the present reading :—'There is
a tragic propriety in Kent's throwing himself on the
body of a deceased friend ; but this propriety is lost in
the act of clumsily tumbling a son over the lifeless
remains of his father.'

¹¹ Thus the quarto. The folio reads 'she confesses it.'

¹² 'If Shakespeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he
would not, perhaps, have been able to mark with more
precision the distinct operations of terror and pity.'
Tyrwhitt.

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night ;
Is he not here ?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot !—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king ? and where's
Cordelia ?—

See'st thou this object, Kent ?

[*The Bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus ?

Edm. Yet Edmund was below'd :
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life :—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle, for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia :—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To whom, my lord ?—Who has the office ?
send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on ; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit EDMUND.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she forbid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her ! Bear him hence
awhile. [*EDMUND is borne off.*]

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his Arms ;¹
EDGAR, Officer, and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl !—O, you are men
of stones ;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack :—O, she is gone
for ever !—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She's dead as earth :—Lend me a looking-glass ;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end ?

Edg. Or image of that horror ?

Alb. Fall, and cease !⁴

Lear. This feather stirs ; she lives ! if it be so,

¹ To *fordo* signifies to *destroy*. It is used again in Hamlet, Act v. :—

— did, with desperate hand,

Fordo its own life.

² The old historians say that Cordelia retired with victory from the battle, which she conducted in her father's cause, and thereby replaced him on the throne : but in a subsequent one fought against her, (after the death of the old king,) by the sons of Regan and Goneril, she was taken, and died miserably in prison (Geoffrey, of Monmouth, the original relater of the story, says that she killed herself.) The dramatic writers of Shakespeare's age suffered as small a number of their heroes and heroines to escape as possible ; nor could the filial plety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on the poet to extend her life beyond her misfortunes.—*Steevens.*

³ Kent, in contemplating the unexampled scene of exquisite affection which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects those passages of St. Mark's Gospel in which Christ foretells to his disciples *the end of the world*, and hence his question, 'Is this the promis'd end of all things, which has been foretold to us ?' To which Edgar adds, or only a representation or resemblance of that horror ? So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c. to view Duncan murdered, says :—

— up, up, and see

The great doom's image ! Malcolm ! Banquo !

As from your graves rise up, and walk like apes,

To countenance this horror.

There is an allusion to the same passage of Scripture in a speech of Gloucester's in the second scene of the first act.—*Mason.*

⁴ To *cease*, is to *die*. Albany is looking with atten-

tion on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, 'Rather fall, and cease to be at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.'

Kent. O, my good master ! [*Knocking.*]

Lear. 'Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all !
I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever !

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha !
What is't thou say'st ?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman :—
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, follow ?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip :¹ I am old now.

And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you ?
Mine eyes are none o' the best :—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.⁴

Lear. This is a dull sight :⁵ Are you not Kent ?

Kent. The same ;

Your servant Kent : Where is your servant Caius ?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that ;
He'll strike, and quickly too :—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man ;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and destiny,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else ; all's cheerless, dark,
and deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd⁶ them-
selves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he sees ; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay⁷ may come,
Shall be applied : for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power :—You, to your rights ;
[*To EDGAR and KENT.*]
With boot, and such addition as your honours

don on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, 'Rather fall, and cease to be at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.'

⁵ It is difficult for an author who never peruses his first works to avoid repeating some of the same thoughts in his later productions. What Lear has just said has been anticipated by Justice Shallow, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :—'I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.' It is again repeated in *Othello* :—

— I have seen the day

That with this little arm and this good sword

I have made my way, &c.

⁶ 'If Fortune, to display the plenitude of her power, should brag of two persons, one of whom she had highly elevated, and the other she had wofully depressed we now behold the latter.' The quarto reads 'She lov'd or hated,' which confirms this sense.

⁷ I think, with Mr. Blakeway, that Lear means his *eyesight* was bedimmed either by excess of grief, or, as is usual, by the approach of death. So in *Baret*, '*Dull eyes, inertes oculi* :—' To *dull* the eyesight, hebetare oculos.' Albany says of Lear below, 'He knows not what he sees,' where the folio erroneously reads 'he says.'

⁸ Thus the quartos : the folio reads *foredone*, which is probably right. See note 1, in the preceding column.

⁹ 'This great decay' is Lear, whom Shakespeare poetically calls so ; and means the same as if he had said, 'this piece of decayed royalty,' 'this ruined majesty.' Gloucester calls him in a preceding scene 'ruin'd piece of nature.'

Have more than merited: '—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd? No, no, no
life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no
more,

Never, never, never, never!—

'Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir.—
Do you see this?—Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!—

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pry'thee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:

He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present busi-

ness

Is general wo. Friends of my soul, you twain

Bole in this realm, and the god's state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*]

THE tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to

1 These lines are addressed to Kent as well as to Edgar, else the word *honours* would not have been in the plural number. *Bole* is advantage, increase. By *honours* is meant, honourable conduct.

2 This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia, (not his fool, as some have thought,) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies while he is searching there for indications of life. 'Poor fool,' in the age of Shakspeare, was an expression of endearment. So in *Twelfth Night*:—'Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee.' Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—'Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him?' With other instances which will present themselves to the reader's memory. The fool of Lear was long ago forgotten; having filled the space allotted to him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been silently withdrawn in the sixth scene of the third act. Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the Fool had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should.—That the thoughts of a father, in the bitterness of all moments, when his favourite child lay dead in his arms, should recur to the antic, who had formerly diverted him, has somewhat in it that cannot be reconciled to the idea of genuine despair and sorrow.—*Steevens.*

There is an ingenious note by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the variorum Shakspeare, for which I regret I cannot find space, sustaining a contrary opinion; but, as Malone observes, 'Lear from the time of his entrance in this scene is his uttering these words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied by the loss of his daughter.—He is now in the agony of death, and surely at such a time, when his heart was just breaking, it would be highly unnatural that he should think of his fool. He had just seen his daughter hanged, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preserve her life, though time enough to punish the perpetrator of the act.'

historical at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guiana or Madagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend, Mr. Warton, who has, in *The Adventurer*, very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered by repeating that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series of dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloucester's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that in his opinion the tragedy has lost half its beauty. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, the town was poisoned with much false and admissible criticism, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded that the observation of justice makes a play worse: or that, if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided.* Cordelia, from the time of Tate has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes, with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

* Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres royal have decided, and the public has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronised by Addison:—
Victrix causa Diis placuit sed victa Catoni.†
Steevens.

† This fool's bolt was shot for the sake of the wretched pun drawn from the line of Lucan. Steevens puts the opinion of Johnson himself as nothing; perhaps some of his readers may think it equivalent, at least, with that of Addison Johnson speaks from his own feelings here. Addison from a blind deference to the opinion of Aristotle.—*Pye.*

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holinshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakspeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to

have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle: it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare. JOHNSON

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE original relater of this story appears to have been Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel seems not to have been printed till some years after his death; being first published at Venice, in 1555, under the title of 'La Giuiletta:' there is, however, a *dateless* copy by the same printer. In the dedication to Madonna Lucina Savorgana, he tells her that the story was related to him by one of his archers, named *Peregrino*, a native of Verona, while serving in Friuli, to beguile the solitary road that leads from Gradisca to Udine.

Girolamo della Corte, in his History of Verona, relates it circumstantially as a true event, occurring in 1303;* but Maffei does not give him the highest credit as an historian: he carries his history down to the year 1580, and probably adopted the novel to grace his book. The earlier annals of Verona, and above all, Torello Sarayna, who published, in 1542, 'Le Histoire e Fatti de Veronesi nell' Tempi d'il Popolo e Signori Scaligeri,' are entirely silent upon the subject, though some other domestic tragedies grace their narrations.

As to the origin of this interesting story, Mr. Douce has observed that its material incidents are to be found in the *Ephesiaca* of Xenophon of Ephesus, a Greek romance of the middle ages; he admits, indeed, that this work was not published nor translated in the time of Luigi da Porto, but suggests that he might have seen a copy of the original in manuscript. Mr. Dunlop, in his History of Fiction, has traced it to the thirty-second novel of Masuccio Salernitano, whose 'Novellino,' a collection of tales, was first printed in 1476. The hero of Masuccio is named Mariotto di Giannozza, and his catastrophe is different; yet there are sufficient points of resemblance between the two narratives. Mr. Boswell observes, that 'we may perhaps carry the fiction back to a much greater antiquity, and doubts whether, after all, it is not the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe, enlarged and varied by the luxuriant imagination of the novelist.'

The story is also to be found in the second volume of the *Novels of Bandello*, (Novel ix.) and it is remarkable that he says it was related to him, when at the baths of Caldera, by the Captain Alexander *Peregrino*, a native of Verona; we may presume the same person from whom Da Porto received it: unless this appropriation is to be considered supposititious. The story also exists in Italian verse; and I had once a glance of a copy of it in that form, but neglected to note the title or date, and had not time for a more particular examination. It was translated from the Italian of Bandello into French, by Pierre Boiteau, who varies from his original in many particulars; and, from the French, Painter gave a translation in the second volume of his *Palace of Pleasures*, 1567, which he entitled *Romeo and Julietta*. From Boiteau's novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Arthur Brooke; this poem the curious reader will find reprinted entire in the variorum editions of Shakspeare: it was originally printed by Richard Tottel, with the following title: 'The Tragicall Hystorye of Romeus and Juliet,

written first in Italian, by Bandell; and nowe in English, by Ar. Br.' Upon this piece Malone has shown, by unequivocal testimony, that the play was formed: numerous circumstances are introduced from the poem, which the novelist would not have supplied; and even the identity of expression, which not unfrequently occurs, is sufficient to settle the question. Steevens, without expressly controverting the fact, endeavoured to throw a doubt upon it by his repeated quotations from the *Palace of Pleasure*. In two passages, it is true, he has quoted Painter, where Brooke is silent; but very little weight belongs to either of them. In one there is very little resemblance; and in the other the circumstance might be inferred from the poem, though not exactly specified. The poem of Arthur Brooke was republished in 1697, with the title thus amplified:—'Containing a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtill Counsellis and Practises of an old Fryer, and their Hi Events.'

In the preface to Arthur Brooke's poem there is a very curious passage, in which he says, 'I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can looke for, (being there much better set forth then I have or can doe.)' He has not, however, stated in what country this play was represented: the rude state of our drama, prior to 1562, renders it improbable that it was in England. 'Yes, (says Mr. Boswell,) I cannot but be of opinion that Romeo and Juliet may be added to the list, already numerous, of plays in which our great poet has had a dramatic precursor, and that some slight remains of the old play are still to be traced in the earliest quarto.'

'The story has at all times been eminently popular in all parts of Europe. A Spanish play was formed on it by Lope de Vega, entitled *Los Castellanos y Monteses*; and another in the same language, by Don Francisco de Roxas, under the name of *Los Vendos de Verona*. In Italy, as may well be supposed, it has not been neglected. The modern productions on this subject are too numerous to be specified; but, as early as 1578, Luigi Groto produced a drama upon the subject, called *Hairiana*, of which an analysis may be found in Mr. Walker's *Memoir on Italian Tragedy*. Groto has stated in his prologue, that the story is drawn from the ancient history of Adria, his native place; so that Verona is not the only place that has appropriated this interesting fable.

This has been generally considered one of Shakspeare's earliest plays; and Schlegel has eloquently said, that 'it shines with the colours of the dawn of morning, but a dawn whose purple clouds already announce the thunder of a sultry day.' 'Romeo and Juliet (says the same admirable critic) is a picture of love and its pitiable fate, in a world whose atmosphere is too rough for this tenderest blossom of human life. Two beings, created for each other, feel mutual love at first glance; every consideration disappears before the irresistible influence of living in one another; they join themselves secretly, under circumstances hostile in the

* Captain Breval, in his *Travels*, tells us that he was shown at Verona what was called the tomb of these unhappy lovers; and that, on a strict inquiry into the histories of Verona, he found that Shakspeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumstances of this play. The fact seems to be, that the invention of the novelist has been adopted into the popular history of the city, just as Shakspeare's historical dramas furnish numbers with their notions of the events to which they relate.

† Malone thinks that the foundation of the play might be laid in 1591, and finished in 1606. Mr. George Chalmers places the date of its composition in the spring of 1592. Amf Dr. Drake, with greater probability, ascribes it to 1593. There are four early quarto editions in 1597, 1599, 1609, and one without a date. The first edition is less ample than those which succeed. Shakspeare appears to have revised the play; but in the succeeding impressions no fresh incidents are introduced, the alterations are merely additions to the length of particular speeches and scenes. The principal variations are pointed out in the notes.

highest degree to their union, relying merely on the protection of an inviolable power. By unfriendly events following blow upon blow, their heroic constancy is exposed to all manner of trials, till forcibly separated from each other, by a voluntary death they are united in the grave to meet again in another world. All this is to be found in the beautiful story which Shakspeare has not invented, and which, however simply told, will always excite a tender sympathy: but it was reserved for Shakspeare to unite purity of heart and the glow of imagination, sweetness and dignity of manners and passionate violence, in one ideal picture. By the manner in which he has handled it, it has become a glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul, and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul, and at the same time is a melancholy elegy on its frailty from its own nature and external circumstances; at once the deification and the burial of love. It appears here like a heavenly spark, that, descending to the earth, is converted into a flash of lightning, by which mortal creatures are almost in the same moment set on fire and consumed. Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is to be found in this poem. But even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly-bold declaration of love and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union; then, amidst alternating storms of rapture and despair, to the death of the two lovers, who still appear enviable as their love survives them, and as by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power. The sweetest and the bitterest, love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchres, the fullness of life and self-annihilation, are all here brought close to each other; and all these contrasts are so blended in the harmonious and wonderful work into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind resembles a single but endless sigh.

‘The excellent dramatic arrangement, the significance of each character in its place, the judicious selection of all the circumstances, even the most minute,’ have been pointed out by Schlegel in a dissertation referred

to in a note at the end of the play; in which he remarks, that ‘there can be nothing more diffuse, more wearisome, than the rhyming history, which Shakspeare’s genius, “like richest alchymy,” has changed to beauty and to worthiness.’ Nothing but the delight of seeing into this wonderful metamorphosis can compensate for the laborious task of reading through more than three thousand six and seven-footed iambs, which, in respect of every thing that amuses, affects, and enraptures us in this play, are as a mere blank leaf.—Here all interest is entirely smothered under the coarse, heavy pretensions of an elaborate exposition. How much was to be cleared away, before life could be breathed into the shapeless mass! In many parts what is here given bears the same relation to what Shakspeare has made out of it, which any common description of a thing bears to the thing itself. Thus out of the following hint—

‘A courtier, that eche-where was highly had in pryce,
For he was courteous of his speche and pleasant of devise:

Even as a lyon would emonge the lambes be bolde,
Such was emonge the bashfull maydes Mercutio to be holde;’

and the addition that the said Mercutio had from his swathing-bands constantly had cold hands,—has arisen a splendid character decked out with the utmost profusion of wit. Not to mention a number of nicer deviations, we find also some important incidents from the invention; for instance, the meeting and the combat between Paris and Romeo at Juliet’s grave.—Shakspeare knew how to transform by enchantment letters into spirit, a workman’s daub into a poetical master piece.

‘Lessing declared Romeo and Juliet to be the only tragedy, that he knew, which love himself had assisted to compose. I know not (says Schlegel) how to end more gracefully than with these simple words, wherein so much lies:—One may call this poem an harmonious miracle, whose component parts that heavenly power alone could so melt together. It is at the same time enchantingly sweet and sorrowful, pure and glowing, gentle and impetuous, full of elegiac softness, and tragically overpowering.’

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge, break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross’d lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur’d piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents’ strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark’d love,
And the continuance of their parents’ rage,
Which, but their children’s end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours’ traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.
MONTAGUE, } Heads of Two Houses at variance with
CAPULET, } each other.
An old Man, Uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, Son to Montague.
MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.
BENVOLIO, Nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAWRENCE, a Franciscan.
FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Romeo.
SAMPSON, }
GREGORY, } Servants to Capulet.

ABRAM, Servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Chorus. Boy, Page to Paris. PETER.
An Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.
JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona; once, in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A public Place. Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with Swords and Bucklers.*

Sampson.

GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.¹

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.* Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.²

Enter ABRAM and BALTHAZAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb⁴ at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Ab. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

1 To carry coals is to put up with insults, to submit to any degradation. Anciently, in great families, the scullions, turnspits, and carriers of wood and coals were esteemed the very lowest of menials, the drudges of all the rest. Such attendants upon the royal household, in progresses, were called the *black-guard*; and hence the origin of that term. Thus in *May Day*, a Comedy by Geo. Chapman, 1608:—"You must swear by no man's beard but your own; for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you must carry no coals." Again, in the same play:—"Now my ancient being of an uncoal-carrying spirit," &c. And in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*:—"Here comes one that will carry coals; ergo, will hold my dog." Again in King Henry V. Act iii. Sc. 2:—"At Calais they stole a fireshovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals."

2 Poor John is hake, dried and salted.

3 The disregard of concord is in character. It should be observed that the partisans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats in order to distinguish them from their enemies the Capulets. Hence throughout this play they are known at a distance. Gascoigne adverts to this circumstance in a Masque written for Vincent Montacute, in 1573:—

4 And for a further proof, he showed in his hat

Thy token, which the Montagues did beare always, for that

They covet to be knowne from Capels, where they pass

For ancient crutch which long ago tweene these two houses was.

Ab. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Ab. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Ab. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.⁵

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Ab. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing⁶ blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their Swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

Enter several Partisans of both Houses, who join the Fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his Gown; and LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword,⁷ ho! [*a sword?*]

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is comp, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

Will they not hear!—what ho! you men, you beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins,

4 This mode of insult, in order to begin a quarrel, seems to have been common in Shakspeare's time. Decker, in his *Dead Term*, 1608, describing the various groups that daily frequented St. Paul's Church, says,

"What swearing is there, what shouldering, what juggling, what jeering, what *biting of thumbs*, to best quarrels!" And Lodge, in his *Wits Miserie*, 1596:—"Behold, next I see Contempt marching forth, giving me the *flee with his thumb in his mouthe*." The mode in which this contemptuous action was performed is thus described by Cotgrave, in a passage which has escaped the industry of all the commentators:—"Faire la nique: to mocke by nodding or lifting up of the chinne; or more properly, to threaten or defie, by putting the thumbe nail into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knacke." So in Randolph's *Muses Looking Glass*:—

————— Dogs and pistols!

To bite his thumb at me!

————— Wear I a sword

To see men bite their thumbs?"

5 Gregory is a servant of the Capulets; he must therefore mean Tybalt, who enters immediately after Benvolio.

6 i. e. *swaggering* or *dashing*.

7 The *long sword* was the weapon used in active warfare; a lighter, shorter, and less desperate weapon was worn for ornament, to which we have other allusions.

8 ————— No sword worn, but one to dance with.

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd¹ weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town,² our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET,
LA. CAP. TYBALT, Citizens and Servants.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo—saw you him
to-day?

Ben. Glad I am, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,³
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber peeps himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

1 i. e. angry weapons. So in King John.—

² This inundation of *mistemper'd* humour, &c. The poet found the name of this place in Brooke's *Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. It is there said to be the castle of the Capulets.

³ The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. ii. c. 10:—

'Early before the morn with crimson ray
The windows of bright heaven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might looke,' &c.

Again in *Summa Totalls*, or *All In All*, 4to. 1607:—
'Now heaven's bright eye (awake by Vesper's Shrine)
Peepes through the purple windows of the East.'

⁴ The old copy reads:—

'Or dedicate his beauty to the same.'
The emendation is by Theobald; who states, with great plausibility, that *sunne* might easily be mistaken for *some*. Malone observes, that Shakespeare has evidently imitated the *Rosamond* of Daniel in the last act of this play, and in this passage may have remembered the following lines in one of the *Bonnets* of the same writer, who was then extremely popular:—

'And whilst thou speak'st into the rising sunne
The fairest flower that ever saw the light,
Now joy thy time before thy sweet be done.'

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.⁴
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes; So please you, step
aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's

hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them

short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!⁵

Where shall we dine?—O, me!—What fray was

here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Why then, O, brawling love! O, loving hate!⁶

O, any thing, of nothing first create!

O, heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Misshappen chaos of well seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;

Being urg'd,⁷ a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

These lines add great support to Theobald's emendation.

There are few passages in the poet where so great an

improvement of language is obtained by so slight a

deviation from the text of the old copy.

⁵ i. e. should *blindly* and recklessly think he can

surmount all obstacles to his will.

⁶ Every ancient sonneteer characterised Love by

contrarities. Watson begins one of his canzonets:—

'Love is a sweet delight, and sugred griefe,

A living death, and ever-dying life,' &c.

Turberville makes Reason harange against it in the

same manner:—

'A fierce frost, a flame that frozen is with ice!

A heavie burden light to beare! A vertue fraught with

vice!' &c.

⁷ The old copy reads, 'Being *purg'd* a fire,' &c.—

The emendation I have admitted into the text was

suggested by Dr. Johnson. To *urge* the fire is to *kindle*

or *excite* it. So in Chapman's version of the twenty-

first *Iliad*:—

'And as a cauldron, under put with store of fire,
Bavins of sere-wood *urging* it,' &c.

So Akenaide, in his Hymn to Cheerfulness:—

'Haste, light the tapers, *urge* the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire.'

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, whom she is you love.
Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's fair
I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be
hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,²
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.³

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still
live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:⁴
These happy masks,⁵ that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost;

1 i. e. tell me *gravely*, in *seriousness*.
2 As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, these speeches of Romeo may be regarded as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was not liable to be displeas'd at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the sixty-seventh year of her age, though she never possessed any when young. Her declaration that she would continue unmarried increases the probability of the present supposition.—*Steevens*.

3 The meaning appears to be, as Mason gives it, 'She is poor only, because she leaves no part of her store behind her, as with her all beauty will die:—'

4 For beauty starv'd with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

5 i. e. to call her exquisite beauty more into my mind, and make it more the subject of conversation. *Question* is used frequently with this sense by Shakespeare.

6 This is probably an allusion to the *masks* worn by the female spectators of the play: unless we suppose that *these* means no more than *the*.

7 The quarto of 1597 reads:—
'And too soon marr'd are those so early married.'
Puttenham, in his *Arte of Poesy*, 1589, uses this expression, which seems to be proverbial, as an instance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound*:—

'The maid that soon married is, soon married is.'
The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among the old writers. So *Sidney*:—

'Oh! he is marr'd, that is for others made!'
Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems.
7 *Fille de terre* is the old French phrase for an *heires*. *Earth* is likewise put for *lands*, i. e. *landed estates*, in other old plays. But *Mason* suggests that *earth* may here mean corporal part, as in a future passage of this play:—

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II. *A Street. Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.*

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. By saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early
made.⁶

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:⁷
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;⁸
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.

This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men⁹ feel
When well apparell'd April on the heel

Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit¹⁰ at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:

Which, on more view of many, mine being one,¹¹
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me:—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*gives a Paper,*]

and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*
Serv. Find them out, whose names are written

'Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.'

So in Shakespeare's 146th Sonnet:—

'Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,

8 i. e. in *comparison* to.

9 For 'lusty young men' Johnson would read 'lusty yeomen.' *Ritson* has clearly shown that *young men* was used for *yeomen* in our elder language. And the reader may convince himself by turning to *Spelman's Glossary* in the words *juniores* and *yeoman*.

10 To *inherit*, in the language of Shakespeare, is to *possess*.

11 By a perverse adherence to the first quarto copy of 1597, which reads, 'Such amongst view of many,' &c. this passage has been made unintelligible. The subsequent quartos and the folio read, 'Which one [on] more,' &c.; evidently meaning, 'Hear all, see all, and like her most who has the most merit; her, which, after regarding attentively the many, my daughter being one, may stand *unique* in merit, though she may be reckoned nothing, or held in no estimation. The allusion, as Malone has shown, is to the old proverbial expression, 'One is no number,' thus adverted to in Decker's *Honest Whore*:—

— to fall to one
— is to fall to none,
For one no number is.

And in Shakespeare's 136th Sonnet:—

'Among a number one is reckon'd none,
Then in the number let me pass untold.'

It will be unnecessary to inform the reader that *which* is here used for *who*, a substitution frequent in Shakespeare, as in all the writers of his time. One of the later quartos has corrected the error of the others, and reads as in the present text:—

'Which on more view,' &c.

'ere?' It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard,—and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.²

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken skin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads.]

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme, and his beautiful sisters;
The lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio, and his brother Valentine;
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters;
My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valerio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.
A fair assembly; [Gives back the Note.] Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.³ Rest you merry. [Exit.]

Ben. At this same ancient feat of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:

1 The quarto of 1597 adds, 'And yet I know not who are written here: I must to the learned to learn of them: that's as much as to say, the tailor,' &c.

2 The plantain leaf is a blood-stancher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. So in *Albunazar*:—
'Help, Armellina, help! I'm fallen i' the cellar:
Bring a fresh plantain-leaf, I've broke my shin.'

3 This cant expression seems to have been once common; it often occurs in old plays. We have one still in use of similar import:—*To crack a bottle*.

4 Heath says, 'Your lady's love, is the love you bear to your lady, which, in our language, is commonly used for the lady herself.' Perhaps we should read, 'Your lady love.'

5 In all the old copies the greater part of this scene was printed as prose. Capell was the first who exhibited it as verse; the subsequent editors have followed him, but perhaps egregiously.

But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love* against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A Room in Capulet's House. Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl? what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here,

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again,
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen⁶ be it spoken, I have but four,—

She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug,
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about,
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man;—took up the child:
'Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Julie? and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—'Ay:
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it; Will thou not, Julie?
quoth he:

And, pretty fool, it stinted,⁸ and said—'Ay.

6 I. e. to my sorrow. This old word is introduced for the sake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*.

7 Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks that Shakespeare had in view the earthquake which had been felt in England in his own time, on the 6th of April, 1580; and that we may from hence conjecture that Romeo and Juliet was written in 1591.

8 The nurse means to boast of her retentive faculty.—
To bear a brain was to possess much mental capacity either of attention, ingenuity, or remembrance. Thus in Marston's Dutch Courtesan:—
'My silly husband, alas! knows nothing of it, 'tis I that must bear a braine for all.'

9 To stint is to stop. Baret translates 'Lachrymas

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yea, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay* :

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A parlous knock, and it cried bitterly.

Yea, quoth my husband, *fall it upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—*Ay*.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.⁶

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very
flower.⁷

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gen-
tleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married⁸ lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.⁹

supprimer, to stinte weeping; and 'to stinte talke,' by
'sermon¹⁰ restinguer.' So Ben Jonson in *Cynthia's*
Revels :—

— *Stint thy babbling tongue,*
Fond Echo,

Again, in *What You Will*, by Marston—

'Fish! for shame, stint thy idle chat.'

Sponser uses the word frequently.

¹ This tautologous speech is not in the first quarto of
1597.

² i. e. as well made as if he had been modelled in
wax. So in *Wiley* beguiled:—'Why, he is a man as
one should picture him in wax.' So *Horace* uses '*Cereæ*
brachia,' waxen arms, for arms well shaped.—*Od.* xiii.

¹ Which *Dacier* explains:—'Des bras faits au tour
comme nous disons d'un bras rond, qu'il est comme
de cire.'

³ After this speech of the Nurse, *Lady Capulet*, in the
old quarto, says only :—

'Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?'

She answers, 'I'll look to like.' &c.; and so concludes
the scene, without the intervention of that stuff to be
found in the later quartos and the folio.

⁴ Thus the quarto of 1599. The quarto of 1600 and
the folio read, '*several* lineaments.' We have, 'The
unity and married calm of states,' in *Troilus* and *Cres-*
sida. And in his eighth *Sonnet* :—

'If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,

By unions married, do offend thine ear,

⁵ The comments on ancient books were generally
printed in the margin. *Horatio* says, in *Hamlet*, 'I
knew you must be edified by the *margent*,' &c. So in
The Rape of Lucrece :—

'But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes

Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,

Nor read the subtle shining secrecies

Writ in the glassy *margent* of such books.'

This speech is full of quibbles. The *unbound* lover is
a quibble on the *binding* of a book, and the *binding* in
servage; and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law
parance for a married woman, *femme couverte*.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover:

The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,

For fair without the fair within to hide:

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;

So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by
men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris'
love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;

But no more deep will I endart' mine eye,

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served
up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse
cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity.
I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county
stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Street.* *Enter* ROMEO, MERCU-
TIO,⁶ BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-
Bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our
excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such proximity.⁷

We'll have no cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,¹⁰

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;¹¹

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,¹²—I am not for this
ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

⁶ Dr. Farmer explains this, 'The fish is not yet
caught.' *Mason* thinks that we should read, 'The fish
lives in the shell; for the sea cannot be said to be a
beautiful cover to a fish, though a shell may.' The
poet may mean nothing more than that those books are
most esteemed by the world where valuable contents
are embellished by a valuable binding.

⁷ The quarto of 1597 reads, *engage* mine eye.

⁸ Shakespeare appears to have formed this character
on the following slight hint:—'Another gentleman,
called *Merucio*, which was a courtlike gentleman,
very well beloved of all men, and by reason of his
pleasant and courteous behaviour was in all companies
wel entertained.'—*Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom.
ii. p. 221.

⁹ In *King Henry VIII.*, where the king introduces
himself at the entertainment given by *Wolsey*, he ap-
pears, like *Romeo* and his companions, in a mask, and
sends a messenger before with an apology for his intru-
sion. This was a custom observed by those who came
uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves, for the
sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of con-
versation. Their entry on these occasions was always
prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the
ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the
proximity of such introductions it is probable *Romeo* is
made to allude. In *Histiomastix*, 1610, a man ex-
presses his wonder that the maskers enter without any
compliment:—'What, come they in so blunt, without
device?' Of this kind of masquerading, there is a speci-
men in *Timon*, where *Cupid* precedes a troop of lad-
ies with a speech.

¹⁰ The Tartarian bows resemble in their form the old
Roman or *Cupid's* bow, such as we see on medals and
bas-relief. Shakespeare uses the epithet to distinguish it
from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a
circle.

¹¹ See *King Lear*, Act iv. Sc. 6.

¹² A torch-bearer was a constant appendage to every
troop of maskers. To hold a torch was anciently no
degrading office. *Queen Elizabeth's* gentlemen pen-
sioners attended her to *Cambridge*, and *Ald Arches*
while a play was acted before her in the *Chapel* of
King's College on a Sunday evening.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stokes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound¹ a pitch above dull wo:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous: and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;

Prick love from pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[Putting on a Mask.]

A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote² deformities?

Here are the beetle brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter: and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes³ with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.⁴

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire⁵
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight,⁶ ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.⁷

¹ Let Milton on this occasion keep Shakspeare in countenance. Par. Lost, book iv. l. 130:—
'— in contempt

At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound.¹
² To quote is to note, to mark. See Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. i.

³ Middleton (the author of The Witch) has borrowed this thought in his play of Blurt Master Constable, 1602:—
'— bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,

Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels,
I have too much lead at mine.'

It has been before observed that the apartments of our ancestors were strewed with rushes, and so it seems was the ancient stage. 'On the very rushes when the Comedy is to dance.—Decker's Gull's Hornbook, 1609. Shakspeare does not stand alone in giving the manners and customs of his own times to all countries and ages. Marlowe, in his Hero and Leander, describes Hero as
'— feating on the rushes to be flung.'

⁴ To hold the candle is a common proverbial expression for being an idle spectator. Among Ray's proverbial sentences we have, 'A good candle-holder proves a good ramerster.' This is the 'grandsire phrase' with which *Romeo* is proverb'd. There is another old prudential maxim subsequently alluded to, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest.

⁵ *Dun* is the mouse is a proverbial saying to us of vague signification, alluding to the colour of the mouse; but frequently employed with no other intent than that of quibbling on the word *done*. Why it is attributed to a constable we know not. It occurs in the comedy of Patient Grissel, 1608. So in The Two Merry Milkmaids, 1620:— 'Why then, 'his done, and *dun's* the mouse, and undone all the courtiers.' To draw *dun* out of the mire was a rural pastime, in which *dun* meant a dun horse, supposed to be stuck in the mire, and sometimes represented by one of the persons who played, at others by a log of wood. Mr. Gifford has described the game, at which he remembers often to have played. In a note to Ben Jonson's Masque of Christmas, vol. vii. p. 292:— 'A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room; this is *dun*, (the cart horse,) and a cry is raised that he is stuck in the mire. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true. [Exit.]

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with

She is the fairies' midwife;⁸ and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,⁹

Drawn with a team of little atomes;¹⁰

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:

Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,¹¹

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:

On courtiers' knees, (that dream on courtiers' straight:

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees—

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues;

Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted

are.¹²

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,¹³

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;¹⁴

And sometimes comes she with a tithing-pig's tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscados, Spanish blades.¹⁵

unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when *dun* is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and sundry other contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes.'

⁶ This proverbial phrase, which was applied to superfluous actions in general, occurs again in The Merry Wives of Windsor.

⁷ The quarto of 1597 reads, 'Three times a day;' and right wit instead of five wits.

⁸ The fairies' midwife does not mean the midwife to the fairies, but that she was the person among the fairies whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, three children of an idle brain. When we say the king's judges, we do not mean persons who judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his subjects.—Steerens. Warburton, with some plausibility, reads, 'the fancy's midwife.'

⁹ The quarto of 1597 has, 'of a burgomaster.' The citizens of Shakspeare's time appear to have worn this ornament on the thumb. So Glaphorne in his comedy of Wit in a Constable:— 'And an alderman, as I may say to you, he has no more wit than the rest o' the bench: and that lies in his thumb ring.' Shakspeare compares his fairy to the figure carved on the agate-stone of a thumb ring.

¹⁰ Atomes for atoms.

¹¹ There is a similar fanciful description of Queen Mab's chariot in Drayton's Nymphidia, which was written several years after this tragedy.

¹² This proverb alludes to the 'kissing comfits,' mentioned by Falstaff in the last act of the Merry Wives of Windsor.

¹³ This speech received much alteration after the first edition in the quarto of 1597: and Shakspeare has inadvertently introduced the courtier twice. Mr. Tyrwhitt finding 'courtiers' knees' in the first instance printed in the second folio, would read courtiers' (i. e. noblemen's) knees. Steevens remarks that the whole speech bears a resemblance to a passage of Claudian in Sextum Consulatum Honorii Augusti Prefatio.

¹⁴ A place in court.

¹⁵ The quarto of 1597 reads, 'counter mines.' Spanish blades were held in high esteem. A sword was called a Toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan steel.

Of hanks five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts and wakes;
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks¹ in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.²
This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woe
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire³ the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death;
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.⁴ [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. A Hall in Capulet's House. Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's the Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher!⁵ he scrape a trencher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,⁶ look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;⁷ and, as thou lovest

1 i. e. *faury locks*, locks of hair clotted and tangled in the night. It was a common superstition; and Warburton conjectures that it had its rise from the horrid disease called *Plica Polonica*.

2 So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. Sc. 2:—

—let them be men of great repute and carriage.

3 *Moth*. Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates.

4 So in *The Rape of Lucrece*:—

—An expir'd date cancell'd ere well begun.

And in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*:—

—Now whereas time tying with wings swift
Expird had the term,⁵ &c.

4 Here the folio adds:—*They march about the stage, and serving men come forth with their napkins.*

5 This scene is not in the first copy in the quarto of 1597.

6 To shift a trencher was technical. So in *The Milesius of Enforst Marriage*, 1608:—*Learn more manners, stand at your brother's backe, as to shift a trencher neatly,* &c. Trenchers were used in Shakespeare's time, and long after, by persons of good fashion and quality. They continued common till a late period in many public societies, and are now, or were lately, still retained in Lincoln's Inn.

7 The court cupboard was the ancient sideboard; it was a cumbersome piece of furniture, with stages or shelves gradually receding, like stairs, to the top, whereon the plate was displayed at festivals. They are mentioned in many of our old comedies. Thus in Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:—*Here shall stand my court cupboard, with its furniture of plate.* Again in his *May Day*, 1611:—*Court cupboards* planted with flagons, cans, cups, beakers, &c. Two of these ancient pieces of furniture are still in Stationers' Hall: they are used at public festivals, to display the antique silver vessels of the Company, consisting of cans, cups, beakers, flagons, &c. There is a print in a curious work, entitled *Laurus Anstricæ*, folio, 1627, representing an entertainment given by King James I. to the Spanish Ambassadors, in 1623; from which the reader will get a better notion of the court cupboard than volumes

me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony and Potpan!

2 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1 Serv. You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—
Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. [They retire behind.]

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests and the Maskers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty she,
I'll swear hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please:—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]
More lights, ye knaves; and turn the tables up!¹⁰

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlock'd for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin! Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years. [much:]

1 Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd,

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.¹²

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

of description would afford him. It was sometimes also called a *cupboard of plate*, and a *heavy cupboard*.

8 *Marchpane* was a constant article in the desserts of our ancestors. It was a sweet cake, composed of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small portion of flour. They were often made in fantastic forms. In 1569, the Stationers' Company paid 'for ix. marchpanes xxvi. s. viii. d.'

9 An exclamation commonly used to make room in a crowd for any particular purpose, as we now say, a ring! a ring! So Marston, Sat. iii.—
—A hall! a hall!

10 Room for the spheres, the orbs celestial
Will dance Kempe's jig.

The passages are numberless that may be cited in illustration of this phrase.

11 The ancient tables were flat leaves or boards joined by hinges and placed on tressels; when they were to be removed they were therefore *turned up*. The phrase is sometimes *taken up*. Thus in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, ed. 1825, p. 198:—*'After that the boards-and was taken up.'*

12 *Cousin* was a common expression for *kinsman*. Thus in *Hamlet*, the king, his uncle and stepfather, addresses him with—
'But now, my cousin Hamlet and my son.'

13 This speech stands thus in the quarto of 1607:—
'Will you tell me that? it cannot be so:
His son was but a ward three years ago;
Good youths, 'fah!—Oh, youth's a jolly thing!

There are many trifling variations in almost every speech of this play; but when they are of little consequence I have not encumbered the page with them. The last of these three lines, however, is natural and pleasing.—*Steevens*.

14 *Steevens* reads, with the second folio:—
'Her beauty hangs upon,' &c.

Shakespeare has the same thought in his 27th Sonnet:—
'Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beautiful, and her old face new.'

Lily in his *Euphues*, has '*A fair pearl in a Morian's ear.*'

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows:
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To sneer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

I Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

I Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
I Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill beseeching semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
He'll not endure him.

I Cap. He shall be endur'd;
What, Goodman boy?—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul!—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
I Cap. Go to, go to.

You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scath' you;—I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princ Cox;² go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
I'll make you quiet; What! Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce³ with wilful choler meet-
ing,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*]

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands
do;⁴

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

1 i. e. do you an injury. The word has still this mean-
ing in Scotland.

2 A pert forward youth. The word is apparently a
corruption of the Latin *præcox*.

3 There is an old adage—'Patience perforce is a me-
dicine for a mad dog.' To which this is an allusion.

4 Juliet had said before, that 'palm to palm was holy
palmer's kiss.' She afterwards says, that 'palmers have
lips that they must use in prayer.' Romeo replies, 'That
the prayer of his lips was, that they might do what
hands do; that is, that they might kiss.'

5 The poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode
of his own time; and kissing a lady in a public assem-
bly, we may conclude, was not then thought indecorous.
In King Henry VIII. Lord Sands is represented as kiss-
ing Anne Boleyn, next whom he sat at supper.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'
sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect
I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.
[*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urg'd.
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with
you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor!

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal:
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O, dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

I Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, [*To 2 Cap.*] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.*]

Jul. Come hither nurse: What is your gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruccio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would
not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.⁶

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair,⁷ which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:

⁶ Towards is ready, at hand. A banquet, or re-
supper, as it was sometimes called, was similar to our
dessert.

⁷ Here the quarto of 1607 adds:—
'I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been in bed an hour ago:
Light to my chamber, ho!'

⁸ This chorus is not in the first edition, quarto,
1597. Its use is not easily discovered; it conduces no-
thing to the progress of the play; but relates what is
already known, or what the next scene will show; and
relates it without adding the improvement of any moral
sentiment.—*Johnson.*

⁹ Fair, it has been already observed, was formerly
used as a substantive, and was synonymous with beauty.
The old copies read:—

'That fair for which love groan'd for,' &c.

This reading Malone defends. Stevens treats it as a
corruption, and says, that fair, in the present instance,
is used as a disyllable.

But passion leads them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden. Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall;
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure, too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce² but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,³
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape⁴ is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be consort'd with the humorous⁵ night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.⁶—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.
[Exit.

SCENE II. *Capulet's Garden. Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
[JULIET appears above, at a Window.
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she;
Be not her maid,⁷ since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady: O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!
Rom. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight,⁸ being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou
Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
[Aside.

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague! it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd:
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title: Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

1 See note on Julius Cæsar, vol. i. p. 3.
2 This is the reading of the quarto of 1597. Those of 1599 and 1609, and the folio, read *provant*, an evident corruption. The folio of 1632 has *couply* meaning *couple*, which has been the reading of many modern editions. Stevens endeavours to persuade himself and his readers that *provant* may be right, and mean *provide, furnish*.
3 All the old copies read, *Abraham* Cupid. The alteration was proposed by Mr. Upton. It evidently alludes to the famous archer *Adam* Bell. So in Decker's *Satromastix*:—'He shoots his bolt but seldom; but when *Adam* lets go, he hits.' 'He shoots at thee too, *Adam* Bell; and his arrows stick here.' The ballad alluded to is King *Cophetua* and the *Beggar-Maid*, or, as it is called in some copies, 'The Song of a Beggar and a King.' It may be seen in the first volume of *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. The following stanza Shakespeare had particularly in view:—
'The blinded boy that shoots so trim,
From heaven down did hit him;
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lie.'

4 This phrase in Shakespeare's time was used as an expression of tenderness like *poor foot*, &c.
5 I. e. the *humid*, the moist dewy night. Chapman uses the word in this sense in his translation of Homer, b. ii. edit. 1598:
'The other gods and knights at arms, slept all the *humorous* night.'
And Drayton in the thirteenth Song of his *Polyblon*:—
'— which late the *humorous* night
Bespangled had with pearl.'
And in *The Barons' Wars*, canto i.:—
'The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light.
Shakespeare uses the epithet, '*vaporous* night,' in *Measure for Measure*.
6 After this line in the old copies are two lines of ribaldry, which have justly been degraded to the margin:—
'O Romeo, that she were, ah that she were
An open ear cetera, thou a poppin pear.'
7 I. e. be not a votary to the moon, to Diana.
8 The old copies read, 'to this night.' Theobald made the emendation, which appears to be warranted by the context.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance,¹ yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.²

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let³ to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords;⁴ look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
sight;

And, but⁵ thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued⁶ wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire:
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my
face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!⁷

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.⁸ O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:—
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.⁹

1 We meet with almost the same words as those here
attributed to Romeo in King Edward III. a tragedy,
1598:—
'I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
His eye to drink her sweet tongue's utterance.'
2 I. e. if either thee *displease*. This was the usual
phraseology of Shakespeare's time. So *it likes* me well;
for *it pleases* me well.
3 I. e. no stop, no hindrance. Thus the quarto of
1597. The subsequent copies read, 'no stop to me.'
4 Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this thought in
The Maid in the Mill:—
'The lady may command, sir;
She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.'
5 But is here again used in its exceptive sense, *with-
out or unless*.
6 I. e. *postponed*, delayed or deferred to a more distant
period. So in Act iv. Sc. 1:—
'I hear thou must, and nothing may *prorogue* it,
On Thursday next be married to the county.'

The whole passage above, according to my view of it,
has the following construction:—'I have might to screen
me; yet unless thou love me, let them find me here. It
were better that they ended my life at once, than to
have death delayed, and to want thy love.'

7 I. e. farewell attention to forms.

8 This Shakespeare found in Ovid's Art of Love; per-
haps in Marlowe's translation:—
'For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,
And laughs below at lovers' perjuries.'

9 With the following beautiful antithesis to the above
lines (says Mr. Douce) every reader of taste will be
gratified. It is given *memoriter* from some old play,
the name of which is forgotten:—
'When lovers swear true faith, the lightning angels
Stand on the golden battlements of heaven,
And wait their vows to the eternal throne.'

I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver¹⁰ all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—
Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens.¹¹ Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what pur-
pose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.
I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay, but a little, I will come again. [Exit.
Rom. O, blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.
Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,¹²
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

9 To be distant, or shy.
10 This image struck Pope:—
'The moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls.'

11 And in the celebrated simile at the end of the eighth
Iliad:—'And tips with silver every mountain's head.'
12 So in The Miracles of Moses, by Drayton, 1604:—
'— lightning ceaselessly to burn,
Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,
And being gone, doth suddenly return
Ere you could say precisely what it was.'

The same thought occurs in A Midsummer Night's
Dream.

All the intermediate lines from 'Sweet, good night!'
to 'Stay but a little,' &c. were added after the first im-
pression in 1597.

12 In Brooke's Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet,
she uses nearly the same expressions:—
'If your thought be chaste, and have on virtue ground,
If wedlock be the end and mark, which your desire
hath found,
Obedience set aside, unto my parents due,
The quarrel eke that long ago between our households
grew,
Both me and mine I will all whole to you to take,
And following' you whereas you go, my father's house
forsake:
But if by wanton love and by unlawful suit
You think in ripest years to pluck my maidenhood's
dainty fruit,
You are beguill'd, and now your Juliet you beseeke
To cease your suit, and suffer her to live among her
likes.'

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite :
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world :

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. I come anon : — But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee, —

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come : —
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul, —
Jul. A thousand times good night ! [Exit.]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light. —

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
books ;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Retiring slowly.]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist ! — O, for a falconer's
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle¹ back again !
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave² where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name ;

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name ;
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet !³

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone ;
And yet so further than a wanton's bird ;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say — good night, till it be morrow. [Exit.]

1 The *tassel*, or tiercel, (for so it should be spelt,) is the male of the *goshawk*, and is said to be so called because it is a tierce or third less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. This species of hawk had the epithet of *gentle* annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. Tardif, in his book of Falconry, says that the tiercel has its name from being one of three birds usually found in the series of a falcon, two of which are females, and the third a male ; hence called *tercelet*, or the *third*. According to the old books of sport the falcon *gentle* and tiercel *gentle* are birds for a prince.

2 This strong expression is more suitably employed by Milton : — ' A shout that tore hell's concave.'

3 The quarto of 1597 puts the cold, distant, and formal appellation *Madam*, into the mouth of Romeo. — The two subsequent quartos and the folio have ' my sweet,' which is a palpable corruption ; but it is difficult to say what word was intended. ' My sweet,' is the reading of the second folio.

4 In the folio and the three later quartos these four lines are printed twice over, and given once to Romeo and once to the Friar.

5 ' Fledged' is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated. Lord Surrey uses the word in his translation of the fourth Æneid : —

' Her quivering cheekes flecked with deadly stain.'

So in the old play of The Four Prentices : —

' We'll seek our white steeds in your Christian blood.'

6 This is the reading of the second folio. The quarto of 1597 reads : —

' From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.'

The quarto of 1609 and the folio have ' burning wheels.'

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast ! —

' Would, I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell. Enter FRIAR
LAURENCE, with a Basket.

Fri. The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
night,⁷

Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
And fleck'd⁸ darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's
wheels :⁹

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must fill up this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.¹⁰
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;¹¹
' What is her burying grave, that is her womb :
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find ;

Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace¹² that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part¹³ cheers each
part ;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still¹⁴ !
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;
And, where the worsen is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats out that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluted me ? —
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;

7 So Drayton, in the eighteenth Song of his Polyol-
bion, speaking of a hermit : —

' His happy time he spends the works of God to see,
In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty grow,
Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to know.
And in a little mound, being made of oxizars small,
Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,
He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.'

Shakspeare has very artificially prepared us for the part Friar Laurence is afterwards to sustain. Having thus early discovered him to be a chemist, we are not surprised when we find him furnishing the draught which produces the catastrophe of the piece. The passage was, however, suggested by Arthur Brooke's poem.

8 ' Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum.'

Lucretius.

' The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.'

Milton.

' ——— Time's the king of men,

For he's their parent, and he is their grave.'

Pericles.

9 Efficacious virtue.
10 I. e. with *haodars*. Not, as Malone says, ' with the olfactory nerves the part that smells.'

11 So in Shakspeare's Lover's Complaint : —
' ——— terror and dear modesty
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outward.'

Our poet has more than once alluded to these opposed
foes. So in Othello : —

' Yea, curse his better angel from his side.'

See also his forty-fourth Sonnet. He may have remem-
bered a passage in the old play of King Arthur
1587 : —

' Peace hath three foes encamp'd in our breasts,
Ambition, wrath, and envie'

But where embrused youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign :

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art uprous'd by some distemp'rance ;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was
mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
I have forgot that name, and that name's wo.

Fri. That's my good son : But where hast thou
been, then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy :

Where on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded : both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies :
I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou most combine
By holy marriage : When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence
then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me off for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

1 This apparent false concord occurs in many places, not only of Shakspeare, but of all old English writers. It is sufficient to observe that in the Anglo-Saxon and very old English the third person plural of the present tense ends in *eth*, and often familiarly in *es*, as might be exemplified from Chaucer and others. This idiom was not worn out in Shakspeare's time, who must not therefore be tried by rules which were invented after his time. We have the same grammatical construction in Cymbeline :—

' His steeds to water at those springs

On chalic'd flowers that *lies*.'

And in *Venus and Adonis* :—

' She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes

Where lo ! *two lamps* burnt out in darkness *lies*.'

Again in a former scene of this play :—

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish *hairs*,

Which once untangled much misfortune *bodes*.'

2 'It is incumbent upon me, or it is of importance to me to use extreme haste.' So in King Richard III. :—

— *It stands me much upon,*

' To stop all hopes,' &c.

3 The allusion is to archery. The clout, or white mark, at which the arrows were directed, was fastened by a black *pin*, placed in the centre of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman. So in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy by Middleton, 1657 :

' They have shot two arrows without heads,
They cannot stick i' the but yet ; hold out, knight,
And I'll cleave the black *pin* i' the midst of the white.'

So in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* :—

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love
now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.'

Fri. Wisely, and slow ; they stumble that run
fast. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A Street. Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?—
Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead !
stabbed with a white wench's black eye ; shot
through the ear with a love-song ; the very pin of
his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft ;
And is he a man to encounter Tybalt ?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt ?

Mer. More than prince of cats,⁴ I can tell you.
O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance,
and proportion ; rests me his minion rest,
one, two, and the third in your bosom : the very
butcher of a silk button,⁵ a duellist, a duellist ; a
gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and
second cause :⁶ Ah, the immortal passado ! the
punto reverso ! the hay !⁷

Ben. The what ?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lipping, affecting
fantasies ; these new tuners of accents !—By
Jesu, a very good blade !—a very tall man—a very
good whore !—Why, is not this a lamentable thing,
grand-sire,⁸ that we should be thus afflicted with
these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moyes*,
who stand so much on the new form,
that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench ?⁹ O,
their *bons*, their *bons* !

⁴ For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,
Our crown the *pin* that thousands seek to cleave.'

⁵ *Tybalt*, the name given to a cat in the old story-

book of Reynard the Fox. So in Decker's *Satiro-mastix*.

'Thou' you were *Tybalt*, prince of long-tailed cats.'

Again, in *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, by Nash :

'Not *Tybalt* prince of cats.'

⁶ So in the Return from Parnassus :—

'Strikes his poinado at a *button's* breadth.'

The phrase also occurs in the *Fantaisies de Bruscarville*, 1612, p. 181 :—'Un coup de mousquet sans fourchette dans le sixieme bouton.'

⁷ i. e. a gentleman of the first rank, or highest eminence, among these duellists ; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *first cause*, and the *second cause*, for which a man is to fight. The Clown, in *As You Like It*, talks of the *seventh cause* in the same sense.

⁸ All the terms of the fencing school were originally Italian : the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you *Acce* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist. Our fencers on the same occasion cry out *ha* !

⁹ Humorously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of.

¹⁰ During the ridiculous fashion which prevailed of great 'boulstered breeches,' (See Strutt's *Manners and Customs*, vol. iii. p. 86 ; Strype's *Annals*, vol. i. p. 78, Appendix ; vol. ii. Appendix, note 17,) it is said that it was necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.
Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O, fesh, fesh, how art thou fished!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in; Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so,¹ but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop.² You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd?

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O, single-soled⁴ jest, solely singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us, good Bevolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase,⁵ I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;⁶ it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel,⁷ that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning

of the House of Commons, to make room for those monstrous protuberances, without which those who stood on the new form could not sit at ease on the old bench.

¹ A gray eye appears to have meant what we now call a blue eye. He means to admit that Thisbe had a tolerable fine eye.

² The slop was a kind of wide-kneed breeches, or rather trowsers.

³ Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore pinked pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. It was the custom to wear ribands in the shoes formed in the shape of roses or other flowers. Thus in *The Masque of Gray's Inn*, 1614:—'Every maker's pump was fastened with a flower suitable to his cap.'

⁴ Malone and Stevens have made strange work with their conjectures of the meaning of single-soled. I have shown, (in a former note,) that single meant simple, silly. Single-soled had also the same meaning:—'He is a good *senyill soule*, and can do no harm; out dull neactus non simplex.'—*Harman's Vulgaria*.

⁵ One kind of horserace, which resembled the flight of wild geese, was formerly known by this name.—Two horses were started together, and which ever rider could get the lead, the other rider was obliged to follow him wherever he chose to go. This explains the pleasantry kept up here. 'My wit fails,' says Mercutio. Romeo exclaims briskly, 'Switch and spurs, switch and spurs.' To which Mercutio rejoins,

for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou dearest me stop in my tale against the hair.⁸

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.⁹

Mer. 'Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den,¹⁰ fair gentleman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick¹¹ of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar,¹²
 And an old hare hoar,
 Is very good meat in lent:
 But a hare that is hoar,
 Is too much for a score,
 When it hoars ere it be spent.—*

⁵ Nay, if thy wits run the wild goose chase,' &c. Burton mentions this sport, *Anat.* of Melan. p. 266, edit. 1632.—See also the article *Chase* in Chambers's Dictionary.

⁶ The allusion is to an apple of that name.

⁷ Soft stretching leather, kid leather.

⁸ This phrase, which is of French extraction, *a contre poil*, occurs again in *Troilus and Cressida*.—'Merry against the hair.'

⁹ The business of Peter carrying the *Nurse's fan*, seems ridiculous to modern manners, but it was formerly the practice. In *The Serving Man's Comfort*, 1586, we are informed, 'The mistress, must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*.' So in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—'To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.'

¹⁰ I.e. 'God give you a good even.' The first of these contractions is common in our old dramas. So in *Brome's Northern Lass*:—'God you good even, sir.'

¹¹ So in *King Henry VI. Part III. Act I. Sc. 4*:—

'And made an evening at the noontide prick.'

i.e. the point of noon. A prick is a point, a note of distinction in writing, a stop. So in *Bright's Character*, or *Arte of Short Writing*, 1688:—'If the word end in ed, as I loved, then make a *pricke* in the character of the word on the left side.'

¹² Hoar, or hoary is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. These lines seem to have been part of an old song. In the quarto, 1607, we have this stage direction: 'He walks by them [i.e. the Nurse and Peter] and sings.'

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?¹

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:²—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—'Pray you, sir, a word: and, as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,——

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall at Friar Laurence's cell Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee; And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,³

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains. Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

1 The burthen of an old song. See *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

2 *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *rogue* is now. So in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1604:—

'Thou art very pleasant, and full of thy ropery.'

3 By *skains-mates* the old lady probably means *swagging companions*. A *skain*, or *skine*, was an Irish knife or dagger, a weapon suitable for the purpose of ruffing fellows. Green, in his *Quip* for an *Upstart Courtier*, describes 'an ill-favoured knave, who wore by his side a *skaine*, like a brewer's bung knife.'

4 I. e. like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. A stair, for a flight of stairs, is still the language of Scotland, and was once common to both kingdoms.

5 So in Arthur Brooke's poem:—

'A pretty babe, quoth she, it was, when it was young, Lord, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue.'

6 The Nurse is represented as a prating, silly creature; she says that she will tell Romeo a good joke about his mistress, and asks him whether rosemary and Romeo do not both begin with a letter: he says, yes, an

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you no'er hear say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady,—lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard: but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man: but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?⁶

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. Capulet's Garden. Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him: that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,⁷

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over louring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highest hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O, God, she comes!—O, honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O, Lord! why

look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou shalt't the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am weary, give me leave awhile;—

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou had'st my bones, and I thy

news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse,

speak.

R. She, whom we must suppose could not read, thought he mocked her, and says, No, sure I know better. R is the dog's name, your's begins with some other letter. This is natural enough, and in character. R put her in mind of that sound which dogs make when they snarl. Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says, 'R is the dog's letter, and *irreth* in the sound.' 'Irritaca canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicit.' Lucr.

7 The speech is thus continued in the quarto, 1607:

'— should be thoughts,

And run more-swift than hasty powder fired

Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth

Oh, now she comes! Tell me, gentle nurse,

What says my love?'

The greatest part of this scene is likewise added since that edition. Shakespeare, however, seems to have thought one of the ideas comprised in the foregoing quotation from the earliest quarto too valuable to be lost. He has, therefore, inserted it in *Romeo's first speech* to the Apothecary, in Act v. :—

'As violently as hasty powder fired

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.'

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me—thou art out of breath?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance;

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this I did know before;

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t'other side,—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. Faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest?

Your love says like an honest gentleman,—

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, god's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultrie for my aking bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil,—come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:

I am the drudge and toil in your delight;

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's Cell. *Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.¹

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

¹ This scene is exhibited in quite another form in the first quarto, 1597. But it is hardly worth exhibiting here in its original state. The reader may see it in the variorum Shakspeare, or in the play as published by Kievens among the twenty quartos.

² So in Shakspeare's Rape of Lucrece:—

'These violent vanities can never last.'

³ He that travels too fast is as long before he comes to the end of his journey as he that travels slow. Precipitation produces mishap.—*Johnson.*

⁴ This passage originally stood thus:—

'Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed,
See where she comes!—

So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;
Of love and joy, see, see, the sovereign power.'

Then love-devouring death do what he dars:
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,⁵
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately: long love do so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.⁶

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;⁷

A lover may bestride the gossamers⁸
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to your ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy

Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath

This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue

Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both

Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit,⁹ more rich in matter than in words,

Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;¹⁰

But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make

short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,

Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A public Place. *Enter* MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot,¹¹ the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me
his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me
no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second
cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is
no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be
moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath
a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou
hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking
nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast
hazel eyes: What eye, but such an eye, would
spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of
quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy
head hath been beaten as addle with an egg, for
quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for
coughing in the street, because he hath wakened
thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst
thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new
doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his

⁵ See King Lear, Act iv. Sc. 6.

⁶ Conceit here means *imagination*. Vide Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 4.

⁷ So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'There's a beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.'

⁸ It is observed, that, in Italy, almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. In Sir Thomas Smith's Commonwealth of England, 1593, b. ii. c. xix. p. 70, it is said:—'And commonly every yeere, or each second yeere, in the beginning of summer or afterwards, (for in the warm time the people for the most part be more unruly;) even in the calm time of peace, the prince with his council chooseth out' &c.

new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!¹

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee simple? O, simple!²

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—
Mer. Consort!³ what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw into some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze; I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery: Marry, go before to the field, he'll be your follower; Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting:—Villain am I none; Therefore farewell. I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee; But love thee better than thou canst devise, Till thou shalt know the reason of my love: And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! *A la stoccata*⁴ carries it away. [*Draws.*]

Tybalt. You rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats,⁵ nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher⁶ by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*]

1 i. e. thou wilt endeavour to restrain me by prudent advice from quarrelling.

2 This and the foregoing speech have been added since the first quarto, with some few circumstances in the rest of the scene, as well as in the ensuing one.

3 To comprehend Mercutio's capricious indignation, it should be remembered that a *consort* was the old term for a set or company of musicians.

4 The Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier.

5 Alluding to his name. See Act ii. Sc. 4.

6 Warburton says that we should read *pitcher*, which signifies a coat or covering of skin or leather; meaning the scabbard. A *pitcher* or leathern coat seems to have been the common dress of a carman. The old copy reads—*scabbard*.

7 After this the quarto, 1607, continues Mercutio's speech as follows:—

—A pox o' both your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets: and then some peevish rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall wring my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke this

Rom. Draw, Benvolio:

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame Forbear this outrage:—Tybalt—Mercutio— The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio. [*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*]

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:— Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve to ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.⁷ I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:— A plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me: I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my kinsman:—O, sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead; That gallant spirit hath aspir'd⁸ the clouds, Which too untimely here did scora the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;⁹ This but begins the wo, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain! Away to heaven, respective lenity,¹⁰ And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct!¹¹ now!— Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again, That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keep him company; Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here, Shalt with him hence.

prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon?

Boy. He's come, sir.

Mer. Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other side.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o' both your houses!

As for the jest, 'You shall find me a grave man,' it was better in old language than it is at present; Lidgate says, in his *Elegy* upon Chaucer:—

'My master Chaucer now is grave.'

In Sir Thomas Overbury's description of a Sexton, Characters, 1616, we have it again:—'A every church-style commonly there's an ale-house; where let him be found never so idle-pated, hee is still a grave drunkard.'

⁸ We never use the verb *aspire*, without some particle, as *to* and *after*. There are numerous ancient examples of a similar use of it with that in the text thus Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*—

—'Until our bodies turn to elements,
And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones.'

So in Chapman's version of the ninth Iliad:—

—'— and *aspird* the god's eternal feasts

⁹ This day's unhappy destiny hangs over the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief.

¹⁰ 'Respective lenity' is 'considerative gentleness.'

¹¹ *Conduct* for *conductor*.

Rom. This shall determine that.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
[They fight; TYBALT falls.]

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
 Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death
 If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!¹
 Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[Exit ROMEO.]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
 Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
 1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
 I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAQUE, CAPULET,
 their Wives, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O, noble prince, I can discover all
 The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
 There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
 That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O, my brother's
 child!

Unhappy sight! ah, me, the blood is spill'd
 Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,²
 For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O, cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
 slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
 How nice³ the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
 Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
 Could not take trace with the unruly spleen
 Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it: Romeo, he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his
 tongue,
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,

1 In the first quarto, 'O! I am fortune's slave.'—
 Shakespeare is very fond of alluding to the *mockery* of
 fortune. Thus we have in Lear:—'I am the natural fool
 of fortune.' And in Timon of Athens:—'Ye fools of for-
 tune.' In Julius Caesar the expression is, 'He is but
 fortune's knave.' Hamlet speaks of 'the fools of nature.'
 And in Measure for Measure we have 'merely thou art
 death's fool.' See Pericles, Act. iii. Sc. 2.
 2 As thou art just and upright. So in King Richard
 III.:—'And if King Edward be as true and just.'
 3 Nice here means *silly, trifling, or wanton.*

4 The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though pro-
 duced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems
 to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant
 perhaps to show how the best minds, in a state of faction
 and discord, are distorted to criminal partiality.—
 Johnson.

5 The sentiment here enforced is different from that
 found in the first edition, 1597. There the Prince con-
 cludes his speech with these words:—
 'Fiy shall dwell, and govern with us still;
 Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.'

6 The poet probably remembered Marlowe's King
 Edward II. which was performed before 1593:—
 'Gallop apace, bright Phoebus, through the skie,
 And duskie night in rusty iron car;
 Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,
 That I may see that most desired day.'

There is also a passage in Barriabe Riche's Farewell
 to the Militarie Profession, 1593, which bears some
 resemblance to this.

7 Here ends this speech in the original quarto. The
 rest of the scene has likewise received considerable
 alterations and additions.

8 A great deal of ingenious criticism has been bestow-
 ed in endeavouring to ascertain the meaning of this
 expression. Dr. Warburton thought that the *run-away*
 in question was the *sun*; but Mr. Heath has most com-
 pletely disproved this opinion. Mr. Steevens consi-
 ders the passage as extremely elliptical, and regards the

And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
 Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life:
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
 friend;
 His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
 The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence:
 I have an interest in your hates⁹ proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
 Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.¹⁰

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Room in Capulet's House. Enter
 JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,⁸
 Towards Phoebus' mansion; such a wagoner
 As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
 That run-away's eyes may wink:⁹ and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties:¹⁰ or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil¹⁰ night,

night as the run-away; making Juliet wish that its
 eyes, the stars, might retire, to prevent discovery. Mr.
 Justice Blackstone can perceive nothing *optative* in the
 lines, but simply a *reason* for Juliet's wish for a cloudy
 night; yet, according to this construction of the passage,
 the grammar is not very easily to be discovered.—
 Whoever attentively reads over Juliet's speech will be
 inclined to think, or even to be altogether satisfied, that
 the whole *tenor* of it is *optative*. With respect to the
 calling night a *run-away*, one might surely ask how it
 can possibly be so termed in an *abstract point of view*?
 Is it a greater fugitive than the morning, the noon, or
 the evening? Mr. Steevens lays great stress on Shak-
 speare's having before called the night a *run-away* in
 the Merchant of Venice:—

'For the close night doth play the *run-away*.'
 But there it was already far advanced, and might there-
 fore with great propriety he said to *play the run-away*;
 here it was not begun. The same remark will apply to
 the passage cited from the Fair Maid of the Exchange
 Where then is this *run-away* to be found? or can it be
 Juliet herself? She who has just been secretly married
 to the enemy of her parents might with some propriety
 be termed a *run-away from her duty*; but she had not
 abandoned her native pendency. She therefore invokes
 the night to veil those rites which she was about to per-
 form, and to bring her Romeo to her arms in darkness
 and silence. The lines that immediately follow may
 be thought to favour this interpretation; and the whole
 scene may possibly bring to the reader's recollection an
 interesting part in the beautiful story of Cupid and
 Psyche.—Douce.

8 So in Marlowe's Hero and Leander:—
 'dark night is Cupid's day.'

Milton, in his Comus, might have been indebted to
 Shakespeare:—
 'Virtue can see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the fat sea sunk.'

10 Civil is grave, solemn.

Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,¹
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
bold,

Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in
night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,²

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish³ sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse.

Enter Nurse, with Cords.

And she brings news: and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there, the
cords,

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse, Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O, Romeo! Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,⁴
And that bare vowel I shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:⁵
I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, I.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or wo.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!⁶—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O, Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O, courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?

1 These are terms of falconry. An *unmann'd hawk* is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* is fluttering or beating the wings as striving to fly away.
2 'Why here walk I, in the black brow of night.'

3 Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penseroso* :—
'Hide me from day's garish eye.'

4 Hence also 'Till *crail-suited* morn appear.' *Garish* is gaudy, glittering.

5 In Shakespeare's time the affirmative particle *ay* was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling.

6 See what is said of the basilisk, King Henry VI. Part II. Act III. Sc. 2.

7 See Othello, Act I. Sc. 1.

My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer half?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O, God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.
Jul. O, serpent heart, hid with a fow'ring face!⁷

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove feather'd raven! wolfish-ravensing lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some specu vice :—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame;
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him.

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth⁸ thy
name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.⁹

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my hus-
band:

All this is comfort: Wherefore weep I, then?
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me; I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds;
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished:
That—banished, that one word—banished,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.¹⁰ Tybalt's death
Was wo enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour wo delights in fellowship,
And needily will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern¹¹ lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—Romeo is banished,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

7 The same image occurs in Macbeth :—
'— look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.'

The succeeding line has its parallel in King John :—
'Rash, inconsiderate, fiery volunteers,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens.'

8 To *smooth* is to flatter, to speak fair; it is here
metaphorically used for to mitigate or assuage the as-
perity of censure with which Romeo's name would be
now mentioned.

9 So in *The Tempest* :—
'— I am a fool
To weep at what I'm glad of.'

10 i. e. is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts.

11 *Modern* is trite, common. So in *As You Like*
It :—
'Full of wiser saws, and modern instances'

In that word's death; no words can that we sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine
shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell. *Enter* FRIAR
LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,

Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banishment
Is death misterr'd: calling death banishment,
Thou out'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O, deadly sin! O, rude/unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the hind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy,¹ and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives;² and every cat and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,³
More honourable state, more courtship lives
in carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?

Fri. O, woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end
of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady⁴ to our cancell'd love?

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Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
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O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a
word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,⁵
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom:
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.⁶
Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
feel;

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thy-
self. [*Knocking within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,
Mistake, infold me from the search of eyes.

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—
Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay awhile: stand up;
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What willfulness is this?—I come, I come.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O, holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O, woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

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Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
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With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady⁴ to our cancell'd love?

¹ The quarto, 1597, reads 'This is mere mercy.' I. e. absolute mercy.

² From this and the foregoing speech of Romeo, Dryden has borrowed in his beautiful paraphrase of Chaucer's Palamon and Arcite:—

'Heaven is not but where Emily abides,
And where she's absent all is hell besides.'

³ Validity is again employed to signify worth, value, in the first scene of King Lear. By courtship, courtesy, courtly behaviour is meant.

⁴ So in the poem of Romeo and Juliet, the Friar says:—

'Virtue is always thrall to trouble and annoy,
But wisdom in adversity finds cause of quiet joy.'

⁵ The same phrase, and with the same meaning, occurs in The Winter's Tale:—

'— can he speak? he ar?
Know man from man? disputes his own estate?'
I. e. is he able to talk over his own affairs, or the present state he is in?

⁶ The epithet concealed is to be understood, not of the person, but of the condition of the lady; so she

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then falls down again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:¹
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill beseeching beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself;
Why rail'st thou on thy birth,² the heaven, and
earth?

Since, birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once: which thou at once would'st lose.
Fig, be! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:³
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy wit that ornament to shape and love,
Misthappen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,⁴
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.⁵
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou putt'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;

the *assum* is, 'My lady, whose being so, together with our marriage which made her so, is concealed from the world.'

¹ Shakespeare has here followed the poem:—

'Art thou, quoth he, a man? thy shape saith, so thou art,

Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart,

For manly reason is quite from off thy mind outchased,
And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly placed;

So that I stood in doubt, this hour at the least,
If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast.'

² Romeo has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with the Friar, as described in the poem, he is made to do so. Shakespeare copied the remonstrance of the Friar, without reviewing the former part of this scene. He has in other places fallen into a similar inaccuracy, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. The lines from *Why rail'st thou on my birth, &c.* to *thy own defence*, are not in the first copy; they are formed on a passage in the poem.

And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.⁶

Nurse. O, Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
Fri. Go hence: Good night! and here stands all
your state;⁷

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell: good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Capulet's House. Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.*

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woe:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow:

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate⁸ tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is
too soon,
O' Thursday let it be;—O' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' Thursday be it,
then:—

³ So in King Richard II. Act v. Sc. 3:—
'And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.'

And in Barnabe Riche's Farewell:—'Knowing that you should otherwise have used me than you have, you should have digressed, and swerved from your kind.'

⁴ To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using match-locks, instead of locks with flints, as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they carried their powder. The same allusion occurs in Humour's Ordinary, an old collection of English Epigrams:

'When she his flask and touch-box set on fire,
And till this hour the burning is not out.'

⁵ And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons.
⁶ Much of this speech has also been added since the first edition.

⁷ The whole of your fortune depends on this.
⁸ *Desperate* means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, I will speak a *bold word, and venture* to promise you my daughter.—Johnson.

'Witness this *desperate tender* of mine honour.'

Weakest goes to the Wall. .608.

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by.—Good night.¹

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Juliet's Chamber.² Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:³
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,⁴
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.⁵

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads;
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;⁶
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad chang'd eyes;⁷
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up⁸ to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark
our woes.

¹ The latter part of this scene is a good deal varied from the first quarto.

² The stage direction in the first edition is, 'Enter Romeo and Juliet at a Window.' In the second quarto, 'Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.' They appeared, probably, in the balcony which was erected on the old English stage. See Malone's Account of the Ancient Theatres, in vol. iii. of Boswell's edition of Shakspeare.

³ This is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observable that the nightingale, if undisturbed, sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together. [As almost all birds sing only during the period of incubation, this may be accounted for; the male bird sings near where the female is sitting.] What Eustathius has observed relative to a *fig-tree* mentioned by Homer, in his twelfth *Odysee*, may be applied to the passage before us:—'These particularities, which seem of no consequence, have a very good effect in poetry, as they give the relation an air of truth and probability. For what can induce a poet to mention such a tree, if the tree were not there in reality?'—*Steevens*.

⁴ Compare Sidney's *Arcadia*, 13th edition, p. 109:—'The moon, then full, (not thinking scorn to be a torch-bearer to such beauty,) guided her steps.'

⁵ The quarto, 1597, reads:—
'Then stay awhile, thou shalt not go [so] soon.'
The succeeding speech, I think, (says Mr. Boswell,) is better in the same copy:—

'Let me stay here, let me be ta'en, and die;
If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
I'll say it is the nightingale that beats
The vaulty heaven so far above our heads,
And not the lark, the messenger of morn;
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so—
What says my love? let's talk, 'tis not yet day.'

⁶ *Division*, in music, is a variation in melody upon some given fundamental harmony.

gratulae feminis
Imbelli cithara carmina dividet.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Roméo descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,⁹
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O, God! I have an ill-divining soul!¹⁰

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit Roméo.*]

Jul. O, fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures¹¹ her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's

death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;

Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of

love:

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

[*Exit Lady Capulet.*]

7 The toad having very fine eyes, and the lark very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying, that the toad and the lark had chang'd eyes. This tradition was expressed in a rustic rhyme:—

To heav'n I'd fly,

But that the toad beguild me of mine eye.

The sense of the passage is, the lark, they say, has

chang'd eyes with the toad, and now I would they had

chang'd voices too, since the lark's song serves but to

separate us. The croak of the toad would have been no

indication of the appearance of day, and consequently

no signal for her lover's departure.

8 The *hunt's up* was originally a tune played to wake

sportsmen, and call them together. It was a common

burthen of hunting ballads. Puttenham says that one

Gray grew into good estimation with the Duke of Som-

erset for making certain merry ballads, whereof one

chiefly was the *hunt's up*, the *hunt's up*. One of

these ballads is given by Mr. Douce, in his Illustrations

of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 192. According to Cogrove,

the *Reveille* or morning song to a new married woman,

was called the *hunt's up*. So Drayton, in his Poly-

olbion:—

'But *hunt's up* to the morn, the feather'd ayvans sing.'

And in his third Eclogue:—

'Time plays the *hunt's up* to thy sleepy head.'

9 'Ille ego que fueram te decedente puella,

Proinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus.'

Ovid, Epist. 1.

10 This miserable prescience of futurity I have always

regarded as a circumstance peculiarly beautiful. The

same kind of warning from the mind, Romeo seems to

have been conscious of on his going to the entertainment

at the house of Capulet:—

'My mind misgives me,

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

From this night's revels.'

Steevens.

1. Procures for brings.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do with all my heart;

And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer
lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
hands.

'Would, none but I might teaze my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear
them not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—

Whom that same banish'd runagate doth live,—

That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,¹

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:—

Madam, if you could find out a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such
a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,

child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time,² what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday

morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

The county's Paris, at Saint Peter's church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

¹ Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover.—Johnson.

² Thus the first quarto. The subsequent quartos and the folio less intelligibly read:—

'Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram.'
³ *A la bonne heure*. This phrase was interjected when the hearer was not so well pleased as the speaker.—Johnson. Bishop Lowth uses it in his Letter to Warburton, p. 101.—'And may I not hope then for the honour of your lordship's animadversions? In good time: when the candid examiner understands Latin a little better; and when your lordship has a competent knowledge of Hebrew.'

⁴ *County*, or *countie*, was the usual term for an earl in Shakspeare's time. Paris is in this play first styled a *young earle*. So Baret, 'a countie or an earle, comes un comie,' and 'a countie or earldome, comitatus.' Fairfax very frequently uses the word.

⁵ Thus the quarto 1597. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read 'the earth doth drizzle dew, which is philosophically true; and so perhaps the poet wrote, for in The Rape of Lucrece he says:—

'But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set.'

Malone. Steevens adds:—'When our author, in A Midsummer Night's Dream, says, "And when she [i. e. the moon] weeps, weeps every little flower," he only means that every little flower is moistened with dew, as if with tears; and not that the flower itself drizzles dew. This

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear, it shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, Rather than Paris:—These are news, indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;⁶ But for the sunset of my brother's son, It rains downright.—

How now, a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Ever more showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs,

Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, air; but she will none, she gives
you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blessing,⁷

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you
have;

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What
is this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—

And yet not proud;—Mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,⁸

But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,⁹

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!¹⁰

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,

That God had sent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

passage sufficiently explains how the earth, in the quotation from The Rape of Lucrece, may be said to weep. That Shakspeare thought it was the air, and not the earth, that drizzled dew, is evident from many passages in his works. So in King John—

'Before the dew of evening fall.'

⁶ The same image, which was in frequent use with Shakspeare's contemporaries, occurs in the poem of Romeo and Juliet more than once:—

'His sighs are stopp'd, and stopp'd is the conduit of his tears.'

⁷ Capulet, as Steevens observes, uses this as a nickname. The hyphen is wanting in the old copy. 'Chop-logic' is he that when his mayster rebuketh his erraunt for his defaultes, he will give him xx wordes for one, or elles he will bydde the devylles paternoster in scyence.—The xxxiii Orders of Knaves, bk. l.

⁸ Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakspeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil, in 1592, makes Dido call *Æneas hedge-brat, cullion, and tar-breech*, in the course of one speech. Nay, in the Interlude of The Repentance of Mary Magdalen, 1607, she says to one of her attendants:—

'Horsen, I beshrewe your heart, are you here?'

And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hiding!¹

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.
Cap. O, God ye good den!
Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad; Day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, (as they say,) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—'I'll not wed,—I cannot love,¹
I am too young—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise;
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsown. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make my bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O, God!—O, nurse! how shall this be pre-
vented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!²
Romeo's a disclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green,³ so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

Jul. I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead: or 'twere as good be wera,
As living here, and you no use of him.
Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.
Jul. Amen!
Nurse. To what?
Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O, most wicked heed!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Friar Laurence's Cell. Enter FRIAR
LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.⁴
Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,⁵
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much away;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would, I knew not why it should be slow'd.⁶
[*Aside.*]
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday
next.

Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears,

i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron. Again, in
The Two Noble Kinemen, by Fletcher and Shakspeare:—

— oh vouchsafe
With that thy rare green eye, &c.

5 The meaning of Paris is clear, he does not wish to
restrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage; there is
nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken or
abate his haste: but the words the poet has given him
import the reverse, and seem rather to mean I am not
backward in restraining his haste. I endeavour to
restrain him as much as I can. The poet has hastily
fallen into similar inadvertencies elsewhere. In the first
edition the line ran:—

'And I am nothing slack to slow his haste.'

6 To slow and to forego were anciently in common
use as verbs:—

— will you o'erthrow
The fields, thereby my march to slow?

1 Base woman.

2 There is a passage in the old play of Wily Beguiled, pointed out by Malone, so nearly resembling this, that one poet must have copied from the other. Wily Beguiled was on the stage before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in his *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, printed in that year.

3 The character of the Nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. The picture is not, however, an original, the nurse in the poem exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture. Sir John Vanbrugh, in *The Relapse*, has copied, in this respect, the character of his nurse from Shakspeare.

4 Perhaps Chaucer has given to Emetrius, in *The Knight's Tale*, eyes of the same colour:—
'His nose was high, his eyen bright cetryn.'

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with
that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth ;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?¹

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now :

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion :—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :

Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit PARIS.*]

Jul. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast

done so,

Come weep with me ; Past hope, past cure, past

help !

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;

It strains me past the compass of my wits :

I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :

If in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join d my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,²

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both :

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel ; or, behold

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire ;³ arbitrating that

Which the commission⁴ of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a hope of

which craves as desperate an execution

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry county Paris,

Thou hadst the strength of will to slay thyself ;

Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That cop'st with death himself to scape from it ;

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower ;

Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk

Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;

Or shut me nightly⁵ in a charnel-house,

O'er cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless-skulls,

Or bid me go into a new made grave,

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;

Things that, to hear them told, have made me

tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,

To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.⁶

Fri. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ;

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :

Take thou this phial, being then in bed,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off ;

When presently, through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize

Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep

His natural progress, but surcease to beat :

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;

Each part depriv'd of supple government,

Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death :

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,⁷

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :

Then (as the manner of our country is)

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,⁸

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,

Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;

And hither shall he come ; and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame,

If no unconstant toy,⁹ nor womanish fear,

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me ! O, tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold ; get you gone, be strong and prospereous

in this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength ! and strength shall

help afford.

Farewell, dear father !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Capulet's House. Enter*

CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and

Servant.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.¹⁰

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir ; for I'll try

if they can lick their fingers.¹¹

¹ The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the

dead body to the grave richly dressed, and with the

face *uncovered* (which is not mentioned by Painter,) *Shakespeare*

found particularly described in *The Tragicall History of*

Romeus and Juliet :—

² Another use there is, that whosoever dies,

Borne to the church, with open face upon the bier he

lies.

In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding sheet.

Thus also *Ophelia's Song*, in *Hamlet* :—

³ 'They bore him bare-faced on the bier.'

⁴ If no *jackle freak*, no *light caprice*, no change of

fancy, hinder the performance. The expressions are

from the poem.

⁵ *Capulet* has in a former scene said :—

— we'll have some half a dozen friends.

The poet has made him alter his mind strangely, or had

forgotten what he had made him say before. (See Act

iii. Sc. iv.) *Malone* observes that the former scene was

of the poet's own invention, and that he here recollects

the poem :—

— he myndes to make for him a costly feast.

⁶ This adage is found in *Puttenham's Arte of English*

Poesie, 1589 :—

'As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chickes :

A bad cocke that cannot his owne fingers lick'

¹ Juliet means *vespers*, there is no such thing as *evening mass*. *Masses*, (as *Fynes Moryson* observes) are only sung in the morning, and when the priests are fasting.

² The seals of deeds formerly were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in *King Richard II.* the Duke of York discovers a covenant which his son the Duke of Aumerle had entered into by the depending seal.

³ I. e. shall decide the struggle between me and my distress.

⁴ A *Commission* may be here used for *authority* : but it is more probable that *commission* is the word intended.

⁵ The Quarto 1597 reads :—

'Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,

Where roaring bears and savage lions roam.'

In the text the 4to. of 1599 is followed, except that it has

'or hide me nightly.'

⁶ Thus the 4to. 1599 and the folio : the 4to. 1597 reads,

I think, with more spirit :—

'To keep myself a faithful unstain'd wife

To my dear lord, my dearest Romeo.' *Boswell.*

⁷ Instead of the remainder of this scene the 4to 1597

has only these four lines :—

'And when thou art laid in thy kindred's vault,

I'll send in haste to Mantua to thy lord ;

And he shall come and take thee from thy grave.

Jul. Friar, I go ; be sure thou send for my dear

Romeo.'

Cap. How canst thou try them so?
2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [Exit Servant.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift! with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you! Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county: go tell him of this; I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell; And gave him what becometh love I might, Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:

This is as't should be.—Let me see the county; Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar, All our whole city is much bound to him.¹

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet, To help me sort such needful ornaments As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [Exit JULIET and Nurse.

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision; 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife: Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her; I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone; I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho! They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself To county Paris, to prepare him up Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light, Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [Exit.

SCENE III. Juliet's Chamber. Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires 're best:—But, gentle nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night; For I have need of many orisons To move the heavens to smile upon my state, Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

1 i. e. confession.

2 *Becomed for becoming*; one particeps for another, a frequent practice with Shakspeare.

3 Thus the folio and the quartos 1599 and 1609: The oldest quarto reads, perhaps more grammatically:—
'All our whole city is much bound unto.'

4 This speech received considerable additions after the first copy was published.

5 This stage direction has been supplied by the modern editions. The quarto of 1597 reads:—'Knife, lie thou there.'

6 *Daggers*, or, as they were more commonly called, *knives*, (says Mr. Gifford,) were worn at all times by every woman in England; whether they were so worn in Italy, Shakspeare, I believe, never inquired, and I cannot tell.—*Works of Ben Jonson*, vol. v. p. 221.

7 This idea was probably suggested to the poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford-upon-Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number

Jul. No, madam; we have call'd such necessaries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow; So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you; For, I am sure, you have your hands full all, In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night! Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exit LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me:—

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Must I of force be married to the county?—

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.— [Laying down a Dagger.⁸

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;

Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man:

I will not entertain so bad a thought.—

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in;

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies festring⁹ in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort;—

Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,

So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—

O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environed with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the Bed.

SCENE IV. Capulet's Hall. Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more

spices, nurse.

of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.

7 To *fester* is to corrupt. So in King Edward III. 1599:—

'Lilies that *fester* smell far worse than weeds.'

This line also occurs in the ninety-fourth Sonnet of Shakspeare. The play of Edward III. has been ascribed to him.

8 The *mandrake*, (says Thomas Newton in his *Herbar*) has been idly represented as 'a creature having life, and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath bene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murder, and that they had the same in such dampish and funeral places where the said convicted persons were buried,' &c. So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623:—

'I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake*,

And am grown mad with it.'

9 i. e. distracted.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.¹

[Exit Nurse.]

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

La. Cap. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.²

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere
now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt³ in
your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exit LADY CAPULET.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now,
fellow,

What's there?

Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not
what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [Exit 1 Serv.]—

Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [Exit.]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whorson!
ha,

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight.

[Music within.]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what ho;—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

'Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say! [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber; JULIET on the
Bed. Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—
fast, I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb! why, lady;—fie, you slug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say:—madam: sweet-heart!—why,
bride!

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths
now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The county Paris hath set up his rest,⁴

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, in faith.—Will it not be?

What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!

¹ The room were the pastry was made.

² This speech, which in the old copies is attributed to the Nurse, should surely be given to Lady Capulet.—The Nurse would hardly call her lordly master a *cot-quean*, or reply to a speech addressed to her mistress. Beside that, she had been sent for spices, and is shortly after made to re-enter. I have therefore made the necessary change.

³ The *mouse-hunt* called the *mouse-hunt* is the martin, which, being of the weasel tribe, prowls about in the night for its prey. 'Cat after kinde, good *mouse-hunt*,' is one of Heywood's proverbs.

⁴ Nashe, in his *Terrors of the Night*, quibbles in the same manner on this expression:—'You that are married and have wives of your owne, and yet hold too nere friendship with your neighbours, set up your *rest*, that the night will be an ill neighbour to your *rest*, and that you shall have as little peace of minde as the *rest*.'

⁵ Shakespeare has here followed the old poem closely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet in this scene clamorous in his grief. In the poem Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word.

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O, lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O, heavy day!

La. Cap. O, me, O, me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack
the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's
cold;

Her blood is settled; and her joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been separated;

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Accursed time! unfortunate old man.

Nurse. O, lamentable day!

La. Cap. O, woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.⁵

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with
Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:

O, son, the night before thy wedding-day

Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she
lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,

And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face?

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful
day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O, wo! O, woful, woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day! most woful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O, day! O, day! O, day! O, hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O, woful day, O, woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

⁶ But more than all the rest the father's heart was so
smit with the heavy news, and so shut up with sudden
wo,

That he ne had the power his daughter to beweepe,
Ne yet to speak, but long is forc'd his tears and piteines
to keep.

⁷ Decker, in his *Satiromastix*, has the same thought
more coarsely expressed:—

'Dead: she's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead.'

He has the same thought in his *Wonderful Year*:—

'Death rudely lay with her, and spoiled her of her
maidenhead in spite of her husband.'

⁸ The quarto of 1697 continues the speech of Paris
thus:—

'And doth it now present such prodigies?

Accurs'd, unhappy, miserable man,

Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am,

Born to the world to be a slave in it;

Distrest, remediless, unfortunate.

Oh, heavens! O!, nature! wherefore did you make me

To live so vile, so wretched as I shall?

In the text the edition of 1699 is here followed. The
Nurse's exclamatory speech is not in the first quarto.

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrow'n!—
O, love! O, life!—not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O, child! O, child!—my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou, dead!—black! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,¹
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;²
Our solemn hymns, to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.
[*Exeunt CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS,*
and Friar.

1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be
gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up; put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be
amended. [Exit Nurse.

Enter PETER.³

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's
ease*; O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease*.

1 Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays

1 Instead of this and the following speeches the first
quarto has only a couplet:—

'Let it be so; come, woful sorrow-mates,

Let us together taste this bitter fate.'

The enlarged *sex* is formed upon the poem.

2 See *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 2.

3 From the quarto of 1599 it appears that the part of
Peter was originally performed by William Kempe.

4 This is the burthen of the first stanza of *A Pleasant
New Ballad of Two Lovers*:—

'Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe.'

5 A *dump* was formerly the received term for a grave
or melancholy strain in music, vocal or instrumental. It
also signified a kind of poetical elegy. A *merry dump* is
no doubt a purposed absurdity put into the mouth of
Master Peter. That it was a sad or dismal strain,
perhaps sometimes for the sake of contrast and effect
mixed up with livelier airs, appears from *Cavendish's
Mercurial Visions*, p. 17:—

'What is now left to helpe me in this case?

Nothing at all but *dumps* in the dance,

Among desade men to tryppe on the trace.'

6 A pun is here intended. A *gleekman*, or *glegman*,
is a *minstrel*. To give the *gleek* meant also to pass a
jest upon a person, to make him appear ridiculous; a
gleek being a *jest* or *scoff*.

7 'Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are
designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural ex-
planations given by us painful editors of ancient au-
thors.'—*Stevens*.

—*My heart is full of woe.* O, play me some merry
dump,⁴ to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek;⁵
I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's daga-
ger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll
re you, I'll fa you; Do you note me?

1 Mus. An you re us, and fa us, you note us.

2 Mus. 'Pray you, put up your dagger, and put
out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-
beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron daga-
ger:—Answer me like men:⁶

When griping grief the heart doth wound,

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then music with her silver sound⁷—

Why, silver sound? why, music with her silver
sound? What say you, Simon Catling?⁸

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet
sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say—silver sound, because musicians
sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-
post?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer:
I will say for you. It is—music with her silver sound,
because such fellows as you have seldom gold for
sounding:—

Then music with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress.

[Exit, singing.

1 Mus. What a penitent knave is this same!

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here;
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exit,

ACT V.

SCENE I. Mantua. A Street. Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,⁹
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.¹⁰
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to
think;)

9 This is part of a song by Richard Edwards, to be
found in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, fol. 31, b.

Another copy of this song is to be found in *Percy's Re-
liquies of Ancient English Poetry*.

10 This worthy takes his name from a small lute-string
made of catgut. His companion the fiddler from an
instrument of the same name mentioned by many of
our old writers, and recorded by Milton as an instrument
of mirth:—

'When the merry bells ring round,

And the joyful *rebeck* sound.'

11 Thus the first quarto. The folio reads:—

'If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep.'

The sense appears to be, if I may repose any confidence
in the flattering visions of the night. Otway reads:—

'If I may trust the flattery of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.'

11 'These three last lines are very gay and pleasing.
But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary
cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness?
Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncer-
tain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many
consider as certain foretokens of good and evil.'—*John-
son*.

The poet has explained this passage a little further
on:—

'How oft, when men are at the point of death,

Have they been merry? which their keepers call

A lightning before death.'

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,¹
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah, me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,²
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you;
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;³
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins⁴
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.

¹ Shakespeare seems to have remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem that he has quoted in *As You Like It*:—

'By this sad Hero—

Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;
He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips,' &c.

² Shakespeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* used indiscriminately in the poem which was the groundwork of this tragedy.

³ See Sackville's description of misery in the *Induction* to the *Mirror of Magistrates*:—

'His face was leane and some deal pinde away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bones.'

⁴ We learn from *Nashe's Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a stuffed alligator then made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop:—'He made an anatomic of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an *apothecary's crocodile* or *dried alligator*.' Stevens was informed that formerly when an apothecary first engaged with his druggist, he was gratuitously furnished by him with these articles of show, which were then imported for that use only; and had met with the alligator, tortoise, &c. hanging up in the shop of an ancient apothecary at Limehouse, as well as in places more remote from the metropolis. See Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*, plate iii. It seems that the apothecaries dismissed their alligators, &c. sometime before the physicians parted with their amber-headed canes and solemn periwig.

⁵ The quarto of 1597 reads:—

'Upon thy back hangs ragged miserie,
And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.'

The quartos of 1599 and 1609:—

'Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes.'

As I remember, this should be the house;
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut,—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,⁵
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:

The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.⁶

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there I must use thee.

[Exit Rom.]

SCENE II. Friar Laurence's Cell. Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of Friar John.—

Welcome from Mantua; What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order to associate me,⁷
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

⁶ Stevens thinks that Shakespeare may have remembered the following passage in the *Pardoner's Tale* of Chaucer, v. 12794:

'The Potecary answered, thou shalt have
A thing, as wisely God my soule save,
In all this world thir n'is no creature,
That ete or dronke hath of this confecture,
Not but the mounce of a corne of whete,
That he ne shall his lif anon forlete;
Ye, sterve he shall, and that in lesse while
Than thou wilt gon a pas not but a mile:
This poison is so strong and violent.'

⁷ Each friar had always a companion assigned him by the superior, when he asked leave to go out. In the *Visitatio Notabilis de Selborne*, a curious record printed in White's *Natural History of Selborne*, Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, 'ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oritur.' There is a similar regulation in the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge. So in *The Tragicall History of Romeo and Juliet*, 1552:—
'Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies,
And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise
That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,
But of their convent aye should be accompanied with one
Of his profession, straight a house he findeth out,
In mind to take some friar with him to walk the town
about.'

Shakespeare, having occasion for Friar John, has departed from the poem, and supposed the pestilence to rage at Verona instead of Mantua.

Swaf'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo ?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,¹ but full of charge,
Of dear import ; and the neglecting it
May do much danger : Friar John, go hence ;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]

Law. Now must I to the monument alone ;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake ;²
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come :
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Church Yard : in it a Monument
belonging to the Capulets. Enter PARIS, and his
Page, bearing Flowers and a Torch.*

Par. Give me my torch, boy : Hence, and stand
aloof ;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st at something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy
bridal bed :

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity ;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,³
Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !

[*The Boy whistles.*
The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rites ?
What, with a torch !—muffle me, night, a while.⁴

[*Retires.*
*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a Torch,
Mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light : Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.

1 i. e. was not wantonly written on a trivial or idle
matter, but on a subject of importance.

2 Instead of this line, and the concluding part of the
speech, the first quarto reads only :—

'Lest that the lady should before I come
Be wak'd from sleepe, I will hie
To free her from that tomb of miserie.'

3 The folio has these lines :—

'Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew ;
'O wo ! thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water I will nightly dew ;
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans ;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nighly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.'

In the text the seven lines are printed as they appear in
the quarto of 1597.

4 Thus in Drayton's *Polyolbion* :—

'But suddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly
Do muffle him again.'

The word was not deemed unpoetical by Milton ; the
Elder Brother in *Comus* uses it :—

'Unmuffled, ye faint stars,' &c.
A *muffler* was a part of female dress.

Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring ; a ring that I must use
In dear⁵ employment : therefore hence, be gone :—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :
The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take
thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the Door of the Monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,
It is supposed the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him :—

[*Advances.*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?

Condemn'd villain, I do apprehend thee :

Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I
hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;

Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;

Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,

Heap not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !

By heaven, I love thee better than myself :

For I come hither arm'd against myself :

Stay not, begone ;—live, and hereafter say—

A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,⁶

And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Will thou provoke me ? then have at thee,
boy. [*They fight.*]

Page. O, lord ! they fight : I will go call the watch.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. O, I am slain ! [*Falls.*—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith I will :—Let me peruse this face ;

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris :

What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode ? I think,

He told me, Paris should have married Juliet :

Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so ?—O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave—

A grave ? O, no ; a lantern,⁷ slaughter'd youth,

5 That is, in *action of importance*. The sense of the
word *dear* has been explained. So Ben Jonson, in his
Catiline, Act I. :—

'Put your known talents on so dear a business.'

6 I *refuse* to do as thou *conjur'st* me to do, i. e. de
part. So Constance, in *King John*, says :—

'No, I defy all counsel, all redress.'

7 A *lantern* may not, in this instance, signify an en-
closure for a lighted candle, but a *tourer*, or what in an-
cient records is styled *lanternium*, i. e. a spacious round
or octagonal turret, full of windows, by means of which
cathedrals and sometimes halls are illuminated. See
the beautiful *lantern* at Ely Minster.

A *presence* is a public room, which is at times the
presence-chamber of a sovereign. This thought, ex-
travagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his *Blurt
Master Constable* :—

'The darkest dungeon which spite can devise
To throw this carcass in, her glorious eyes
Can make as lightsome as the fairest chamber
In Paris Louvre.'

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying PARIS in the Monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of eath
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death; O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:¹
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous?²
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;³
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your
last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O, you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct,⁴ come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [Drinks.]—O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.]

Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, FRIAR
LAURENCE, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's
there?

Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond' that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

1 The first quarto reads, 'But how,' &c. This idea very frequently occurs in our old dramas. So in the Second Part of The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601—

'I thought it was a lightning before death,
Too sudden to be certain.'

2 So in Sidney's Arcadia, b. iii.—'Death being able to divide the soule, but not the beauty from her body.' And in Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, 1394—

'Decayed roses of discoloured cheeks
Do yet retain some notes of former grace,
And ugly death sits fair within her face.'

3 Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1632, p. 463, speaking of the power of beauty, tells us:—
'But of all the tales in this kinde, that is most memorable of Death himselfe, when he should have stroken a sweet young virgin with his dart, he fell in love with the object.'

4 In The Second Maiden's Tragedy, recently printed from a MS. in the Lansdown collection, monuments are styled the 'palaces of death.'

5 See note 4, p. 160.

6 Conduct for conductor. So in a former scene:—

'And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now.'

7 This accident was reckoned ominous. So in King Henry VI. Part III.—

'For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.'
And in King Richard III. Hastings, going to execution, says:—

'Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble.'
8 This was one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens to a person while he

Bal. It doth so, holy air; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay, then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon
me:

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,⁹
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo? [Advances.]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—

What mean these murtherless and gory swords

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[Enters the Monument.]

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?

And steep'd in blood! Ah, what an unkind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs.¹⁰ [JULIET wakes and stirs.]

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[Noise within.]

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;

A greater Power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet!—[Noise again.] I dare

stay no longer. [Exit.]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away,

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—

O, churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,

To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;

Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,

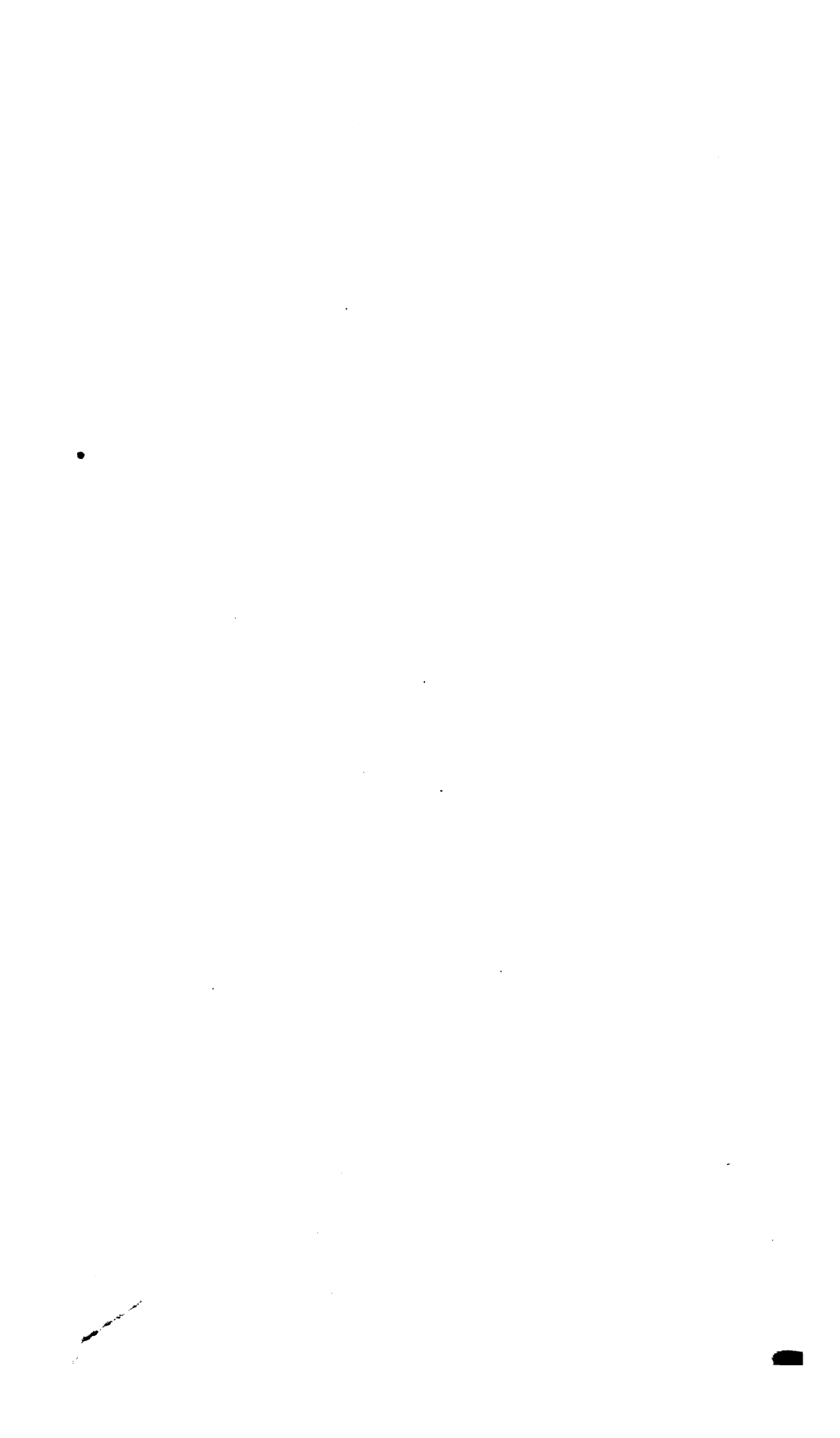
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]

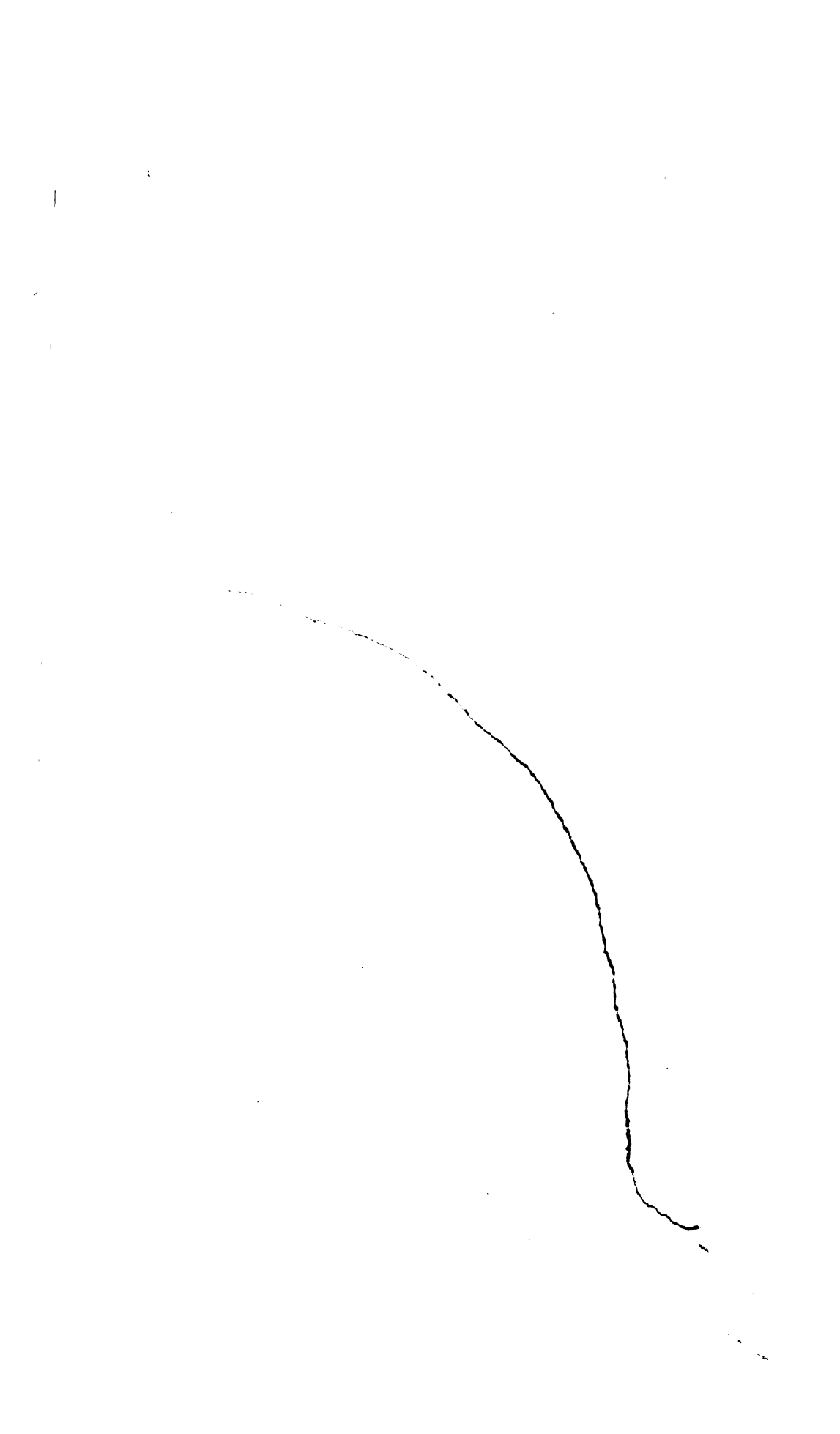
Thy lips are warm!¹⁰

is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer (book viii.) represents Rhesus dying, fast asleep, and, as it were, beholding his enemy in a dream, plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacler both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision.

9 In the alteration of this play, now exhibited on the stage, Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who perhaps, without any knowledge of the story as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes.

10 Shakespeare has been arraigned for making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance, and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. He had undoubtedly never read the Italian novel, or any literal translation of it; and has in this particular followed the old poem, or an older drama on the subject. Be this as it may—Augustus Schlegel remarks, that 'the poet seems to have hit upon what was best. There is a measure of agitation, beyond which all that is super added becomes torture, or glides off ineffectually from the already saturated mind. In case of the cruel reunion of the lovers for an instant, Romeo's remorse for his overhasty self-murder, Juliet's despair over her deceitful hope, at first cherished, then annihilated, that she was at the goal of her wishes, must have deviated into caricatures. Nobody surely doubts that Shakespeare was able to represent these with suitable force; but here every thing soothing was welcome, in order that we may not be frightened out of the melancholy, to which we willingly resign ourselves, by too painful disclosures. Why







THE WIFE OF THE MILLER.

Act V. Scene III.

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1 Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy:—Which way?
Jul. Yea, noise!—then I'll be brief.—O, happy dagger! [Snatching Romeo's Dagger.]
 This is thy sheath [Slabs herself:] there rust, and let me die.

[Falls on Romeo's Body, and dies.]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about the churchyard:
 Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.

[Exeunt some.]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
 And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
 Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
 Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
 Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—

[Exeunt other Watchmen.]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with FRIAR LAURENCE.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
 We took this mattock and this spade from him,
 As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo, Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
 With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
 And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
 Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
 With instruments upon them, fit to open
 These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, Heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,—for lo! his house
 Is empty on the back of Montague,—
 And is misheathed in my daughter's bosom.¹

should we heap still more upon accident, that is already so guilty? Wherefore shall not the tortured Romeo quietly

“ Shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From his world-wearied flesh?”²

He holds his beloved in his arms, and, dying, cheers himself with a vision of everlasting marriage. She also seeks death, in a kiss, upon his lips. These last moments must belong unparticipated to tenderness, that we may hold fast to the thought, that love lives, although the lovers perish.

1 Thus the quarto of 1399. That of 1597 reads:
 ‘Ay, noise? then must I be resolute,
 Oh, happy dagger! thou shalt end my fear,
 Rest in my bosom; thus I come to thee.’

2 The words, ‘for lo! his house is empty on the back of Montague,’ are to be considered parenthetical. It appears that the dagger was anciently worn behind the back. So in *Humor's Ordinarie*:—
 ‘See you yon huge bum dagger at his back?’
 And in *The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art*, 1670:—

La. Cap. O, me! this sight of death is as a bell,
 That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
 To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;³
 Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath;
 What further wo conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O, thou untaught! what manners is in this,
 To press before thy father to a grave?⁴

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
 'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
 And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
 And then will I be general of your woes,
 And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
 And let mischance be slave to patience.—
 Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
 Yet most suspected, as the time and place
 Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
 And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
 Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief;⁵ for my short date of breath
 Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
 And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
 I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
 Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
 Banish'd the new made bridegroom from this city;
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
 You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
 To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
 That he should hither come at this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
 Was staid by accident; and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
 But, when I came (some minute ere the time
 Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
 She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience:
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
 All this I know: and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this

¹ Thou must wear thy sword by thy side,
 And thy dagger handsomely at thy back.

² After this line the quarto of 1597 adds:—

‘And young Benvolio is deceased too.’

³ So in the *Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:—

‘Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong—
 Who came first to the world, should first depart.’

It not becomes the old 'over-live the young;’

This dealing is preposterous and over-thwart.’

⁴ ‘It is to be lamented that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew.’—*Johnson*.

Shakespeare was led into this uninteresting narrative by following too closely *The Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet*. In this poem, (which is printed in the Variorum Editions of Shakespeare) the bodies of the dead are removed to a public scaffold; and from that elevation is the Friar's narrative delivered. The same circumstance is introduced in *Hamlet* near the conclusion.

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bol. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to open the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
words.

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen!—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

1 Mercutio and Paris. Mercutio is expressly called the Prince's kinsman in Act iii. Sc. 4; and that Paris was also the Prince's kinsman, may be inferred from the following passages. Capulet, speaking of the count in the fourth act, describes him as 'a gentleman of princely parentage;' and after he is killed, Romeo says:—

—Let me peruse this face;
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.'

2 The quarto of 1697 reads, 'A gloomy peace.' To gloom, is an ancient verb, used by Spenser and other old writers.

3 This line has reference to the poem from which the fable is taken; in which the Nurse is banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant act at liberty, because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the Apothecary is hanged; while Friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage near Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquillity.

4 Shakespeare, in his revision of this play, has not effected the alteration by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes. The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his Satires, 1598, says:—

'Luscus, what's play'd to-day? faith, now I know;
I set thy lips abroad, from whence doth flow
Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.'

The concluding lines may have been formed on the last couplet of the old poem:—

—among the monuments that in Verona been,
There is no monument more worthy of the sight
Than is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.'

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:³
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.⁴ [Exeunt.]

THIS play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakespeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakespeare, that he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third Act, lest he should have been killed by him. Yet he thinks him no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play and died in his bed, without danger to the poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, in a pointed sentence, that more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gayety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakespeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The Nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has with great subtlety of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected deprivations.* His persons, however distressed, have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.† JOHNSON.

* A. W. Schlegel has answered this remark at length, and, as I think, satisfactorily, in a detailed criticism upon this tragedy, published in the *Horen*, a journal conducted by Schiller in 1794—1796, and made accessible to the English reader in Ollier's *Literary Miscellany*, Part I. In his Lectures on Dramatic Literature (vol. ii. p. 135, Eng. translation,) will be found some further sensible remarks upon the 'conceits' here stigmatized. It should be remembered that *playing on words* was a very favourite species of wit combat with our ancestors. 'With children, as well as nations of the most simple manners, a great inclination to playing on words is often displayed; [they cannot therefore be both *puerile* and *unnatural*: If the first charge is founded, the second cannot be so.] In *Homer* we find several examples; the *Books of Moses*, the oldest written memorial of the primitive world, are, it is well known, full of them. On the other hand, poets of a very cultivated taste, or orators like Cicero, have delighted in them. Whoever, in Richard the Second, is disgusted with the affecting play of words of the dying John of Gaunt, on his own name, let him remember that the same thing occurs in the Ajax of Sophocles.' S. W. S.

† This quotation is also found in the Preface to Dryden's *Fables*.—'Just John Lutewit, in Bartholomew Fair, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit.—Stevens

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE original story on which this play is built may be found in Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian. From thence Belleforest adopted it in his collection of novels, in seven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publish through succeeding years. It was from Belleforest that the old black letter prose 'Hystorie of Hamblet' was translated; the earliest edition of which, known to the commentators, was dated in 1608; but it is supposed that there were earlier impressions.

The following passage is found in an Epistle, by Thomas Nashe, prefixed to Greene's Arcadia, which was published in 1589:—"I will turn back to my first text of studies of delight, and talk a little in friendship with a few of our rival translators. It is a common practice now-a-days, among a sort of shifting companions, that runne through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, [i. e. the law] whereunto they were born, and busie themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verse, if they should have neede; yet English *Seneca*, read by candle-light, yeelds many good sentences, as *Bloud is a beggar*, and so forth: and if you entreat him faire in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say, Handfuls of tragical speeches. But O, grief! *Tempus elax rerum*—what is it that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops, will in continuance be drie; and *Seneca*, let blood line by line, and page by page, at length must needs die to our rage."

It is manifest from this passage that some play on the story of Hamlet had been exhibited before the year 1589. Malone thinks that it was not Shakespeare's drama, but an older performance, on which, with the aid of the old prose History of Hamblet, his tragedy was formed.

In a tract, entitled 'Wits Miserie, or the World's Madnesse, discovering the incarnate Devils of the Age,' published by Thomas Lodge in 1596, one of the devils is said to be 'a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the *ghost*, who cried so miserably at the theatre, *Hamlet, revenge*.' But it is supposed that this also may refer to an older performance.

Dr. Percy possessed a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which had been Gabriel Harvey's, who had written his name and the date, 1606, both at the beginning and end of the volume, and many remarks in the intermediate leaves; among which are these words:—"The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort." Malone doubts whether this was written in 1596, because translated Tasso is named in another note; but it is not necessary that the allusion should be to Fairfax's translation, which was not printed till 1600: it may refer to the version of the first five books of the Jerusalem, published by R. C. [arew] in 1594.

We may therefore safely place the date of the first composition of Hamlet, at least as early as 1597; and, for reasons adduced by Mr. George Chalmers, we may presume that it was revised, and the additions made to it in the year 1600.

The first entry on the Stationers' books is by James Roberts, July 26, 1602; and a copy of the play in its first state, printed for N. L. and John Trundell, in 1603, has recently been discovered. As in the case of the earliest impressions of Romeo and Juliet, and the Merry Wives of Windsor, this edition of Hamlet appears to have been either printed from an imperfect manuscript of the prompt books, or the playhouse copy, or stolen from the author's papers. It is next to impossible that it can have been taken down during the representation, as some have supposed was the case with the other two plays.

The variations of this early copy from the play of Hamlet, in its improved state, are too numerous and striking to admit a doubt of the play having been subsequently revised, amplified, and altered by the poet. There are even some variations in the plot; the principal of which are, that Horatio announces to the Queen Hamlet's unexpected return from his voyage to England; and that the Queen is expressly declared to be innocent of any participation in the murder of Hamlet's

father, and privy to his intention of revenging his death. There are also some few lines and passages, which do not appear in the revised copy. The principal variations are noticed in the course of the notes.

It again issued from the press in 1604, in its corrected and amended state, and in the title-page is stated to be 'newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy.' From these words Malone had drawn the natural conclusion that a former less perfect copy had issued from the press; but his star was not propitious; he never saw it. Though it is said to have formed part of the collection of sir Thomas Hanmer, it only came to light at the commencement of the present year, [1835;] too late, alas! even to gratify the enthusiasm of his zealous friend, that worthy man, James Boswell; upon whom devolved the office of giving to the world the accumulated labours of Malone's latter years, devoted to the illustration of Shakespeare.

The character of Hamlet has been frequently discussed, and with a variety of contradictory opinions. Johnson and Steevens have made severe animadversions upon some parts of his conduct. A celebrated writer of Germany, has very skillfully pointed out the cause of the defects in Hamlet's character, which unfit him for the dreadful office to which he is called. "It is clear to me (says Goëthe) that Shakespeare's intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action, imposed as a duty upon a mind too feeble for its accomplishment.

In this sense I find the character consistent throughout. Here is an oak planted in a china vase, proper to receive only the most delicate flowers. The roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition, but without that energy of soul which constitutes the hero, sinks under a load which it can neither support nor resolve to abandon altogether. All his obligations are sacred to him; but this alone is above his powers! An impossibility is required at his hands; not an impossibility in itself, but that which is so to him. Observe how he shifts, turns, hesitates, advances and recedes; how he is continually reminded and reminding himself of his great commission, which he, nevertheless, in the end seems almost entirely to lose sight of, and this without ever recovering his former tranquillity."

Dr. Akenside suggested that the madness of Hamlet is not altogether feigned; and the notion has of late been revived. Dr. Ferriar, in his Essay towards a Theory of Apparitions, has termed the state of mind which Shakespeare exhibits to us in Hamlet,—as the consequence of conflicting passions and events operating on a frame of acute sensibility,—*latent lunacy*.

It has often occurred to me (says Dr. F.) that Shakespeare's character of Hamlet can only be understood on this principle.—He feigns madness for political purposes, while the poet means to represent his understanding as really (and unconsciously to himself) untinged by the cruel circumstances in which he is placed. The horror of the communication made by his father's spectre, the necessity of betraying his attachment to an innocent and deserving object, the certainty of his mother's guilt, and the supernatural impulse by which he is goaded to an act of assassination abhorrent to his nature, are causes sufficient to overwhelm and distract a mind previously disposed to "weakness and melancholy," and originally full of tenderness and natural affection. By referring to the play, it will be seen that his real insanity is only developed after the mock play. Then, in place of a systematic conduct, conducive to his purposes, he becomes irresolute, inconsequent; and the plot appears to stand unaccountably still. Instead of striking at his object, he resigns himself to the current of events, and sinks at length ignobly under the stream."

* There are some singular variations in the names of the Dramatic Persons. *Corambis* and *Montano* are the names given to the *Polonius* and *Reynaldo* of the revised play; for *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* we have *Rosemcraft* and *Gilderstone*; and *Oerick* is merely designated a *Braggart Gentleman*.

† William Melster's Apprenticeship, b. iv. ch. 14.
‡ Essay on the Theory of Apparitions, p. 111-116.

A comedian of considerable talents has entered at large into the question of Hamlet's madness, and has endeavoured to show that the poet meant to represent him as insane.* Mr. Boswell, on the contrary, in a very judicious and ingenious review of Hamlet's character, combats the supposition, and thinks it entirely without foundation. He argues that 'the sentiments which fall from Hamlet in his soliloquies, or in confidential communication with Horatio, evince not only a sound but an acute and vigorous understanding. His misfortunes, indeed, and a sense of shame, from the hasty and incestuous marriage of his mother, have sunk him into a state of *weakness and melancholy*; but though *his mind is enfeebled*, it is by no means deranged. It would have been little in the manner of Shakspeare to introduce two persons in the same play whose intellects were disordered; but he has rather, in this instance, as in King Lear, a second time effected what, as far as I can recollect, no other writer has ever ventured to attempt—the exhibition on the same scene of real and fictitious madness in contrast with each other. In carrying his design into execution, Hamlet feels no difficulty in imposing upon the King, whom he detests; or upon Polonius, and his school fellows, whom he despises: but the case is very different indeed in his interviews with Ophelia; aware of the submissive mildness of her character, which leads her to be subject to the influence of her father and her brother, he cannot venture to entrust her with his secret. In her presence, therefore, he has not only to assume a disguise, but to restrain himself from those expressions of affection, which a lover must find it most difficult to repress in the presence of his mistress. In this tumult of conflicting feelings, he is led to overact his part, from a fear of falling below it; and thus gives an appearance of rudeness and harshness to that which is, in fact, a painful struggle to conceal his tenderness.†

Mr. Richardson, in his Essay on the Character of Hamlet, has well observed that 'the spirit of that remarkable scene with Ophelia, where he tells her, "get thee to a nunnery," is frequently misunderstood; and especially by the players. At least it does not appear to have been the poet's intention that the air and manner of Hamlet in this scene should be perfectly grave

* On the madness of Hamlet, by Mr. W. Farren.—*London Magazine*, for April, 1824.

† Boswell's edition of Malone's Shakspeare, vol. vii. p. 536.

and serious; nor is there any thing in the dialogue to justify the grave and tragic tone with which it is frequently spoken. Let Hamlet be represented as delivering himself in a light and airy, unconcerned and thoughtless manner, and the rudeness so much complained of will disappear.‡ His conduct to Ophelia is intended to confirm and publish the notion he would convey of his pretended insanity, which could not be marked by any circumstance so strongly as that of treating her with harshness or indifference. The sincerity and arour of his passion for her had undergone no change: he could not explain himself to her; and, in the difficult and trying circumstances in which he was placed, had therefore no alternative.

The poet indeed has marked with a master hand the amiable and polished character of Hamlet. Ophelia designates him as having been

'— the glass of fashion, and the mould of form; and though circumstances have unsettled him, and thrown over his natural disposition the clouds of melancholy, the kindness of his disposition and his natural hilarity break through on every occasion which arises to call them forth.

Mr. Boswell has remarked, that 'the scene with the grave-diggers shows, in a striking point of view, his good natured affability. The reflections which follow afford new proofs of his amiable character. The place where he stands, the frame of his own thoughts, and the objects which surround him, suggest the vanity of all human pursuits; but there is nothing harsh or caustic in his satire; his observations are dictated rather by feelings of sorrow than of anger; and the sprightliness of his wit, which misfortune has repressed, but cannot altogether extinguish, has thrown over the whole a truly pathetic cast of humorous sadness.— Those gleams of sunshine, which serve only to show us the scattered fragments of a brilliant imagination, crushed and broken by calamity, are much more affecting than a long uninterrupted train of monotonous woe.'

Ophelia is a character almost too exquisitely touching to be dwelt upon. Oh, rose of May; oh, flower too soon faded! Her love, her madness, her death, are described with the truest touches of tenderness and pathos. It is a character which nobody but Shakspeare could have drawn in the way that he has done; and to the conception of which there is not the smallest approach, except in some of the old romantic ballads.‡

‡ Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare's Plays, p. 112.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.
HAMLET, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.
HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.
LAERTES, Son to Polonius.
VOLTIMAND,
CORNELIUS,
ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN,
OSRIC, a Courtier.
Another Courtier.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, }
BERNARDO, } Officers.

FRANCISCO, a Soldier.
REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.
A Captain. An Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.
OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—Elsinore.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.
FRANCISCO on his Post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

Bernardo.

Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber.

He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The rivals² of my watch, bid them make haste.

1. i. e. *me* who am already on the watch, and have a right to demand the watchword; which appears to have been, 'Long live the king.'

2 Shakspeare uses *rivals* for associates, partners; and competitor has the same sense throughout these plays. It is the original sense of *rivallis*. The etymo-

logy was pointed out by Acro Grammaticus, in his Scholia on Horace: 'A *rixa* dicto *rivales* qui in agris rivum habent communem, et propter enim esse *discrepabant*.' Hamner applied this explanation:—'Rivals, in Latin, being originally applied to proprietors of neighbouring lands parted only by a brook, which be-

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier: Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night. [Exit FRANCISCO.]

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say.

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy; And will not let belief take hold of him, Touching this dreadful sight, twice seen of us; Therefore I have entreated him along With us to watch the minutes of this night; That, if again this apparition come, He may approve¹ our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile:

And let us once again assail your ears, That are so fortified against our story, What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down, And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all, When yon same star, that's westward from the pole, Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself, The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.²

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like:—it harrows³ me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form In which the majesty of buried Denmark Did sometimes march? by Heaven I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

longed equally to both, and so signified *partners*: this partnership led to contests; and hence the word came to signify persons contending for the same object.

1 To approve or confirm. 'Ratum habere aliquid.'—*Baret*.

2 It was a vulgar notion that a supernatural being could only be spoken to with effect by persons of learning; exorcisms being usually practised by the clergy in Latin. Toby, in *The Night Walker* of Beaumont and Fletcher, says:—

'Let's call the butler up, for he speaks Latin, And that will daunt the devil.'

3 The first quarto reads, 'it horrors me.' To *harrows* is to distress, to vex, to disturb. To *harry* and to *harrass* have the same origin, from the Gothic *harer*, an armed force. Milton has the word in *Comus*:—

'Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear.'

4 *Parley*, the same as *parley*, a conference between enemies.

5 I. e. the *sledged* *Polander*; *Polaque*, Fr. The old copy reads *Polax*. Malone therefore thinks that Shakespeare wrote *Polacke*, not considering that it was in a *parley*, and that a general slaughter was hardly likely to ensue. Mr. Boswell suggests that it is just possible the old reading may be right, *pole-axe* being put for the person who carried the *pole-axe*, a mark of rank among the Muscovites, as he has shown from Milton's *Brief History of Muscovy*.

6 *Jump*. So the quarto of 1603, and that of 1604. The folio reads *just*. *Jump* and *just* were synonymous

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: speak, I charge thee, speak. [Exit Ghost.]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe, Without the sensible and true vouch Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on, When he the ambitious Norway combated; So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,⁴ He smote the sledded Polack⁵ on the ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump⁶ at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion, This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch So nightly toils the subject of the land!

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war;

Why such impress⁷ of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week:

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;

Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor.

That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet,⁸

(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,) Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did forfeit with his life, all those his lands,

Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:

Against the which, a moiety competent

Was gaged by our king: which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,⁹

And carriage of the article design'd,¹⁰

His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,¹¹

in the time of Shakespeare. So in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:—

'Your appointment was *jumpe* at three with me.'

'Thou bendest neither one way nor tother, but art even *jumpe* stark naught.'—*Baret*, B. 486.

7 That is, 'what particular train of thought to follow, I know not,' &c. The first quarto reads:—

'In what particular to work I know not.'

8 To *impress* signifies only to retain shipwrights by giving them *prest* money for holding themselves in readiness to be employed. Thus in Chapman's second book of *Homer's Odyssey*:—

'I from the people straight will *press* for you,

Presse volentaries.'

See *King Lear*, Act iv. Sc. 2; and Blount's *Glossography*, in v. *prest*.

9 *Co-mart* is the reading of the quarto of 1604; the folio reads, *covenant*. *Co-mart*, it is presumed, means a *joint bargain*. No other instance of the word is known.

10 I. e. 'and import of that article marked out, assigned or appointed for that purpose.' *Design'd* is here used in the sense *designatus*, Lat.

11 The first quarto reads, 'Of unapproved.' 'Of unimproved mettle hot and full;' i. e. of *unimpeached* or *unquestioned* courage. To *improve* anciently signified to *impeach*, to *impugn*. Thus Florio: 'Improhate, to improve, to impugn.' The French have still *improver*, with the same meaning; from *improbare*, Lat. Numerous instances of *improve* in this sense may be found in the writings of Shakespeare's time. And yet

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd¹ up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach² in't: which is no other,
(As it doth well appear unto our state,)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsory, those³ foresaid lands
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage³ in the land.

⁴ [Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort,⁵ that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is, the question⁶ of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy⁷ state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,⁸
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
And even the like precure of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen⁹ coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—]

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.¹¹—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,
O, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[Cock crows.

Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Johnson explains it, 'full of spirit, not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience,' and has been hitherto uncontradicted.

1 I. e. *snapped up* or *taken up* hastily. 'Seroccare is properly to do any thing at another man's cost, to *shark* or *shift* for any thing. Seroccolone, a cunning shifter or shark for any thing in time of need, rascally for victuals; a tall treacher-man, *shifting up and down for belly cheer*.' The same word also signifies to *snag*. This word has not yet lost its force in vulgar conversation.

2 *Stomach* is used for *determined purpose*.

3 *Romage*, now spelt *rummage*, and in common use as a verb, though not as a substantive, for making a thorough ransack or search, a busy and tumultuous movement.

4 All the lines within crotchets in this play are omitted in the folio of 1622. The title-pages of the quartos of 1604 and 1605 declare this play to be 'enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect copie.'

5 I. e. fall in with the idea of, suit, accord.

6 I. e. theme, or subject.

7 I. e. victorious; the *palm* being the emblem of victory. Chapman, in his Middle Temple Masque, has *high-palm'd hearts*.

8 A line or more is here supposed to be lost.

9 I. e. the moon.

'Not that night-wand'ring pale and seamy star.'

Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*.

10 *Omen* is here put by a figure of speech for *predicted event*.

11 The person who crossed the spot on which a spectre was seen, became subject to its malignant influence. Among the reasons for supposing the death of Ferdinand, Earl of Derby, (who died young, in 1604,) to

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone!

[Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,¹²
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew,

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,¹³
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring¹⁴ spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth hereina
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.¹⁵
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike,
No fairy takes,¹⁶ nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious¹⁷ is the time.

Hor. So I have heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn,¹⁸ in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the same.* Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,

have been occasioned by witchcraft, is the following:— On Friday there appeared a tall man, who twice crossed him swiftly; and when the earl came to the place where he saw this man he fell sick.—*Lodge's Illustrations of English History*, vol. iii. p. 49.

Johnson remarks that the speech of Horatio to the spectre is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the causes of apparitions.

12 Thus in Macbeth:—

'As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air

With thy keen sword impress.'

And in King John:—

'Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven.'

13 'And now the cocke, the morning's trumpeter,

Play'd hunts-up for the day-star to appear.'

Drayton.

14 'The extravagant and erring spirit.' *Extravagans*, wandering about, going beyond bounds.' Thus in Othello:—'To an *extravagant* and wheeling stranger.'

—*Erring* is *erraticus*, straying or roving up and down.

15 This is a very ancient superstition. Philostratus, giving an account of the apparition of Achilles' shade to Apollonius of Tyanna, says, 'that it vanished with a little gleam as soon as the cock crew.' There is a Hymn of Prudentius, and another of St. Ambrose, in which it is mentioned; and there are some lines in the latter very much resembling Horatio's speech. Mr. Douce has given them in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*.

16 I. e. no fairy blasts, or strikes. Thus in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv. Sc. 4:—

'And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle.'

See note on that passage.

17 It has already been observed that *gracious* is some times used by Shakespeare for *graced*, *favoured*. *Vidit* note on As You Like It, Act i. Sc. 2.

18 First quarto, 'sun'

The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;¹
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,²
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras.—
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Collegued³ with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands⁴ of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely bears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait⁵ herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these related articles allow.⁶

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show
our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.
[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.⁷
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says
Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my slow
leave,
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:]
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.⁸

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—
Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.⁹

[*Aside.*]
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.¹⁰

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids¹¹

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not
seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.¹²

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But you must know your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his;¹³ and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term.

1 Thus the folio. The quarto reads:
'With an auspicious and a dropping eye.'
The same thought occurs in *The Winter's Tale*:—
'She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband,
another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled.' There
is an old proverbial phrase, 'To laugh with one eye,
and cry with the other.'
2 i. e. grief.
3 i. e. united to this strange fancy of, &c.
4 The folio reads, *bonds*; but *bands* and *bonds* sig-
nified the same thing in the poet's time.
5 *Gait* here signifies *course*, *progress*. *Gait* for
road, way, path, is still in use in the north. We have
this word again in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act
V. sc. 2:—
'Every fairy takes his gait.'

6 The folio reads, 'More than the scope of these
dilated articles allow.' I have not scrupled to read *re-
lated*, upon the authority of the first quarto, as more in-
telligible. Malone says, 'the poet should have written
allows;' but the grammar and practice of Shakespeare's
age was not strict in the concordance of plural and sin-
gular in noun and verb: and numerous examples might
be adduced from his contemporaries to prove this. The
question is, Are the writers of that time to be tried by
modern rules of grammar, with which they were not
acquainted? Steevens, with a sweeping assertion,
which no one conversant with MSS. of the time will
allow, would attribute all such inaccuracies to illiterate
transcribers or printers. We have Malone's assertion,
that such *errors* are to be met with in almost every
page of the first folio. The first quarto reads:—
'—no further personal power
To business with the king
Than those *related* articles do shew.'

7 The various parts of the body enumerated are not
more *allied*, more necessary to each other, than the
throne of Denmark (i. e. the king) is bound to your
father to do him service.

8 In the first quarto this passage stands thus:—
'*King.* With all our heart, Laertes, fare thee well.
Laer. I in all love and dutie take my leave. [*Exit.*']

The king's speech may be thus explained:—'Take an
auspicious hour, Laertes; be your time your own, and
thy best virtues guide thee in spending of it at thy will.'
Johnson thought that we should read, 'And my best
graces.' The editors had rendered this passage doubly
obscure by erroneously placing a colon at *graces*.

9 'A little more than kin, and less than kind.' This
passage has baffled the commentators, who are at issue
about its meaning; but have none of them rightly ex-
plained it. A contemporary of the poet will lead us to
its true meaning. *A little more than kin* has been
rightly said to allude to the double relationship of the
king to Hamlet, as uncle and step-father, his *kindred*
by blood and *kindred* by marriage. By *less than kind*
Hamlet means *degenerate* and *base*. 'Going out of
kinde, (says Barret,) which goeth out of kinde, which
doth or worketh dishonour to his kindred. Degener;
fortignat.—*Alvaric*, K. 60. 'Fortigner, (says Cot-
grave,) to degenerate, to grow out of kind, to differ in
conditions with his ancestors.' That *less than kind* and
out of kind have the same meaning, who can doubt?

10 It is probable that a quibble is intended between *sun*
and *son*. The old spelling is *sonne*.

11 i. e. with eyes cast down.

'Foil your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said a maid.'
Measure for Measure, vol. I.

12 'My grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.'

King Richard II.

13 i. e. your father lost a father, (your grandfather,) which lost grandfather also lost his father. The first
quarto reads, 'That father dead, lost his.'

To do obsequious sorrow.¹ But to persevere
In obstinate condescension,² in a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;³
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing⁴ woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love,⁵
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart⁶ toward you. For your intent
n going back to school in Wittenberg,
it is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend⁷ you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet;

I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse⁸ the heaven shall bruit again,
Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c. POLONIUS, and LAERTES.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve⁹ itself into a dew!

1 *Obsequious sorrow* is dutiful, obedient sorrow. Shakespeare seems to have used this word generally with an allusion to *obsequies*, or funeral rites.

2 *Condescension* for grief.

3 'It shows a will most undisciplined towards heaven.'

4 *Unprevailing* was used in the sense of *unavailing* as late as Dryden's time. 'He may often prevail himself of the same advantages in English.'—*Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, 1st ed.

5 'And dyvers noble victoryes, as the history doth express,

That he atchived to the honour of the town,
Could not him *prevayle* when Fortuné lyst to frown.'

Metrical Visions by G. Cavendish, p. 81.

6 This was a common form of figurative expression. The Ghost, describing his affection for the Queen, says:—

'To me, whose love was of that dignity.'

7 I. e. *dispense, bestow*. Thus Dryden:—

'High state and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart.'

8 To bend is to incline. 'The moete parte bende to, &c.: In hoc consilium maxime inclinanti,' &c.—*Barett*.

9 The quarto of 1603 reads:—

'The rouse the king shall drink unto the prince.'

A rouse appears to have been a deep draught to the health of any one, in which it was customary to empty the glass or vessel. Its etymology is uncertain; but I suspect it to be only an abridgment of *carouse*, which is used in the same sense. See *Peacham's Complete Gentleman*, 1627, p. 194.

Carouse, seems to have come to us from the French, who again appear to have derived it from the German *gar-assa*, to drink all out: at least so we may judge from the following passage in Rabelais, B. iii. Prologue:—
'Enfance, beuvez a plein godelus. Si bon ne vous semble, laissez le. Je ne suis de ces importuns liffrettes, qui par force, par outrage, et violence contrainnent les gentils compagnons trinquer, boire carous, et allaus.'

The reader may consult Mr. Gifford's *Massinger*, vol. i. p. 240.

9 To *resolve* had anciently the same meaning as to *dissolve*. 'To thaw or resolve that which is frozen;

Or that the Everlasting had not fir'd
His canon¹⁰ 'gainst self-slaughter! O, God! O,
God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,

Possess it merely.¹¹ That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion¹² to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not betem¹³ the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't!—Frailty, thy name is woman!

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O, heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,¹⁴
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my
uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married:—O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart: for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well;
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant
ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name
with you.

regelo.—The snow is resolved and melted. To till the ground, and resolve it into dust.—*Cooper*. This is another word in a Latin sense; but it is not peculiar to Shakespeare.

10 The old copy reads, *canon*; but this was the old spelling of *Canon*, a law or decree.

11 I. e. *absolutely, solely, wholly*. *Mere, Lat.*

12 Hyperion, or Apollo, always represented as a model of beauty.

13 I. e. *deign to allow*. This word being of uncommon occurrence, it was changed to *permitted* by Rowe; and to *let 'em* by Theobald. Steevens had the merit of pointing out the passage in Golding's Ovid, which settles its meaning:—

'— Yet could he not betem
The shape of any other bird than eagle for to seeme'

'— nulla tamen alite verū

Dignatur, nisi quem possit sua fulmine ferre.

Rowe has an elegant imitation of this passage:—

'I thought the gentlest breeze that wakes the spring
Too rough to breathe upon her.'

The word occurs again in A. Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i. Sc. 2.

14 'Oh heaven! a beast that wants *discourse of reason*.' Mr. Gifford, in a note on *Massinger*, vol. i. p. 143, is of opinion that we should read, '*discourse and reason*.' It has, however, been shown by several quotations that '*discourse of reason*' was the phraseology of Shakespeare's time; and, indeed, the poet again uses the same language in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Sc. 2:

'— is your blood

So madly hot, that no *discourse of reason*—

— can qualify the same.'

In the language of the schools, '*Discourse* is that rational act of the mind by which we deduce or infer one thing from another.' *Discourse of reason* therefore may mean *ratiocination*. Brutes have not this *reasoning faculty*, though they have what has been called *instinct* and *memory*. Hamlet opposes the *discursive power* of the intellect of men to the *instinct* of brutes in Act iv. Sc. 4, which may tend to elucidate his present meaning, if the reader has any doubts. The first quarto reads, 'a beast devoid of reason.' We have *discourse of thought*, for the *discursive range of thought*, in Othello, Act iv. Sc. 2.

And what make you' from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear you enemy say so:
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it trustful of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student;

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats¹

Did coldly furnish furth the marriage tables.
'Would, I had met my dearest² foe in heaven,
Or³ ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where,

My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye,⁴ Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,⁵
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed to point, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd⁶
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes; I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

1 i. e. what do you. Vide note on Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. Sc. 3.

2 It was anciently the custom to give an entertainment at a funeral. The usage was derived from the Roman *cæna funeralis*; and is not yet disused in the North, where it is called an *arvel* supper.

3 See note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

4 This is the reading of the quarto of 1604. The first quarto and the folio read, 'Ere I had ever.'

5 ——— himself behind

Was left unseem, save to the eye of mind.'

Raps of Lucrece.

Chaucer has the expression in his Man of Lawe's Tale:—

'But it were with thilke eyes of his mind,
Which men mowen see when they ben blinde.'

And Ben Jonson, in his Masque of Love's Triumphs:—

'As only by the mind's eye may be seen.'

And Richard Rolle, in his Speculum Vitæ, MS. speaking of Jacob's Dream:—

'That Jacob sawe with gostly eye.'

i. e. the eye of the mind or spirit.

6 The first quarto, 1604, has:—

'In the dead wast and middle of the night.'

suffer the following note to stand as I had written it previous to the discovery of that copy.

We have 'that wast of night' in The Tempest, Act i. Sc. 2. Shakspeare has been unjustly accused of in-

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did:—

But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;⁷
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not His face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver⁸ up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there,

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like: Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?

Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.⁹

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable¹¹ in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.

[Exit HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.]

tending a quibble here between *wast* and *waste*. There appears to be nothing incongruous in the expression; on the contrary, by 'the dead waste and middle of the night,' I think, we have a forcible image of the void stillness of midnight.

7 The folio reads, *bestill'd*.

8 It is a most inimitable circumstance in Shakspeare so to have managed this popular idea, as to make the Ghost, which has been so long obstinately silent, and of course must be dismissed by the morning, begin or rather prepare to speak, and to be interrupted at the very critical time by the crowing of a cock. Another poet, according to custom, would have suffered his ghost sternly to vanish, without contriving this start, which is like a start of guilt: to say nothing of the aggravation of the future suspense occasioned by this preparation to speak, and to impart some mysterious secret. Less would have been expected if nothing had been promised.—T. Warton.

9 That part of the helmet which may be lifted up, Mr. Douce has given representations of the beaver, and other parts of a helmet, and fully explained them in his Illustrations, vol. i. p. 443.

10 'And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white.'

Shakspeare's Twelfth Sonnet.

11 The quarto of 1603 reads *tenible*. The other quartos, *tenable*. The folio of 1623 *treble*.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Érit.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Polonius' House. Enter*
LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppance of a minute;¹
No more.

Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In the wax,² and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel³ doth besmirch⁴
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of the whole state;⁵
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says he loves
you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list⁶ his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd⁷ importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot⁸ and danger of desire.
The chariest⁹ maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes:

1 This is the reading of the quarto copy. The folio has—

— sweet, not lasting,
The suppliance of a minute.¹

It is plain that *perfume* is necessary to exemplify the idea of *sweet not lasting*. 'The suppliance of a minute' should seem to mean *supplying* or enduring only that short space of time, as transitory and evanescent. The simile is eminently beautiful: it is to be regretted that it should be obscured by an unusual word.

2 i. e. sinews and muscular strength. Vide note on the Second Part of King Henry IV. Act iii. Sc. 2.

3 *Cautel* is cautious circumspection, subtlety, or deceit. Minshew explains it, 'a crafty way to deceive.' Thus, in a Lover's Complaint:—

'In him a plentitude of subtle matter,
Applied to *cautels*, all strange forms receives.'
And in Coriolanus:—

'— be caught by *cautelous* baits and practice.'
'The virtue of his will,' means his virtuous intentions.

4 *Besmirch* is besmear, or sully.

5 'The safety and health of the whole state.' Thus the quarto of 1604. In the folio it is altered to 'The sanctity,' &c., supposing the metre defective. But *safety* is used as a tri-syllable by Spenser and others.

Thus Hall, in his first Satire, b. iii.:

'Nor fish can dive so deep in yielding sea,
Though Theis self should swear her safety.'

6 'If with too credulous ear you listen to his songs.'

7 Licentious.

8 i. e. the most cautious, the most discreet. In Green's Never too Late, 1616:—'Love requires not chastity, but that her soldiers be *chary*.' And again:—'She lives chasty enough that lives *charily*.' We have *chariness* in The Merry Wives of Windsor; and *unshury* in Twelfth Night, Act iii. Sc. 4.

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclous'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart; But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless⁹ libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.¹⁰

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
shame;

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for: There,—my blessing with
you;

[*Laying his Hand on LAERTES' Head.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character.¹¹ Give thy thoughts no tongue
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;¹²
But do not dull thy palm¹³ with entertainment
Of each new hatch'd, unfedg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure,¹⁴ but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man:
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief¹⁵ in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.¹⁶
This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,

9 *Reckless*, or negligent; *Omissus animus*.—*Baret*.

10 i. e. regards not his own lesson. In The Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599, we have:—'Take heed, is a good reed.' And in Sternhold, Psalm i.:

'Blest is the man that hath not lent
To wicked reeds his ear.'

11 i. e. mark, imprint, strongly infix. In Shakspeare's 122d Sonnet:—

'— thy tables are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory.'

12 The old copies read, 'with hoops of steel.'

13 'But do not dull thy palm.' This figurative expression means, 'do not blunt thy feeling by taking every new acquaintance by the hand, or by admitting him to the intimacy of a friend.'

14 i. e. judgment, opinion; *censura*, Lat. Thus in King Henry VI. Part II.:

'The king is old enough to give his censure.'

15 The quarto of 1603, reads:—
'Are of a most select and generall chief in this.'

The folio:—
'Are of a most select and generous chief, in that.'

The other quartos give the line:—
'As of a most select and generous, cheefe in that.'

Malone has tried to torture the passage into a meaning, by supposing an allusion to the chief or upper part of a shield in heraldry. But the redundancy of the line, and discrepancy of the copies, evidently show it to be corrupt. The simple emendation by omitting of *a*, and the proper punctuation of the line, make all clear.

'The nobility of France are most select and high-minded (generous) chiefly in that; chief being an adjective used adverbially. We have generous for high-minded, noble, in Othello, and in Measure for Measure.

16 i. e. thrift, economical prudence

Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell; my blessing season¹ this in thee!
Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants
 tend.²
Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
 What I have said to you.
Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. [*Exit LAERTES.*]
Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the lord
 Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you; and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and boun-
 teous:

If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,) I must tell you,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly,
 As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
 What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
 Unsifted³ in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
 That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
 Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more
 dearly;

Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 Wringing it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.⁴
Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
 In honourable fashion.⁵

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
 my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, springs to catch woodcocks.⁶ I do
 know,
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows:⁷ these blazes, daughter,
 Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
 Even in their promise, as it is a making,—

¹ 'To season, for to infuse,' says Warburton. 'It is more than to infuse, it is to infix in such a manner that it may never wear out,' says Johnson. But hear one of the poet's contemporaries:—'To season, to temper wisely, to make more pleasant and acceptable.'—*Baret.* This is the sense required, and is a better commentary than the conjectures of the learned critics, Warburton and Johnson, could supply. Thus in Act ii. Sc. 1, Polonius says to Reynaldo, 'You may season it in the charge.' And in a former scene Horatio says:—

'Season your admiration for a while.'

² Wait. ³ i. e. untried, inexperienced.

⁴ Shakespeare makes Polonius play on the equivocal use of the word *tender*, which was anciently used in the sense of regard or respect, as well as in that of offer. The folio reads, 'roaming it thus;' and the quarto, 'wrong it thus.'

⁵ Ophelia uses *fashion* for *manner*; and Polonius equivocates upon the word, taking it in its usual acceptation, for a transient practice.

⁶ This was a proverbial phrase. There is a collection of epigrams under that title: the woodcock being accounted a witless bird, from a vulgar notion that it had no brains. 'Springs to catch woodcocks' means 'arts to entrap simplicity.'

⁷ 'How prodigal the tongue lends the heart vows,' 4to. 1603.

⁸ i. e. 'be more difficult of access, and let the *suits* to you for that purpose be of higher respect, than a command to parley.' How Johnson could conceive *entreatments* to signify *company, conversation*, I am at a loss to imagine.

⁹ i. e. with a longer line; a horse fastened by a string to a stake, is tethered: figuratively, with more licence.

¹⁰ i. e. panders. *Brokage* and *to broke* was anciently to deal in business of an amatory nature by procurement. Thus in *A Lover's Complaint*—

'Know *vices* are ever *brokers* to defiling.'

You must not take for fire. From this time,
 Be somewhat scancer of your maiden presence;
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
 Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
 Believe so much in him, that he is young;
 And with a larger tether⁹ may he walk,
 Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
 Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers,¹⁰
 Not of that die which their investments show,
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all,—
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
 Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The Platform. Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.*

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager¹¹ air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near
 the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot
 off within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
 rouse.

Keeps wassel,¹² and the swaggering up-spring¹³
 reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
 And to the manner born,—it is a custom
 More honour'd in the breach, than the observance
 This heavy-headed revel, east and west,¹⁴
 Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
 They clepe¹⁵ us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase

¹¹ *Eager* was used in the sense of the French *aigre*, sharp.

¹² The origin of the word *wassel* is thus related by Geoffrey of Monmouth:—'On Vortigern's first interview with Rowena, she kneeled before him, and presenting a cup of wine, said to him, Lord king, *was heil*, i. e. be health, or health be to you! Vortigern, unacquainted with the Saxon language, inquired the meaning of these words, and being told that he should answer them by saying *Drinc heil*, he did so, and commanded Rowena to drink; then taking the cup from her hand, he kissed the damsel and pledged her. From that time the custom remained in Britain that whoever drank to another at a feast said *Was heil*, and he that immediately after received the cup answered *Drinc heil*.' The story is also told in the Metrical Chronicle of Robert of Brunne. To keep *wassell*, was to devote the time to festivity. Vide *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. 2. To *wake*, signified to *revel at night*. Vide Florio in *voce Feggia*.

¹³ I take *upspring* here to mean nothing more than *up start*. Stevens, from a passage in Chapman's *Alphonsus*, thought that it might mean a *dance*.

¹⁴ This and the following twenty-one lines are omitted in the folio. They had probably been omitted in representation, lest they should give offence to Anne of Denmark.

¹⁵ *Clepe*, call, clippin. Sax. The Danes were indeed proverbial as drunkards, and well they might be, according to the accounts of the time. 'A lively French traveller, being asked what he had seen in Denmark, replied, "Rien de singulier sinon qu'on y chante tous les jours *le Roi boit*," alluding to the French mode of celebrating Twelfth Day.' See De Brieux *Origines de quelques Coutumes*, p. 56. 'Heywood, in his *Philocthonista*, or *The Drunkard Opened*,' &c. 1635, 4to. speaking of what he calls the *vinosity* of nations, says of the Danes, that they have made a profession thereof from antiquity, and are the first upon record that brought their wassel bowls and elbowe deepe healthes into this land.'

—*Douce*. Roger Ascham. In one of his *Letters*,

Soil our addition ;¹ and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chanceth in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole² of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,³
Off breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;
Or by some habit, that too much o'erleavens
The form of plausive manners ;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect ;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,⁴—
Their virtues else, (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)
Shall in the general censure⁵ take corruption
From that particular fault : The dram of bale
Doth all the noble substance often doubt⁶
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,⁷
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable⁸ shape,
That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me :
Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements : why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,⁹
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corpse, again, in complete steel¹⁰
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,¹¹
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

1. 'The Emperor of Germany, who had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us, never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine.' See also Howel's Letters, 8vo. 1726, p. 238. Muffet's Health's Improvement, 4to. 1635, p. 294. Harington's Nugæ Antiquæ, 8vo. 1904, vol. I. p. 349.

2 i. e. characterize us by a swinish epithet.

3 i. e. spot, blemish.

4 *Complexion* for humour. By *complexion* our ancestors understood the constitutions or affections of the body.

5 i. e. the influence of the planet supposed to govern our birth, &c.

6 i. e. judgment, opinion.

7 The last paragraph of this speech stands in the quarto editions thus:—

————— the dram of *eale*
Doth all the noble substance of a *doubt*
To his own scandal.

Stevens reads:—

————— The dram of *base*
Doth all the noble substance often *dout* [i. e. do out].
To his own scandal.

Malone proposed:—

————— The dram of *base*
Doth all the noble substance of *worth dout*
To his own scandal.

It sees no reason why *dout* should be substituted for *doubt*. The editors have unwarrantably made the same substitution in King Henry V. Act iv. Sc. 2, and then cite it as a precedent. Mr. Boswell has justly observed, that *to doubt* may mean to bring into *doubt* or *suspicion*; many words similarly formed are used by Shakespeare and his cotemporaries. Thus *to fear* is to *create fear*; *to pale* is to *make pale*; *to cease* is to *cause to cease*, &c. I have followed the emendation in other respects, though I have ventured to read *bale* (i. e. evil) instead of *base*, as nearer to the reading of the first edition.

7 Hamlet's speech to the apparition of his father seems to consist of three parts. When he first sees the spectre, he fortifies himself with an invocation:—

'Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !'
As the spectre approaches, he deliberates with himself,

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground :
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;¹²
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ;
It waves me forth again ;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, [lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles¹⁴ o'er his base into the sea ?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,¹⁵
And draw you into madness ? think of it :
The very place puts toys¹⁶ of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still :
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[Ghost beckons.
Still am I call'd ;—unhand me, gentlemen ;—

[Breaking from them.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets¹⁷ me :
I say, away ;—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Exit Ghost and HAMLET.
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow ; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.¹⁸

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[Exit.

and determines that, whatever it be, he will venture to address it:—

'Be thou a spirit of health,' &c
This he says while his father's spirit is advancing ; he then, as he had determined, speaks to him, and calls him :

———— Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me !

8 'Art thou a god, a man, or else a ghost ?
Com'st thou from heaven, where bliss and solace dwell ?
Or from the air, cold-engendering coast ?
Or from the darksome dungeon, hold of hell ?

9 *Questionable* must not be understood in its present acceptance of *doubtful*, but as *conceivable*, inviting question or conversation ; this was the most prevalent meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time.

10 Quarto 1603—*interr'd*.

11 It appears from Olaus Wormius, cap. vii. that it was the custom to bury the Danish kings in their armour.

12 Frame of mind.

13 'I do not estimate my life at the value of a pin.'

14 i. e. overhangs his base. Thus in Sidney's *Arcadia*, b. i.—'Hills lift up their beetle brows, as if they would overlook the pleasantness of their under prospect.'

The verb *to beetle* is apparently of Shakespeare's creation.

15 'To deprive your sovereignty of reason,' signifies to take from you or dispossess you of the command of reason. We have similar instances of raising the idea of virtues or qualities by giving them rank, in Banquo's 'royalty of nature ;' and even in the play we have 'nobility of love,' and 'dignity of love.'

16 i. e. whims.

17 'Villains, set down the corse, or by St. Paul
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.'

King Richard III. Act I. Sc. 1.

To let in old language is to hinder, to stay, to obstruct ; and still a current term in leases and other legal instruments.

18 Marcellus answers Horatio's question, 'To what issue will this come ?' and Horatio also answers it himself with pious resignation, 'Heaven will direct it.'

SCENE V. *A more remote Part of the Platform.*
Re-enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whether wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hear is almost come, When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fire,¹
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burn'd and purg'd away.² But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;³

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:⁴
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,

Ham. O, heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.⁵

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,⁶

1 The first quarto reads:—

'Confin'd in flaming fire.'

The spirit being supposed to feel the same desires and appetites as when clothed in the flesh, the pains and punishments promised by the ancient moral teachers are often of a sensual nature. Chaucer in the *Parson's Tale* says, 'The misse of hell shall be in default of mete and drinke.'

'Thou shalt lye in frost and fire,
With sickness and hunger,' &c.
The Wylf of the Devyll, bk. l.

2 Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonic hell into 'the punction of the saules in purgatory.' Dr. Farmer thus compressed his account:—'It is a needful th'ng to suffer painis and torment:—sum in the wyndis, sum under the water, and in the fire uther sum: thus the mony vices,

Contrakkit in the corpis be done away
And purgit.'

3 'How have mine eyes out of their spheres been
stued
In the extraction of this madding fever.'

Sh. Son. 108.

4 Vide note on *The Comedy of Errors*, Act iii. Sc. 2. It is *peripetia* in the old editions in every instance. *Fretful* is the reading of the folio; the quartos read *fearful*. The *irascibile* nature of the animal is noted in a curious passage of the *Speculum Vite*, by Richard Rolle, MS.:

'That best is felle and sone is wrath,
And when he is greved he wol do scathe;
For when he tenes [angers] he launches out felly
The scharpe pinnes in his body.'

5 There is an allusion to the ghost in this play, or in an older one of the same name, by Lodge, in his *Wit's Miserie* and the *World's Madness*, 1596. He describes one of his Devils, by name Hate Virtue, as 'a foule

Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:

'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O, wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of curst hebenon⁷ in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment: whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager⁸ droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter⁹ bark'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd;¹⁰
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

lubber, who looks as pale as the vizard of the Ghost, which cried so miserably at the theatre, *Hamlet*, revenge.'

6 The folio reads—*lets* itself. &c. In the Humorous Lieutenant, by Beaumont and Fletcher, we have—

'This dull root pluck'd from Lethe's flood.'

Otway has a similar thought:—

'—like the coarce and useles daughthI weed
Fix'd to one spot, and rot just as I grow.'

7 Quarto 1608—*heart*.

8 This is also a Latinism, *securus*, quiet, or unguarded.

9 *Hebenon* may probably be derived from *henbane*, the oil of which, according to Pliny, dropped into the ears, disturbs the brain: and there is sufficient evidence that it was held poisonous by our ancestors. In Anton's *Satires*, 1606, we have:—

'The poison'd *henbane*, whose cold juice doth kill.'
And Drayton, in his *Baron's Wars*, p. 51:—

'The poisoning *henbane* and the mandrake dread.'
The French name comes near in sound, *hannebane*. It is, however, possible that poisonous qualities may have been ascribed to *ebony*; called *rhene*, and *ebeno*, by old English writers. Marlowe, in his *Jew of Malta*, speaking of noxious things, says:—

'—The blood of Hydra, Lerna's ban,
The juice of *hebon*, and cocus' breath.'

The French word *hebenin*, which would be applied to any thing made from ebony, comes indeed very close to the *hebenon* of Shakespeare. In confirmation of my conjecture, I find the newly discovered quarto, 1606, reads—*hebona*.

10 In Sc. iv. we have *eager* air for sharp biting air.
'Eger, (says Baret,) *souer, sharp, actius, aigre*.'

11 Quarto, 1608, *deprived*. I have elsewhere remark ed that to *despatch* and to *rid* were synonymous in Shakespeare's time.

Unhousel'd,¹ disappointed,² unanell'd;³
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head;
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.⁴
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [Exit.]

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O, earth! What else?
 And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe.⁵ Remember thee?
 Yes, from the tables of my memory⁶
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.]
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word:
 It is, Adieu, adieu! remember me.
 I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord, my lord,—
 Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet,—
 Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!
 Ham. So be it!
 Mar. [Within.] Ill, ho, ho, my lord!
 Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.⁷

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
 Hor. What news, my lord?
 Ham. O wonderful!
 Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
 Ham. No;
 You will reveal it.

¹ Unhousel'd is without having received the sacrament. Thus in Hormanni *Vulgaria*, 1519.—'He is departed without shryffe and housell.' And in *Speculum Vitae*, MS. it is a sin—

² To receive nat once in the years
 Housell and schrifte with conscience clere.'

³ Disappointed is the same as unappointed, and may be explained unprepared. A man well furnished for an enterprise is said to be well appointed. In *Messure for Messure*, Isabella addresses her brother, who is condemned to die, thus:—

'Therefore your best appointment make with speed.'
⁴ Unanell'd is without extreme unction. Thus in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, edit. 1824, p. 324:—'Then we began to put him in mind of Christ's passion; and sent for the abbot of the place to aneal him.' The fifth sacrament is anointing of sick men, the which oyle is halowed of the byshop, and flaynystred by prestes that ben of lawfull age, in grete peryll of dethe: in lyghtnes and abatyng of theyr sikenes, yf God wyll that they lyve; and in forgyvenge of theyr venyal synnes and releasynge of theyr payne, yf they shal deye.—*The Feastyol*, fol. 171.

⁵ Uneffectual, i. e. shining without heat. The use of to pale as a verb is rather unusual, but not peculiar to Shakespeare. It is to be found in Chaucer and our elder writers.

⁶ I. e. in this head confused with thought.

⁷ Thus in the Second Part of King Henry IV. Act iv. Sc. 1:—

And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
 And keep no tell-tale in his memory.'

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.
 Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man
 once think it?

But you'll be secret,—

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's no'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
 You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;—

For every man hath business, and desire,
 Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
 Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,
 Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick,⁸ but there is, Ho ratio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
 It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
 For your desire to know what is between us,
 O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,
 As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
 Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord?

We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon thy sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear!

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
 Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
 Swear by my sword.¹⁰

⁸ Tables or books, or registers for memorie of things, were then used by all ranks, and contained prepared leaves from which what was written with a silver style could easily be effaced.

⁷ The quarto 1608 has—'Now to the words.' By 'Now to my word,' Hamlet means now to my motto, my word of remembrance; or as it is expressed by King Richard III. *word of courage*. Stevens asserted that the allusion is to the military *scatchsword*. A word, motto, or motto, was any short sentence, such as is inscribed on a token, or under a device or coat of arms. It was a common phrase. See Ben Jonson's Works, by Mr. Gifford, vol. ii. p. 102.

⁸ This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them. Thus in Tyro's *Roaring Megge*,

'Yet ere I jounne, Ile go to see the kye,

Come, come, bird, come: pox on you, you can mute.'

⁹ Warburton has ingeniously defended Shakespeare for making the Danish prince swear by *St. Patrick*, by observing that the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland. It is, however, more probable that the poet seized the first popular impression that came to his mind, without regarding whether it suited the country or character of the person to whom he gave it.

¹⁰ The custom of swearing by the sword, or rather by the cross at the upper end of it, is very ancient. In the *Solloquy of Roland*, addressed to his sword, the cross which the guard and handle form is not forgotten:—'Capulo eburneo candidissime, cruce aurea splendissime,' &c.—*Turpini de Gestis Carol. Mag.* cap. 22.—The name of Jesus was not unfrequently inscribed on the handle. The allusions to this custom are very

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique!* then we'll shift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O, day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome:
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, *Well, well, we know;—or, 'We could, as if we would;—or, If we list to speak;—or, There be, as if they might;—*

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—This not to do,
swear!

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!² So, gentlemen,
men,

With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint;—O, cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Room in Polonius' House. Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Dankers³ are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they
keep,

numerous in our old writers, and Warburton has noticed it in Bartholinus De Causis Contempt. Mori-
apud Danos. Simon Maioli, in his very curious book
Dierum Canicularium, mentions that the ancient
Germans swore by the sword and death. Leonato, in
The Winter Tale, Act ii. Sc. 3, says:—

*'Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.'*

1 The quarto 1604 reads—'this do swear.' The construction of this passage is rather embarrassed, but the sense is sufficiently obvious without explanation.

2 'Shakespeare has riveted our attention to the ghost by a succession of forcible circumstances: by the previous report of the terrified sentinels,—by the solemnity of the hour at which the phantom walks,—by its martial stride and discriminating armour, visible only *per incertam lunam*, by the glimpses of the moon,—by its long tacturnity, by its preparation to speak, when interrupted by the morning cock,—by its mysterious resolve throughout its first scene with Hamlet,—by his resolute departure with it, and the subsequent anxiety of his attendants,—by its conducting him to a solitary angle of the platform,—by its voice from beneath the earth,—and by its unexpected burst on us in the closet.

What company, at what expense; and findings
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of
him;

As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him;—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?*

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And, in part, him;—but, you may say, not well:

*But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.*

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing,⁴ swearing, quarrelling,

Drabbing:—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so
quantly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness⁵ in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good sir, or so;⁶ or friend, or gentleman,—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he thin,—He does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
about to say something:—Where did I leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.—*Ay marry;*

Pol. At, closes in the consequence.—*Ay marry;*
He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rout;
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,*

Hamlet's late interview with the spectre must in particular be regarded as a stroke of dramatic artifice. The phantom might have told his story in the presence of the officers and Horatio, and yet have rendered itself as inaudible to them as it afterwards did to the queen. But suspense was the poet's object: and never was it more effectually created than in the present instance. Six times has the royal semblance appeared, but till now has been withheld from speaking. For this event we have waited with impatient curiosity, unaccompanied by lassitude, or remitted attention.—
Steevens.

3 i. e. Danes. Warner, in his *Albion's England*, calls Denmark *Danake*.

4 'The cunning of fencers is now applied to quarrelling: they think themselves no men, if for stirring of a straw, they prove not their valour upon some pedles fleas.'—*Gosson's School of Abuse*, 1570.

5 'A wildness of untamed blood, such as youth is generally assailed by.'

6 So, for so forth, as in the last act:—'Six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, and so.'

(*Violent, a brotel,*) or so forth.

See you now ;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth :

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlances, and with assays of bias,¹

By indirections find directions out ;

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son : You have me, have you not ?

Pol. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you ; fare you well.

Reg. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.²

Reg. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Reg.

Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell !—How now, Ophelia ? what's the matter ?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted !

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd ;

No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,

Ungarter'd and down-gyved³ to his ankle ;

Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;

And with a look so piteous in purport,

As if he had been loosed out of hell,

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

Oph. My lord, I do not know ;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he ?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;

And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face,

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ;

At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,

As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,⁴

And end his being : That done, he lets me go :

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;

For out o' doors he went without their help,

And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love ;

Whose violent property foredoes⁵ itself,

And leads the will to desperate undertakings,

As oft as any passion under heaven,

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—

What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

1 i. e. by *tortuous devices* and *side essays*. 'To assay, or rather *essayer*, of the French word *essayer*, *tentare*,' says Baret.

2 i. e. in your own person, personally add your own observations of his conduct to these inquiries respecting him.

3 Hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the fetters or gyves round the ankles.

4 i. e. his *breast*. 'The *bulke* or *breast* of a man, thorax, la *poitrine*.'—Baret. Thus in King Richard III. Act I. Sc. 4, Clarence says:—

'—but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth,—
But smother'd it within my *panling* bulk.'

Malone cites this, and the following passage, and yet explains it *all his body* !—

—her heart
Beating her *bulke*, that his hand shakes withal.
Repe of Lucrece.

5 To *foredo* and to *undo* were synonymous. Thus a *Othello*:—

'That either makes me or *foredoes* me quite.'

6 To quote, is to *note*, to *mark*. Thus in *The Rape of Lucrece*:—

'Yea, the illiterate
Will quote my loathed trespass in my looks.'
This word in the quarto is written *coted*, which was the old orthography of *quoted*.

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted⁶ him : I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee: but, beshrew my jealousy !

It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.⁷ Come, go we to the king :

This must be known ; which, being kept close, might
move

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.⁸
Come.⁹

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.* *Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern !

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,

Since not¹⁰ the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was : What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream¹¹ of : I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him :
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,¹²—

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time : so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures ; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,¹³
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you ;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry,¹⁴ and good will,
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,¹⁵
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,¹⁶
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,¹⁷
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

7 This is not the remark of a weak man. It is always the fault of a little mind made artful by long commerce with the world. The quartos read, 'By heaven, it is as proper,' &c.

8 'This must be made known to the king, for (being kept secret,) the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet.' Johnson, whose explanation this is, attributes the obscurity to the poet's 'omission of concluding the scene with a couplet.' He would surely have been more affectation in deviating from the universally established custom.

9 Folio omits *come*.

10 Quarto—*sith* nor.

11 Quarto—*haviour*.

12 This line is omitted in the folio.

13 *Gentry* for *gentle courtesy*. 'Gentlemanliness or *gentry*, kindness, or natural goodness. *Generositas*.'—Baret.

14 *Supply* and *profit* is aid and advantage.

15 i. e. *over* us.

16 Folio omits *but*.

17 There is no ground for the assertion that this metaphorical expression is derived from bending a bow. See *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 3. Hamlet in a future scene says:—

'They fool me to the very top of my bent.'

i. e. to the utmost of my inclination or disposition

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz;

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, Amen!

[*Exeunt ROS. GUIL. and some Attendants.*
Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king;
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail¹ of policy so sure
As it hath² us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit³ to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them
in. [*Exit POLONIUS.*

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the man;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Pol. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress

His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;

But, better look'd into, he truly found

It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd—

That so his sickness, age, and impotence,

Was falsely borne in hand,⁴—sends out arrests

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;

Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,

Makes vow before his uncle, never more

To give the assay⁵ of arms against your majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;⁶

And his commission, to employ those soldiers,

So levied as before, against the Polack:

With an entreaty, herein further shewn,

[*Gives a Paper.*

1 i. e. the trace or track. Vestigium. It is that vestige, whether of footmarks or scent, which enables the hunter to follow the game.

2 Folio—as I have.

3 Folio—news. By fruit dessert is meant.

4 i. e. deluded, imposed on, deceived by false appearances. It is used several times by Shakespeare; Macbeth, Act iii. Sc. 1; Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. Sc. 1; Cymbeline, Sc. ult.

5 Malon refers to the custom of taking the assay of wine, &c. It was drunk by princes and other great persons, to ascertain that it was not poisoned. But the expression in the text has nothing to do with that custom. To give the assay of arms, is 'to attempt or essay any thing in arms, or by force. *Acting arms.*' I have to request the reader's patience for this superfluous note, but it is really sometimes impossible to resist exposing such mistakes.

6 That is, the king gave his nephew a feud or fee in land of that annual value. The quartus read three score thousand.

7 i. e. to inquire. Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is acciden-

tal, the rest natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his depositaries of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel: but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to the dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recover the leading principle, and fall into his former train. The idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius.—*Johnson.*

8 Vile as Polonius esteems the phrase, from its equivocal meaning, Shakespeare has used it again in The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

9 'Seeing you are beautified

With goodly shape,' &c.

Nash, in his dedication of Christ's Tears over Jerusa-

lem, 1594.—'To the most beautified Lady Elizabeth

Cary.' It is not uncommon in dedications and encomiastic verses of the poet's age.

9 See note on The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act

iii. Sc. 1. Formerly the word these was usually added

at the end of the superscription of letters. The folio

reads:—'These in her excellent white bosom these.

That it might please you to give quiet pass

Through your dominions for this enterprise;

On such regards of safety, and allowance,

As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well:

And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,

Answer, and think upon this business.

Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:

Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*

Pol. This business is well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate⁷

What majesty should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.

Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,

I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:

Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,

What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:

But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;

And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;

But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains,

That we find out the cause of this effect;

Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;

For this effect, defective, comes by cause:

Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,

Hath given me this: And my soul and surmise.

—To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most

beautified⁸ Ophelia,—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; beautified is a

vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.⁹

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faith-

ful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [*Reads.*

Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

O, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have

not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best,

O, most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst

this machine is to him, Hamlet

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:

And more above, hath his solicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Pol. I fain would prove so. But what might
you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the deak or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;¹
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round² to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;³
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,⁴
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?
Queen. It may be, very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know
that.)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours
together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.
Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,

¹ 'If I had play'd the deak, or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb.'
That is 'If I had acted the part of depositary of their
secret loves, or given my heart a hint to be mute about
their passion.' The quartos read—'given my heart a
winking;' and the modern editors follow this reading:
I prefer the reading of the folio. 'Conniventia, a winking
at; a surffiance: a feigning not to see or know.'
The pleonasm, *mute and dumb*, is found in the Rape
of Lucrece:—

² 'And in my hearing be you *mute and dumb*.'
³ Plainly, roundly, without reserve. Polonius, in
the third act, says, 'be round with him.'

⁴ This was changed to *sphere* in the 4to. 1633, and
that reading is followed by the modern editions. 'Out
of thy star,' is placed above these by *destiny*. We
have fortune's *star* in a former scene. Aumerle in
King Richard III. says:—

⁵ 'I shall I so much dishonour my fair stars.'
⁶ 'The ridicule of this character is here admirably
sustained. He would not only be thought to have dis-
covered this intrigue by his own sagacity, but to have
remarked all the stages of Hamlet's disorder, from his
sadness to his raving, as regularly as his physician
could have done; when all the while the madness was
only feigned. The humour of this is exquisite from a
man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to small
politicians, that he could find—

"Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre."
Warburton.
⁷ *i. e. accost, address him.* See Twelfth Night, Act
I. Sc. 3.

⁸ The old copies read—'being a good kissing car-
ron.' The emendation is Warburton's, who has accom-
panied it with a long comment, in which he endeavours
to prove that Shakespeare intended the passage as a
vindication of the ways of Providence in permitting evil
to abound in the world. He observes that Shakespeare
'had an art not only of acquainting the audience with

Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board⁷ him presently:—O, give me leave.—
[Exit KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.]

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God—a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,
is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead
dog, being a god, kissing carrion,⁸—Have you a
daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is
a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,⁹—
friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harp-
ing on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first;
he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far
gone: and, truly, in my youth I suffered much ex-
tremity for love: very near this. I'll speak to him
again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue⁸ says
here, that old men have grey beards: that their
faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber,
and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful
lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All of
which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently
believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus
set down; for yourself, sir, should be as old as I
am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method
in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my
lord?

what his actors say, but what they think.' This emen-
dation, and the moral comment on it, delighted Dr. John-
son, who says, 'that it almost sets the critic on a level
with the author.' There was certainly much ingenuity
in the emendation (which is unquestionably right) as
well as in the argument, but the latter appears totally
irrelevant and strained, and certainly was rather intend-
ed to show the skill and ingenuity of the critic than to
raise the character of the poet, or display his true mean-
ing. Warburton pointed out the same kind of expres-
sion in Cymbeline:—'Common-kissing 'Twas.' And
Malone has adduced the following passage from the
play of King Edward III. 1596, which Shakespeare had
certainly seen:—

'The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint

The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss.'

⁷ The folio reads—'Conception is a blessing, but not
as your daughter may conceive.' Stevens thinks that
there is a play upon words here, as in the first scene of
King Lear:—

'I cannot conceive you, sir.

'*Kent.* Sir, this young fellow's mother is.'

But the simple meaning may be, 'though conception
in general be a blessing, yet as your daughter may
chance to conceive that it may be a calamity, every-
thing being so corrupt or sinful in the world;' he there-
fore counsels Polonius not to let his daughter 'walk
i' the sun,' i. e. be too much exposed to the corrupting
influence of the world. The abrupt transitions and ob-
scurities of Hamlet's language are intended to give
Polonius a notion of his insanity.

⁸ By 'the satirical rogue' Warburton will have it
that Shakespeare means Juvenal, and refers to a pas-
sage on old age in his tenth satire. Dr. Farmer states
that there was a translation of that satire by Sir John
Beaumont, but is uncertain whether it was printed in
Shakespeare's time. The defects of age were, however,
a common topic of moral reflection.

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.¹

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! [*To POLONIUS.*
Exit POLONIUS.]

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosenkrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What-news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world is grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: But your news is not true.² [Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.³

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars' bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars'

shadows:⁴ Shall we to the court? for, by my fay,⁵ I cannot reason.

Ros. *Guil.* We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended.] But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?⁶

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To GUILDENSTERN.*]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you;⁷ [*Aside.*—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; no shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, (but foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me to be a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,⁸ why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, no nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten⁹ entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted¹⁰ them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; (the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere;¹¹) and

1 This speech is abridged thus in the quartos:—

'I will leave him and my daughter. My lord, I will take my leave of you.'

2 All within crochets is wanting in the quarto copies.

3 Shakespeare has accidentally inverted the expression of Pindar, that the state of humanity is the dream of a shadow. Thus also Sir John Davies:—

Man's life is but a dreame, nay, less than so,
A shadow of a dreame.

4 'If ambition is such an unsubstantial thing, then are our beggars (who at least can dream of greatness) the only things of substance, and monarchs and heroes, though appearing to fill such mighty space with their ambition, but the shadows of the beggars' dreams.' Johnson thought that Shakespeare designed 'a ridicule of those declamations against wealth and greatness, that seem to make happiness consist in poverty.'

5 See note on the Induction to *Taming of a Shrew*.

6 See note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

7 To have an eye of any one is to have an inkling of his purpose, or to be aware of what he is about. It is still a common phrase. The first quarto has:—'Nay, then I see how the wind sets.'

8 'Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patins of bright gold.'

Merchant of Venice.

9 See *Twelfth Night*, Act i. Sc. 5.

10 To cote is to pass alongside, to pass by:—

'—Marry, presently coted and outstript them.'

Return from Parnassus.

'With that Hippomenes coted her.'

Golding's Ovid, Metam. li.

It was a familiar hunting term, and its origin from a cote, French, is obvious.

11 The first quarto reads:—'The clown shall make them laugh that are tickled in the lungs.' The words as they now stand are in the folio. The meaning appears to be, the clown shall make even those laugh whose lungs are tickled with a dry cough, or huskiness;

the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an airy² of children, little eyeses,³ that cry out on the top of the question,⁴ and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality,⁵ no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre⁶ them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money hid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.⁷

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is

by his merriment shall convert even their coughing into laughter. The same expression occurs in Howard's *Defensive against the Foyson of supposed Prophesies*, 1690, folio.—'Discovering the moods and humours of the vulgar sort to be so loose and fickle of the sears.'¹

¹ In the first quarto copy this passage stands thus:—
'Ham. How comes it that they travel? do they grow rusty?'

² *St. No.* my lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

³ *Ham.* How then?

⁴ *Guil.* Faith, my lord, *novelty* carries it away, for the principal publicke audience that came to them, are turned to private plays, and to the humour of children.'

By this we may understand what Hamlet means in saying 'their inhibition comes of the late innovation,' i. e. their prevention or hindrance comes from the late innovation of *companies of juvenile performers*, as the children of the revels, the children of St. Pauls, &c.—They have not relaxed in their endeavours to please, but this (broad) alery of little children are now the fashion, and have so abused the common stages as to deter many from frequenting them. Thus in Jack Drum's Entertainment, or Haquill and Catherine, 1601:

'I sawe the children of Powles last night,
And troth they pleased me prettie prettie well,
The apes in time will do it handsomely.'

⁵ *Pls.* Faith,

I like the audience that frequenteth there
'With much applauses: a man shall not be choise
'With the stench of garlic, nor be pasted
'To the army jacket of a beer-brewer.'

⁶ *Brs.* 'Tis a good gentle audience, and I hope
The boys will come one day in great request.'

⁷ *i. e.* a-breed.

⁸ *i. e.* young nestlings; properly young unledged hawks.

⁹ *Question* is speech, conversation. The meaning may therefore be, they cry out on the top of their voice.

¹⁰ *i. e.* said.

¹¹ *i. e.* profession. Mr. Gifford has remarked that 'this word seems more peculiarly appropriated to the profession of a player by our old writers.' But in Measure for Measure, Angelo, when the *Basel* and *Topeler* are brought before him inquires what *quality* they are of. In the Two Gentlemen of Verona, the

King of Denmark, and those, that would make mouths⁹ at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish of Trumpets within.]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then: the apurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply¹⁰ with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.¹¹

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too,—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: 'o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you; When Roscius was an actor in Rome,——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord

Ham. Buz, buz!¹²

Pol. Upon my honour,——

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,——

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral [tragic-historical, tragic-comical-historical-pastoral,¹³] scene indivisible, or poem unlimited:—Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor

Outlaws speak of men of our quality. And Sir Thomas Elliot, in his Platonic Dialogue, 1584:—'According to the profession or qualitee, wherein men have opinion that wisdom doth rest, so ought to be the form of livings, countenance, and gesture.' He is speaking of philosophers.

¹⁴ 'No longer than they can sing,' i. e. no longer than they keep the voices of boys, and sing in the choir.

⁷ i. e. set them on, a phrase borrowed from the setting on a dog. Thus in King John:—

'Like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.'

⁸ i. e. carry all the world before them: there is perhaps an allusion to the *Globe* theatre, the sign of which is said to have been Hercules carrying the globe

⁹ First copy, 'mops and mows.' Folio, 'mowes.'

¹⁰ 'Let me comply with you in this garb.' Hamner, with his usual temerity, changed *comply* to *compliment*, and Steevens has contented himself with saying that he means 'to compliment with,' here and in a passage in the fifth act, 'He did comply with his dug before he sucked it,' where that sense would be even more absurd. He evidently never looked at the context. Hamlet has received his old schoolfellows with somewhat of the coldness of suspicion hitherto, but he now remembers that this is not courteous: He therefore rouses himself to give them a proper reception, 'Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then, the apurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me embrace you in this fashion: lest I should seem to give you a less courteous reception than I give the players, to whom I must behave with at least exterior politeness.' That to comply with was to embrace, will appear from the following passages in Herrick:—

—— witty Ovid, by
Whom Corinna sits, and doth comply,
With ivory wrists, his lauret head, and stoops
His eye in dew of kisses, while he sleeps.'

¹¹ The original form of this proverb was undoubtedly 'To know a hawk from a *harnshaw*,' that is, to know a hawk from the *Aeron* which it pursues. The corruption is said to be as old as the time of Shakespeare.

¹² Surely the commentators need not have expended their ingenuity on this common interjection.

¹³ The words within crochets are not in the quartos.

Plautus too fight for the law of writ¹ and the liberty: these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, Judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—*One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.*²

Pol. Still on my daughter. [Aside.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot, and then, you know, It came to pass, As most like it was,—*The first row of the pious chanson³ will show you more; for look, my abridgment⁴ comes.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced⁵ since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.⁶ Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.⁷—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million;⁸ 'twas caviare to the general.⁹ but it was, (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets in the lines,¹⁰ to make the mat-

ter savoury: nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection;¹¹ but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas *Aeneas'* tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—
'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The ragged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
When he lay couch'd in the ominous horse,
Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now he is total gules; horribly trick'd!¹²
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with congregate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandaer Priam seeks; So proceed you.*

Pol. Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 Play. *Anon he finds him*

*Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilion,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick;
So as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack¹³ stand still*

and that the ingenuity of the women overcame this in-convenience by substituting cork. Though they are mentioned under the name of *cioppini* by those who saw them in use in Venice, the dictionaries record them under the title of *zoccoli*. Cobarrivias asserts that they were made of *zapino* (deal) in Italy, and not of cork; and hence their name. But the Spanish doctors differ about the etymology. Perhaps Hamlet may have some allusion to the boy having grown so as to fill the place of a tragedy heroine, and so assumed the *coltarsus*; which Puttenham described as 'high corked shoes, or pantofles, which they now call in Spain and Italy *cioppini*.'

7 The old gold coin was thin and liable to crack. There was a ring or circle on it, within which the sovereign's head, &c. was placed; if the crack extended beyond this ring, it was rendered uncurrent: it was therefore a simile applied to any other debased or injured object. There is some humour in applying it to a cracked voice.

8 The quarto of 1603 *vulgar*.

9 'Twas *caviare to the general*. *Caviare* is said to be the pickled roes of certain fish of the sturgeon kind, called in Italy *caviale*, and much used there and in other Catholic countries. Great quantities were prepared on the river Volga formerly. As a dish of high seasoning and peculiar flavour it was not relished by the many, i. e. the general. A fantastic fellow, described in Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, is said to be learning to eat macaroni, periwinkles, French beans, and *caviare*, and pretending to like them.

10 'These were no sallets in the lines.' The force of this phrase will appear from the following passage, cited by Stevens, from A Banquet of Jest, 1665:—'For *junctets*, joci, and for *sallets*, salos.' 'Sal, Sallet, a pleasant and merry word, that maketh foike to laugh, and sometimes tricketh.'—Bart.

11 i. e. impeach the author with affectation in his style. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Nathaniel tells the Pedant that his reasons have been 'witty without affectation.'

12 *Gules*, i. e. red, in the language of heraldry: to trick is to colour.

'With man's blood paint the ground; *gules, gules*.'
Timon of Athens.

13 The rack is the clouds, formed by vaporous exha-

1 *Writ* for *writing*, a common abbreviation, which is not yet obsolete: we still say *holy writ*, for the sacred writings. I should not have noticed this, but that there have been editors who thought that we should read, 'the law of writ.' The quarto of 1603 reads, 'for the law *hath* writ.' The modern editions have pointed this passage in the following manner:—'Scenes indivisible, or poem unlimited; Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.' I have adhered to the pointing of the quarto, because it appears to me that the *law* and the *liberty of writing* relates to Seneca and Plautus, and not to the players.

2 An imperfect copy of this ballad, of 'Jephtha, Judge of Israel,' was given to Dr. Percy by Stevens. See *Reliques*, ed. 1794, vol. i. p. 139. There is a more correct copy in Mr. Evan's Old Ballads, vol. i. p. 7, ed. 1810.

3 *Pious chanson* is the reading of the first folio; three of the quartos read *pious*; and the newly discovered quarto of 1603, 'the godly ballad;' which puts an end to controversy upon the subject. The first row is the first column. Every one is acquainted with the form of these old carols and ballads.

4 The folio reads, 'abridgments come.' My *abridgment*, i. e. who come to abridge my talk.

5 i. e. *fringed* with a beard.

6 A *chopine*, a kind of high shoe, or rather clog, worn by the Spanish and Italian ladies, and adopted at one time as a fashion by the English. Coriarte describes those worn by the Venetians as some of them 'half a yard high.' Butler, in his Artificial Changeling, complains of this fashion, as a monstrous affectation, wherein our ladies imitate the Venetian and Persian ladies.' That the fashion was originally of oriental origin seems very probable: there is a figure of a Turkish lady with *chopines* in Sandry's Travels; and another of a Venetian courtesan in the *Habki Antichi*, &c. di Cesare Vecellio.

Chopin is the Spanish name; and Cobarrivias countenances honest Tom Coriarte's account of the preposterous height to which some ladies carried them. He tells an old tale of their being invented to prevent women's gadding, being first made of wood, and very heavy;

*The bold winds speechless,¹ and the orb below
As hush as death : anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region : So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a work ;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, for'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune ! All you gods,
In general synod, take away your power :
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bow the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends !*

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
'Pr'ythee, say on :—He's for a jig,² or a tale of
bawdry, or he sleeps :—say on : come to Hecuba.

I Play. *But who, ah wo ! had seen the mobled³
queen—*

Ham. The mobled queen ?

Pol. That's good ; mobled queen is good.

I Play. *Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning
the flames*

*With bison⁴ rheum ; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood ; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up ;
Who this hath seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pro-
nounc'd :*

*But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs :
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch⁵ the burning eye of heaven,
And passion in the gods.*

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour,
and has tears in's eyes.⁶—'Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well ; I'll have thee speak out the
rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the
players well bestowed ? Do you hear, let them be
well used ; for they are the abstract, and brief chron-
icles of the time : After your death you were bet-
ter have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while
you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their
desert.

lation. Johnson has chosen this passage, and one in
Dryden of the same import, to exemplify the word
which he explains, 'the clouds as they are driven by
the winds.'

1 'Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth.'

Venus and Adonis.

2 'He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry.' *Gigo*, in
Italian, was a fiddle, or crowd ; *gigaro*, a fiddler, or
minstrel. Hence a *jig*, (first written *gigge*, though pro-
nounced with a *g* soft, after the Italian,) was a ballad,
or ditty, sung to the fiddle. 'Frotola, a countrie *gigge*,
or round, or country song or wanton verse.' As these
kierant minstrels proceeded, they made it a kind of
farical dialogue ; and at length it came to signify a
short merry interlude.—'Farce, the *jigg* at the end of
an entlude, wherein some pretie knaverie is acted.'
There are several of the old ballads and dialogues call-
ed *Jigs* in the Harleian Collection. Thus also, in the
Fatal Contract, by Hemings :—

'—we'll hear your *jigg*,

How is your *ballad* titled ?

3 The folio reads *mobled*, an evident error of the
press, for *mobled*, which means *mobled*. The queen
is represented with 'a clout upon her head, and a blan-
ket wrapt round her, caught up in the alarm of fear.'
We have the word in Ogilby's Fables :—

'*Mobled* nine days in my considering cap.'

And in Shirley's Gentleman of Venice :—

'The moon doth *mobble* up herself.'

4 *Bison* is *blind*. *Bison rheum* therefore is *blind-
ing* tears.

5 'Would have made *milch* the burning eye of hea-
ven.' By a hardy poetical license, this expression
means, 'Would have *filled* with tears the burning eye
of heaven.' To have 'made *passion* in the gods' would
have been to move them to *sympathy* or *compassion*.

6 'The plays of Shakspeare, by their own power,
must have given a different turn to acting, and almost

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better : Use
every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape
whipping ? Use them after your own honour and
dignity : The less they deserve, the more merit is in
your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[*Exit* POLONIUS, with some of the Players.

Ham. Follow him, friends : we'll hear a play to-
morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend ; can you
play the murder of Gonzago ?

I Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could,
for a need, study a speech of some dozen or six-
teen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't ?
could you not ?

I Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord ; and look
you mock him not. [*Exit* Player.] My good friends
[*To* ROS. and GUIL.] I'll leave you till night : you
are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord !

[*Exit* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Ay, so, good bye to you :—Now I am
alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd ;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit ? And all for nothing ?
For Hecuba !

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue⁷ for passion,
That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal peak,
Like John a-dreams,⁸ unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,

new-created the performers of his age. Mysteries, moralities, and interludes, afforded no materials for art to
work on, no discriminations of character, or varieties of
appropriated language. From tragedies like *Cambyses*,
Tamburlaine, and *Jeronymo*, nature was wholly banish-
ed ; and the comedies of Gammer Gurton, *Comon Con-
dycyons*, and *The Old Wives' Tale*, might have had
justice done to them by the lowest order of human beings.

'Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius alius,
was wanting when the dramas of Shakspeare made their
first appearance ; and to these we were certainly in-
debted for the excellent actors who could never have im-
proved so long as their sensibilities were unawakened,
their memories burthened only by pedantic or puritanical
declamation, and their manners vulgarised by plea-
santry of as low an origin.'—*Steevens*.

7 The folio reads *warm'd*, which reading *Steevens*
contended for : he was probably moved by a spirit of
opposition ; for surely no one can doubt, who considers
the context, that *wann'd* is the poet's word. Indeed, I
question whether *his visage warm'd*, for *his face suf-
ficed*, would have entered into the mind of a writer
or the comprehension of a reader or auditor in Shak-
speare's time.

8 I. e. the *hint* or *prompt* word, a technical phrase
among players ; it is the word or sign given by the
prompter for a player to enter on his part, to begin to
speak or act. 'A prompter (says Florio), one who
keeps the booke for the plaiers, and teacheth them, or
schollers their *cue* ; i. e. their part ; and this will explain
why it is used in other places, as in *Othello*, for part :—
'Were it my *cue* to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.'

9 *John a-dreams* or *John a-droynee*, was a common
term for any *dreaming* or *droning simpleton*. There is
a story told of one *John a-droynee*, a Suffolk simpleton,
who played the Devil in a stage play, in the Hundred
Merry Tales. And there is another foolish character of
that name in *Whetstone's Promos* and *Cassandra*. *Un-
pregnant* is not quickened or properly impressed with.

A damn'd defeat¹ was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the
throat.

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless²
villain!

Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,³
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About my brains!⁴ Humph! I
have heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,⁵
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle; I'll observe him look;
I'll tent him⁶ to the quick; if he do blench,⁷
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,⁸)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative⁹ than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Castle. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

King. And can you, by no drift of conference⁵
Get from him why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

¹ Defeat here signifies destruction. It was frequently used in the sense of *wind* or *take away* by our old writers. Thus Chapman in his *Revenge for Honour*—

'That he might meantime make a sure defeat
On our good aged father's life.'

² *Kindless* is unnatural.

³ The first folio reads thus:—

'Oh vengeance!

Who? What an ass am I? I sure this is most brave,
That I the sonne of the Deere murdered.'

The quarto of 1604 omits 'Oh vengeance,' and reads, 'a deere murdered.' The quarto of 1603, 'that I the son of my dear father.'

⁴ It seems extraordinary that Mason and Steevens could ever conceive that there was any allusion here to the nautical phrase, *about ship*. 'About my brains' is nothing more than 'to work my brains.' The common phrase, to go about a thing, is not yet obsolete. Falstaff humours the equivocal use of the word in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—'No quips now, Pistol, indeed I am in the waist too yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift.' Steevens's quotation from Heywood's *Iron Age* should have taught him better:—

'My brain about again! for thou hast found
New projects now to work on.'

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.¹⁰

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught¹¹ on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me

To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront¹² Ophelia:

Her father, and myself (lawful espials,¹³)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—[Exit Queen, so
please you,

We will bestow¹⁴ ourselves:—Read on this book;
[To OPHELIA.

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.¹⁵—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O, heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[Exit King and POLONIUS.

⁵ A number of instances of the kind are collected by Thomas Heywood in his *Apology for Actors*.

⁶ To tent was to probe, to search a wound.

⁷ To blench is to shrink or start. Vide *Winter's Tale*, Act i. Sc. 2.

⁸ I. e. more near, more immediately connected. The first quarto reads, 'I will have sounder proofs.'

⁹ Folio—circumstance.

¹⁰ Slow to begin conversation, but free enough in answering our demands.

¹¹ I. e. reached, overtook.

¹² I. e. meet her, encounter her; affrontare, Ital. See *Winter's Tale*, Act v. Sc. 1.

¹³ 'Lawful espials;' that is lawful spies. 'An espial' is warres, a scoutwatcher, a beholder, a viewor.—*Baret*. See *King Henry VI. Part I. Act i. Sc. 4*. An *espys* was also in use for a spy. The two words are only found in the folio.

¹⁴ 'Bestow ourselves' is here used for *hide* or *place* ourselves. We have the word in the same sense in a subsequent scene:—

'Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,

We cannot get from him.'

We now use *stow*. One of our old dictionaries makes a discrimination between the acceptations of this word, thus:—'To bestow, or lay out; to bestow, or give; to bestow, or place.'

¹⁵ Quarto—lowliness.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,¹
Must give us pause: There's the respect,²
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,³
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,⁴
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels' bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn⁵
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;⁶
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith⁷ and moment,
Wish this regard, their currents turn awry,⁸
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, is thy orisons⁹
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed for to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well,
you did:

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

1 'This mortal coil;' that is, 'the tumult and bustle of this life.' It is remarkable that under *garbuglio*, which has the same meaning in Italian as our *coil*, Florio has 'a pecke of troubles;' of which Shakespeare's 'sea of troubles' is only an aggrandized idea.

2 I. e. the *consideration*. This is Shakespeare's most usual sense of the word.

3 *Time, for the time*, is a very usual expression with our old writers. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour*:

'Oh, how I hate the monstrousness of time.'

4 Folio—'the poor man's contumely.'

5 The allusion is to the term *quietus est*, used in settling accounts at exchequer audits. Thus Webster in his *Dutchess of Malfy*—

'You had the trick in audit time to be sick,
Till I had sign'd your *quietus*.'

6 And, more aptly, in Sir Thomas Overbury's character of a *Franklin*:—'Lastly to end him, he cares not when his end comes; he needs not feare his audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven.'

7 *Bodkin* was the ancient term for a small dagger.

8 Packs, burdens.

9 Though to *grunt* has been degraded in modern language, it appears to have conveyed no vulgar or low image to the ear of our ancestors, as many quotations from the old translations of the classics would show. 'Loke that the places about thee be so in silence that thy courage and mynde gronte nor grounde nat.' *Paynel's Translation of Erasmus de Contempt. Mundi*. The fact seems to be, that to *groan* and to *grunt* were convertible terms. 'Swyne wode for love *groyneth*.'—*Horoman's Pulgaria*. And Chaucer in *The Monk's Tale*:—
'But never gramt he at no stroke but og.'

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.¹⁴

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in;¹⁵ imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in; What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father.

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where!¹⁶ but in his own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell!¹⁷ Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings¹⁸ too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance;¹⁹ Go to; I'll no more of it: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit HAMLET.]

9 Mr. Douce points out the following passages in Cranmer's Bible, which may have been in Shakespeare's mind:—'Afore I goe thither, from whence I shall not turne againe, even to the launde of darkness, and shadowe of death; yea into that darke cloudie lande and deadly shadow whereas is no order, but terrible feare as in the darkness.'—*Job*, c. x. 'The way that I must goe is at hand, but whence I shall not turne againe.'—*Job*, c. xvi.

10 ——— Weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and as a traveller
Goes to discover countries yet unknowne.'

Mariage's King Edward II.

11 'I'll not meddle with it,—it makes a man a coward.'

—*King Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4. And again:—

'O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me.'

Id. Act. v. Sc. 2.

12 *Quartos*—*pitch*.

13 Folio—*wooly*.

14 This is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect that he is to personate madness, but makes an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts.—*Johnson*.

15 I. e. 'your honesty should not admit your beauty to any discourse with her.' The first quarto reads:—'Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.' That of 1604:—'You should admitt no discourse to your beauty.'

16 'Than I have thoughts to put them in.' To put 'a thing into thought' is 'to think on it.'

17 Folio—*wooly*. 17 Folio—*Go, farewell*.

18 The folio, for *paintings*, has *prattlings*; and for *face* has *pace*.

19 'You mistake by wanton affectation, and pretend to mistake by ignorance.'

OpA. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue,
sword:

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,²⁰
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune' and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy:²¹ O, wo is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,²
Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down; He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet, I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My Lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round⁴ with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Hall in the same.* Enter HAMLET,
and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines.⁵ Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O; it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perwig-pated fellow tear a passion to

tatters, to very rage, to split the ears of the groundlings: who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant;⁷ it out-herods Herod: 'Pray you, avoid it.

I Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action: with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.⁸ Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must in your allowance,⁹ o'erweigh a whole theatre of others: O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

I Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barratorspectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question¹⁰ of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—*[Exeunt Players.]*

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. How now, my lord? Will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

[Exit POLONIUS.]
Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

standing gentlemen of the ground; and Shirley, 'grave understanders.'

²⁰ 'No shows, no dance, and what you most delight in, Grave understanders, here's no target-fighting.' Sir W. Cornwallis calls the ignorant *cockshins*. 'I have not been ashamed to adventure mine ears with a ballad-singer,—the profit to see *cockshins* assailed with such coarse stuffs,' &c.—*Essay* 15, ed. 1623.

⁷ *Termagant* is the name given in old romances to the tempestuous god of the Saracens. He is usually joined with *Mahound* or *Mahomet*. Hall mentions him in his first Satire.—

'Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
Of mighty *Mahound* and great *Termagant*.'

⁸ *Pressure* is impression, resemblance.
⁹ I. e. approval, estimation. Vide King Lear, Act iii. Sc. 4.

¹⁰ The quarto, 1603, 'Point in the play then to be observed.' Afterwards is added, 'And then you have some again that keeps one suit of jests, as a man is known by one suit of apparel; and gentlemen quotes his jests down in their tables before they come to the play, as thus:—*Cannot you stay till I eat my porridge; and you owe me a quarter's wages; and your beer is sour; and blabbering with his lips: And thus keeping in his cinque a pace of jests; when, God knows, the wame Clown cannot make a jest unless by chance, as the blind man catcheth a hare: Masters, tell him of it.*'—This passage was evidently levelled at the particular folly of some injudicious player contemporary with the poet.

²⁰ 'Speculum consuetudinis.'—*Cicero*. The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves.

¹ Quarto—*time*.

² *Ecstasy* is alienation of the mind. Vide *Tempest*, Act iii. Sc. 3.

³ *To disclose* was the ancient term for *hutching* birds of any kind; from the *Fr. exclos*, and that from the *Lat. exclusus*. I believe *to exclude* is now the technical term. Thus in the *Boke of St. Albans*, ed. 1496:—'For to speke of *hatched*; Fyrst they ben *egges*, and afterwarde they ben *disclosed* hawkys.' And 'comynly *goshawkes* ben *discloyed* as soone as the choughs.'

⁴ See note on Act ii. Sc. 2.

⁵ 'Have you never seen a stalking stamping player, that will raise a tempest with his tongue, and thunder with his heels.'—*The Puritan*, a Comedy. The first quarto has, 'I'd rather hear a town-bull bellow, than such a fellow speak my lines.'

⁶ The first quarto reads, 'of the ignorant.' Our ancient theatres were far from the commodious elegant structures which later times have seen. The *pit* was, truly, what its name denotes, an unroofed space in the area of the house, sunk considerably beneath the level of the stage; and, by ancient representations, one may judge that it was necessary to elevate the head very much to get a view of the performance. Hence this part of the audience were called *groundlings*. Jonson, in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, calls them 'the under-

Hor. O, my dear lord.—
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,
 That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
 To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
 flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish her election,
 She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those,
 Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,¹
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
 There is a play to-night before the king;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 Which I have told thee of my father's death.
 I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkenel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy.² Give him heedful note:
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face.³
 And, after, we will both our judgments join
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
 If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.
Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
 Get you a place.

Danish March. A Flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?
Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish:
 I eat the air, promise-cramm'd; You cannot feed
 capons so.
King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet;
 these words are not mine.

¹ Pregnant, quick, ready.
² According to the doctrine of the four humours, desire and confidence were seated in the blood, and judgment in the phlegm, and the due mixtures of the humours made a perfect character.—*Johnson.*
³ Quarto, 1604.—'co-medled.'

⁴ Vulcan's stithy is Vulcan's workshop or smithy; stith being an anvil.
⁵ Here the first quarto has:—
 'And if he do not blench and change at that,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
 Horatio, have a care, observe him well.'
Hor. My lord, mine eyes shall still be on his face,
 And not the smallest alteration
 That shall appear in him, but I shall note it.
 6 i. e. judgment, opinion.

⁷ A Latin play on the subject of Cæsar's death was performed at Christ Church, in Oxford, in 1382. Malone thinks that there was an English play on the same subject, previous to Shakespeare's. Cæsar was killed in Pompey's portico, and not in the Capitol: but the error is at least as old as Chaucer's time.

⁸ This Julius in the *Capitolie* went upon a day, that he was wont to gon, And in the *Capitolie* anon him hente This false Brutus and his other soon, And sicked him with *bodekins* anon With wanked a wound, &c.

Chaucer's Monkes Tale, v. 14621. I have cited this passage to show that Chaucer uses *bodekin* for dagger, like Shakespeare.

⁹ i. e. 'they wait upon your sufferance or will.—*Johnson* would have changed the word to pleasure; but Shakespeare has again used it in a similar sense in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. Sc. 1.—
 'Go.

And think my patience more than thy desert
 Is privilege for thy departure hence.'

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played
 once in the university, you say? [*To Polonius.*
Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a
 good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?
Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed 'P
 the Capitol; Brutus killed me.'

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital
 a calf there.—Be the players ready?
Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay⁹ upon your patience.
Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more at-
 tractive.

Pol. O, ho! do you mark that? [*To the King.*
Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?¹⁰

[*Lying down at OPHELIA'S Feet.*
Oph. No, my lord.
Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?
Oph. Ay, my lord.
Ham. Do you think, I meant contrary¹¹ matters?
Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids'
 legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Oph. You are merry, my lord.
Ham. Who, I?
Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker.¹² What should
 a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheer-
 fully my mother looks, and my father died within
 these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.
Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear
 black, for I'll have a suit of sables.¹³ O, heavens! I
 die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then
 there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive
 his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build
 churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking
 on, with the hobby-horse;¹⁴ whose epitaph is, *For,
 O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The Dumb Show¹⁵ follows.

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the
 Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels,
 and makes show of protestation unto him. He
 takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck:
 lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, see-
 ing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a
 Fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours
 poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen
 returns: And the King dead, and makes pas-*

⁹ This is the reading of the quarto 1603. The quarto 1604 and the folio read country.

¹⁰ It may here be added that a jig sometimes signified a sprightly dance, as at present. In addition to the examples before given, take the following from Ford's *Love's Sacrifice*:—'O Giacopo! Petrarch was a dunce, Dante a jig-maker, Sannazar a goose, and Ariosto a puck-fist to me.'—Act ii. Sc. 2.

¹¹ i. e. a dress ornamented with the rich fur of that name, said to be the skin of the sable martin. By the statute of apparel, 24 Hen. VIII. c. 13, it is ordained that none under the degree of an earl may use sables.—*Bishop*, in his *Blossoms*, 1577, speaking of extravagance, says, that a thousand ducates were sometimes given for a face of sables. But Hamlet meant to use the word equivocally.

¹² The hobby-horse, whose omission in the morris dance is so pathetically lamented in many of our old dramas, in the very words which Hamlet calls his epitaph, was long a distinguished favourite in the May Games. He was driven from his station by the Puritans, as an impious and Pagan superstition; but restored after the promulgation of the Book of Sports. The hobby-horse was formed of a pasteboard horse's head, and probably a light frame made of wicker-work to form the hinder parts; this was fastened round the body of a man, and covered with a footcloth, which nearly reached the ground, and concealed the legs of the performer; who displayed his antic equestrian skill, and performed various juggling tricks, *wig-hie-ing* or neighing, to the no small delight of the bystanders.

¹³ This dumb show appears to be superfluous, and even incongruous; for as the murder is there circumstantially represented, the King ought to have been struck with it then, without waiting for the dialogue.

simulated action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile; but, in the end, accepts his love. [Exeunt.]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching malicho; 't means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.²

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord,—

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!

But, wo is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much, even as they love;⁴
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd,⁵ my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

My operant⁶ powers their functions leave to do;
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen.

O, confound the rest!

1 *Miching malicho* is lurking mischief, or evil doing. To *mich*, for to skulk, to lurk, was an old English verb in common use in Shakespeare's time; and *malicho* or *malhecho*, *misdeed*, he has borrowed from the Spanish. Many stray words of Spanish and Italian were then affectively used in common conversation, as we have seen French used in more recent times. The quarto spells the word *mallico*. Our ancestors were not particular in orthography, and often spelt according to the ear.

2 The conversation with Ophelia, as Steevens remarks, cannot fail to disgust every modern reader. It was, no doubt, such as was current in society in that age, which had not yet learnt to throw a veil of decency over corrupt manners. Yet still I think that such discourse would not have been put into the mouth of Hamlet by the poet, had he not meant it to mark the feigned madness of Hamlet the stronger from its inconsistency with his character as a prince and polished gentleman.

3 *Cart*, *car*, or *chariot*, were used indiscriminately for any carriage formerly. Mr. Todd has adduced the following passage from the Comical History of Alphonsus, by R. O. 1399, which, he thinks, Shakespeare meant to burlesque:—

'Thrice ten times Phoebus with his golden beames
Hath compassed the circle of the skie;
Thrice ten times Ceres hath her workmen hir'd,
And fill'd her barnes with fruitful crops of corne,
Since first in priesthood I did lead my life.

Such love must needs be treason in my breast;
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances,⁷ that second marriage move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak;

But, what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory;⁸
Of violent birth, but poor validity:

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

To pay to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures⁹ with themselves destroy;

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons¹⁰ him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills and fates, do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own;

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven

light!
Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!

An anchor¹¹ cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,— [To Oph.]

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

4 This line is omitted in the folio. There appears to have been a line omitted in the quarto which should have rhymed to this.

5 Cleopatra expresses herself much in the same manner for the loss of Antony:—

'—our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.'

6 *i. e.* active.

7 *Instances* are motives. See note on King Richard III. Act iii. Sc. 2.

8 'But *thought's* the slave of life.'—King Henry IV. Part I.

9 *i. e.* their own determinations, what they enact.

10 See note on Act i. Sc. 3. 'This quaint phrase (says Steevens), *infests* almost every ancient English composition. Why *infests*? Surely it is as forcible and intelligible as many other metaphorical expressions retained in the language. It has been remarked that our ancestors were much better judges of the powers of language than we are. The Latin writers did not scruple to apply their verb *condire* in the same manner.

11 *Anchor's* for *anchors's*. Thus in Hall's second Satire, b. iv.:

'Sit seven years pining in an anchor's cheyre,
'To win some patched shreds of minivere.'

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.
King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. Na, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?
Ham. The mouse-trap.¹ Marry, how? Tropically.² This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name,³ his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king,

Oph. You are as good as a chorus,⁴ my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake⁵ your husbands.—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come;—

— The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

Lac. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds⁶ collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears.*
Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.*

1 'The mouse-trap,' i. e.

2 '— the thing

3 In which he'll catch the conscience of the king.'

4 *Six quarto—tropically.* It is evident that a pun was intended.

5 'Gonzago is the duke's name, his wife, Baptista'; all the old copies read thus. Yet in the dumb show we have, 'Enter a King and Queen'; and at the end of this speech, 'Lucianus, nephew to the King.' This seeming inconsistency, however, may be reconciled. Though the interlude is the image of the murder of the duke of Vienna, or in other words, founded upon that story, the poet might make the principal person in his fable a king. Baptista is never used singly by the Italians, being uniformly compounded with *Giam* and *Giovanni*. It is needless to remark that it is always the name of a man.

6 The use to which Shakespeare put the chorus may be seen in King Henry V. Every motion or puppet-show was accompanied by an interpreter or showman. Thus in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

'O excellent motion: O exceeding puppet!

Now will he interpret for her.'

7 The first quarto—'So you must take your husband.' Hamlet puns upon the word *mistake*: 'So you mistake or take your husbands *amiss* for better and worse.' The word was often thus misused for any thing done wrongfully, and even for privy stealing. In one of Bastard's Epigrams, 1598, cited by Stevens—

— noise that seeth her face and making,

'Will judge her stol'n but by *mistaking*.'

8 'Midnight weeds.' Thus in Macbeth:—

'Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark.'

9 See note on As You Like It, Act II. Sc. I.

10 *To horn Turk*, was a familiar phrase for any violent change in condition or character.

11 'Provincial roses, on my razed shoes.' *Provincial* was erroneously changed to *Provencal*, at the suggestion of Warton. Mr. Douce rectified the error by show-

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,⁷

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk⁸ with me,) with two provincial roses on my razed⁹ shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry¹⁰ of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.¹¹

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O, Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very very—peacock.¹²

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O, good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—come, some music; come, the recorders.¹³

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why, then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.¹⁴

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good, my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemp'ered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good, my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me

ing that the *Provincial* roses took their name from *Provins*, in Lower Brie, and not from *Provence*. Razed shoes are most probably embroidered shoes. The quarto reads, *rac'd*. To *race*, or *rase*, was to *stripe*.

10 'A cry of players.' It was usual to call a pack of hounds a cry; from the French *meute de chiens*: it is here humorously applied to a troop or company of players. It is used again in Coriolanus: Menenius says to the citizens, 'you have made good work, you and your cry.' In the very curious catalogue of the Companies of Beasts, given in The Boke of St. Albans, many equally singular terms may be found, which seem to have exercised the wit and ingenuity of our ancestors; as a *thraze* of throsers, a *scull* or *shod* of monks, &c.

11 The players were paid not by salaries, but by shares or portions of the profit, according to merit. See Malone's Account of the Ancient Theatres, passim.

12 'A very, very—peacock.' The old copies read *paiock*, and *paioche*. The peacock was as proverbially used for a proud fool as the *laping* for a silly one. 'Pavoneggiare, to court it, to brave it, to peacockise it, to wantonise it, to get up and down fondly, gazing upon himself as a peacock does.'—*Florio, Ital. Dict.* 1599. Theobald proposed to read *paddock*; and in the last scene, Hamlet bestows this opprobrious name upon the king. Mr. Blakey has suggested that we might read *puttock*, which means a base degenerate hawk, a kite; which Shakespeare does indeed contrast with the eagle in Cymbeline, Act i. Sc. 2:—

'I chose an eagle, and did avoid a puttock.'

13 'The recorders.' See note on a Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i. Sc. 1. It is difficult to settle exactly the form of this instrument: old writers in general make no distinction between a flute, a pipe, and a recorder; but Hawkins has shown clearly, from a passage in Lord Bacon's Natural History, that the flute and the recorder were distinct instruments.

14 *Perdy* is a corruption of the French *par Dieu*

a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter; My mother, you say, —

Ros. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O, wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! — But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by those pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good, my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but *While the grass grows*, — the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O, the Recorders: — let me see one. — To withdraw with you. — Why do you go about to recover the wind of me,¹ as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.²

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages³ with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

1 'To withdraw with you.' Malone added here a stage direction [*Taking Guild. aside.*] Steevens thinks it an answer to a motion Guildenstern had used, for Hamlet to withdraw with him. I think that it means no more than 'to draw back with you,' to leave that scent or trail. It is a hunting term, like that which follows.

2 'To recover the wind of me.' This is a term which has been left unexplained. It is borrowed from hunting, as the context shows; and means, to take advantage of the animal pursued, by getting to the windward of it, that it may not scent its pursuers. 'Observe how the wind is, that you may set the net so as the hare and wind may come together; if the wind be sideways it may do well enough, but never if it blow over the net into the hare's face, for he will scent both it and you at a distance.' — *Gentleman's Recreation.*

3 Hamlet may say with propriety, 'I do not well understand that.' Perhaps Guildenstern means, 'if my duty to the king makes me too bold, my love to you makes me importunate even to rudeness.'

4 The ventages are the holes of the pipe. The stops means the mode of stopping these ventages to produce

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by. — They fool me to the top of my bent. — I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Ham. By and by is easily said. — Leave me, friends.

[*Exit Ros. Guil. Hor. &c.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night; When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day⁴

Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother, —

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;

Let me be cruel, not unnatural;

I will speak daggers to her,⁵ but use none;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:

How in my words soever she be shent,⁶

To give them seals, never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in the same. Enter King,*

ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not: nor stands it safe with us,

To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;

I your commission will forthwith despatch,

And he to England shall along with you:

The terms of our estate may not endure

Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow

Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:

Most holy and religious fear it is,

To keep those many many bodies safe,

That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,

With all the strength and armour of the mind,

To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more

That spirit, upon whose weal⁷ depend and rest

The lives of many. The cease of majesty

Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw

What's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel,

Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence,

Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone

Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy

voyage;

For we will fetters put upon⁸ this fear,

Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUIL.*]

notes. Malone has made it the 'sounds produced.'

Thus in King Henry V. Prologue: —

'Rumour is a pipe —

And of so easy and so plain a stop.'

5 See note on Act ii. Sc. 2.

6 The quarto reads: —

'And do such business as the bitter day,' &c.

7 'They are pestilent fellows, they speak nothing but bodkins.' — *Return from Parnassus.* In the Aulularia of Plautus a phrase not less singular occurs: —

'Me' Quia miri miseri cerebrum excutunt,

Tua dicta soror: lapides loqueria.' Act ii. Sc. 1.

8 To shent is to injure, whether by reproof, blows, or otherwise. Shakespeare generally uses shent for reproof, threatened with angry words. To give his words seals is therefore to carry his punishment beyond reproof. The allusion is to the sealing a deed to render it affective. The quarto of 1803: —

'I will speak daggers; those sharp words being spent,

To do her wrong my soul shall ne'er consent.'

9 Folio reads 'spirits.' 10 Quarto — 'about.'

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras! I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him
home;

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial,² should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage.³ Fare you well, my liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[Exit POLONIUS.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;⁴
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O, wretched state! O, bosom, black as death!
O, limed⁵ soul; that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of
steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well!

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't; and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:⁶
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary,⁷ not revenge.
He took my father grossly full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?

1 See King Henry IV. Part I. Act ii. Sc. 4.

2 ——— Matres omnes filii

In peccato adjuvantes, auxilium in paterna injuria
Solent esse.— Mer. Heaut. Act v. Sc. 2.

3 Warburton explains of vantage, 'by some opportunity of secret observation.' I incline to think that 'of vantage,' in Shakespeare's language, is for advantage, commodi causa.

4 i. e. 'though I was not only willing, but strongly inclined to pray, my guilt prevented me.'

5 i. e. caught as with birdlime.

6 'That would be scann'd'—that requires consideration, or ought to be estimated.

7 The quarto reads, base and silly.

8 Shakespeare has used the verb to hent, to take, to lay hold on, elsewhere; but the word is here used as a substantive, for hold or opportunity.

9 Johnson has justly exclaimed against the horrible nature of this desperate revenge; but the quotations of the commentators from other plays contemporary with and succeeding this, show that it could not have been so

But, in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid heat:⁹
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or, in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes.⁹ My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.]

The King rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.¹⁰
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. Another Room in the same. Enter
Queen and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home
to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear
with;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
'Pray you, be round with him.'¹¹
Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS hides himself.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offend-
ed.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle
tongue.
Ham. Go go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can
speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall
not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder
me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [Behind.] What, ho! help!
Ham. How now! a rat?
[Drum.]
Dead, for a ducat, dead.
[HAMLET makes a pass through the Arras.]
Pol. [Behind.] O, I am slain.
[Falls, and dies.]

horrifying to the ears of our ancestors. In times of less civilization, revenge was held almost a sacred duty; and the purpose of the appearance of the ghost in this play is chiefly to excite Hamlet to it. The more fell and terrible the retributive act, the more meritorious it seems to have been held. The King himself in a future scene, when stimulating Laertes to kill Hamlet, says, 'Revenge should have no bounds.' Mason has observed that, horrid as this resolution of Hamlet's is, yet some moral may be extracted from it, as all his subsequent misfortunes were owing to this savage refinement of revenge.⁹

10 First quarto:—

'No king on earth is safe, if God's his foe.'

11 The folio here interposes the following speech:

'Ham. [Within] Mother, mother, mother.'

The circumstance of Polonius hiding himself behind the arras and the manner of his death are found in the old black letter prose History of Hamblett.

Queen. O, me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

[Lifts up the Arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.]

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother!

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[To POLONIUS.]

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune;
Thou find'st at to be too busy, is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands; Peace; sit you down.
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag
thy tongue

in noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.²

Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?³

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station⁴ like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

1 There is an idle and verbose controversy between Steevens and Malone, whether the poet meant to represent the Queen as guilty or innocent of being accessory to the murder of her husband. Surely there can be no doubt upon the matter. The Queen shows no emotion at the mock play when it is said—

'In second husband let me be accus'd,
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.—'

and now manifests the surprise of conscious innocence upon the subject. It should also be observed that Hamlet never directly accuses her of any guilty participation in that crime. I am happy to find my opinion, so expressed in December, 1823, confirmed by the newly discovered quarto copy of 1603; in which the Queen in a future speech is made to say—

'But, as I have a soul, I swear by heaven,
I never knew of this most horrid murder.'

2 '———' takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,' &c. One would think by the ludicrous gravity with which Steevens and Malone take this figurative expression in a literal sense, that they were unversed to the language of poetry, especially to the adrestrous metaphors of Shakespeare. Mr. Bowdler's note is short and to the purpose. 'Rose is put generally for the ornament, the grace of an innocent love.' Ophelia describes Hamlet as—

'The expectancy and rose of the fair state.'

3 The quarto of 1604 gives this passage thus:—

Heaven's face does glow

O'er this solidity and compound mass

With aeted visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.'

4 The index, or table of contents, was formerly placed at the beginning of books. In Othello, Act ii. Sc. 7, we have—'an index and obscure prologue to the history of foul and lustful thoughts.'

5 It is evident from this passage that whole length pictures of the two kings were formerly introduced. Station does not mean the spot where any one is placed, but the act of standing, the attitude. So in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 3:—

'Her motion and her station are as one.'

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal;
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what fol-
lows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother.⁶ Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten⁷ on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment
Would step from this to this? [Sense,⁸ sure you
have,
Else could you not have motion: But, sure, that
sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference.] What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd⁹ you at hoodman blind?
[Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.¹⁰]
O, shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine¹¹ in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire!¹² proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O, Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grain'd¹³ spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an encas'd¹⁴ bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty sty;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Without this explanation it might be conceived that the compliment designed for the attitude of the King was bestowed on the place where Mercury is represented as standing.

6 Here the allusion is to Pharaoh's dream. Genesis, xli.

7 i. e. to feed rankly or grossly: it is usually applied to the fattening of animals. Marlowe has it for 'to grow fat.' But is the old word for increase; whence we have *battle*, *batten*, *bauful*.

8 Sense here is not used for reason; but for sensation, feeling, or perception: as before in this scene—
'That it be proof and bulwark against sense.'

Warburton, misunderstanding the passage, proposed to read *notion* instead of *motion*. The whole passage in brackets is omitted in the folio.

9 'The hoodwink play, or hoodman blind, in some place, called *blindman's buff*.'—Baret. It appears also to have been called *blind hob*. It is *hob-man blind* in the quarto of 1603.

10 i. e. could not be so dull and stupid.

11 *Mutine* for *mutiny*. This is the old form of the verb. Shakespeare calls *mutineers mutines* in a subsequent scene; but this, I believe, peculiar to him: they were called *mutiners* anciently.

12 Thus in the quarto of 1603—

'Why, appetite with you is in the wane,
Your blood runs backward now from whence it came;
Who'll chide hot blood within a virgin's heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matron's breast?'

13 'Grain'd spots': that is, dyed in grain, deeply imbrued.

14 i. e. greasy, rank, gross. It is a term borrowed from falconry. It is well known that the *scams* of any animal was the fat or tallow; and a hawk was said to be *encas'd* when she was too fat or gross for flight. By some confusion of terms, however, 'to encasem a hawk' was used for 'to purge her of gut and grease'; by analogy it should have been *unencas'd*. Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The False One*, use *unencas'd* in the same manner:—

'His lechery *unencas'd* upon him.'

It should be remarked, that the quarto of 1603 reads *unencas'd*; as does that of 1611.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain;
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithes
Of your precedent lord:—a vice¹ of kings:
A curse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

*Enter Ghost.*²

Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious
figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion,³ lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit⁴ in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eyes on vacancy,
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,⁵
Starts up, and stands on end. O, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkles cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you how pale
he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern affects:⁶ then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

1 i. e. 'the low mimic, the counterfeit, a disard, or common vice and jeerer, counterfeiting the gestures of any man.'—*Fleming*. Shakspeare afterwards calls him a *king of shreds and patches*, alluding to the party-coloured habit of the vice or fool in a play.

2 The first quarto adds, 'in his night-gown.'

3 'Laps'd in time and passion.' Johnson explains this—'That having suffered time to slip and passion to cool, let's go by,' &c. This explanation is confirmed by the quarto of 1603:

'Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That I thus long have let revenge slip by.'

4 *Conceit*, for *conception*, *imagination*. This was the force of the word among our ancestors. Thus in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

'And the conceited painter was so nice.'

5 'The hair is excrementitious; that is, without life or sensation; yet those very hairs, as if they had life, start up,' &c. So *Macbeth*—

'— my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't.'

6 *Capable for susceptible, intelligent*, i. e. would excite in them capacity to understand. Thus in *King Richard III.*—

'— O 'tis a parlous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable.'

7 'My stern affects.' All former editions read—'My stern affects.' *Effects*, for *actions*, *deeds*, *effects*, says *Malone*! We should certainly read *affects*, i. e. dispositions, affections of the mind: as in that disputed passage of *Othello*—'the young affects in the disjunct.' It is remarkable that we have the same error in *Measure for Measure*, Act iii. Sc. 1.—

'— Thou art not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon.'

Dr. Johnson saw the error in that play, and proposed to read *affects*. But the present passage has escaped observation. The 'piteous action' of the ghost could not

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there, look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy⁸
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reward; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not that flustering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mixing all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heavens;
Repeat what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost⁹ on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fitness of these purgatory times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb¹⁰ and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worsed part of it,

And live the purer with the other half.

Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

[That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat

Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this:¹¹

That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on:] Refrain to-night;¹²

And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence: ¹³the next more easy:

For use almost can change the stamp of nature,

And either quell the devil or throw him out

With wondrous potency.] Once more, good night!

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to POLONIUS.*]

alter things already effected, but might move Hamlet to a less stern mood of mind.

8 This speech of the queen has the following remarkable variation in the quarto of 1603:—

'Alas, it is the weakness of thy brain
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy heart's grief:
But as I have a soul, I swear to heaven,
I never knew of this most horrid murder:
But, Hamlet, this is only fantasy,
And for my love forget these idle lies.'

9 'Do not be by any new indulgence heighten your former offences.'

10 i. e. bow. 'Courber, Fr. to bow, crook, or curb.' Thus in *Pierce Plowman*:—

'Then I couberd on my knees.'

11 'That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this,' &c.

This passage, which is not in the folio, has been thought corrupt. *Dr. Thirlby* proposed to read, 'Of habit's evil.'

Steevens would read, 'Or habit's devil.' It is evident that there is an intended opposition between *angel* and *devil*; but the passage will perhaps bear explaining as it stands.—'That monster custom, who devours all sense (feeling, or perception) of deviant habits, is angel yet in this,' &c. This passage might perhaps have been as well omitted, after the example of the editors of the folio; but, I presume, it has been retained upon the principle which every where guide the editors, 'To lose no drop of that immortal man.'

12 Here the quarto of 1603 has two remarkable lines:—

'And, mother, but assist me in revenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.'

13 'The next more easy,' &c. This passage, as far as *potency*, is also omitted in the folio. In the line:—

'And either quell the devil, or throw him out.'

The word *quell* is wanting in the old copy. *Malone* inserted the word *curb*, because he found, in *The Merchant of Venice*, 'And curb this cruel devil of his will.'

But the occurrence of *curb* in so opposite a sense just before, is against his emendation.

I do repent: But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me;—
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
But one word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft.¹ 'Twere good, you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,²
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions,³ in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.⁴

Ham. I must to England;⁵ you know that?
Queen. Alack,
I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. [There's letters seal'd: and my two school-
fellows,⁶—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar;⁷ and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:⁸
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in*
POLONIUS.

1 'To punish me by making me the instrument of this man's death, and to punish this man by my hand.'

2 *Mouse*, a term of endearment formerly. Thus Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*:—'Pleasant names may be invented, bird, mouse, lamb, puss, pigeon,' &c.

3 I. e. *reechy* or fumant; reekant, as Florio calls it. The King has been already called the *bloat* king, which hints at his intemperance. In Coriolanus we have the *reechy* neck of a kitchen wench. *Reechy* and *reechy* are the same word, and always applied to any vaporous exhalation, even to the fumes of a dunghill.

4 The hint for Hamlet's feigned madness is taken from the old *Historia* of Hambleu already mentioned.

5 For *paddock*, a *toad*, see *Macbeth*, Act i. Sc. 1; and for *gib*, a *cat*, see King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. 2.

6 *To try conclusions* is to put to proof, or try experiments. See *Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. Sc. 2. Sir John Suckling possibly alludes to the same story in one of his letters:—'It is the story after all of the jack-napes and the partridges; thou starest after a beauty till it be lost to thee, and then let'st out another, and starest after that till it is gone too.'

7 The quarto of 1603 has here another remarkable variation:—

'Hamlet, I vow by that Majesty
That knows our thoughts and looks into our hearts,
I will conceal, consent, and do my best,
What stratagem so'er thou shalt devise.'

8 The manner in which Hamlet came to know that he was to be sent to England is not developed. He expresses surprise when the king mentions it in a future scene; but his design of passing for a madman may account for this.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.* Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves:

You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.¹²
[*To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN,*
who go out.

Ah,¹³ my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend¹⁴

Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O, heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short restrain'd, and out of hamet,¹⁵
This mad young man: but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral¹⁶ of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

12 This and the eight following verses are omitted in the folio.

13 *Hoist* with his own *petar*. *Hoist* for *hoisted*. *To hoise* was the old verb. *A petar* was a kind of mortar used to blow up gates.

14 It must be confessed that this is coarse language for a prince under any circumstances, and such as is not called for by the occasion. But Hamlet has purposely chosen gross expressions and coarse metaphors, throughout the interview with his mother, perhaps to make his appeal to her feelings the more forcible. Something may be said in extenuation. The word *guts* was not anciently so offensive to delicacy as it is at present; the courtly Lyly has used it in his *Mydas*, 1602; Stanyhurst often in his translation of Virgil, and Chapman in his version of the sixth *Iliad*:—

— in whose *guts* the king of men impost
His ashen lance.

In short, *guts* was used where we now use *entrails*.

15 This line does not appear in the folio, in which Guildenstern and Rosencrantz are not brought on the stage at all.

16 *Quarto*—Ah, *mine own* lord.

17 Thus in Lear:—
— he was met e'en now,
As mad as the vex'd sea.

18 *Out of hamet* means out of *company*. 'Frequentia, a great *hamet* or *company* of folk.' Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

'Dido and her Sichæus shall want troops,
And all the *hamet* be ours.'

And in *Romeo and Juliet*:
'We talk here in the public *hamet* of men.'

19 Shakespeare, with a licence not unusual among his contemporaries, uses *ore* for *gold*, and *mineral* for *mine*. Bullokar and Blount both define 'or or ore, gold; of a golden colour.' And the Cambridge Dictionary, 1594, under the Latin word *mineralia*, will show how the English *mineral* came to be used for a mine. Thus also in *The Golden Remains of Hales of Eton*, 1602:—'Contravaries of the times, like spirits in the *minerals*, with all their labour nothing is done.'

And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him :
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: [so, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,¹
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.²—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*
SCENE II. *Another Room in the same. Enter*

HAMLET.

Ham. —Safely stowed,—[*Ros. &c. within.*
Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!] But soft!³—what noise?
who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it
thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not
mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!⁴
—what replication should be made by the son of a
king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's counte-
nance, his rewards, his authorities.⁵ But such offi-
cers do the king best services in the end: He keeps
them, like an ape doth nuts,⁶ in the corner of his
jaw; first mouthed to be last swallowed: When he
needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing
you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.⁷

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps
in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body
is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is
not with the body.⁸ The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox,
and all after.⁹ [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Room in the same. Enter*
King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the
body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence.¹⁰ To bear all smooth and even,

¹ The blank was the mark at which shots or arrows
were directed. Thus in *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii.
Sc. 3:—

'Out of the blank and level of my aim.'

² The passage in brackets is not in the folio. The
words 'so, haply, slander,' are also omitted in the
quartos; they were supplied by Theobald. The addition
is supported by a passage in *Cymbeline*:—

'No, 'tis slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth bely
All corners of the world.'

³ But soft, these two words are not in the folio.

⁴ Here the quarto, 1603, inserts 'that makes his
liberality four storehouse, but,' &c.

⁵ The omission of the words 'doth nuts,' in the old
copies, had obscured this passage. Dr. Farmer pro-
posed to read 'like an ape an apple.' The words are
now supplied from the newly discovered quarto of 1603.

⁶ 'He's but a sponge, and shortly needs must leese,
His wrong got juice, when greatness' fist shall
squeezee

His liquor out.'

Marston, Sat. vii.

⁷ Hamlet affects obscurity. His meaning may be
The king is a body without a kingly soul, a thing—of

This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten:
a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at
him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we
eat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves
for magots; Your fat king, and your lean beggar,
is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table;
that's the end.

[*King.* Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath
eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of
that worm.¹¹

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may
go a progress¹² through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your
messenger find him not there, seek him!¹³ the other
place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not
within this month, you shall none as you go up
the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial
safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee
hence

With fiery quickness: Therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,¹⁴
The associates tend,¹⁵ and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou know'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But,
come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother; Father and mother is man
and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my
mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*

nothing.¹ Johnson would have altered 'Of nothing; to
Or nothing; but Steevens and Farmer, by their superior
acquaintance with our elder writers, soon clearly showed,
by several examples, that the text was right.

⁸ 'Hide fox, and all after.' This was a juvenile
sport, most probably what is now called *hoop*, or *hide
and seek*; in which one child hides himself, and the
rest run all after, seeking him. The words are not in
the quarto.

⁹ 'Alas, Alas!' This speech and the following one of
Hamlet, are omitted in the folio.

¹⁰ A progress is a journey. Steevens says 'it alludes
to the royal journeys of state, always styled progresses.'
This was probably in Shakespeare's mind, for the word
was certainly applied to those periodical journeys of the
sovereign to visit their noble subjects, but by no means
exclusively. Sir William Drury, in a Letter to Sir
Nicholas Throckmorton, among the Conway papers,
tells him he is going 'a little progress to be merry
with his neighbours.' And that popular book of John
Bunyan's, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, is surely not the
account of a regal 'predatory excursion.'

¹¹ I. e. in modern phrase 'the wind serves,' or is right
to aid or help you on your way.

¹² I. e. attend.

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night;
Away; for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make haste.

[*Exit Ros. and GULL.*]
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,¹
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.²

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A Plain in Denmark. Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;

Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims³ the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye.⁴
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[*Exit FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

[*Ham.* Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir,

I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland. *Who*

Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand soldiers, and twenty thousand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without:
Why the man dies,—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before. [*Exit Ros. and GULL.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market⁵ of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,⁶
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven⁷ scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part

wisdom,
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *'This thing's to do:*

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:

Witness, this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;

Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,⁸

And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds: fight for a plot⁹

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,¹⁰

To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A Room in the Castle. Enter Queen and HORATIO.*

Queen.—I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,

There's tricks¹¹ in the world; and hems, and beats her heart;

Spurns enviously¹² at straws; speaks things in doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,

Or velle the til us als creant.¹³

And in Richard Cœur de Lion (Weber, vol. ii. p. 208):—

'On knees he fel down, and cryde, "Creuant!"'

It then became *cravant*, *cravent*, and at length *craven*.

It is superfluous to add that *recreant* is from the same source.

¹⁰ 'Excitements of my reason and my blood.'

Provocations which excite both my reason and my passions to vengeance.

¹¹ A plot of ground. Thus in *The Mirror for Magistrates*:—

'Of ground to win a plot, a while to dwell,
We venture lives, and send our souls to hell.'

¹² *Continent* means that which comprehends or encloses. Thus in Lear:—

'Rive your concealing continents.'

And in Chapman's version of the third Iliad:—

'—did take

Thy fair form for a continent of parts as fair.'

'If there be no fulness, then is the continent greater than the content.'—*Bacon's Advancement of Learning*, 1633, p. 7.

¹³ *Envy* is often used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for *malice*, *spite*, or *hatred*:—

'You turn the good we offer into envy.'

King Henry VIII.

See *Merchant of Venice*, Act iv. Sc. 1. Indeed 'enviously, and spitefully,' are treated as synonymous by our old writers.

1 To set formerly meant to stimulate. There is no ellipsis, as Malone supposed. 'To settle, or tell the peyce; as *settling*.' To set much or little by a thing, is to estimate it much or little.

2 'I would forget her, but a fever she reigns in my blood.' *Love's Labour's Lost*.

3 The folio reads—

'Howe'er my hops, my joys were ne'er begun.'

4 The quarto reads—*craves*.

5 *Eye for presence*. In the Regulations for the establishment of the Queen's Household, 1627:—'All such as doe service in the queen's eye.' And in the Establishment of Prince Henry's Household, 1610:—'All such as doe service in the prince's eye.' It was the formula for the royal presence.

6 The remainder of this scene is omitted in the folio.

7 i. e. profit.

8 See note on Act i. Sc. 2. It is evident that discursive powers of mind are meant; or, as Johnson explains it, 'such latitude of comprehension, such power of reviewing the past, and anticipating the future.' Since I wrote the former note, I find that Bishop Wilkins makes *ratiocination* and *discourse* convertible terms.

9 *Craven* is recreant, cowardly. It may be satisfactorily traced from *crant*, *creant*, the old French word for an act of submission. It is so written in the old metrical romance of Ywaine and Gawaine (Ritson, vol. i. p. 153):—

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The bearers to collection;¹ they aim² at it,
And both the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks and nods, and gestures yield
them,

Indeed, would make one think, there might³ be
thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.⁴

Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with; for
she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

Let her come in.⁵ [Exit HORATIO.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:⁶

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.⁷

Oph. Where is the beautiful majesty of Den-
mark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know,

From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.⁸ [Singing.]

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay; 'pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady. [Sings.]

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf

At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. 'Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow. [Sings.]

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded⁹ all with sweet flowers;

Which bewept to the grave¹⁰ did go,

With true love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God'ield!¹¹ you! They say, the owl
was a baker's daughter!¹² Lord, we know what we

are, but know not what we may be. God be at
your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. 'Pray, let us have no words of this; but
when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,¹³

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine:

Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,

And dupp'd¹⁴ the chamber door;

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end
on't:

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,¹⁵

Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do't, if they come to't;

By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed:

[He answers.]

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be
patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think,
they should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother
shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good
counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies;
good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night.

[Exit.]

King. Follow her close! give her good watch, I
pray you. [Exit HORATIO]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death: And now behold,
O, Gertrude, Gertrude,¹⁶
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: The people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whis-
pers,

by induced our Saviour to transform her into that bird
for her wickedness.¹⁷ The story is related to deter chil-
dren from illiberal behaviour to the poor.

13 The old copies read—

'To-morrow 'tis Saint Valentine's day.'

The emendation was made by Dr. Farmer. The origin
of the choosing of Valentines has not been clearly de-
veloped. Mr. Douce traces it to a Pagan custom of the
same kind during the Lupercalia feasts in honour of
Pan and Juno, celebrated in the month of February by
the Romans. The anniversary of the good bishop, or
Saint Valentine, happening in this month, the pious
early promoters of Christianity placed this popular cus-
tom under the patronage of the saint, in order to erad-
icate the notion of its pagan origin. In France the *Val-
entin* was a moveable feast, celebrated on the first
Sunday in Lent, which was called the *jour des bran-
dons*, because the boys carried about lighted torches on
that day. It is very probable that the saint has nothing
to do with the custom; his legend gives no clue to any
such supposition. The popular notion that the birds
choose their mates about this period has its rise in the
poetical world of fiction.

14 'To dupp is to *do up*, as *do* is to *do on*, to *do off*
to *do off*, &c. Thus in Damon and Pythias, 1562:—'The
porters are drunk will they not *dupp* the gate to-day?'
The phrase probably had its origin from *doing up* or
lifting the latch. In the old cant language to *dupp* the
gyger was to open the door. See Harman's Caveat for
Cursesors, 1576.

15 *Saint Charity* is found in the Martyrology on the
first of August. 'Romus passio sanctarum virginum
Fidel, Spel, et Charitas, que sub Hadriano principe
martyrie coronam adeptæ sunt.' Spenser mentions her
in Eclog. v. 232. *By Gis* and *by cock* are only corrup-
tions, or rather substitutions, for different forms of
imprecation by the sacred name.

16 In the quarto 1608 the King says:—

'Ah, pretty wretch! this is a change indeed:

O time, how swiftly runs our joys away!

Content on earth was never certain bread,

To-day we laugh and live, to-morrow dead.'

1 To collection, that is, to gather or deduce conse-
quences from such premises. Thus in Cymbeline,
Act v. Sc. 5:—

————— whose containing
Is so from sense to hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it'

See note on that passage.

2 The quarios read—*guess*. To aim, is to guess.

3 Folio—*unwold*.

4 *Unhappily*, that is, *mischievously*.

5 The three first lines of this speech are given to Ho-
ratio in the quarto.

6 Shakespeare is not singular in his use of *amiss* as a
substantive. Several instances are adduced by Stee-
vens, and more by Mr. Nares in his Glossary. 'Each
toy,' is each *trifle*.

7 'There is no part of this play in its representation
on the stage more pathetic than this scene; which, I sup-
pose, proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has
to her own misfortunes. A great sensibility, or none at
all, seem to produce the same effects. In the latter
[case] the audience supply what is wanting, and with
the former they sympathize.'—*Sir J. Reynolds*.

8 These were the badges of pilgrims. The *cockle
shell* was an emblem of their intention to go beyond
sea. The habit being held sacred, was often assumed as
a disguise in love adventures. In *The Old Wife's Tale*,
by Peele, 1595:—'I will give thee a palmer's staff of
ivory, and a scallop shell of beaten gold.'

9 Garnished. 10 Quarto—ground.

11 See *Macbeth*, Act i. Sc. 6.

12 This (says Mr. Douce) is a common tradition in
Gloucestershire, and is thus related:—'Our Saviour
went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and
asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop
immediately put a piece of dough in the oven to bake
for him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who,
insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced
it to a very small size. The dough, however, imme-
diately began to swell, and presently became of a most
enormous size. Whereupon the baker's daughter cried
out, Heugh, heugh, heugh, which owl-like noise proba-

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,¹

In hugger-mugger² to inter him: Poor Ophelia Divided from herself, and her fair judgment; Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts. Last, and as much containing as all these, Her brother is in secret come from France: Feeds on his wonder,³ keeps himself in clouds, And wants not buzzers to infect his ear With pestilent speeches of his father's death; Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd, Will nothing stick our person to arraign In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude, this, Like to a murdering piece,⁴ in many places Gives me superfluous death! [A noise within.]
Queen Alack! what noise is this?⁵

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.
Where are my Switzers?⁶ Let them guard the door: What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord; The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste, Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him lord; And, as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, custom not known, The ratifiers and props of every word, They cry, *Choose us; Laertes shall be king!*⁷ Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds, *Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!*

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry! O, this is counter.⁸ you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[They retire without the Door.]

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O, thou vile king, Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's caskin, proclaims me bastard;

Cries, cuckold; to my father; brands the harlot Even here, between the chaste unsmirched⁹ brow Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes, That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?— Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person; There's such divinity doth hedge¹⁰ a king, That treason can but peep to what it would, Acts little of its will.—Tell me, Laertes, Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Gertrude;—

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil! Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit! I dare damnation: To this point I stand,— That both the worlds I give to negligence,¹¹ Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's: And, for my means, I'll husband them so well, They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge, That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe, Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;

And like the kind life-rendering pelican, Repast them with my blood.¹²

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child, and a true gentleman, That I am guiltless of your father's death, And am most sensibly¹³ in grief for it, It shall as level to your judgment pierce!¹⁴ As day does to your eye.

1 *Greenly is unskillfully, with inexperience*
2 *i. e. secretly.* *Clandestinare, to hide or conceal by stealth, or in hugger mugger.*—*Florio.* Thus in North's translation of Plutarch:—'Antonius, thinking that his body should be honourably buried, and not in *hugger mugger.*' Pope, offended at this strange phrase, changed it to *private*, and was followed by others. Upon which Johnson remarks:—'If phraseology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by disease, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost: we shall no longer have the words of any author: and as these alterations will be often unskillfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning.'

3 The quarto reads:—'Keeps on his wonder.' The folio:—'Feeds on this wonder.'

4 A murdering-piece, or *murderer*, was a small piece of artillery; in French *meurtriere*. It took its name from the loop-holes and embrasures in towers and fortifications, which were so called. The port-holes in the fore-castle of a ship were also thus denominated.

5 *Meurtriers*, *c'est un petit canoniere, comme celles des tours et murailles, ainsi appellee, parceque tirant par icelle a descou, ceux auguels on tire sont facilement meurtri.*—*Ficel.* *Visiere meurtriere*, a port-hole for a murdering-piece in the fore-castle of a ship.—*Cotgrave.* Case shot, filled with small bullets, nails, old iron, &c. was often used in these *murderers*. This accounts for the raking fire attributed to them in the text, and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Double Marriage*:—
'—like a murdering-piece, aims not at me,
But all that stand within the dangerous level.'

6 The speech of the queen is omitted in the quartos.

7 *Switzers*, for royal guards. The Swiss were then, as since, mercenary soldiers of any nation that could afford to pay them.

8 The meaning of this contested passage appears to me this: 'The rabble call him lord; and (as if the world were now but to begin, as if antiquity were forgot, and custom were unknown) *this rabble, the ratifiers and props of every idle word, cry Choose us; &c.*

9 Hounds are said to run *counter* when they are upon a false scent, or hunt it by the heel, running backward and mistaking the course of the game. See *Comedy of Errors*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

10 *Unsmirched* is unsoiled, spotless. See Act i. Sc. 2.

11 Quarto 1603—*wall.* Mr. Boswell has added the following anecdote of Queen Elizabeth as an opposite illustration of this passage:—'While her majesty was on the Thames, near Greenwich, a shot was fired by accident, which struck the royal barge, and hurt a waterman near her. The French ambassador being amazed, and all crying *Treason, Treason!* yet she, with an undaunted spirit, came to the open place of the barge, and bade them never fear, for if the shot were made at her, they durst not shoot again: such majesty had her presence, and such boldness her heart, that she despised fear, and was, as all princes are, or should be, so full of *divine fullness*, that guilty mortalitie durst not behold her but with dazzled eyes.'—*Henry Chettle's England's Mourning Garment.*

12 'But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer.'—*Macheth.*

13 The folio reads *politician* instead of *pelican*. This fabulous bird is not unfrequently made use of for purposes of poetical illustration by our elder poets: Shakespeare has again referred to it in *King Richard II.* and in *King Lear*:—

'Twas this flesh begot these *pelican* daughters.'
In the old play of *King Lear*, 1605, it is also used, but in a different sense:—

'I am as kind as is the *pelican*,
That kills itself to save her young ones' lives.'

14 Folio—*sensible.*

15 *Pierce* is the reading of the folio. The quarto has *pear*, an awkward contraction of *appear*. I do not see why *appear* is more intelligible. Indeed *as level* is here used for *direct*, Shakespeare's usual meaning of the word, the reading of the quarto, preferred by Johnson and Steevens, is less proper.

Dance. [Within.] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with Strausses and Flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O, rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O, heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine¹ in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down-a-down, an you call
him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel² becomes it! it
is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
'pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies,
that's for thoughts.³

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and
remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—
there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we
may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may

¹ 'Nature is fine in love.' The three concluding lines of this speech are not in the quarto. The meaning appears to be, Nature is refined or subtilized by love, the senses are rendered more ethereal, and being thus refined, some precious portions of the mental energies fly off, or are sent after the beloved object; when bereft of that object, they are lost to us, and we are left in a state of mental privation:—

— Even so by love the young and tender wit,
Is turn'd to folly.'

² 'Love is a smoke, rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being urg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else?—a madness,' &c.

³ The *wheel* is the burthen of a ballad, from the Latin *rota*, a round, which is usually accompanied with a burthen frequently repeated. Thus also in old French, *roterie* signified such a round or catch, and *rotuenge*, or *rotuenge*, the burthen or refrain as it is now called. Our old English term *refrette*, 'the foote of the ditie, a verse often interlaced, or the burden of a song,' was probably from *refrain*; or from *refraeteler*, to pipe over again. It is used by Chaucer in *The Testament of Love*. This term was not obsolete in Colgrave's time, though it would now be as difficult to adduce an instance of its use as of the *wheel*, at the same time the quotation will show that the *dowen* of a ballad was another term for the burthen. 'Refrain, the *refret*, burthen, or *dowen* of a ballad.' All this discussion is rendered necessary, because Stevens unfortunately forgot to note from whence he made the following extract, though he knew it was from the preface to some black letter collection of songs or sonnets:—'The song was accounted a good one, though it was not moche graced with the *wheele*, which in no wise accorded with the subject matter thereof.' Thus also Nicholas Breton, in his *Toyes for Idie Head*, 1577:—

'That I may sing full merrily
Not heigh ho *whele*, but care away.'

It should be remembered that the old musical instrument called a *rote*, from its *wheel*, was also termed *vielle*, quasi *wheel*. It must surely have been out of a mere spirit of controversy that Malone affected to think that the spinning-wheel was alluded to by Ophelia.

⁴ Our ancestors gave to almost every flower and plant its emblematic meaning, and like the ladies of the east, made them almost as expressive as written language, in their hieroglyphical sense. Perdita, in *The Winter's Tale*, distributes her flowers in the same manner as Ophelia, and some of them with the same meaning. In *The Handfull of Pleasant Delities*, 1584, recently reprinted in Mr. Park's *Heliconia*, we have a ballad called 'A Nosegale alwaies sweet for Lovers to send for Tokens,' where we find:—

wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,——

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,——

Laer. Thought⁴ and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness. [Sings.]

Oph. And will he not come again? [Sings.]

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moon;

God's mercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be
wi' you! [Exit OPHELIA.]

Laer. Do you see this, O, God?

King. Laertes, I must commune⁵ with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
'They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,

'Rosemarie is for remembrance
Betwene us day and night;
Wishing that I might always have
You present in my sight'

Rosemarie had this attribute because it was said to strengthen the memory, and was therefore used as a token of remembrance and affliction between lovers, and was distributed as an emblem both at weddings and funerals. Why pansies (pencees) are emblems of thoughts is obvious. Fennel was emblematic of flattery, and 'Dare flucechio, to give fennel,' was in other words 'to flatter, to dissemble,' according to Florio. Thus in the ballad above cited:

'Fennel is for flatterers,
An evil thing 'tis sure.'

Browne, in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, says—

'The columbine, in tawny often taken,
Is then ascribed to such as are forsaken.'

Rue was for *ruth* or *repentance*. It was also commonly called *hergrace*, probably from being accounted 'a present remedy against all poison, and a potent auxiliary in exorcisms, all evil things fleeing from it.' By wearing it with a difference (an heraldic term for a mark of distinction) Ophelia may mean that the queen should wear it as a mark of repentance; herself as a token of grief. The daisy was emblematic of a dissembler:—'Next them grew the dissembler daisy, to warne such light of love wenches not to trust every fair promise that such amorous bachelors make.'—*Green's Quip for an Upstart Courtier*. The violet is for faithfulness, and is thus characterised in *The Lover's Nosegale*.

⁴ Thought, among our ancestors, was used for grief, care, pensiveness. 'Curarum volvers in pectore. He will die for sorrow and thought.'—*Barlet*. Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

'Eno. Think and die.'

⁵ Poor Ophelia in her madness remembers the ends of many old popular ballads. 'Bonny Robin' appears to have been a favourite, for there were many others written to that tune. The editors have not traced the present one. It is introduced in Eastward Ho, written by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, where some parts of this play are apparently burlesqued. Hamlet is the name given to a foolish footman in the same scene. I know not why it should be considered an attack on Shakespeare; it was the usual license of comedy to sport with every thing serious and even sacred. Hamlet Travestie may as well be called an invidious attack on Shakespeare.

⁶ The folio reads *common*, which is only a varied orthography of the same word. 'We will daries and common of these matters.'—*Barlet*.

And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.
King. So you shall;
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. *Another Room in the same. Enter*
HORATIO and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?
Serv. Sailors, sir;
They say, they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in.—
[Exit Servant.]
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.
1 Sail. God bless you, sir.
Hor. Let him bless thee too.
1 Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's
a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador
that was bound for England; if your name be Ho-
ratio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *[Reads.]* Horatio, when thou shalt have
overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the
king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two
days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment
gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we
put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I
boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our
ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have
dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew
what they did; I am to do a good turn for them.
Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair
thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st thy
death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make
thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore
of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee
where I am. Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern hold
their course for England: of them I have much to
tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.
Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the same. Enter*
King and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance
seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,

As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were surpr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unseem'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his
mother,

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces;¹⁰ so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,¹¹
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,¹²
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must
not think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,¹³
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more;
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now?¹⁴ what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This is to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.¹⁵

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—
Leave us. *[Exit Messenger.]*

[Reads.] High and mighty, you shall know, I am
set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg
leave to see your kindly eyes: when I shall, first asking
your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my
sudden and more strange return. *Hamlet.*

What should this mean! Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Nobis,*—

And, in a postscript here, he says, alone:
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule to me to a peace.¹⁶

1 Thus in the quarto, 1603:—
‘King. Content you, good Laertes, for a time,
Although I know your grief is as a flood,
Brim full of sorrow; but forbear a while,
And think already the revenge is done
On him that makes you such a hapless son.
‘Laer. You have prevail’d, my lord, awhile I’ll strive
To bury grief within a tomb of wrath,
Which once unheard, then the world shall hear
Laertes had a father he held dear.
‘King. No more of that, ere many days be done
You shall hear that you do not dream upon.’
2 Folio—burial.
3 The funerals of knights and persons of rank were
made with great ceremony and ostentation formerly.
Sir John Hawkins, (himself of the order,) observes that
‘the sword, the helmet, the gauntlet, spurs, and tabard,
are still hung over the grave of every knight.’
4 Quarto—sea-faring men. 5 Folio—it came.
6 Folio—your.
7 The bore is the caliber of a gun. The matter, (says
Hamlet,) would carry heavier words.

8 Quarto—Criminal. Greatness is omitted in the
folio.
9 I.e. the ‘common race of the people.’ We have
the general and the million in other places in the same
sense.
10 ‘Would, like the spring which turneth wood to
stone, convert his fetters into graces’: punishment
would only give him more grace in their opinion. The
quarto reads *sook* for *would*.
11 ‘— my arrows
Too slightly timber’d for so loud a wind.’
‘Lighte shaftes cannot stand in a rough wind.’—*As
cham’s Topophilus*, 1590, p. 51.
12 ‘If praises may go back again.’ ‘If I may praise
what has been, but is now to be found no more.’
13 ‘Idcirco stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam
Jupiter?’ *Ferrius*, Sat. 1.
14 *How now* is omitted in the quarto: as is *letters* in
the next speech.
15 This hemistich is not in the folio.
16 First folio omitting *Ay, my lord*, reads, *If so you’ll
not o’er-rule me to a peace.*

King. To thine own peace. If he be now returned,—
As checking¹ at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.²

Laer. What part is that, my lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd³ my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,⁴
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a mastery report,
For art and exercise in your defence,⁵
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers⁶ of their
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so environ with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg

¹ To check, to hold off, or fly from, as in fear. It is a phrase taken from falconry:—"For who knows not, quoth she, that this hawk, which comes now so fair to the fist, may to-morrow check at the lure."—*Hinde's Elia's Libidinosus*, 1608.

² 'Of the unworthiest sieges,' of the lowest rank: *stege* for seat or place:—"I fetch my birth
From men of royal siege." *Othello*.

³ I. e. implying or denoting gravity and attention to health. "If we should not rather read *wealth* for *health*.
'That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks.'

⁴ That I, in imagining and describing his feats,' &c.

⁵ Science of defence, i. e. fencing.

⁶ *Scrimers*, fencers, from *escrimeur*, Fr. This unfavourable description of French swordsmen is not in the folio.

⁷ 'But that I know love is begun by time,' &c. 'As love is begun by time, and has its gradual increase, so time qualifies and abates it.' *Passages of proof* are transactions of daily experience. The next ten lines are not in the folio.

⁸ *Plurisy* is *superabundance*; our ancestors used the word in this sense, as if it came from *plus*, *pluria*, and not from *pleura*. The disease was formerly thought to proceed from too much blood flowing to the part affected:—
In a word,
Thy *plurisy* of goodness is thy ill.'

Massey's Unnatural Combat.

⁹ Johnson says it is a prevalent notion 'that *sights* impart the strength, and wear out the animal powers.' *Bleevens* makes a ludicrous mistake in the quotation

Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.

Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father;

But that I know, love is begun by time;⁷

And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it:

And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,⁸

Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this would

change,

And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift's sigh,⁹

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To show yourself in deed your father's son
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctu-
arize;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber:

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, to-
gether,

And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,¹⁰
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils: so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated,¹¹ and in a pass of practice,¹²
Require him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:

And, for the purpose, I'll amount my sword.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.¹³

from the 'Governor of Helth,' wherein he takes *sythes* (times) to signify *sights*. Shakespeare in King Henry VI. has 'blood-consuming sights.' And in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*: 'Your scorching sights that have already drained your many of his wholesome humours.' The reading of the old copies, which I have restored, had been altered in the modern editions to 'a spendthrift sigh,' without reason. Mr. Blakeway justly observes, that 'Borrow for neglected opportunities and time abused seems most aptly compared to the *sigh of a spendthrift*—good resolutions not carried into effect are deeply injurious to the moral character. Like sighs, they hurt by easing, they unburden the mind and satisfy the conscience, without producing any effect upon the conduct.'

¹⁰ 'He being remiss.' He being not vigilant; or incautious.

¹¹ I. e. unblunted, to *bate*, or rather 'to *rebat*, was to make dull. *Acem ferre hebetare*.' Thus in Love's Labour's Lost we have—

'That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge.'

And in *Measure for Measure*:—

'—rebat and blunt his natural edge.'

¹² *Pass of practice* is an *insidious thrust*. Shakespeare, in common with many of his contemporaries, always uses *practice* for art, deceit, treachery.

¹³ Ritson has exclaimed with just indignation and abhorrence against the villainous assassin-like treachery of Laertes in this horrid plot: he observes, 'There is more occasion that he should be pointed out for an object of abhorrence, as he is a character we are led to respect and admire in some preceding scenes.' In the old quarto of 1603 this contrivance originates with the king—

King. Let's further think of this ;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape : If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd : therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof :—Soft, let me see :—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,²
I ha't :
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As makes your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd³ him
A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,⁴
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?⁵

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen ?

Queen. One wo doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow :—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd ! O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascant⁶ the
brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream :
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,⁷
That liberal⁸ shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them :
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide ;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up :
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes ;⁹
As one incapable¹⁰ of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd¹¹

Unto that element : but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears : But yet¹²
It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,

'When you are hot in midst of all your play,
Among the foils shall a keen rapier lie,
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poison,
That if it draws but the least dram of blood
In any part of him, he cannot live.'

1 If this should *blast in proof*, as fire arms sometimes
burst in proving their strength.

2 *Cunning* is skill.

3 The quarto reads *prepar'd* ; the folio *prepar'd*. The
modern editors read *prefer'd*, but I think without good
reason.

4 A *stuck* is a *thrust*. *Stoccata*, Ital. Sometimes
called a *staccado* in English.

5 'But stay, what noise?' these words are not in
the folio.

6 *Ascant*, thus the quarto : the folio reads *aslant*.
Ascance is the same as *askew*, sideways, overthwart ;
a *travers*, Fr.

7 The ancient botanical name of the *long purples* was
testiculis morionis, or *orchis priapiscus*. The *grosser*
name to which the queen alludes is sufficiently known
in man^y parts of England. It had kindred appellations
in other languages. In Sussex it is said to be called
dead men's hands. Its various names may be seen in
Lye's Herbal, 1578, or in Coggrave's Dictionary.

8 *i. e. licentious*. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act
iv. Sc. 1, and Othello, Act ii. Sc. 1.

9 The quarto reads 'snatches of old lauds,' *i. e.*
Hymns. Hymns of praise were so called from the psalm
Laudate Dominum.

10 *i. e. unsusceptible* of it. See note 10, p. 496.

11 *Indu'd* was anciently used in the sense of *endowed*
with qualities of any kind, as in the phrase, 'a child
indued with the grace and dexterity that his father had.'
Shakespeare may, however, have used it for *habited*,
accustomed.

12 Thus the quarto 1603 :—

'Therefore I will not drown thee in my tears,
Revenge it is must yield this heart relief,
For wo begets wo, and grief hangs on grief.'

3 0

The woman will be out.¹³—Adieu, my lord !
I have a speech of fire, that fair would blaze,
But that this folly drowns¹⁴ it. [*Exit*]

King. Let's follow, Gertrude :
How much I had to do to calm his rage !
Now fear I, this will give it start again ;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Church Yard. *Enter Two Clowns,*
with Spades, &c.

1 *Cl.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial,
that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

2 *Cl.* I tell thee she is ; therefore make her
grave straight :¹⁵ the crowner hath set on her, and
finds it Christian burial.

1 *Cl.* How can that be unless she drowned her-
self in her own defence ?

2 *Cl.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Cl.* It must be *se offendendo* ; it cannot be
else. For here lies the point : If I drown myself
wittingly, it argues an act ; and an act hath three
branches ; it is, to act, to do, and to perform ;¹⁶
Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Cl.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Cl.* Give me leave. Here lies the water ;
good ; here stands the man ; good : If the man go
to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill
he, he goes ; mark you that : but if the water
come to him, and drown him, he drowns not him-
self : Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death,
shortens not his own life.

2 *Cl.* But is this law ?

1 *Cl.* Ay, marry is't ; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Cl.* Will you ha' the truth on't ? If this had
not been a gentlewoman, she should have been
buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Cl.* Why, there thou say'st : And the more
pity ; that great folks shall have countenance in
this world to drown or hang themselves more than
their even-Christian.¹⁷ Come, my spade, there is
no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and
grave-makers : they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Cl.* Was he a gentleman ?

1 *Cl.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

13 Thus in King Henry V. Act iv. Sc. 6 :—

'But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gave me up to tears.'

14 The folio reads—*doubts* it.

15 How Johnson could think that any particular mode
of making Ophelia's grave was meant I cannot imagine.
Nothing is so common as this mode of expression :
straight is merely a contraction of *straightway*, imme-
diately. Numerous examples are to be found in Shak-
speare ; one may suffice from this very play : in Act iii.
Sc. 4. Polonius says :—

'He will come *straight*.'

And Malone cites from G. Herbert's *Jacula Prudentium*,
1651 :—'There is no churchyard so handsome that a
man would desire *straight* to be buried there.'

16 Warburton says that this is a ridicule on scholastic
divisions without distinction ; and of distinctions without
difference. Shakespeare certainly aims at the legal sub-
tleties used upon occasion of inquests. Sir John Haw-
kins points out the case of Dame Hales, in Plowden's
Commentaries. Her husband Sir James drowned him-
self in a fit of insanity (produced, as it was supposed,
by his having been one of the judges who condemned
Lady Jane Grey,) and the question was about the for-
feiture of a lease. There was a great deal of this law
logic used on the occasion, as whether he was the
agent or *patient* ; or in other words, (as the clown
says,) whether *he went to the water*, or *the water came*
to him. Malone thinks because Plowden was in law
French that Shakespeare could not read him ! and yet
Malone has shown that Shakespeare is very fond of
legal phraseology, and supposes that he must have
passed some part of his life in the office of an attorney.

17 *Even-christian*, for *fellow-christian*, was the old
mode of expression ; and is to be found in Chaucer and
the Chroniclers. Wicliffe has *even-servant* for *fellow-
servant*. The fact is, that *even*, *like*, and *equal* were
synonymous.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.¹
1 *Clo.* What, art a beathan? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged: Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

3 *Clo.* Go to.
1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?
2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again: come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright or a carpenter?
1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.²
2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.
1 *Clo.* To't.
2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Vaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 Clowns.]

1 Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,³
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my beloved,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.
Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.* But age, with his stealing steps
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such. [Throws up a scull.]

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician,

1 This speech and the next, as far as *arms*, is not in the quarto.

2 'Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.' This was a common phrase for giving over or ceasing to do a thing, a metaphor derived from the unyoking of oxen at the end of their labour. Thus in a *Duete* of the Workmen of Dover, preserved in the additions to Holinshed:—

'My bow is broke, I would unyoke,
My foot is sore, I can worke no more.'

These pithy questions were doubtless the fireside amusement of our rustic ancestors. Stevens mentions a collection of them in print, preserved in a volume of scarce tracts in the university library at Cambridge, D. 5. 2. 'The innocence of these *demandes joyous* (he says) may deserve a praise not always due to their delicacy.'

3 The original ballad from whence these stanzas are taken is printed in *Tottel's Miscellany*, or 'Sonnets and Sonnettes' by Lord Surrey and others, 1576. The ballad is attributed to Lord Vaux, and is printed by Dr. Percy in the first volume of his *Reliques of Antient Poetry*. The *ohs* and the *ahs* were most probably meant to express the interruption of the song by the forcible cessation of the grave digger's breath at each stroke of the mattock. The original runs thus:—

'I lothe that I did love;
In youth that I thought swete:
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not mete.

'For age with stealing steps
Hath claude me with his crouch;
And lusty youth away he leape,
As there had bene none such.'

4 The follo reads—*ore-offices*

which this ass now o'erreaches;⁴ one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord: How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?⁵

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's;⁶ chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats⁷ with them? mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clo.* A pickaxe and a spade, a spade, [Sings—
For—and a shrouding sheet
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet. [Throws up a scull.]

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits⁸ now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce⁹ with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers,¹⁰ his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries,¹¹ to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance¹² in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *Clo.* Mine sir.—
O, a pit of clay for to be made [Sings—
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't!

1 *Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

5 '— My lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it.'
Timon of Athens, Act I.

6 The skull that was *my lord such-a-one's* is now *my lady Worm's*.

7 *Loggats*, small logs or pieces of wood. Hence *loggats* was the name of an ancient rustic game, in which a stake was fixed in the ground at which *loggats* were thrown; in short, a ruder kind of quoit play.

8 *Quiddits* are quirks, or subtle questions: and *quillits* are nice and frivolous distinctions. The etymology of this last foolish word has plagued many learned heads. I think that Blount, in his *Glossography*, clearly points out *quodlibet* as the origin of it. Bishop Wilkins calls a *quillet* 'a frivolousness'; and Coles, in his *Latin Dict. res frivola*. I find the quarto of 1603 has *quirks* instead of *quiddits*.

9 See *Comedy of Errors*, Act i. Sc. 2. note.

10 Shakespeare here is profuse of his legal learning. Riton, a lawyer, shall interpret for him.—A recovery with *double voucher*, is the one usually suffered, and is so called from two persons (the latter of whom is always the common crier, or some such inferior person,) being successively *voucher*, or called upon to warrant the tenant's title. Both *fines* and *recoveries* are fictions of law, used to convert an estate tail into a fee simple. Statutes are (not acts of parliament,) but statutes *merchant*, and staple, particular modes of *recognizance* or acknowledgment for securing *debts*, which thereby become a charge upon the party's land. *Statutes* and *recognizances* are constantly mentioned together in the covenants of a purchase deed.

11 'Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries,' omitted in the quarto.

12 A quibble is intended. *Deeds* (of parchment) are called the common *assurances* of the realm.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card,¹ or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three² years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,³ that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.⁴

Ham. How long's that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born:⁵ he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.⁶

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark; I have been seaman here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corpses now-a-days, that scarce will hold the laying in), he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once, This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? ' quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber,⁷ and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour⁸ she must come; make her laugh at that.—'Prythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[*Throws down the Skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, where'to he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperious⁹ Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!¹⁰
But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king;

Enter Priests, &c. in Procession; the Corpses of OPHELIA, LAERTES, and Mourners, following; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such maidens rites! This doth betoken,
The corpse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Furdo¹¹ its own life. 'Twas of some estate.¹²
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with HORATIO.*]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

*1 Priest.*¹³ Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards,¹⁴ flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her,
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crown,¹⁵

⁷ Folio—jeering.

⁸ Quarto—table.

⁹ *Favour* is countenance, complexion.

¹⁰ *Imperial* is substituted in the folio. Vide Trollius and Cressida, Act iv. Sc. 5.

¹¹ *A flaw* is a violent gust of wind. See Coriolanus, Act v. Sc. 3.

¹² *To furdo* is to undo, to destroy. Thus in Othello—

— This is the night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite.¹

¹³ Would to God it might be leful for me to fordo myself, or to make an end of me.—*Aclostus*, 1529.

¹⁴ *Estate* for rank. *Estates* was a common term for persons of rank.

¹⁵ Quarto—*Doctor*.

¹⁶ *Shards*, does not only mean fragments of pots and tiles, but rubbish of any kind. Baret has '*shardes of stones, fragmentum lapidis*;' and '*shardes*, or pieces of stones broken and shatterd, rubbel or rubbish of old houses.' Our version of the Bible has preserved to us *potsherd*s; and I have heard bricklayers, in Surrey and Sussex, use the compounds *tile-sherd*s, *state-sherd*s, &c.

¹⁷ I. e. garlands. Still used in most northern languages, but no other example of its use;—*song us has*

¹ 'To speak by the card,' is to speak precisely, by rule, or according to a prescribed course. It is a metaphor from the seaman's card or chart by which he guides his course.

² *Seven*, quarto, 1603.

³ *Picked* is curious, over nice. Thus in the Cambridge Dict. 1394:—'Conquistus, exquisite, and *picked*, perfitte, fine, dainty, curious.' See King John, Act i. Sc. 1.

⁴ 'Look you, here's a scull hath been here this dozen year, let me see, ay, ever since our last King Hamlet slew Fortinbrasse in combat: young Hamlet's father, he that's mad.' Quarto of 1603. It will be seen that the poet places this event thirty years ago in the present copy. See the next note by Sir William Blackstone.

⁵ By this scene, it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-three years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is spoken of as a very young man, one that designed to go back to school, i. e. to the university of Wittenburgh. The poet in the fifth act had forgot what he wrote in the first.—*Blackstone*.

⁶ *Nimirum insanus pectus videatur; eo quod*

Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.

Horat. Sat. 3, Lib. II.

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done!

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem,¹ and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia
Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[*Scattering Flowers*
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble wo
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pry thee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the Grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O, my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

yet offered itself. It is thought that Shakespeare may have met with the word in some old history of Hamlet, which furnished him with his fable. The editor of the first folio changed this unusual word for *rites*, a less appropriate word. Warburton boldly substituted *chants*, and Mr. Alexander Chalmers affirms that this is the true word.

1 A *requiem* is a mass sung for the rest of the soul of the dead. So called from the words—

'Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine,' &c.
part of the service.

2 '— e tamulo fortunataque favilla

'Nascentur viole?' *Ferrius*, Sat. 1.

3 The quarto of 1603 reads:—'Will drink up vessels?' and instead of *Ossa*, *Ossell*. Some of the commentators have supposed that by *cell* Hamlet means *vinegar*. But surely the strain of exaggeration and rant of the rest of the speech requires some more impossible feat than that of drinking up vinegar. What river, lake, or firth Shakespeare meant to designate is uncertain, perhaps the Issel, but the firth of *Iyze* is nearest to his scene of action, and near enough in name. What the late editors meant by their strange contraction of *wou't* I know not. Mr. Gifford observes that they appear none of them to have understood the grammatical construction of the passage. *Woo't* or *wou't*o, in the northern counties, is the common contraction of *wouldst thou*, and this is the reading of the old copies.—This sort of hyperbole Malone has shown was common with our ancient poets:—

'Come, drink up Rhine, Thames, and Meander dry.'

Eastward Ho!, 1609.

'Else would I set my mouth to Tygris streams,
And drink up overflowing Euphrates.'

Greene's Orlando Furioso 1609

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear
thyself,

Woo't drink up eale,² eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:

And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,⁴
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit*
King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon
him.— [*Exit* HORATIO

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[*To LAERTES.*

We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exit* HAMLET.

SCENE II. A Hall in the Castle. Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see
the other;—
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines⁵ in the bilboes.⁶ Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it,—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that should
teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown⁷ scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet: and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,—

4 See note on Act III. Sc. 1. The *golden couplets* alludes to the dove only laying two eggs. The young nestlings when first disclosed are only covered with a yellow down, and the mother rarely leaves the nest, in consequence of the tenderness of her young.

5 I. e. mutineers. See King John, Act II. Sc. 2.

6 The *bilboes* were bars of iron with fetters annexed to them, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, in Spain, where implements of iron and steel were fabricated. To understand Shakespeare's allusion, it should be known that as these fetters connected the legs of the offenders very closely together, their attempts to rest must be as fruitless as those of Hamlet, in whose mind there was a kind of fighting that would not let him sleep. Every motion of one must disturb his partner in confinement. The *bilboes* are still shown in the Tower, among the other spoils of the Spanish Armada.

7 *To pall* was to fade or fall away; to become, as it were, dead, or without spirit: from the old French *paster*. Thus in Antony and Cleopatra—

'I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.'

8 Malone has told us that the *sea-gown* appears to have been the usual dress of seamen in Shakespeare's time; but not a word of what it was like. 'Eaclyvine, (says Cotgrave,) a sea-gowne, a coarse high-collard and short-sleeved gowne, reaching to the mid-leg, and used mostly by seamen and sailors.'







THE A. B. C. OF THE BIBLE

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Larded with many several sorts of reasons,—
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs¹ and goblins in my life,—
That on the supervise,² no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Or³ I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play;—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statist⁴ do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service:⁵ Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma⁶ 'tween their amities;
And many such like asces of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd.⁷

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our seaflight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this?

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;

Throws out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm; and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count⁸ his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace: who comes here?

*Enter Osrac.*¹⁰

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?¹¹

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: He hath much land and fertile;
let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit: Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, sir, 'tis very cold: the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,¹² as 'twere,—I cannot tell how—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his Hat.]

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease in good faith.¹³ Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences,¹⁴ of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card¹⁵ or, calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent¹⁶ of what part a gentleman would see.

1 'Wth, ho! such bugs and goblins in my, life.—' With such causes of terror arising from my character and designs.' Bugs were no less terrific than goblins. We now call them *bugbears*.

2 '—on the supervise, no leisure bated.' The *supervise* is the looking over; *no leisure bated* means without any abatement or intermission of time.

3 'Or,' for *ere*, before. See *Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2.

4 *Statists* are statesmen. Blackstone says, that 'most of our great men of Shakespeare's time wrote very bad hands; their secretaries very neat ones.' This must be taken with some qualification; for Elizabeth's two most powerful ministers, Leicester and Burleigh, both wrote good hands. It is certain that there were some who did write most wretched scrawls, but probably not from affection; though it was accounted a mechanical and vulgar accomplishment to write a fair hand. The worst and most unintelligible scrawls I have met with, are Sir Richard Sackville's, in Elizabeth's time; and the miserable scribbling of Secretary Conway, of whom James said they had given him a secretary that could neither write nor read.

5 *Yeoman's service* I take to be good substantial service. The ancient yeomen were famous for their staunch valour in the field; and Sir Thomas Smyth says, they were 'the stable troop of footmen that affraie all France.'

6 '—stand a comma 'tween their amities.' This is oddly expressed, as Johnson observes: but the meaning appears to be, 'Stand as a comma, i. e. as a note of connexion between their amities, to prevent them from being brought to a period.'

7 'Not shriving-time allow'd.' That is, without allowing time for the confession of their sin.

8 'Bethink thee, does it not become incumbent upon me to requite him,' &c. Vide note upon King Richard II. Act II. Sc. 2. This passage and the three following speeches are not in the quartos.

9 '—I'll count his favours.' Rowe changed this to 'I'll count his favour'; but there is no necessity for change. Hamlet means, 'I'll make account of his favours,' i. e. of his good will; for this was the general meaning of *favours* in the poet's time.

10 The quarto of 1603.—'Enter a braggart Gentleman.'

11 In *Troilus* and *Cressida*, Theraxias says, 'How the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature.' The gnats and such like ephemeral insects are not inept emblems of such busy triflers as Osrac.

12 'Exceedingly, my lord; 'tis very sultry.'

13 '—igniculum brume: si tempore pœcas Accipit endromidem; si dexteris matuo, sudat.'

Juvenal

13 The folio omits this and the following fourteen speeches; and in their place substitutes, 'Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.'

14 i. e. *distinguishing* excellencies.

15 'The card or calendar of gentry.' The general preceptor of elegance is the card (chart) by which a gentleman is to direct his course; and the calendar by which he is to order his time.

16 You shall find in him the continent of what part a

Ham. Sir, his deſignment ſuffers no pendiſion in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would diſtry the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in reſpect of his quick ſail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a ſoul of great article; and his infuſion of ſuch death and rareneſs, as, to make true diction of him, his ſemblable is his mirror; and, who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.²

Or. Your lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The conſiderancy, ſir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Or. Sir?

Ham. Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? You will do't, ſir, really?³

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Or. Of Laertes?

Or. His purſe is empty already; all his golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him, ſir.

Or. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, ſir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.⁴—Well, ſir.

Or. You are not ignorant of what excellency Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellency; but, to know a man well, were to know himſelf.⁵

Or. I mean, ſir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his mood⁶ he's anſwered.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Or. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Or. The king, ſir, hath wagered with him ſix Barbary horſes: againſt the which he has impawned,⁷ as I take it, ſix French rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hangers,⁸ and ſo: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

gentleman would ſee.' You ſhall find him containing and comprising every quality which a gentleman would deſire to conſider for imitation. Perhaps we ſhould read, 'You ſhall find him the continent.'

1 *Death*, according to Tooke, is 'the third perſon ſingular of the verb *to die*; it means ſome cauſe which *deſerth*, i. e. maketh *dear*; or hurteth, or doth miſchief.' That *death* was, therefore, uſed for *ſcarcity*, as well as *dearneſs*, appears from the following paſſage in a MS. petition to the council, by the merchants of London, 6 Edw. VI.: ſpeaking of the cauſes of the *dearneſs of cloth*, they ſay, 'This detriment cometh through the *death* of wool, the procurers whereof being a few in number for the augmentation of the ſame.'—*Convoey Papers*.

2 This ſpeech is a ridicule of the Euphuſim, or court jargon of that time.

3 'Is it not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? You will do't, ſir, really.' This interrogatory remark is very obſcure. The ſenſe may be, 'Is it not poſſible for this fantaſtic fellow to underſtand in plain language? You will, however, imitate his jargon admirably, really, ſir.' It ſeems very probable that 'another tongue, is an error of the preſs for 'mother tongue.'

4 'If you did, it would not tend much toward proving me or confirming me.'—What Hamlet would have added we know not; but ſurely Shakeſpeare's uſe of the word *approve*, upon all occaſions, is againſt Johnson's explanation of it—'to recommend to approbation.' There is no conſiſtency in the commentaries; they rarely look at the prevalent ſenſe of a word in the poet, but explain it many ways, to ſuit their own views of the meaning of a paſſage.

5 'I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him, &c.' I dare not pretend to know him, leſt I ſhould pretend to an equality: no man can completely know another, but by knowing himſelf, which is the trueſt extent of human wiſdom.

6 *Meed* is *merit*. Vide King Henry VI. Part III. Act II. Sc. 1.

7 *Impawned*.² The folio reads *impound*. *Figuræ*, in Italian, ſignifies both to *impound* and to *lay a wager*. The *stakes* are, indeed, a *gage* or *pledge*.

8 *Hangers*, that part of the belt by which the ſword was ſuſpended.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Or. I know, you muſt be edified by the margin⁹ ere you had done.

Or. The carriages, ſir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more german¹⁰ to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our ſides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horſes againſt ſix French ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal conſented carriages; that's the French bet againſt the Daniſh: Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Or. The king, ſir, hath laid, that in a dozen paſſes between yourſelf and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits;¹¹ he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordſhip would vouchſafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer no?

Or. I mean, my lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it pleaſe his majeſty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpoſe, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Or. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect, ſir; after what ſourish your nature will.

Or. I commend my duty to your lordſhip.

[*Exit.*]

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himſelf; there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

Or. This lapwing¹² runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. He did comply¹³ with his dug, before he ſucked it. Thus has he, (and many more of the ſame bevy,¹⁴ that, I know, the droſsy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter;¹⁵ a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt famed and winnowed opinions;¹⁶ and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

9 'The margin.' The gloss or commentary in old books was usually on the margin of the leaf.

10 i. e. more a *kin*. 'Those that are german to him, though fifty times removed, shall come under the hangman.'—*Winter's Tale*.

11 The conditions of the wager are thus given in the quarto of 1603:—

'Marry, sir, that young Laertes in twelve venies At rapier and dagger, do not get three odds of you.'

12 'This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.' Horatio means to call Ooric a raw, unſolded, fooliſh fellow. It was a common comparison for a forward fool. Thus in Marſe's *Wine Treasury*, 1602:—

'As the lapwing runneth away with the shell on her head, as soon as she is hatched,' &c.

'Forward lapwing, He flies with the shell on his head.'

Vittoria Corombona.

13 'He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it.' See Act II. Sc. 2.

14 The folio reads, 'mine more of the same bevy.'—*Mine* is evidently a misprint, and more likely for *manie* (i. e. many) than *mine*. The quarto of 1604 reads, 'many more of the same breed.'

15 'Outward habit of encounter' is exterior politeness of address.

16 'A kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt famed and winnowed opinions,' &c. The folio reads, *fond* and *winnowed*.—The corruption of the quarto, *propagated* and *brewnowed*,² is not worth attention; and I have no doubt that *fond* in the folio ſhould be *ſurned*, formerly ſpelt *ſan'd*, and ſometimes even without the apoſtrophe. *Fanned* and *winnowed* are almoſt always coupled by old writers, for reaſons that may be ſeen under thoſe words in Barret's *Alvearie*. So Shakeſpeare himſelf, in *Troilus and Creſſida*—

'Distinction with a broad and powerful fan, Puffing at all, winnows the light away.'

The meaning is, 'Theſe men have got the cant of the day, a ſuperficial readineſs of ſight and curioſity conſervation, a kind of frothy collection of fashionable prattle, which yet carries them through with the moſt light and inconſequential judgments; but if brought to the trial by the alighteſt breath of rational conſervation, the

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.]

Her. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Her. Nay, good my lord,

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving,² as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Her. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves,—knows;—what is't to leave betimes.³ Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants, with Foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman. This presence⁴ knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction. What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception, Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet: If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it. Who does it then? His madness: It's be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd; His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

bubbles burst; or, in other words, display their emptiness.

1 All that passes between Hamlet and this Lord is omitted in the folio.

2 I. e. misgiving, a giving against, or an internal feeling and prognostic of evil.

3 'Since no man, of aught he leaves,—knows;—What is it to leave betimes?' This is the reading of the folio; the quarto reads, 'Since no man has aught of what he leaves. What is't to leave betimes.' Has is evidently here a blunder for knows. Johnson thus interprets the passage:—'Since no man knows aught of the state which he leaves, since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should we be afraid of leaving life betimes?' Warburton's explanation is very ingenious, but perhaps strains the poet's meaning farther than he intended. 'It is true that by death we lose all the goods of life; yet seeing this loss is no otherwise an evil than as we are sensible of it; and since death removes all sense of it, what matters it how soon we lose them.' This argument against the fear of death has been dilated and placed in a very striking light by the late Mr. Green.—See *Diary of a Lover of Literature*, Ipswich, 1810, 4to. p. 230.—Shakspeare himself has elsewhere said, 'the sense of death is most in apprehension.'

4 I. e. the king and queen.

5 This line is not in the quarto.

6 I. e. unwounded. This is a piece of satire on fantastical honour. Though nature is satisfied, yet she will

Sir, in his audience.¹ Let my disclaiming from a purpose'd evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot my arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most To my revenge: but in my terms of honour, I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation, Till by some elder masters, of known honour, I have a voice and precedent of peace, To keep my name unorg'd.⁴ But till that time, I do receive your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely; And will this brother's wager frankly play.— Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me. Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night, Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord; Your grace hath laid the odds' o' the weaker side. King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both:— But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a length? [They prepare to play.]

Os. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups⁵ of wine upon that table:—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit, Or quit in answer of the third exchange, Let all the battlements their ordnance fire: The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath; And in the cup an union⁶ shall he throw, Richer than that which four successive kings In Denmark's crown have worn; Give me the cups; And let the kettle to the trumpet speak, The trumpet to the cannoneer without, The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth, Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;— And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [They play.]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

ask advice of older men of the sword, whether artificial honour ought to be contented with Hamlet's apology.

7 The king had wagered six Barbury horses to a few rapiers, poniards, &c.; that is, about twenty to one.—These are the odds here meant. The odds the King means in the next speech were twelve to nine in favour of Hamlet, by Laertes giving him three.

8 Stoup is a common word in Scotland at this day, and denotes a pewter vessel resembling our wine measures; but of no determinate quantity; for there are gallon-stoups, pint-stoups, mulckin-stoups, &c. The vessel in which water is fetched or kept is also called a water-stoup. A stoup of wine is therefore equivalent to a pitcher of wine.

9 An union is a precious pearl, remarkable for its size. 'And hereupon it is that our dainties and delicacies here at Rome, &c. call them unions, as a man would say singular, and by themselves alone.' To swallow a pearl in a draught seems to have been common to royal and mercantile prodigality. Thus in the second part of 'If You Know Not Me You Know Nobody':—

'Here sixteen thousand pound at one clap goes, Instead of sugar. Gresham drinks this pearl Unto the queen his mistress.'

According to Rondeletus, pearls were supposed to have an exhilarating quality. 'Uniones quæ a cochis, &c. valde cordiale sunt.' Under presence of throwing a pearl into the cup, the King may be supposed to drop some poisonous drug into the wine. Hamlet subsequently asks him tauntingly, 'Is the water here?'

King. Stay, give me drink : Hamlet, this pearl
is this ;
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets sound ; and Cannons shot off within.*
Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.
Come.—Another hit ; What say you ? [*They play.*
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows :
The queen carouses¹ to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good madam,—
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord ;—I pray you, pardon me.
King. It is the poison'd cup ; it is too late.

[*Aside.*
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think it.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
[*Aside.*
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes : You do but
dally ;

I pray you, pass with your best violence ;
I am afraid, you make a wanton² of me.
Laer. Say you so ? come on. [*They play.*
Or. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET ; then, in scuffling, they change Rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls.*
Or. Look to the queen there, ho !
Laer. They bleed on both sides ;—How is it, my
lord ?
Or. How is't, Laertes ?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springs,
O'er ;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen ?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear
Hamlet !

The drink, the drink ;—I am poison'd ! [*Dies.*
Ham. O villainy !—Ho ! let the door be lock'd :
Treachery ! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*
Laer. It is here, Hamlet ; Hamlet, thou art slain ;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life ;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated,³ and evenom'd : the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me : lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again : Thy mother's poison'd ;
I can no more ; the king, the king's to blame.
Ham. The point
Evenom'd too !—Then, venom, to thy work.⁴
[*Stabs the King.*

Or. and Lords. Treason ! treason !
King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned
Dane,
Drink off this potion :—to the union here ?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd ;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet :
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee ;
Nor thine on me ! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it ! I follow thee
I am dead, Horatio :—Wretched queen, adieu !—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell sergeant,⁵ death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be :—Horatio, I am dead ;
Thou liv'st ; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it ;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup ; let go ; by heaven, I'll have it.—
O, God !—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me ?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—

[*March afar off, and Shot within.*
What warlike noise is this !
Or. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, Horatio ;
The potent poison quite o'ercrow's⁶ my spirit ;
I cannot live to hear the news from England ;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras ; he has my dying voice ;
So tell him, with the occurrents,⁷ more or less,
Which have solicited,⁸—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart ;—Good night,
sweet prince ;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !
Why does the drum come hither ? [*March within.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors,
and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight ?
Hor. What is it, you would see ?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havoc !—O, proud
death !
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shut,
So bloody hast struck ?
1 *Amb.* The sight is dismal ;
And our affairs from England come too late :
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead :
Where should we have our thanks ?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you ;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump⁹ upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd ; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view ;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about : So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts ;¹⁰

1 i. e. the queen drinks to thy good success.
2 i. e. you trifle or play with me as if I were a child.
3 See note on Act iv. Sc. 7.
4 In the quarto of 1603 :—
'The poison'd instrument within my hand'
Then venom to thy venom ; die, damn'd villain :
Come, drink, here lies thy union here. [*King dies.*
5 A sergeant was a bailiff or sheriff's officer. Shakspeare, in his 74th Sonnet, has likened death to an arrest—
—when that fell arrest,
Without all ball shall carry me away.'
And Joshua Silvester, in his *Dubartas* :—
'And death, sergeant of the eternal Judge,
Comes very late,' &c.

6 To *overcrow*, is to overcome, to subdue. 'These noblemen laboured with tooth and nail to *overcrow*, and consequently to overthrow one another.'—*Holinshed's History of Ireland.*
7 'The *occurrents* which have *solicited*—the occurrences or incidents which have *incited*.' The sentence is left unfinished.
8 'This quarry cries on havoc !' To *cry on*, was to *exclaim against*. I suppose when unfair sportsmen destroyed more game than was reasonable, the censurer was to call it *havoc*.—*Johnson.*
Quarry was the term used for a heap of slaughtered game. See *Macbeth*, Act iv. Sc. 3.
9 It has been already observed that *jump* and *just*, or *exactly*, are synonymous. Vide note on Act i. Sc. 1.
10 'Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts' Of *carnal*

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on¹ by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it.
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory² in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more;
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild: lest more mis-
chance,

On plots and errors, happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead March.*]

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead Bodies; after which, a Peal of Ordnance is shot off.*]

The following scene in the first quarto, 1603, differs materially from the revised play, that it has been thought it would not be unacceptable to the reader:—

Enter Horatio and the Queen.

Hor. Madam, your son is safe arrived in Denmark.
This letter I even now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap'd the danger,
And subtle treason that the king had plotted,
Being crossed by the contention of the winds,
He found the packet sent to the king of England,
Wherein he saw himself betray'd to death,
As at his next conversation with your grace
He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queen. Then I perceive there's treason in his looks,
That seem'd to sugar o'er his villainies:
But I will sooth and please him for a time,
For murderous minds are always jealous;
But know not you, Horatio, where he is?

Hor. Yes, madam, and he hath appointed me
To meet him on the east side of the city
To-morrow morning.

Queen. O fall not, good Horatio, and withal com-
mend me
A mother's care to him, bid him a while

guinary and unnatural acts, to which the perpetrator was instigated by concupiscence or 'carnal stings.' The allusion is to the murder of old Hamlet by his brother, previous to his incestuous union with Gertrude.

1 l. e. *instigated, produced.* Instead of 'forced cause,' the quartos read, 'for no cause.'

3 l. e. some rights which are remembered in this kingdom.

Be wary of his presence, lest that he
Fall in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, never make doubt of that:
I think by this the news be come to court
He is arriv'd: observe the king, and you shall
Quickly find, Hamlet being here,
Things fell not to his mind.

Queen. But what became of Gilderstone and Ros-
sencraft?

Hor. He being set ashore, they went for England,
And in the packet there writ down that doom
To be perform'd on them 'poison'd for him:
And by great chance he had his father's seal,
So all was done without discovery.

Queen. Thanks be to Heaven for blessing of the
prince.

Horatio, once again I take my leave,
With thousand mother's blessings to my son.
Hor. Madam, adieu!

If the dramas of Shakespeare were to be characterised, each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity: with merriment that includes judicious and instructive observations; and solemnity not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the first Act chills the blood with horror, to the fog in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly secure against objections. The action is indeed for the most part in continual progression; but there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause; for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the King, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity, than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.

The poet is accused of having shown little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious
JOHNSON.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story is taken from the collection of Novels, by Gio Giraldi Cinthio, entitled *Hecatommiti*, being the seventh novel of the third decad. No English translation of so early a date as the age of Shakespeare has hitherto been discovered: but the work was translated into French by Gabriel Chappuyts, Paris, 1534. The version is not a faithful one: and Dr. Farmer suspects that through this medium the novel came into English.

The name of Othello may have been suggested by some tale which has escaped our researches, as it occurs in Reynolds's *God's Revenge* against Adultery, standing in one of his arguments as follows:—'She marries Othello, an old German soldier.' This history (the eighth) is professed to be an Italian one; and here also the name of Iago occurs. It is likewise found in

The History of the famous Euordanus, Prince of Denmark; with the strange Adventures of Iago, Prince of Saxonie, 4to, 1605. It may indeed be urged, that these names were adopted from the tragedy before us; but every reader who is conversant with the peculiar style and method in which the work of honest John Reynolds is composed, will acquit him of the slightest familiarity with the scenes of Shakespeare.—*See end.*

The time of this play may be ascertained from the following circumstances.—Selymus the Second formed his design against Cyprus in 1589, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that island after it came into the hands of the Venetians, (which was in 1473,) wherefore the time must fall in with some part of that interval. We learn from the play, that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet

at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first came sailing towards Cyprus; then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts, which happened when Mustapha, Selymus's general, attacked Cyprus, in May, 1570; which is therefore the true period of this performance.—See Knolle's History of the Turka, p. 326, 346, 367.—Reed.

The first edition of this play, of which we have any certain knowledge, was printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkly, to whom it was entered on the Stationers' Books, October 6, 1621. The most material variations of this copy from the first folio are pointed out in the notes. The minute differences are so numerous, that to have specified them would only have fatigued the reader. Walkly's Preface will follow these Preliminary Remarks.

Malone first placed the date of the composition of this play in 1611, upon the ground of the allusion, supposed by Warburton, to the creation of the order of baronets. [See Act III. Sc. 4, note.] On the same ground Mr. Chalmers attributed it to 1614; and Dr. Drake assigned the middle period of 1612. But this allusion being controverted, Malone subsequently ascribed it to the date of 1604, because, as he asserts, 'we know it was acted in that year.' He has not stated the evidence for this decisive fact; and Mr. Boswell was unable to discover it among his papers; but gives full credit to it, on the ground that 'Mr. Malone never expressed himself at random.' The allusion to Pliny, translated by Philemon Holland, in 1601, in the simile of the Ponic Sea; and the supposed imitation of a passage in Cornwallis's Essays, of the same date, referred to in the note cited above, seem to have influenced Mr. Malone in settling the date of this play. What is more certain is, that it was played before King James at court, in 1613; which circumstance is gathered from the MSS. of Vertue the Engraver.

'If (says Schlegel) Romeo and Juliet shines with the colours of the dawn of morning, but a dawn whose purple clouds already announce the thunder of a sultry day, Othello is, on the other hand, a strongly shaded picture; we might call it a tragical Rembrandt.'

Should these parallels between pictorial representation and dramatic poetry be admitted,—for I have my doubts of their propriety,—this is a far more judicious ascription than that of Steevens, who, in a concluding

note to this play, would compare it to a picture from the school of Raphael. Poetry is certainly the pabulum of art; and this drama, as every other of our immortal bard, offers a series of pictures to the imagination of such varied hues, that artists of every school might from hence be furnished with subjects. What Schlegel means to say appears to be, that it abounds in strongly contrasted scenes, but that gloom predominates.

Much has been written on the subject of this drama; and there has been some difference of opinion in regard to the rank in which it deserves to be placed. For my own part I should not hesitate to place it on the first. Perhaps this preference may arise from the circumstance of the domestic nature of its action, which lays a stronger hold upon our sympathy; for overpowering as is the pathos of *Leair*, or the interest excited by *Macbeth*, it comes less near to the business of life.

In strong contrast of character, in delineation of the workings of passion in the human breast, in manifestations of profound knowledge of the inmost recesses of the heart, this drama exceeds all that has ever issued from mortal pen. It is indeed true that 'no eloquence is capable of painting the overwhelming catastrophe in *Othello*,—the pressure of feelings which measure out in a moment the abysses of eternity.'

WALKLY'S PREFACE TO OTHELLO, ED. 1622, 4to.

THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

To set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English proverb, '*A blew coat without a badge*;' and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon me: To commend it, I will not; for that which is good, I hope every man will commend without intreaty: and I am the bolder, because the Author's name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it the generall censure. Yours,
THOMAS WALKLY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a Senator.
Two other Senators.
GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.
OTHELLO, the Moor:
CASSIO, his Lieutenant;
IAGO, his Ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.
MORTANEO, Othello's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to Othello.
Herald.
DESEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.
EMILIA, Wife to Iago.
BIANCA, a Courtesan, Mistress to Cassio.
Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.
SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Seaport in Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street. Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.
Roderigo.

TUSH, never tell me, I take it much unkindly, That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse, As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:— If ever I did dream of such a matter, Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

1 To *cap* is to salute by taking off the cap: it is still an academic phrase. The folio reads, 'Off-capp'd.'

2 Circumstance signifies *circumlocution*.

3 And therefore without *circumstance*, to the point, instruct me what I am?

The Picture, by Massinger.

4 Iago means to represent Cassio as a man merely conversant with *civil* matters, and who knew no more of a squadron than the number of men it contained. He afterwards calls him 'this counter-caster.'

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant, Off-capp'd¹ to him;—and, by the faith of man, I know my price, I am worth no worse a place: But he, as loving his own pride and purposes, Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,² Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war; And, in conclusion, nonsuits My mediators; for, certes, says he, I have already chose my officer.

And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,³
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;⁴

4 The folio reads, *damnd*. This passage has given rise to much discussion. Mr. Tyrwhitt thought that we should read, 'almost damn'd in a fair life'; alluding to the judgment denounced in the Gospel against those 'of whom all men speak well.' I should be contented to adopt his emendation, but with a different interpretation:—'A fellow almost damn'd (i. e. lost from luxurious habits) in the serene or equable tenor of

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,¹
Wherein the tog'd consuls² can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds,
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster;³
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;

Preferment goes by letter,⁴ and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affi'd⁵
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old,
Cashier'd;

Whip me such honest knaves:⁶ Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd
their coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself:
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern,⁷ 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws⁸ to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune⁹ does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,

his life.' The passage as it stands at present has been said by Steevens to mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expressing himself, no more than a man 'very near being married.' This seems to have been the case in respect to Cassio. Act iv. Sc. 1, Iago speaking to him of Bianca, says, 'Why, the cry goes that you shall marry her.' Cassio acknowledges that such a report had been raised, and adds—'This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her love and self flattery, not out of my promise.' Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally alludes to it in his present conversation with Roderigo.—Mr. Boswell suspects that there may be some corruption in the text.

1 i. e. theory. See All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv. Sc. 2.

2 The rulers of the state, or civil governors. The word is used in the same sense in Tamburlaine:—

'Both we will reign the consuls of the earth.'

By tog'd is meant peaceable, in opposition to warlike qualifications, of which he had been speaking. The word may be formed in allusion to the adage, 'Cedant arma togæ.' The folio reads, 'I engaged apostles,' which agrees better with the words which follow:—'mere prattle, without practice.'

3 It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with counters. To this the poet alludes in Cymbeline, Act v. —'It sums up thousands in a trice: you have no gross debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters.'

Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house: I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,

As when, by¹⁰ night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio!
ho!

Iago. Awake! what ho! Brabantio! thieves!
thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, above, at a Window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame,
put on your gown:

Your heart is burst,¹¹ you have lost half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram

Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:

Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:

I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,

My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,

Being full of supper, and distempering¹² draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come

To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power

To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;

My house is not a grange.¹³

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that
will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because
we come to do you service, you think we are ruf-

fers.

4 i. e. by recommendation.

5 'Do I stand within any such terms of propinquity to the Moor, as that I am bound to love him?' The first quarto has assign'd.

6 Knave is here used for serpent, but with a sly mixture of contempt.

7 Outward show of civility.

8 This is the reading of the folio. The first quarto reads 'daws.'

9 Full fortune is complete good fortune: to see is to possess. So in Antony and Cleopatra—

'—not the imperious show
Of the full-forehead'd Cæsar.'

And in Cymbeline—

'Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine.'

10 'By night and negligence.' means 'in the time of night and negligence.' Nothing is more common than this mode of expression: 'we should not hesitate at the expression, 'By night and day.'

11 i. e. is broken.

12 That is, 'intoxicating draughts.' In Hamlet, the king is said to be 'marvellous distemper'd with wine.' See King Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 2.

13 That is, we ate in a populous city, mine is not a lone house, where a robbery might easily be committed. Grange is, strictly, the farm of a monastery; grangia, Lat. from grangum: but, provincially, any lone house or solitary farm is called a grange. So in Measure for Measure—'At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana.'

fiare: You'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews' neigh to you: you'll have coursers for cousins, and genets for Germans.¹

Bra. What profane² wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.³

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

[If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent, (As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter At this odd-even⁴ and dull watch o' the night, Transported—with no worse nor better guard, But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,— To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,— If this be known to you, and your allowance,⁵ We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs; But if you know not this, my manners tell me, We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe, That, from' the sense of all civility, I thus would play and trifle with your reverence: Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,— I say again, hath made a gross revolt; Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes, In an extravagant⁶ and wheeling stranger, Of here and everywhere: Straight satisfy yourself: If she be in her chamber, or your house, Let loose on me the justice of the state For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper:—call up my people:— This accident is not unlike my dream, Belief of it oppresses me already:— Light, I say! light!

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you: It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place, To be produc'd, (as, if I stay, I shall,) Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,— However this may gall him with some check,⁷ Cannot with safety cast⁸ him! for he's embark'd With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, (Which even now stand in act,) that for their souls, Another of his fathom they have not, To lead their business: in which regard, Though I do hate him as I do hell pains, Yet, for necessity of present life, I must show out a flag and sign of love, Which is, indeed, but sign. That you shall surely find him, Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search; And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

¹ *Nephews* here mean grand-children. See King Henry VI. Part I. and King Richard III.

² I. e. horses for relations. A *genet* is a Spanish or Barbary horse.

³ A profane wretch is an unlucky or a wicked one. *A faire la bete a deux dos* is a French proverbial expression, which needs no explanation. See the notes to any edition of Rabelais, or Le Roux's Dictionnaire Comique.

⁴ This *odd-even* appears to mean the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning. So in Macbeth:

What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which?

I. e. your approbation.

⁷ That is, in opposition to or departing from the sense of all civility. So in Twelfth Night:—

But this is from my commission.

And in The Mayor of Queenborough, by Middleton, 1664:—

But this is from my business.

⁸ *Extravagant* is here again used in its Latin sense, for wandering. Thus in Hamlet:—The extravagant and erring spirit. Sir Henry Wootton thus uses it:—

These two accidents, precisely true, and known to few, I have reported as not altogether extravagant from my purpose. Parallels, etc. between Buckingham and

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is: And what's to come of my despised time,¹¹ Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo, Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!— With the Moor, sayst thou?—Who would be a father?—

How didst thou know 'twas she? O, thou deceiv'st me

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are

Bra. O, heaven!—How got she out!—O, treason of the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds By what you see them act.—Is there not charms,¹² By which the property of youth and maidhood May be abus'd?¹³ Have you not read, Roderigo, Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call; I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho! And raise some special officers of night.— On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. Another Street. Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men, Yet do I hold it very stuff¹⁴ o' the conscience, To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,¹⁵

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms Against your honour, That, with the little godliness I have, I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir, Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,— That the magnifico¹⁶ is much below'd; And hath, in his effect, a voice potential¹⁷ As double as the duke's; he will divorce you;

Esser.—In is here used for on, a common substitution in ancient phraseology. Pope and others, not aware of this, akered it, and read, 'To an extravagant' &c.

I. e. some rebuke.

¹⁰ That is, dismiss him, reject him.

¹¹ *Despised time* is time of no value: time in which There's nothing serious in mortality;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere dregs Are left this vauk to brag o'!

So in Romeo and Juliet:—

— expire the term

Of a *despised* life clos'd in my breast.

¹² 'Is there not charms,' &c. means is there not such a thing as charms? The second folio reads, 'Are there not,' &c.

¹³ I. e. may be illud or deceived.

— wicked dreams abuse Macbeth. The curtain'd sleeper.

¹⁴ This expression to common readers appears harsh. Stuff of the conscience, is substance or essence of the conscience. Shakespeare uses the word in the same sense, and in a manner yet more harsh in Macbeth:—

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff.

¹⁵ 'Of whom is this said'—Of Roderigo.—*Strepone*

¹⁶ The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *magnifici*, i. e. *magnificos*. See Ben Jonson's Volpone.

¹⁷ I. e. as mighty, as powerful; as double, means as strong, as forcible, as double in effect as that of the dogs, whose voice of course carried great sway with it, and who is said to have had extraordinary privileges, influencing every court and council of the state.

Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law, (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits¹
May speak, unbanned, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused² free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth.³ But, look! what lights come
yonder?

Enter CASSIO, at a Distance, and certain Officers
with Torches.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!⁴
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste⁵ appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls,⁶ rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly
call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,⁷
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.

1 'Men who have sat upon royal thrones.' So in Grafton's Chronicle, p. 443:—'Incontinent, after that he was placed in the royal siege,' &c.

2 *Demerits* has the same meaning in Shakspeare as *merite*. *Mereo* and *demereo* had the same meaning in the Roman language. 'Demerit,' (says Bullokar,) a *dessert*; also, (on the contrary, and as it is most commonly used at this day,) *ill-deserving*.

3 Mr. Fusell (and who was better acquainted with the sense and spirit of Shakspeare) explains this passage as follows:—'I am his equal or superior in rank; and were it not so, such are my *merits*, that *unbanned*, without the addition of patrician or senatorial dignity, they may speak to as proud a fortune,' &c. At Venice, the *bonnet*, as well as the *toga*, is a badge of aristocratic honours to this day.

4 I. e. *unsettled*, free from domestic cares.

5 *Pliny*, the naturalist, has a chapter on the *riches of the sea*. The expression seems to have been proverbial. Thus in Davenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:—
'_____ he would not lose that privilege
For the sea's worth.'

So in *King Henry V.* Act i.:

As rich with praise,
As in the ooze and bottom of the sea,
With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries.'

6 So in *Measure for Measure*:

'The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good protest!'

7 These words were ordinarily written on the covers of letters or packets requiring the most prompt and speedy conveyance. Often reduplicated thus:—'*Haste, haste, haste, post-haste!*'

8 See note 2, p. 515.

9 *Quests* are here put for messengers; properly it signified searchers. Vide Cotgrave, in *questeur*.

10 A *carrack*, or *carrick*, was a ship of great burthen, a Spanish galleon; so named from *carica*, a lading, or freight.

11 In the third scene of the third act, Iago says:—

'Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?'

'Oth. From first to last.'

I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
carrack;¹⁰

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?¹¹

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of
Night, with Torches and Weapons.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;¹²

He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curld¹³ darlings of our nation,

Would o'er have, to incur our general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.¹⁴

[Judge me the world, if 'tis not *ross* in sense.¹⁵

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals;

That waken motion:¹⁶—I'll have it disputed on;

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee.]

Cassio's seeming ignorance might therefore only be affected, in order to keep his friend's secret till it became publicly known.

12 I. e. be *cautious*, be *discreet*.

13 Sir W. Davenant uses the same expression in his *Just Italian*, 1630:—
'The curld and silken nobles of the town.'

Again:—
'Such as the curld youth of Italy.'

It was the fashion of the poet's time for lusty gallants to wear a *curled* bush of frizzled hair.' See *Hall's Festivities*, ed. 1624, book iii. sat. 6. Shakspeare has in other places alluded to the fashion of *curling the hair* among persons of rank and fashion. Speaking of Tarquin, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, he says:—

'Let him have time to tear his *curled* hair.'
And *Edgar*, in *Le Lear*, when he was 'proud in heart and mind,' *curled his hair*. Turnus, in the twelfth *Æneid*, speaking of *Æneas*, says:—
'_____ *fadare* in *pubere* crines
Vibratos calido ferre.'

14 'Of such a thing as thou: a *thing* to fear (i. e. terrify), not to delight.' So in the next scene:—
'To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on.'

15 The lines in crochets are not in the first edition, 4to. 1622.

16 The old copy reads, 'That *waken* motion.' The emendation is Hamner's. *Motion* is elsewhere used by our poet precisely in the sense required here. So in *Measure for Measure*:—
'_____ one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense.'
And in a subsequent scene of this play:—'But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts.' So in *A Mad World, my Masters*, by Middleton, 1606:—
'And in myself sooth up adulterous motions.'
To *waken* is to *thrite*, to *stir up*. We have in the present play, '*waken'd* wrath.' And in Shakspeare's 117th Sonnet, '*waken'd* hate.' Brabantio afterwards asserts:—
'That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood
He wrought upon her.'

For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Os. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Ware it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go,
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison: till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Os. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Of. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans,¹ shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Council Chamber.—
The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a Table;
Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no composition² in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim³ reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [Within.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer with a Sailor.

Of. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now; the business?
Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for
Rhodes;

So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 This passage has been completely misunderstood.—
Paganus was a word of contempt; and the reason will
appear from its etymology:—*Paganus*, villanus vel
incolaus. Et derivatur a pagus quod est villa. Et
quicunque habitat in villa est paganus. Præterea qui-
cunque est extra civitatem Del, i. e. ecclesiam, dicitur
paganus. Anglice, a *paynim*.—*Ortus Vocabulorum*,
1236. I know not whether *pagan* was ever used to
designate a clown or rustic; but *paganical* and *paganian*,
in a kindred sense, were familiar to our elder
language. Malone thinks that 'Brabantio is meant to
allude to the common condition of all blacks, who come
from their own country both *slaves* and *paganus*; and
that he uses the word in contempt of Othello. If he is
suffered to escape with impunity, we may expect to see
all our offices of state filled up by the *paganus* and bond-
slaves of Africa.'

2 *Composition* for *consistency*. It has been before
observed that *senes* was considered of the plural number
by our ancestors.

3 *Aim* is *guess*, conjecture. The quarto reads, 'they
aim reports.' The meaning appears to be, 'in these
cases where conjecture tells the tale.'—*Aim* is again
used as a substantive in Julius Cæsar:—

'What you would work me to, I have some aim.'
4 'Bring it to the test, examine it by reason, it will
be found counterfeit.'

5 That he may carry it with *less dispute*, with di-
minished opposition.

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason;⁴ 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The impotency of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question⁵ bear it,
[For that it stands not in such warlike brace,⁶
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of
this,
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage,⁷ a danger profitless.]
Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.
Of. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you
guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they restem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appear-
ance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.⁸

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus,—

Marcus Lucchese, is he not in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish⁹ him post-post-haste:
despatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant
Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODRIGO,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.¹⁰
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;

[*To BRABANTIO*
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon
me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
care¹¹

Take hold on me; for my particular grief

Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,

And it is still itself.

6 i. e. In such *state of defence*. To arm was called
to brace on the armour. The seven following lines
were added since the first edition in quarto, 1622.

7 To *wake* is to undertake. 'To wage law (in the
common acceptation) seems to be to follow, to urge,
drive on, or prosecute the law or law-suits; as to wage
war is *præliari*, *bellare*, to drive on the war, to fight in
battles as warriors do.'—*Blount's Glossography*.

8 'He entreats you not to doubt the truth of this in-
telligence.'

9 i. e. 'desire him to make all possible haste.' The
follo reads:—

'Write from us to him, post, post-haste, despatch.'

10 It was part of the policy of the Venetian state to
employ strangers, and even Moors, in their wars. 'By
lande they are served of straungers, both for generals,
for capitaines, and for all other men of warre, because
theyr lawe permiteth not any Venetian to be capitaine
over an armie by lande; fearing, I thinke, Cæsar's ex-
ample.'—*Thomas's History of Italy*, p. 82. See also
Contarini's Republic of Venice, by Lowkenor, 1699,
and Howell's Letters, sect. 1. let. xxviii

11

Publica cura.
Her.
Steevens would read this line thus:—
'Rais'd me from bed; nor doth the general care—'
omitting *Hath* and *my*, which he considers playhouse
interpolations; by which, he says, the metre of this
tragedy is too frequently deranged.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me;
 She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
 By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:¹
 For nature so preposterously to err,
 Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,²
 Sans witchcraft could not—
Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
 Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
 And you of her, the bloody book of law
 You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
 After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
 Stood in your action.³

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
 Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
 Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
 Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it.
Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?
 [To OTHELLO.]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave and reverend signiours,
 My very noble and approv'd good masters,
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her;
 The very head and front of my offending;⁴
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action⁵ in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking of myself: Yet, by your gracious pa-
 tience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
 charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
 I won his daughter with.⁶

Bra. A maiden never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at herself;⁷ And she,—in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—

To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
 That will confess—perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell;
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
 Without more certain and more overt test,⁸
 Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
 Of modern seeming,¹⁰ do prefer against him.

Sen. But, Othello, speak:—
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul asserdeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,¹¹
 And let her speak of me before her father:
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,¹²
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.
Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the
 place.— [Enter IAGO and Attendants.
 And till she come, as truly¹³ as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.
Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have pass'd.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents, by flood, and field:
 Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly
 breach;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
 And portance¹⁴ in my travel's history:
 Wherein of antros¹⁵ vast, and deserts wild,¹⁶

¹ By the Venetian law the giving love-potions was highly criminal, as appears in the Code Della Promission del Malefico, cap. xvii. *Dei Malefici et Herbarie*. Shakespeare may not have known this; but he was well acquainted with the edicts of James I. against

—practisers
 Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant.²
² This line is not in the first quarto.
³ Though our own son were the man exposed to your charge or accusation.⁴

⁴ The main, the whole unextenuated. 'Frons causæ nou satis honesta est,' is a phrase used by Quintilian. A similar expression is found in Tamburlaine, 1690;—

'The man that in the forehead of his fortunes
 Beares figures of renown and miracle.'
 Again in Troilus and Cressida:—

'So rich advantage of a promis'd glory
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action.'
⁵ The folio reads, 'soft phrase of peace.'
⁶ Their dearest action; that is, as we should say in modern language, their best exertion.

⁷ The word *with*, supplied in the second folio, is wanting in the older copies. Malone contends that it is merely an elliptical form of expression, and that the earlier copies are right.

⁸ Shakespeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uses the *personal* instead of the *neutral* pronoun.

⁹ Open proofs, external evidence.

¹⁰ I. e. weak show of slight appearance. *Modern* is frequently used for *trifling*, *slight*, or *trivial*, by Shakespeare. The first quarto reads:—

'These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods
 Of modern seemings you prefer against him.'

¹¹ The sign of the fictitious creature so called. See Troilus and Cressida, Act. v. Sc. 6.

¹² This line is wanting in the first quarto.

¹³ The first quarto reads, as *faithful*: the next line is omitted in that copy.

¹⁴ The first quarto reads:—
 'And with it all my travel's history.'

By 'my portance in my travel's history,' perhaps, is meant, my carriage or behaviour in my travels, as described in my narration of them. *Portance* is a word used in Coriolanus:—

'—took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance,
 Which gibingly, ungravelly he did fashion,' &c.

¹⁵ I. e. caverns; from *antrum*, Lat. Warburton observes that Rymer ridicules this whole circumstance; and Shaftesbury obliquely sneers at it. 'Whoever (says Johnson) ridicules this account of the progress of love, shows his ignorance, not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were magnified by her timidity.'

¹⁶ The quarto and first folio read, 'deserts *idle*;' the second folio reads, 'deserts *wild*;' and this reading was adopted by Pope; at which Dr. Johnson expresses his surprise.

Mr. Malone taxes the editor of the second folio with ignorance of Shakespeare's meaning; and *idle* is triumphantly reinstated in the text. It does not seem to have occurred to the commentators that *wild* might add a feature of some import, even to a desert; whereas *idle*, I. e. *sterile*, leaves it just as it found it, and is (without a pun) the *ideal* epithet which could be applied. Mr. Pope, too, had an ear for rhythm; and as his reading has some touch of Shakespeare, which the other has not, and he besides better poetry, I should hope that it would one day resume its proper place in the text.—

Gifford. *Notes on Selimæ. Ben Jonson's Works* vol.

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.' These things

to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourses : Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intensively : I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore'—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing

strange ;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
She wish'd, she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd

me ;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them :
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best :
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak ;
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man :—Come hither, gentle mistress ;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience ?

Du. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you, I am bound for life, and education ;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,

III. p. 14.—I have followed the suggestion of Mr. Gifford, and restored the reading of the second folio ; convinced by his reasoning, and believing that *idle* might easily be substituted for *wilde*, in the earlier copies, by a mere typographical error.

1 Nothing excited more universal attention than the accounts brought by Sir Walter Raleigh, on his return from his celebrated voyage to Guiana, in 1595, of the cannibals, amazons, and especially of the nation—

'— whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.'

See his Narrative in Hackluyt's Voyages, vol. iii. ed. 1690, fol. p. 672, et seq. and p. 677, &c. A short extract of the more wonderful passages was also published in Latin and in several other languages, in 1699, adorned with copper-plates, representing these cannibals, amazons, and headless people, &c. A copy of one of the plates is given in the variorum editions of Shakespeare. These extraordinary reports were universally credited ; and Othello therefore assumes no other character but what was very common, among the celebrated commanders of the poet's time.

2 *Attention* and *intention* were once synonymous. '*Intention*, which listeneth well and is earnestly bent to a thing,' says Bullokar, in his Expositor, 1616.

3 To *ever upon faith or honour* was considered swearing, equally with a solemn appeal to God. See Whitaker's Vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots, vol. li. p. 487.

4 i. e. 'let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion.'—*Sir J. Reynolds*.

I am hitherto your daughter : But here's my husband ;

And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you !—I have done—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Du. Let me speak like yourself ;⁵ and lay a sentence,
Which as a grise,⁶ or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,⁷
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief ;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.
Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears :
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
But words are words ; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.⁸

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus :—Othello, the fortitude of the
place is best known to you : And though we have
there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet
opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a
more safer voice on you ; you must therefore be
content to slubber⁹ the gloss of your new fortunes
with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down :¹⁰ I do agnize¹⁰

5 *Grise* or *greese* is a *step* ; from *gres*, French. The word occurs again in Timon of Athens :—

'— for every *grize* of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below.'

Ben Jonson, in his Sejanus, has *degrees* in the same sense :—

'Whom when we saw lie spread on the *degrees*.'

6 This is expressed in a common proverbial form, in Love's Labours Lost :—

'Past cure is still past care.'

7 i. e. 'that the wounds of sorrow were ever cured by the words of consolation.' *Pierced* is here used for *penetrated*. Spenser has employed the word in the same figurative sense, Faerie Queene, b. vi. c. 9 :—

'Whose senseful words *empierst* his heart so near
That he was rapt with double ravishment.'

8 To *slubber* here means to *obscure*. So in Jeronimo, 1605, first part :—

'The evening too begins to *slubber* the day.'

The latter part of this metaphor has already occurred in Macbeth :—

'— golden opinions—'

Which should be worn now in their *newest gloss*.'

9 A *driven* bed is a bed for which the feathers have been selected by *driving* with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy.

10 To *agnize* is to acknowledge, confess, or avow. Thus in a Summaris Report, &c. of the Speaker relative to Mary Queen of Scots, 4to. 1586 :—'A repentant convert *agnizing* her Majesty's great mercie,' &c. &c. It sometimes signified 'to know by some token, to admit, or allow.'

A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition,¹
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duka. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,

To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;²
And let me find a charter in your voice,³
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes⁴
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality⁵ of my lord's:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bestow'd me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence; Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords—'beseech you, let her
will

Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven; I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects,
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;⁶
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For 'she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,⁷

1 'I desire that proper disposition be made for my wife, that she may have a fit place appointed for her residence, and such allowance, accommodation, and attendance as befits her rank.' *Exhibition for allowance* has already occurred in King Lear, and in The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

2 Thus in the quarto 1622. The folio, to avoid the repetition of the same epithet, reads:—

'Most gracious duke,

To my unfolding lend a prosperous ear.
l. e. a propitious ear.

3 That is, 'let your favour privilege me.'

4 By her 'downright violence and storm of fortunes' Desdemona means, the bold and decisive measure she had taken, of following the dictates of passion, and giving herself to the Moor, regardless of her parent's displeasure, the forms of her country, and the future inconveniences she might be subject to, by 'tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes, in an extravagant and wheeling stranger, of here and every where.' This was truly taking her fortunes by storm.

5 *Quality* here, as in other passages of Shakespeare, means *profession*. 'My heart is so entirely devoted to Othello, that I will even encounter the dangers of his military profession with him.' The quarto reads, 'My heart's subdued even to the utmost pleasure of my lord.'

6 Stevens reads, at the suggestion of Sir T. Hamner:—

'Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,

In my distinct and proper satisfaction.'

Malone reads *disjunct* instead of *distinct*. In the Bondman of Massinger we have a passage evidently copied from this speech of Othello:—

'Let me wear

Your colours, lady, and though youthful heats,

That look no further than your outward form,

Are long since buried in me, while I live,

I am a constant lover of your mind.' &c.

Mr Gifford observes that, 'as this shows how Shakespeare's contemporaries understood the lines, it should, I think, with us be decisive of their meaning.'—The

That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!⁸

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall cur commission bring to you:
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[To BRABANTIO.

If virtue no delighted⁹ beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

I Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*
Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee;

I pry'thee, let thy wife attend on her;

And bring them after in the best advantage.¹⁰

Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour

Of love, of worldly matters and direction,

To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

admirers of Shakespeare cannot but recollect with dismay the prodigious mass of conjectural criticism accumulated on this simple passage, as well as the melancholy passage with which it terminates; that after all 'it will probably prove a lasting source of doubt and controversy.' I confess I see little or rather no occasion for either: nor can I possibly conceive why, after the rational and unforced explanation of Johnson, the worthless reveries of Theobald, Tollet, &c. were admitted.—*Affects* occur incessantly in the sense of passions, affections: *young affects* are therefore perfectly synonymous with *young heats*. Othello, like Timon, was not an old man, though he had lost the fire of youth; the critics might therefore have dismissed their concern for the lady, which they have so delicately communicated for the edification of the rising generation. Mr. Gifford suggests that Shakespeare may have given *affect* in the singular to correspond with *heat*. *Affect* is also used for *passion*, in an Elegy on the Death of Sir Thomas Wyatt, by Lord Surrey:—

'An eye whose judgment none affect could blinde,
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile.'

Dr. Johnson's explanation is:—'I ask it not (says Othello) to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires, the passions of youth which I have now outlived, or for any particular gratification of myself, but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife.' Upon had previously changed *my*, the reading of the old copy, to *me*; but he has printed *affects*, not seeming to know that *affects* could be a noun.

7 l. e. cause.

8 Thus the folio; except that, instead of *active instruments*, it has *off'd instrument*. The quarto reads: 'And feather'd Cupid foils,' &c. *Speculative instruments*, in Shakespeare's language, are the eyes; and *active instruments*, the hands and feet. 'To seel is to close up.' The meaning of the passage appears to be, 'When the pleasures and idle toys of love make me unfit either for seeing the duties of my office, or for the ready performance of them.'

9 The quarto reads *reputation*

10 *Delighted for delighting.*

11 l. e. fairest opportunity.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O, villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years!¹ and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-heu,² I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry: why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance³ of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted⁴ lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect,⁵ or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard;⁶ I say, put money in thy purse. In cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.⁷ She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change,

1 That Iago means to say he was but twenty-eight years old, is clearly ascertained by his marking particularly, though indefinitely, a period *within that time*, [*'and since I could distinguish,' &c.*] when he began to make observations on the characters of men. Walter, on a picture which was painted for him in his youth by Cornelius Jansen, and which is now in the possession of his heir, has expressed the same thought: 'Anno ætatis 23; *vita vis prima*.'—In the novel, on which Othello is founded, Iago is described as a young handsome man.

2 *A Guinea-ken* was a cant term for a woman of easy virtue.

3 The folio reads 'if the brain;': probably a mistake for *beam*.

4 So in *A Knack to Know an Honest Man*, 1596:—

— Virtue never taught thee that,
She sets a bit upon her bridled lusts.'

See also *As You Like It*, Act ii. Sc. 4:—

'For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself.'

5 *A sect* is what the gardeners call a cutting.

6 I have already observed that *defeat* was used for *disfigurement* or *alteration* of features: from the French *defaire*. *Favour* means that combination of features which gives the face its distinguishing character.

7 *Sequestration* is defined to be 'a putting apart, a separation of a thing from the possession of both those that contend for it.' It is not therefore necessary to suppose any change requisite in the text. In another passage of this play we have 'a *sequester* from liberty.' So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die.'

she must; therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring⁸ barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be haigned in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money;—I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted:⁹ I think hath no loss reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse;¹⁰ go: provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow—Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet it the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse. [Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,¹¹
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety.¹² He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume¹³ up my will;
A double knavery.—How? how?—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person; and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false,
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, but but seem to be so;

8 The quarto reads 'as *acerr* as coloquintida.' The poet had the third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel in his thoughts, in which we are told that John the Baptist lived in the wilderness on locusts and wild honey. Mr. Douce observes, that 'there is another phrase of the same kind, viz. to exchange herb John for coloquintida. It is used in Osborne's *Memoirs of James I.* and elsewhere. The pedantic Tomlinson, in his translation of Renodæus's *Dispensatory*, says, that many superstitious persons call mugwort St. John's herb, wherewith he circumcised his loins on holidays. Shakespeare, who was extremely well acquainted with popular superstitions, might have recollected this circumstance, when, for reasons best known to himself, he chose to vary the phrase by substituting the *luscious locusts* of the Baptist. Whether these were the fruit of the tree so called, or the well known insect, is not likely to be determined. It is said that the insect locusts are considered a delicacy at Tonquin. Bulletin says that 'coloquintida is most bitter.'—*Butoarke of Defence*, 1579.

9 *Erring* is the same as *erraticus* in Latin. So in *Hamlet*:

'Th' extravagant and erring spirit.'

And in *As You Like It*:—

— How brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage.'

10 This adjective occurs again in Act iii. —'hearted throne.'

11 i. e. *marca*.

12 *Woodcock* was the general term for a foolish fellow. Iago is more sarcastic, and compares his dupe to a smaller and meaner bird of almost the same shape.

13 That is, I will act as if I were certain of the fact. 'He holds me well,' is, he entertains a good opinion of me.

14 The first quarto reads 'to make up.'

And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have't;—it is engender'd—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Seaport Town in Cyprus.*¹ *A Platform. Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.*

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?
1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heaven² and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land:

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,³
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,⁴
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,⁵
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enshafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd,⁶ they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords! our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance,
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?
3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronese:⁷ Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

1 All the modern editors, following Rowe, have supposed the capital of Cyprus to be the place where the scene of Othello lies during four Acts: but this could not have been Shakespeare's intention; *Nicosia*, the capital city of Cyprus, being situated nearly in the centre of the island, and thirty miles distant from the sea. The principal seaport town of Cyprus is *Famagusta*; where there was formerly a strong fort and commodious haven, 'nears which (says Knolles) standeth an old *castle*, with four towers, after the ancient manner of building.' To this castle we find that Othello presently repairs. Centhis, in the novel, makes no mention of any attack on Cyprus by the Turks; but they took the island from the Venetians in 1570. By mentioning Rhodes as likely to be attacked by the Turks, the historical fact is disregarded; for they were in quiet possession of that island, and had been masters of it since the year 1392; and from 1473, when the Venetians first became possessed of Cyprus, to 1522, they had not been molested by any Turkish armament.

2 The quarto reads:—
'—'twixt the *haven* and the main.'
and Malone adopts that reading. Perhaps the poet wrote 'the *heavens*.' A subsequent passage may serve to show that the folio affords the true reading:—

'—Let's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As throw our eyes out for brave Othello:
Even till we make the *main* and the *etereal blue*
An indistinct regard.'

3 The quarto of 1622 reads 'when the *huge mountains melt*,' the letter *s*, which perhaps belongs to *mountains*, having wandered at press from its place. In a subsequent scene we have:

'And let the labouring bark climb *hills of seas*
Olympus high—'

And in Troilus and Cressida:—

'The strong ribb'd bark through *liquid mountains* cuts.'

4 The elder quarto reads 'the *banishing* shore.'

5 The constellation near the polar star. The next

Mon. I am glad out: 'tis a worthy governor.
3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak
of comfort,

Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heaven, he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;⁸
Therefore my hopes, not surfeit'd to death,
Stand in bold cure.⁹

[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!
Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?
4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
[Guns heard.]

Our friends, at least.
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall. [Exit.]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragon description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,¹⁰
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.¹¹—How now? who has
put in?

line alludes to the star *Arctophylax*, which literally signifies the guard of the bear. The 4to. 1622 reads 'ever-fired pole.'

6 The old copy reads 'a *Veronessa*;' whether this signified a ship fitted out by the people of Verona, who were tributary to the Venetian republic, or designated some particular kind of vessel, is not yet fully established. But as *Veronessa* has not hitherto been met with elsewhere, the former is most probably the true explanation.

7 A full soldier is a complete one. See Act I. Sc. 1, 8 i. e. of allowed and approved expertness.

8 The meaning seems to be, 'Therefore my hopes, not surfeit'd to death, by excess of apprehension, stand in confidence of being cured.' A parallel expression occurs in Lear:—

'This rest might yet have balm'd his broken senses,
Which if convenience will not allow
Stand in hard cure.'

9 Thus in Shakespeare's 103d Sonnet:—
'— a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.'

10 This is the reading of the quartos: the folio has:
'And in the essential vesture of creation
Do's tyre the *Ingenieur*.'

By the essential vesture of creation the poet means her outward form, which he in another place calls 'the muddy vesture of decay.' If the reading of the folio be adopted, the meaning would be this: She is one who excels all description, and in real beauty, or outward form, goes beyond the power of the inventive pencil of the artist.—Flecko, in his discourse on the English Stage, 1664, speaking of painting, mentions 'the stupendous works of your great *ingeniers*.' And Ben Jonson, in his *Sejanus*, Act iv. Sc. 4:—

'No, Silius, we are no good *ingeniers*,
We want the fine arts.'

An *ingenier* or *ingenieur* undoubtedly means an *artist* or *painter*; and is perhaps only another form of *engineer* anciently used for any kind of artist or artificer

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd¹ to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal² natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!³
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, A sail, a sail! Then guns heard.*]

3 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.⁴—

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—

[*To EMILIA.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out
of doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,

1 'Traitors ensteeped' are merely traitors concealed under the water.

2 *Mortal* is deadly, destructive.

3 'The riches of the ship is come on shore.' Shak-
speare uses *riches* as a singular in his eighty-seventh
Sonnet:—

'And for that riches, where is my deserving?'

4 The first quarto reads, 'So speaks this voice.'

5 That is, When you have a mind to do injuries, you
put on an air of sanctity. In Puttenham's *Art of Poesie*,
1639, we have almost the same thoughts:—'We limit
the comely parts of a woman to consist in four points;
that is, to be a shrew in the kitchen, a saint in the
church, an angel at board, and an ape in the bed; as
the chronicle reports by mistress Shore, paramour to
King Edward the Fourth.' There is something similar
in Middleton's *Blurt Master* Constatable, 1602; and it is
alluded to in the *Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, 1607.

6 *i. e.* censorious.

7 A similar thought occurs in *The Puritan*:—'The
crosse stuck upon my tongue like ship-pitch upon a
mariner's gown.'

8 The quarto reads—*It*.

9 The hint for this question, and the metrical reply of

Saints in your injuries,⁹ devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds.

Des. O, be upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou
should'st praise me?

Iago. O, gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.⁶

Des. Come on, assay;—There's one gone to the
harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,⁷
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well praise'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.⁸

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools
laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast
thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O, heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow
on a deserving woman indeed!⁹ one, that, in the
authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch
of very malice itself?¹⁰

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;

Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may*;

She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;

She, that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;¹¹

She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;

She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.¹²

Des. O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy
husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most
profane and liberal¹³ counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish
him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay,
well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will
I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon

Iago, is taken from a strange pamphlet, called *Choice, Chance, and Change, or Conceits in their Colours*, 1606.

10 The sense is this—one that was so conscious of her
own merit, and of the authority her character had with
every one, that she durst call upon malice itself to
vouch for her. This was some commendation. And
the character only of clearest virtue; which could force
malice, even against its nature, to do justice.—*Warburton*.
To put on is to provoke, to incite.

11 That is to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare.
See Queen Elizabeth's Household Book for the forty-
third year of her reign:—'Item, the master cookes have
to see all the *sa'mons' tails*,' &c. p. 206.

12 *i. e.* 'to suckle children and keep the accounts of
the household.' These expressions are only instances
of the want of natural affection, and the predominance
of a critical censoriousness in Iago, which he allows
himself to be possessed of, where he says 'O! I am
nothing, if not critical.'

13 *Liberal* is licentious.

her, do; I will gyve¹ thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!

[Trumpet.] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my fair warrior.²

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content, To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms, May the winds blow till they have waken'd death! And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas, Olympus-high; and duck again as low As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, 'Twere now to be most happy;³ for, I fear, My soul hath her content so absolute, That not another comfort like to this Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid, But that our loves and comforts should increase, Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!— I cannot speak enough of this content, It stops me here; it is too much of joy: And this, and this, the greatest discords be,⁴

[Kissing her.

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now! But I'll set down the pegs that make this music, As honest as I am.

[Aside.

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.— News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?— Honey, you shall be well desir'd⁵ in Cyprus, I have found great love amongst them. O, my sweet, I prattle out of fashion⁶ and I dote In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago, Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers: Bring thou the master⁷ to the citadel; He is a good one, and his worthiness Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona, Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[Exit OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'at valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of

1 To gyve is to fetter, to shackle. The first quarto reads—'I will catch you in your own courtships.' It may be as well to observe that *courtship* is the same as *courtesy*, i. e. complimentary or courtly behaviour. To play the sir, is to show good breeding and gallantry.

2 This phrase was introduced by our copiers of the French sonnetiers. Ronsard frequently calls his mistresses *guerrières*; and Southern, his imitator, is not less prodigal of the same appellation. Thus in his fifth sonnet:—

'And my fair warrior, my light shines in thy fair eyes.'

3 So Cherea in The Eunuch of Terence, Act. iii.

Sc. 5:—

'Froh Jupiter!

Nunc tempus profecto est, cum perpeti me possum interfecti,

Ne vka aliqua hoc gaudium contaminet aegritudine.'

4 Thus in Marlowe's Lust's Dominion:—

'I prithee chide, if I have done amiss,

But let my punishment be this and this.

[Kissing the Moor.]

Marlowe's play was written before that of Shakspeare, who might possibly have acted in it.

5 i. e. much solicited by invitation. So in The Letters of the Faeton Family, vol. i. p. 269:—'At the which

guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus,⁸ and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and enforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; and that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds⁹ look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.¹¹

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor; Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by his hand; an index,¹² and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Fish!—But, sir, be von ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anget Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting¹³ his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden¹⁴ in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose

wedding I was with myn hostes, and also despyrd by ye jentylman himself.'

6 Out of method, without any settled order of discourse.

7 The master is a distinct person from the pilot of a vessel, and has the principal care and command of the vessel under the captain, where there is a captain; and in chief where there is none. Dr. Johnson confounded the master with the pilot, and the poet himself seems to have done so. See the first line of Scene 2. Act. iii.

8 That is, the place where the guard musters.

9 On thy mouth to stop it, while thou art listening to a wiser man.

10 Minds unripe, minds not yet fully formed.

11 Qualities, disposition of mind.

12 It has already been observed that *indices* were formerly *prefixed* to books.

13 Throwing a slur upon his discipline. So in Troilus and Cressida, Act. i. Sc. 2:—

'In taint of our best man.'

14 Sudden is precipitately violent. So Malcolm, describing Macbeth:—

'I grant him bloody— Sudden, malicious.'

qualification' shall come into no true taste again; but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer² them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Red. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Red. Adieu. [*Exit.*]
Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,— Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul, Till I am even³ with him, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,— If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace⁴ For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,⁵ For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too; Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet, Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd; Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.⁶

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A Street. Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere⁷ perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices⁸ are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the Isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello!

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Johnson has erroneously explained this. *Qualification*, in our old writers, signifies *appeasement, pacification, asswagement of anger*. 'To appease and *qualifie* one that is angry; tranquillum facere irato.'—*Baret*.

² To advance them.

³ Thus the quarto 1622. The folio—till I am even^d with him: i. e. till I am on a level with him by retaliation.

⁴ 'If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace For his quick hunting, bear the putting on,' &c. This is the reading of the folio, which, though it has a plain and easy sense, would not do for the commentators, and the quarto of 1622 reading *crush*, they altered it to *trash*, signifying to *impede, to keep back*, a meaning the very converse of that required by the context; to say nothing of the wretched jingle of *trash and trash*; which Steevens is pleased to consider 'much in Shakespeare's manner.' The fact is, to *trace* means neither more nor less than to *follow*, the appropriate hunting term; the old French *tracer, tracker, trasser*, and the Italian *tracciare* having the same meaning. Steevens is sallyly put to it to explain how *keeping* Roderigo *back* and *putting him on* can quadrate, and all is doubt and perplexity. Bishop Hall, in the third satire of his fifth book, uses *trace* for to *follow* :—

'Go on and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride,
 Scorn thou to live, if others live beside;
 And *trace* proud Castile, that aspires to be
 In his old age a young fifth monarchy.'

SCENE III. A Hall in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to outspout discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
 Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
 Michael, good night: To-morrow with our earliest,
 Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
 [To DESDEMONA.]
 That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
 Good night. [*Exeunt OTT. DES. and Attend.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast⁹ us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.
Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.
Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parody of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.¹⁰
Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified¹¹ too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.
Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

⁵ 'In the rank garb,' which has puzzled Steevens and Malone, is merely 'in the right down, or straight forward fashion.' In *As You Like It*, we have 'the right butterwoman's rank to market.' And in *King Lear*, Cornwall says of Kent in disguise, that he 'doth affect a saucy roughness, and constrains the garb (i. e. assumes the fashion) quite from his nature.' Gower says of Fluellen, in *King Henry V.* :—'You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel.' The folio reads—'in the right garb.'

⁶ 'An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution.'—*Johnson*.

⁷ Mere is entire.

⁸ All rooms, or places in the castle, at which refreshments are prepared or served out.

⁹ I. e. dismissed us, threw us off, or rid himself of our company. The herald has just informed us that there was full liberty of feasting, &c. till eleven. So in *The Witch*, by Middleton :—

'She cast off

My company betimes to-night, by tricks,' &c.

¹⁰ In this and the seven short speeches preceding, the decent character of Cassio is most powerfully contrasted with that of the licentious Iago.

¹¹ Silly mixed with water.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,
Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out-
ward,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,¹
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,²
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and
Gentlemen.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse'³
already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as
I am a soldier.⁴

Iago. Some wine, ho!
And let me the canakin drink, drink; [Sings.

And let me the canakin drink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (inacced)
they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your
German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink,
ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drink-
ing?⁵

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your
Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your
Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the
next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you
justice.⁶

Iago. O, sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown,

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor—lown.

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride that pulls the country down:

Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the
other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his
place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's

¹ 'As quarrelsome as the discordia semina rerum; as
quick in opposition as fire and water.'—*Johnson.*

² Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination
may be termed a dream.

³ See Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 2, note 8, p. 472.

⁴ If Montano was Othello's predecessor in the
government of Cyprus (as we are told in the Persons
Dramatis) he is not very characteristically employed in the
present scene, where he is tipping with people
already flustered, and encouraging a subaltern officer,
who commands a midnight guard, to drink to excess.—
Steevens.

⁵ Thus the quarto 1622. The folio has—*exquisite*.
This accomplishment is likewise mentioned by Beau-
mont and Fletcher in *The Captain*:—

'*Lod.* Are the Englishmen

Such stubborn drinkers?

'*Piso.* — not a leak at sea

Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children

Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old

Able to knock a *Dame* down.'

Henry Peacham, in his *Complete Gentleman*, 1622, p.
193, has a section entitled 'Drinking the Plague of our

above all; and there be souls that must be saved
and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general,
or any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the
lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's
have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive
us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business.
Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my
ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left
hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well
enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think,
then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters: come, let's set
the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar

And give direction; and do but see his vice;

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,

The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.

I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,

On some odd time of his infirmity

Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.

He'll watch the horologe a double set,⁷

If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,

The general were put in mind of it.

Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,

And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aside.*

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit RODERIGO.*

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place, as his own second,

With one of an ingraft⁸ infirmity;

It were an honest action, to say

So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:

I do love Cassio well; and would do much

To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?

[*Cry within—Help! help!*

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twicken⁹ bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking RODERIGO.*

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;

[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

English gentry,' in which he says:—'Within these fiftie

or threescore yeares it was a rare thing with us to see

a drunken man, our nation carrying the name of the

most sober and temperate of any other in the world.

But since we had to doe in the quarrell of the Nether-

lands, about the time of Sir John Morris his first being

there, the custom of drinking and pledging healthes

was brought over into England; wherin let the Dutch

be their owne judges, if we equal them not; yea, I

think, rather excell them.'

⁶ I. e. drink as much as you do. See *King Henry*

IV. Part II. Act. v. Sc. 2.

⁷ If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the

clock strikes two rounds, or four and twenty hours.—

The word *horologe* is familiar to most of our ancient

writers: Chaucer often uses it. So in the *Devils*

Charter, 1607:—

'—My gracious lord,

By Sesto's *horologe* 'tis struck eleven.'

⁸ Rooted, settled.

⁹ I. e. a *wickered* bottle, and so the quarto reads.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk!

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[*They fight.*
Aside to ROD. who goes out.

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

[*Bell rings.*

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise; God's will, lieutenant! hold;

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death—he dies.¹

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant, sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,

In quarter,² and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,

(As if some planet had unwitting men),

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;

And 'would, in action glorious I had lost

These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,

That you unface your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion,⁴ for the name

Of a night brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;

Your officer, Iago, can inform you—

While I spare speech, which something now offends

me:—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught

By me that's said or done amiss this night;

Unless self-charity³ be sometime a vice;

And to defend ourselves it be a sin,

When violence assails us.

¹ The first quarto omits the words—he dies, and has *sounds!* at the commencement of the line. Montano may be supposed to say—*he dies*, i. e. *he shall die*, offering to renew the fight upon finding himself severely hurt. Othello, in the very next speech, says—*'He dies upon his motion.'*

² i. e. on our station. This short note might have saved the long disquisitions of Ritson, Henley, and Malone, about the precise meaning of a word which, in the military language of the present day at least, seems to have no very precise meaning. The meaning given above seems the leading signification, for the principal camp guard of a regiment is called the *quarter guard*; but a regiment in quarters has no such guard. I wonder that Mr. Stevens, who had been in the militia, did not exercise his judgment on this passage.—*Eye.*

³ i. e. you have thus forgot yourself.

⁴ Throw away and squander your valuable character. Opinion for reputation or character occurs in other places.

⁵ Case of one's self

Oth. Now, by heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule;

And passion, having my best judgment collid,

Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on;

And he that is approv'd in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,

Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,

To manage private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court of guard and safety!⁶

'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affin'd,⁷ or leagu'd in office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;

Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.

Montano and myself being in speech,

There comes a fellow, crying out for help;

And Cassio following with determin'd sword,⁸

To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman

Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;

Myself the crying fellow did pursue,

Leat, by his clamour, (as it so fell out.)

The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,

Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,

I ne'er might say before: when I came back,

(For this was brief,) I found them close together,

At blow, and thrust; and even as again they were,

When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report:—

But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—

Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,

From him that fled, some strange indignity,

Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter

Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;

But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—

I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; Come away to bed.

Sir, for your hurts,

Myself will be your surgeon;—Lead him off!⁹

[*To MONTANO, who is led off.*

Iago, look with care about the town;

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—

⁶ Collid is blackened, as with smut or coal, and figuratively means here obscured, darkened.

⁷ Convicted by proof.

⁸ The old copies read:—

'In night, and on the court and guard of safety.'

Malone made the necessary transposition, which he justifies by irrefragable proof; but Stevens obstinately opposed the emendation, and retained the old mumpkin-

mus in the text out of a spirit of contradiction!

⁹ *Monstrous* is here used as a triply liable, as it is again in Macbeth, Act iii. Sc. 6.

¹⁰ *Affin'd* is 'bound by proximity of relationship,' but here it means 'related by nearness of office.' In the first scene it is used in the first of those senses:—

'If I, in any just term, am *affin'd*

To love the Moor.'

¹¹ The old copy reads:—

'And Cassio following *him* with determin'd sword.'

The word *him* seems to have crept in from the compositor's eye glancing on the word in the next line.

¹² Malone thinks that the words—'Lead him off' were originally a marginal stage direction, as it was common to express them in Imperative terms:—*Play music.—Ring the bell.—Lead him off,* &c.

Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood; a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affront an imperious lion: sue to him again, and be his yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O, strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it sir,—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotion¹ of her parts and graces:—confess

1 Thrown off, dismissed in his anger.
2 I. e. talk idly, utter all you know. From *Drunk*, &c. to *shadow*, inclusively, is wanting in the quarto 1622.

3 The old copies read—*devotement*, an error arising from a single letter being turned upside down. Theobald made the correction.

4 Thus the folio. The quarto 1622 reads—*this breast*.

5 Bet or wager.

6 I. e. liberal. Such as honest openness or frank good will would give. There may be such a contraction of the word *probable* as that in the next line, but it has not yet been met with elsewhere. Churchyard has many abbreviations equally violent.

7 Inclining here signifies *compliant*.

yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again; she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint⁴ between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay⁵ worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. And what's he, then, that says,—I play the villain?

When this advice is free,⁶ I give, and honest, Probal to thinking, and (indeed) the course To win the Moor again? For, 'tis most easy The inclining⁷ Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful⁸ As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,— All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— His soul is so enfasten'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain, To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,⁹ Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will their blackest sins put on; They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,¹⁰ As I do now: For while this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence¹¹ into his ear,— That she repeats¹² him for her body's lust; And, by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch; And out of her own goodness make the net, That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODRIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft? And wit depends on dilatory time. Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, and thou, by that small hurt, hath cashier'd Cassio; Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:¹³ Content thyself awhile.—By the mass,¹⁴ 'tis morning;

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.— Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

8 Corresponding to *benigna*. Liberal, bountiful as the elements, out of which all things were produced.

9 *Parallel course* for course level or even with his design.

10 When devils mean to *instigate* men to commit the most atrocious crimes, they *prompt* or *tempt* at first with heavenly shows, &c.

11 *Pestilence* for *poison*.

12 I. e. recalls him, from the Fr. *rappeler*.

13 The *blossoming* or fair appearance of things, to which Iago alludes, is the removal of Cassio. As their plan had already *blossomed*, so there was good ground for expecting that the fruits of it would soon be *ripe*.

14 The folio reads—*In truth*, an alteration made in the play-house copy by the interference of the master of the revels.

To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
I'll watch him tame,¹ and talk him out of patience ;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit : Therefore be merry, Cassio ;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well,
Do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. Ha ! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife ?

Iago. Cassio, my lord ? No, sure, I cannot
think it,

That he would steal away so guiltilylike,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord ?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't, you mean ?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my
lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation² take ;

For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,³

I have no judgment in an honest face :
I pr'ythee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Des. Ay, sooth ; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me ;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other
time.

Des. But shall't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper ?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home ;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night ; or Tuesday
morn ;

Or Tuesday noon, or night ; or Wednesday morn ;—
I pray thee, name the time ; but let it not
Exceed three days : in faith, he's penitent ;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,⁴) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check : When shall he come ?

1 Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them
from sleep. To this Shakespeare alludes.—So in Car-
wright's Lady Errant :—

'We'll keep you
As they do hawks, watching until you leave
Your wildness.'

And in Davenant's Just Italian :—

'They've watch'd my hardy violence so tame.'

3 I. e. 'take his present atonement,' or submission.
The words were formerly synonymous.

4 Cunning here signifies knowledge, the ancient
sense of the word.

5 The severity of military discipline must not spare
the best men of the army, when their punishment may
afford a wholesome example.

6 So hesitating, in such doubtful suspense. So in
Lyly, Euphues, 1380 :—'Neither stand in a mammering
whether it be best to depart or not.' The quarto 1622
reads—'muttering.'

7 See Act I. Sc. 2. 7 I. e. of weight.

8 'The meaning of the word wretch is not generally
understood. It is now in some parts of England a term

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering⁷ ou. What Michael
Cassio,

That came a wooing with you,⁸ and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you disparagingly,
Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do
To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he
will ;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon ;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm ;
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person : Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize⁹ and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing ;

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you ? no : Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona : I will come to
thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come :—Be it as your fancies teach
you ;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit with EMILIA.]

Oth. Excellent wretch !¹⁰ Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.¹¹

Iago. My noble lord,——

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my
lady,

Know of your love ?

Oth. He did, from first to last : Why dost thou ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquaint-
with her.

Oth. O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed ?

Oth. Indeed ! ay, indeed :—Discern'st thou aught
in that ?

Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord ?

Oth. Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord ?

Oth. Think my lord !

By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean some-
thing :

I heard thee say but now—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife ; What did'st not like ?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'st, Indeed ?

of the fondest and softest tenderness. It expresses the ut-
most degree of amiableness, joined with an idea which
perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness,
and want of protection. Othello, considering Desdemona
as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by
her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power,
calls her *Excellent wretch* ! It may be expressed, 'Dear,
harmless, helpless excellence.'—Johnson. Sir W. Da-
venant, in his *Cruel Brother*, uses the word twice with
the same meaning :—'Excellent wretch ! with a timo-
rous modesty she stifieth up her utterance.'

9 I think with Malone, that Othello is meant to say,
'Ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be re-
duced to its primitive chaos.' So in *Venus and Adonis* :—
'For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And beauty dead, black Chaos comes again.'

Shakespeare's meaning is more fully expressed in *The
Winter's Tale* :—

'It cannot fall but by
The violation of my faith,—and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within !'

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit : If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost :
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements,¹ working from the
heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;
Or, those that be not, 'would, they might seem
none !²

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this :

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thoughts,
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of
thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me ;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.³
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and
false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ?⁴ who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets,⁵ and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful ?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st at his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,

1 Thus the earliest quarto. The first folio reads—
'close dilations.' Which Johnson says was intended
for 'cold delations, i. e. occult and secret accusations,
working involuntary from the heart. The second folio
reads—'cold dilations,' which Warburton explains
'cold, keeping back a secret,' which men of pilgomatic
constitutions, whose arts are not awayed or governed by
their passions, we find can do : while more sanguine
tempers reveal themselves at once, and without re-
serve.' Upon says *dilatationes* comes from the Latin
dilatationes, delayings, pauses.

2 I believe the meaning is, 'would they might no
longer seem or bear the shape of men.'—Johnson.

3 'I am not bound to do that which even slaves are
not bound to do.' So in *Cymbeline* :—

— O, Pisanio,

'Every good servant does not all commands,

No bond but to do just ones.'

4 ——— No perfection is so absolute

That some impurity doth not pollute.'

Rape of Lucrece.

5 'Who has so virtuous a breast that some impure
conceptions and uncharitable surmises will not some-
times enter into it ; hold a session there, as in a regular
court, and "bench by the side" of authorised and law-
ful thoughts.' In the poet's thirtieth sonnet we find the
same imagery :—

'When to the seasons of sweet silent thoughts

I summon up remembrance of things past.'

A *leet* is also called a *law day*. 'This court, in whose
manor soever kept, was accounted the king's court, and
commonly held every half year,' it was a meeting of the
hundred 'to certify the king of the good manners and
government of the inhabitants,' &c.

6 I. e. conjectures. Thus the quarto 1622. The folio
reads :

— and of my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not, that *that your wisdom*

From one that so imperfectly conceits,

Would take no notice.'

7 The sacred writings were perhaps in the poet's
thoughts : 'A good name is rather to be chosen than
great riches, and loving favour than silver and gold.'—
Proverbs, xxii. 1.

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses : and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you, then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,⁸
You'd take no notice ? nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance :
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean ?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my
lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse, steals trash ;⁹ 'tis something,
nothing :

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands ;¹⁰

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make¹¹
The meat it feeds on : That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth. O, misery !

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich and rich enough ;
But riches, fineness,¹² is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why ! why is this ?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
'To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd : Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate¹³ and blown surmises,

8 'Nunc acer Umbreni sub nomine nuper Ofeili
Dietus, erit nulli proprius ; sed cedit in aurum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii.' *Horat. Sat. lib. ii. 2 :*
So in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605, p. 107 :—

'Nunc mea, mox hujus, sed postea necio quibus.'

9 The old copy reads *mock*. The emendation is
Hanmer's. Stevens attempted to justify the old reading ;
but his arguments are not convincing ; and the
slight alteration of the text renders it much more clear,
elegant, and poetical, and has been so well defended by
Malone and others, that I have not hesitated to adopt it.
The following passages have been adduced in con-
firmation of Hanmer's reading. At the end of the third
Act, Desdemona remarks on Othello's jealousy :—
'Alas the day ! I never gave him cause.'

To which Emilia replies :—

'But jealous fools will not be answer'd so,

They are not jealous ever for the cause,

But jealous, for they are jealous : 'tis a monster

Begot upon itself, born on itself.'

10 I. e. endless, unbounded. Warburton observes
that this is finely expressed—winter producing no
fruits.

11 No instance of this word has elsewhere occurred
it appears to me to be intended to convey the meaning
of *whispered*, or *made out of breath*. *Sufflation* is
interpreted by Phillips, 'a puffing up, a making to
swell with blowing.' In Plautus we have, '*Sufflati*
nescio quid uxore,' which Cooper renders, '*He hath*
whispered somewhat in his wives ears, whatsoever it
be.' He also translates '*Rumoris nescio quid afferat*,
erat, a certain brute or rumour come to my hearing.'
Though I do not agree with the following explanation,
I think it right to lay it before the reader :—'It seems to
me, (says Mr. Todd,) that all the critics have over-
looked the meaning of the passage. *Exsufficates* may
be traced to the low Latin *exsufflare*, to spit down upon,
an ancient form of exorcising ; and, figuratively, to
spit out in abhorrence or contempt. See Du Cange, in
v. exsufflare. *Exsufficate* may thus signify *contemp-
tible* : and Othello may be supposed to mean, that he
would not change the noble designs, that then employed
his thoughts, for contemptible and despicable surmises.'
Johnson's Dict. in *v. Exsuffolate*.

Matching thy inference.¹ 'Tis not to make me jealous,

To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company, Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well; Where virtue is, these are more virtuous;² Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt; For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago; I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove; And, on the proof, there is no more but this,— Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason To show the love and duty that I bear you With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound, Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof. Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio; Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure: I would not have your free and noble nature, Out of self-bounty,³ be abus'd; look to 't: I know our country disposition well; In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.⁴

Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you; And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks, She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then; She that, so young, could give out such a seeming, To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,⁵— He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon, For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has. I hope you will consider, what is spoke Comes from my love;—But I do see you are mov'd:—

I am to pray you not to strain my speech To grosser issues,⁶ nor to larger reach, Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord, My speech should fall into such vile success⁷

¹ I. e. such as you have mentioned in describing the torments of jealousy.

² A passage in Ali's Well that Ends Well is perhaps the best comment on the sentiments of Othello:—'I have those good hopes of her education promises: I have those good hopes of her education promises: his disposition she inherits; which makes fair gifts fairer.'³ *Grator e pulchra veniens et corpore virtus.*

⁴ Self bounty for inherent generosity.
⁵ This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness is sought puts an end to confidence.—The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those who have shown that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue.—Johnson.

⁶ An expression from falconry: to see a hawk is to see up his eyelids. Close as oak means as close as the grain of oak.

⁷ Issues for conclusions.
⁸ Success here means consequence of event; as success, in Italian. So in Sidney's Arcadia, p. 39, ed. 1613:—'Straight my heart misgave me some evil success.' And in The Palace of Pleasure:—'Fearing lest their case would sort to some pitiful success.'

⁹ Will for inclination or desire. A rank will is a lascivious inclination.

¹⁰ You shall discover whether he thinks his best means, his most powerful interest, is by the solicitation of your lady.

As my thoughts aim not at Cassio's my worthy friend:—

My lord, I see you are mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd:— I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold with you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches, Of her own clime, complexion, and degree; Whereeto, we see, in all things nature tends: Foh! one may smell, in such, a will¹⁰ most rank, Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.— But pardon me; I do not, in position, Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear, Her will, recoiling to her better judgment, May fall to match you with her country forms, And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell: If more thou dost perceive, let me know more; Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time: And though it be fit that Cassio have his place, (For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,) Yet, if you please to hold him off a while, You shall by that perceive him and his means:⁹ Note, if your lady strain his entertainment;¹⁰ With any strong or vehement importunity; Much will be seen in that. In the mean time, Let me be thought too busy in my fears, (As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,) And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.¹¹
Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty, And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit;¹² Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,¹³ Though that her jesses¹⁴ were my dear-heart-strings, I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind, To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black; And have not those soft parts of conversation That chamberers have:¹⁵—Or, for I am declin'd:

¹⁰ I. e. press hard his readmission to his pay and office. Entertainment was the military term for the admission of soldiers.

¹¹ Do not distrust my ability to contain my passion.
¹² Learned for experienced. The construction is, 'He knows with an experienced spirit all qualities of human dealings.'

¹³ Haggard is wild, and therefore libertine. A haggard falcon was a wild hawk that had preyed for herself long before she was taken; sometimes also called a ramage falcon. From a passage in The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona, 1612, it appears that haggard was a term of reproach, sometimes applied to a wanton:—'Is this your perch, you haggard? fly to the stews.' So in Shakerley Marmion's Holland's Leaguer, 1633:

'Before these couriers lick their lips at her, I'll trust a wanton haggard in the wind.'

Again:—
'For she is ticklish as any haggard, And quickly lost.'

¹⁴ Jesses are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist.—The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was let down the wind, and from that time shifted for herself and preyed at fortune.' This was told to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Clark. So in the Spanish Gipsie, 1653:

— That young lanernd (I. e. hawk) Whom you have such a mind to; if you can whistle her

To come to fist, make trial, play the young falconer.¹⁵
¹⁵ Men of intrigue. Chambering and wantonness are mentioned together in the Scriptures.

Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O, curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken.¹ Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous² islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not
well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. 'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away
again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin³ is too little;

[He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exit Oth. and Des.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she would ever keep it),
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,⁴
And give 't Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, 'faith; she let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage,⁵ I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have
been so earnest

To have me fetch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[Snatching it.]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [Exit EMILIA.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.

The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:⁶—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandra-
gora,⁷

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst⁸ yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the
rack.—

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of
lust?⁹

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;

apology to be admitted, as there is no reason why Emilia should be present when Othello demands the handkerchief.—Pye.

6 That is, I being opportunely here, took it up.

7 'Seem as if you knew nothing of the matter.' The folio reads, 'Be not *acknowledg'd*.'—This word occurs in the Life of Ariosto, subjoined to Sir John Harrington's translation of the Orlando Furioso, p. 418, ed. 1607:—'some say he was married to her privilege, but durst not be *acknowledg'd* to it' Again, in Cornelia, a tragedy, by Thomas Kyd, 1594:—

'Our friend's misfortune doth increase our own.

Cic. But ours of others will not be *acknowledg'd*.'

8 Iago first ruminates on the qualities of the passion which he is labouring to excite; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. 'Jealousy, (says he,) with the smallest operation on the blood, flames out with all the violence of sulphur,' &c.

9 'I did say so;

Look where he comes?'

i. e. I knew the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor a moment of repose:—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and justice of my observation.—Steevens.

9 The mandrake has a soporific quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act I. Sc. 6.

10 i. e. *possessed*.

11 A similar passage to this, and what follows it, is found in The Witch, by Middleton. In the same drama there is also a scene between Francisco and her brother Antonio, when she first excites his jealousy, which has several circumstances in common with the dialogue which passes between Iago and Othello on the same subject. It is more than probable that Middleton was the imitator.

1 One of Sir John Harrington's Epigrams will illustrate this *forked plague*:—

'Accuson guiltless unawares epying
Naked Diana bathing in her bowre
Was plagued with *hornes*; his dogs did him devoure;
Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
With some such *forked plague* you be not amittin,
And in your foreheade see your faulte be writtin.'

2 i. e. when we begin to live.

3 'The generous islanders' are the islanders of rank, distinction: *generosi*, Lat. This explanation however (as Steevens observes) may be too particular; for *generous* also signified *valiant*, of a *brave spirit*.

4 In the north of England this term for a *handkerchief* is still used. The word occurs in Macbeth, Julius Cæsar, and other of these plays.

5 That is, copied. Her first thoughts are to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona: but the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution, to please him. The same phrase afterwards occurs between Cassio and Bianca, in Sc. iv.

6 This scheme of getting the work of this valued handkerchief copied, and restoring the original to Desdemona, was probably introduced by the poet to render Emilia less unamiable. It is remarkable that when she perceives Othello's fury on the loss of this token, though she is represented as affectionate to her mistress, she never attempts to relieve her from her distress; which she might easily have done by demanding the handkerchief from her husband, or divulging the story if he refused to restore it. But this would not have served the plot.—In Cinthio's Novel, while the artless Desdemona is caressing the child of Othello's ancient, the villain steals the handkerchief which hung at her girdle without the knowledge of his wife.—Malone.

7 This observation is very just; it is particularly striking in the representation; neither is the concluding

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers' and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O, now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!¹
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,²
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!³
And, O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible!—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore;

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[*Taking him by the Throat.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,⁴
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, wo upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;⁵
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O, grace, O, heaven, defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O, wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!⁶
O, monstrous world! Take note, take note. O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.⁷—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.⁸—'Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied!

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied my
lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Darn them, then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living⁹ reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:—

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry,—*O, sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried,—*Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!*
Oth. O, monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:¹⁰
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.¹¹

1 The vilest of the camp. *Pioneers* were generally degraded soldiers. According to the old ordinances of war, a soldier who lost any part of his arms by negligence or play, was to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made 'some abject pioneer.'

2 There are some points of resemblance between this speech and the following lines in a poem of George Festus. 'A Farewell to the Famous and Fortunate Generals of our English Forces, Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake, 1589:—

'Change love for armes; gyrt to your blades, my boyes:
Your rests and muskets take, take helme and targe,
And let god Mars his trumpet make you mirth,
The roaring cannon, and the brazen trumpe,
The angry-sounding drum, the whistling fife,
The shriekes of men, the princelie courser's ney.'

3 In mentioning the *fife* joined to the *drum*, Shakespeare, as usual, paints from life; those instruments, accompanying each other, being used in his age by the English soldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely discontinued among our troops for many years; but at length revived in the war before the last by the British guards under order of the duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped before Maestricht in 1747, and thence soon adopted into other English regiments of infantry. They took it from the allies with whom they served. This instrument accompanying the drum is of considerable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In a curious picture, painted 1520, in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, representing the siege of Pavia by the French King, we see *fifes* and *drums*. In the diary of King Henry's siege of Bolloigne, 1544, (Rymer, Foed. xv. p. 52.) mention is made of *drommes* and *vifours* marching at the head of the king's army. The *drum* and *fife* were also much used at shows and processions. At a stately masque on Shrove Tuesday,

1510, in which Henry VIII. was an actor, Holinshed mentions the entry of 'a *drum* and *fife*, apparelled in white damaske and grene bonnetes'; and at the Inner Temple celebration of Christmas (described by Leigh in his *Accidence of Armory*, 1576.) 'We entered the prince his hall, where anon we heard the noise of *drum* and *fife*.' It will hardly be necessary to state that this note is abridged from one by Thomas Watson, whose passion for the spirit-stirring instruments to which it relates is upon record. The remainder of his note is an attempt to derive the word whistler from *vifleur*, a fife; but it is probable that it had another origin.

4 Davenant in his *Albivina*, and Fletcher in his *Prophets*, have each of them imitated this passage of Othello.

5 The quarto of 1522 reads, 'man's eternal soul.'—Perhaps an opposition was designed between *man* and *dog*.

6 i. e. all tenderness of nature, all pity; the sense in which *remorse* is most frequently used by Shakespeare.

7 A similar image is found in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*; where the Moor says:—

Cardinal, this disgrace

Shall give thy soul as lanky as my face.'

8 So in *Pierce*:—

'If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.'

9 A *living reason* is a reason founded on fact and experience, not on surmise and conjecture; a reason that convinces the understanding as perfectly as if the fact were exhibited to the life.

10 Some *foregone conclusion* is some former experience. *Conclusion* is used for *experiment* or *trial* in several other places of these plays.

11 The old quarto gives this line to Iago, as well as the two which follow; in the folio it is given to Othello.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing
done;¹

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!

Now do I see 'tis true².—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:³

'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow⁴ cell!
Yield up, O, love, thy crown, and hearted throne,⁵
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught;⁶

For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may
change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,⁷
Whose icy current and compulsive oar
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;

Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable⁸ and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond⁹ marble heaven,¹⁰
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*]

I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Kneels.*]

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution¹¹ of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,¹²
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution¹¹ of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
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And to obey shall be in me remorse,¹²
What bloody work soever.

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution¹¹ of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,¹²
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To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,¹²
What bloody work soever.

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance boun-
teous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your re-
quest:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lowd minx; O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same.* Enter Desdemona,
EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant
Cassio lies?

Clow. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clow. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier
lies is stabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you
where I lie.¹³

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clow. I know not where he lodges; and for me to
devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies
there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by
report?

Clow. I will catechize the world for him; that is,
make questions, and by them answer.¹⁴

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him
I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will
be well.

Clow. To do this, is within the compass of man's
wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief,
Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes.¹⁵ And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

prehenste. Nashe, in his *Pierce Penniless*, 1592, em-
ploys the word in the same manner:—'Then be like,
quoth I, you make this word, *Demon*, a capable name,
of gods, of men, of devils.'

9 This expression occurs in *Soliman and Perseda*,
1699:—

'Now by the marble face of the welkin,' &c.
So in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:—

'And pleas'd the marble heavens.'

10 The first quarto reads *excellency*. By *execution*
Shakespeare meant *employment* or *exercise*. So in
Love's Labour's Lost:—

'Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute.'

And in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'In fellest manner execute your arms.'

11 Shakespeare always uses *remorse* for *pity* or *com-
miseration*. 'Let him command whatever bloody busi-
ness, and in me it shall be an act not of cruelty but of
pity or *commiseration* to obey him.' The quarto reads,
'What bloody business ever.'

12 This and the following speech are wanting in the
first quarto.

13 l. e. and by them, *when answered*, form my own
answer to you. The quaintness of the answer is in
character.

14 *Cruzadoes* were not current, as it should seem, at
Venice, though they certainly were in England, in the
time of Shakespeare; who has here again departed from
the strict propriety of national costume. It appears from
Rider's Dictionary that there were three sorts of *cruzadoes*:
one with a long cross, one with a short cross, and
the great *cruzado* of Portugal. They were of gold, and
weighed from two pennyweights six grains, to two penny-
weights sixteen grains, and differed in value from
six shillings and eightpence to nine shillings. The
sovereigns who struck these coins were Emanuel and
his son John of Portugal. Mr. Does has given the
figure of them in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*.

1 Iago says, 'Yet we see nothing done'; as an oblique
and secret mock of what Othello had before said,—*Greene
uses the ocular proof.*

2 The quarto reads, 'Now do I see 'tis true.'

3 So in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:—
'Are these your fears? thus blow them into air.'
This was perhaps caught from Horace:—
'Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventris.'

4 *Hollow*, which has been stigmatized by Warburton
as a poor unmeaning epithet, gives the idea of what
Milton calls—
'—— the void profound
Of unessential night.'

Or the *inson profundum* of Lucretius. It is used indeed
in Milton himself. *Paradise Lost*, b. l. v. 314:—
'He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.'

5 The heart on which thou wast enthroned. So in
Twelfth Night:—
'It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thrond.'

See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act v. Sc. 1, *ab init.*

6 l. e. *swell*, because the fraught thou art charged
with is of poison.

7 From the word *Like to-marble heaven*, inclusively,
is not found in the quarto 1622. Pope thinks that it
would be better omitted, as an unnatural excursion in
this place. Shakespeare probably derived his know-
ledge upon this subject from the second book and ninety-
seventh chapter of Pliny's *Natural History*, 1601:—
'And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out
into Propontia; but the sea never retireth backe againe
within Pontus.' Mr. Edwards conceived this simile
might allude to Sir Philip Sidney's device, whose im-
press Camden, in his *Remains*, says, was the Caspian
sea, with this motto, *Sine refluxu*.

8 *Capable* seems to be here used for *capacious*, com-



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Fig. 11. - *Interior*

Fig. 12. - *Interior*

Fig. 13. - *Interior*



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Emil. Is he not jealous?
Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,
 Draw all such humours from him.
Emil. Look, where he comes.
Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
 Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
 How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;
 Hot, hot, and moist; This hand of yours requires
 A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
 Much castigation, exercise devout;
 For here's a young and sweating devil here,
 That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
 A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
 For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old, gave hands;

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come, now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen² rheum offends me;
 Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault:
 That handkerchief
 Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
 She was a charmer,³ and could almost read
 The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
 Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
 Or mad a gift of it, my father's eyes
 Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
 After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
 And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,
 To give it her. I did so: and take heed of't,
 Make it a darling like your precious eye;
 To lose or give't away, were such perdition,
 As nothing else could match.

1 Warburton thought that this was a satirical allusion to the new order of baronets, created by James I. in 1611. Sir William Blackstone supports him in this supposition, and has pointed out a similar allusion in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. But if the play was written in 1602, as Malone presumes, this is a sufficient refutation. Warburton has a further conceit, that by the word *hearts* the poet meant to allude to the gallantry of the reign of Elizabeth, in which men distinguished themselves by their *steads*; and that by *hands* those courtiers were pointed at, who served her inglorious successor by their *gold*. This is too fanciful to require an answer.—Steevens observes, that 'the absurdity of making Othello so familiar with British heraldry, the user want of consistency as well as policy in any sneer of Shakspeare at the badge of honours instituted by a prince whom he was solicitous to flatter, and at whose court this very piece was acted in 1612, are strong arguments against the propriety of Warburton's explanation.'

In various parts of our poet's works he has alluded to the custom of plighting troth by the union of hands. So in *The Tempest*:—

Mir. My husband then?

Per. Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in it.

'The hearts of old, (says Othello,) dictated the union of hands, which formerly were joined with the hearts of the parties in them; but in our modern marriages hands alone are united, without hearts.'

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it: A sibyl, that had number'd in the world The sun to make two hundred compasses, In her prophetic fury sew'd the work; The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk; And it was dyed in mummy,* which the skillful Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;

This is a trick, to put me from my suit;
 I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind mis-gives.

Des. Come, come;
 You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. A man that, all his time,
 Hath founded his good fortune on your love;
 Shar'd dangers with you;——

Oth. The handkerchief,——
Des. In sooth,

You are to blame.

Oth. Away! [*Exit OTHELLO.*]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. Is ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
 I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
 They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
 They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
 They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;
 And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
 That, by your virtuous means, I may again
 Exist, and be a member of his love,
 Whom I, with all the duty⁷ of my heart,

2 The folio reads 'sorry.' Rider explains *sullen* by *acerbus*, Latin.

3 A *charmer*, for an *enchanter*, is of common occurrence in the *Psalms*. So in Perkins's *Discourse on Witchcraft*, 1610:—'By witches we understand not only those which kill and torment, but all *charm*ers, jugglers, all *wizard*s, commonly called wise men and wise women,' &c.

4 The balsamic liquor running from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. We are now wise enough to know that the qualities ascribed to it are all imaginary; yet this fanciful medicine held a place in the druggists' shops till lately. It was much *coveted* by painters, as a transparent brown colour that threw a warmth into the shadows of a picture.

5 The quarto reads 'with the skillful *conservers*,' &c. So in *The Microcosm* of John Davies of Hereford, 4to 1665:—

'Mummy made of the mere *hart* of love.'

6 This and the following short speech are omitted in all the ancient editions but the first quarto. The singular phraseology, 'talk me of Cassio,' is illustrated in a note on *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act I. Sc. 2.

7 The folio reads 'the office of my heart': the words were, however, synonymous. Thus Baret:—'*Dutic*, office, dutie of behaviour in honestie and reason: *officium*.' So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

—— his goodly eyes—now turn

The office and devotion of their view; &c

Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;¹
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up² in some other course,
To fortune's aims.

Des. Alas! thrice gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not now my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour,³ as in humour, alter'd.
So help me, every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank⁴ of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must a while be patient;
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prythee, do so.—Something, sure, of
state,—*(Exit Iago.)*
Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,⁵
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so:
For let our finger ache, and it indues⁶
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, (unhandsome warrior⁷ as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you
think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.
Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.
Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

(Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.)

1 'Si nequeo placidas affari Cæsaris aures,
Sæhem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, abi.'

2 Here again is a strange discordance of opinion in the commentators on the meaning of *shut myself up*, which evidently signifies no more than 'confine myself.' One of the old quartos reading 'shoot myself up,' by mistake, Mason absurdly contends for that reading.—'To fortune's aims' means waiting patiently for whatever bounty fortune, or chance, may bestow upon me. We have the same uncommon phrase in King Lear:—

'——— Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's aims.'

3 i. e. in countenance.

4 To stand *within the blank* is to stand in the *direct range* or in the *immediate course*; to have his displeasure directed toward her.

5 Some undeveloped treason.

6 I have elsewhere observed that to *indue* was used formerly where we now use to *imbue*. Ophelia, in Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. 7. is said to be '*indued* unto that element.' Malone has well explained the meaning of

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuant time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

(Giving her DESDEMONA'S Handkerchief.)

Take me this work out.⁸

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to! woman,
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous, now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't: and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?⁹
Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.
(Exeunt.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before the Castle. Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What?

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthor'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:¹¹

the passage:—'Let but our finger ache, and this sensation so gets possession of, and is so infused into the other members, as to make them all participators of the pain.'

— totumque infusa per artus,
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore movet.⁷

7 i. e. the nuptial feast. 8 See Act II. Sc. 1.

9 i. e. copy this work in another handkerchief. See Act III. Sc. 3. So in Middleton's *Women beware Women*:—

'——— she intends
To take out other works in a new sampler.'

Again in the Preface to Holland's *Pliny*, 1601:—'Nicophonas (a famous painter) gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplify and take out patterns, after that in long continuance of time they were decayed.'

10 This and the following speech are wanting in the first quarto.

11 'We must suppose that Iago had been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done: it might be only for trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint, Robert D'Arbrissel, and his nuns.'—*Warburton.*

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts,¹ and they tempt
heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being
hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;

May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;

They have it very oft, that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have for-
got it:—

Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you
wrong?

Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary detrage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied² them, cannot choose

But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on
her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's
falsome.—Handkerchief,—confession,—handker-
chief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour.³

—First to be hanged, and then to confess:—I
tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in
such shadowing passion, without some instruction.⁴

It is not words, that shake me thus:—Pish!—

Noses, ears, and lips:—Is it possible?—Confess!

—Handkerchief!—O, devil!— [*Falls in a Trance.*]

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are
caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, he! my lord!

¹ The devil tempts their virtue by stirring up their passions, and they tempt heaven by placing themselves in a situation which makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them. Perhaps the story of St. Adhelm, related in Bale's *Actes of English Votaries*, is referred to:—'This Adhelmus never refused women, but would have them commonly both at borde and bedde, to mocke the devyll with,' &c. See also Fabian's *Chronicle*, Part iv. ch. 141.

² The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house infected with the plague.

³ I. e. having by their own importunacy overcome the resistance of a mistress, or, in compliance with her own request, and in consequence of her unsolicited fondness, gratified her desires. Mariana tells Angelo, in *Measure for Measure*:—

'And did supply thee at thy garden house.'
Theobald thought that supplied should be supplied, I. e. made her pliant to his desires.

⁴ This proverbial saying is used in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*:

'Blame us not, but the proverb—Confess and be hanged.'

And in one of the old collections there is an epigram on it—All that remains of this speech, from to confess, is wanting in the quarto.

⁵ The starts and broken reflections in this speech (says Warburton) have something in them very terrible, and show the mind of the speaker to be in inexorable agonies.

There is a difference of opinion between the commentators, some thinking with Warburton that the words 'Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing

Enter Cassio.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Cas. What is the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:

If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,

Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight; when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit Cassio.]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven;

'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous
city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,

May draw with you; there's millions now alive,

That nightly lie in those unproper⁶ beds,

Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is
better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,⁷

And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;

And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.⁸

Whilst you were here, ere while mad⁹ with your
grief,

(A passion most unsuited such a man,)

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,

And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy,¹⁰

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;

The which he promis'd. Do but encave¹¹ yourself,

And mark the feers, the gibes, and notable scornes,¹²

That dwell in every region of his face;

For I will make him tell the tale anew,—

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife:

I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience:

Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,

And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;

But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

passion, without some instruction,' allude to his own feelings; others that they advert to the story about Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago. I must confess that I incline to the latter opinion: 'Nature would not express such adumbrations of passion without some former experience.' I think this view of the passage confirmed by these words in a former scene:—

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion.'

For (as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes) 'Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so overpower it that he falls into a trance.'

⁶ Unproper for common. So in *The Mative*, a collection of Epigrams and Satires:—

'Rose is a fayre, but not a proper woman

Can any creature proper be that's common?'

⁷ In a couch in which he is lulled into a false security and confidence in his wife's virtue: a Latin sense.

So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—'Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,' &c.

⁸ I. e. within the bounds of patience.

⁹ The folio reads 'o'erwhelmed with your grief.'

¹⁰ Hide yourself in a private place.

¹¹ Congreve might have had this passage in his memory when he made *Lady Touchwood* say to Maskwell, 'Ten thousand meanings lurk in each corner of that various face.'

Iago. That's not amiss; But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw? [OTHELLO withdraws.]
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca, A housewife, that by selling her desires, Buys herself bread and clothes: It is a creature, That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguiled by one; He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain From the excess of laughter!—Here he comes:—

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad; And his unbookish jealousy must construe Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?
Cas. The worse, that you give me the addition, Whose want even kills me.
Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't. Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[Speaking lower.]

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [Aside.]
Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.
Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think 'faith she loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[Aside.]

Iago. Do you bear, Cassio?
Oth. Now he importunes him To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [Aside.]
Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her: Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer! I pry'thee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win.

[Aside.]

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.
Iago. I am a very villain else.
Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [Aside.]
Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.
Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

[Aside.]

Cas. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the seabank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck:—

Oth. Crying, O, dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it.

[Aside.]

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

[Aside.]

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.
Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

1 Unbookish for ignorant.

2 Othello calls him Roman ironically. *Triumph* brought Roman into his thoughts. 'What (says he) you are triumphing as great as a Roman?'

3 A common woman, with whom any one may be familiar.

4 I. e. 'have you numbered my days?' To score is to tale or tell, to number, or mark as on a tally. But perhaps it only means, 'have you marked me?' as beasts are scored or marked when purchased for slaughter. The old quarto reads 'have you stored me?'

5 The folio omits 'by this hand;' and reads 'thither comes the bauble and falls me thus.' Ac.

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There,—give it your hobby-horse: whosoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief.

[Aside.]

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

[Exit.]

Iago. After her, after her.
Cas. 'Faith, I must, she'll rail in the street else.
Iago. Will you sup there?
Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?
Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit Cassio.]

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?
Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!
Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?
Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.*

O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—

Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—
Iago. She is the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition?

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes!—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis chop her into messes!

Oth. With mine officer!
Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago: this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, her

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight.

[A Trumpet within.]

6 Shakspeare has alluded to the lust of this animal in King Lear. He tells Iago that Bianca is as lewd, but of a better scent, the *polecat* being a very stinking animal.

7 This thought, which counteracts the pathos, occurs again in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. Sc. 3:—
I'll throw my heart

Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts.

8 '—' when she hath sung. *Venus and Adonis*

9 'Why then give sin a passport to offend?'
Tragedy of King Edward III. 1599.

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?
Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
 Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.
Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.
Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!¹
Oth. With all my heart, sir.
Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.
[Gives him a Packet.]
Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
[Opens the Packet, and reads.]
Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
 Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord.
 An unhild breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord?
Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—*
[Reads.]
Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
 Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
 To atone² them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be, the letter mor'd him;
 For, as I think, they do command him home,
 Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed.
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. How, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil!
Des. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice;
 Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much,
 Make her amends, she weeps.
Oth. O, devil, devil!
 If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
 Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:³—
 Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay to offend you.
[Going.]
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
 I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress,—
Des. My lord?

¹ The quarto reads 'God save the worthy general.' Malone says that the reply of Othello does not relate to what Lodovico has just said, but is spoken by Othello while he salutes him. Stevens, on the contrary, thinks that 'The distracted Othello, considering his happiness in this world at an end, readily catches at the idea of future felicity suggested by the words *Save you, general!*' He adds, 'If it be urged that the words only mean *preserve you in this world*, my sense of the passage will not be much weakened; as our protection, even *here*, depends on the Almighty.'—In Measure for Measure (Act ii. Sc. 2) two replies of Angelo to similar salutations from Isabel are equally equivocal.

² i. e. make them one, *reconcile* them.

³ 'If women's tears could impregnate the earth.' By the doctrine of equivocal generation new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon, v. iii. p. 70, edit. 1740. Shakspeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts which make the crocodile the most deceitful of animals, whose tears are proverbially fallacious. 'It is written that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and will then eat up the head too.' Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, 'Crocodile lacrymas, crocodile tears,' to signify such tears as are feigned, and spent only with intent to deceive or do harm.—*Bullokar's Expositor*, 1616.

To fall, in this passage, is a verb active.

Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn;
 Sir, she can turn, and turn,⁴ and yet go on,
 And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
 And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
 Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
 Concerning this, sir,—O, well painted passion!
 I am commanded home:—Get you away;
 I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
 And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!
[Exit DESDEMONA.]
 Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir,—to-night,
 I do entreat that we may sup together.
 You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats, and
 monkeys.⁵ *[Exit.]*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
 Call—all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature
 Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
 The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
 Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my
 censure.

What he might be,—if what he might, he is not,—
 I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife?
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet would I
 knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his eye?
 Or did the letters work upon his blood,
 And new create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
 It is not honesty in me, to speak
 What I have seen and know'd. You shall observe
 him;

And his own courses will denote him so,
 That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
 And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Room in the Castle. Enter
 OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?
Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm: and then I heard
 Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil. Never.

⁴ So in King Henry VI. Part I.

⁵ Done like a Frenchman; turn and turn again.'

⁶ The quarto reads, 'I am commanded *here*.'

⁶ In this exclamation Shakspeare has shown great art. Iago in the first scene, in which he endeavours to awaken his suspicion, being urged to give some evident proof of the guilt of Cassio and Desdemona, tells him it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, though they should be as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys. These words, we may suppose, still ring in the ears of Othello, who, being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatic exclamation: 'Iago's words were but too true; now, indeed, I am convinced that they are as hot as goats and monkeys.'

⁷ There are great difficulties in ascertaining the place of this scene. What Othello says in an early part of it to Emilia—'Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,'—and his subsequent address to her as he goes out, decisively point out a room in Othello's Castle as the place of the scene; and compel us to place the interlocutors there, however inconsistent with Iago's entry, and Iago's address to Desdemona. 'Go in and weep not.' The truth is, that our poet and his audience, in this instance, as in many others, were content, from want of scenery, to consider the very same spot, at one and the same time, as the outside and inside of a house. See the Historical Account of the English Stage, &c. [Boswell's edition of Malone's Shakspeare, vol. iii.]—Malone.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest, Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other, Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom. If any wretch hath put this in your head, Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse! For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true, There's no man happy; the purest of their wives! Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—
[Exit EMILIA.]

She says enough:—yet she's a simple bawd, That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore, A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets: And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress; [To EMILIA.]

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door; Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come: Your mystery, your mystery;—nay despatch.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.¹

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself; Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double damn'd,

Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?

Oth. O, Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep? Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord? If haply, you my father do suspect, An instrument of this your calling back, Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him, Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven To try me with affliction; had he rain'd

All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head; Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips; Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes; I should have found in some part of my soul A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me A fixed figure, for the time of scorn² To point his slow unmoving finger at,— O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well: But there, where I have garner'd³ up my heart; Where either I must live, or bear no life;⁴ The fountain from the which my current runs, Or else dries up; to be discarded thence! Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O, thou weed,⁵

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That the sense aches at thee:—'Would, thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,

Made to write whore upon? What committed?⁶

Committed!—O, thou public cosseter!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,⁷

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it: What committed!—

Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,⁸

From any other foul unlawful touch,

Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry your mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,

That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[Exit.]

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

¹ The quarto reads 'of her sex.'

² This line is not in the folio.

³ Rowe reads 'the hand of scorn,' an elegant and satisfactory emendation; and it is to be wished that there was sufficient authority to admit it into the text. Steevens thinks the old reading right, saying, that Othello takes his idea from a clock: 'To make me (says he) a fixed figure (on the dial of the world) for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at'—adding many similar expressions in defence of it, as 'the hour of death,' 'the day of judgment,' 'the moment of evil;' and in King Richard the Third:—

'Had you such leisure in the time of death.'

The folio reads *and moving* instead of *unmoving*. To me there seems to be no objection in 'slow moving'; about which Malone and Mason make difficulties. The epithet derives support from Shakspere's 10th Sonnet:—

'Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.'

The *finger* of the dial was the technical phrase. And

The Comedy of Errors we have—

'Time's deformed [i. e. deforming] hand.'

⁴ I. e. treasured up.

⁵ 'Whereby we do exist or cease to be.' Lear

⁶ So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made

A cistern for scald'd snakes.'

⁷ 'At such an object do thou, *patience*, thyself change colour; at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, *look grim as hell*.' The old copies have, 'I here look grim as hell.' I was written for *ay*; and here was an evident error of the press for *there*. Then bald made the correction.

⁸ The quarto reads:—

'O thou black weed, why art so lovely fair?

Thou smell'st so sweet, that the sense aches at thee.'

⁹ This and the three following lines are not in the first quarto. The peculiar sense in which *committed* is here used may be gathered from King Lear, Act iii. Sc. 14:—'Commit not with man's sworn spouse.' It is so used by many of our old writers, and comes from the transgression, being a violation of the commandment, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.'

¹⁰ So in the Merchant of Venice:—

'Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet weed.'

¹¹ This expression is from Sacred Writ:—'To possess his vessel in sanctification.'

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam,
Des. Who is thy lord?¹
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
 I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,
 But what should go by water.² 'Pr'ythee, to-night
 Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
 And call thy husband hither.
Emil. Here is a change indeed! [*Exit.*]
Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
 How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
 The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?³

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?
Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,
 Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
 He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
 I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What's the matter, lady?
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
 Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
 As true hearts cannot bear.
Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.
Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar in his drink
 Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.⁴
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!
Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
 Her father and her country, and her friends,
 To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Behrew him for it!
 How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
 Some busy and insinuating rogue,
 Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
 Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
 Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her
 company?
 What place? what time? what form? what likeli-
 hood?
 The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,⁵
 Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
 O, heaven, that such companions' thou'dst unfold;

¹ This and the following speech are not in the quarto.

² There are some lines on the death of Queen Elizabeth, in Camden, also to be found in Decker's Wonderful Years, 1603, which conclude with a similar conceit:

'I think the barge-men might with easter thighs
 Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes:
 For how-so-ere, thus much my thoughts have scan'd,
 Sh'ad come by water, had she come by land.'

³ This is the reading of the quarto: which Dr. Johnson thought preferable to the reading of the folio—*on my least missease.*

⁴ A *callet* is a *trull*, a *drab*. The word is of great antiquity in the English language. Chaucer has it in his *Remedy of Love*. Harington uses it in his translation of Ariosto, 1591:—

'And thus this old ill-favour'd spiteful callet,
 In a note he says, 'Callet is a nick-name used to a woman'; and that in Irish it signifies a *witch*. The etymology of the word is yet to seek.

⁵ The quarto has, 'some outrageous knave.'

⁶ Some *notorious knave* is here used for some knave worthy to be noted, or branded to everlasting infamy.

⁷ It has been already observed that *companion* was a term of contempt.

⁸ 'Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house.'

And put in every honest hand a whip,
 To lash the rascal naked through the world,
 Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door:⁹

Emil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he was,
 That turn'd your wit the scamy side without,⁹
 And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O, good Iago,
 What shall I do to win my lord again?
 Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
 I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:¹⁰—

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
 Either in discourse of thought,¹¹ or actual deed;
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will,—though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
 It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
 To do the act that might the addition earn;
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
 The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.¹²

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
 And the great messengers of Venice stay:¹³
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device, Iago; and rather, (as it seems to me now,) keep'st from me all convenience, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have warded myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance;¹⁴ but I find none.

⁹ Iago, in a former scene, speaks of Roderigo as of one 'Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward.'

¹⁰ The quarto omits the rest of this speech.

¹¹ 'Discourse of thought' is the 'discursive range of thought.' Pope changed it to 'discourse or thought.' I have shown in a former page that the old reading is the poet's mode of expression. So in Davies's Epigrams, 'v. In *Plurimos*:'—

'But since the divell brought them thus together,

To my *discouring thoughts* it is a wonder,

Why presently, as soon as they came thither,

The selfe same divell did them part asunder.'

Steevens thought Pope's alteration defensible, because the Liturgy mentions three modes of committing sin—'in thought, word, and deed.'

¹² This was the phraseology of the time. 'To complain, to make a quarrel, to chide with one for a thing. Expostulare et queri.' Again:—'Is it best to chide with him or take him up for this displeasure or wrong?'—*Barcl.* So Shakspere's 111th Sonnet:—

'O for my sake do you with fortune chide:'

¹³ Thus the quarto. The folio poorly reads:—

'The messengers of Venice stay the feast.'

¹⁴ The folio reads *acquaintance*. *Acquaintance* is a *quittal*. So in King Henry V.:

'And shall forge the office of our hand
 Sooner than 'quitance of desert and work'

Iago. Well; go to; very well.
Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.
Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.
Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.
Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.¹ But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee, indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.²

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so desperate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?
Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?
Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot,³ and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste:⁴ about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.
Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another Room in the Castle.* Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.
Oth. Will you walk, sir?—
O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?
Oth. Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.
[Exeunt OTH. LOD. and Attendants.]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.
Des. He says he will return incontinent. He hath commanded me to go to bed, and bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!
Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightgown, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!
Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns, Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara; She was in love; and, he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,⁵ And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow, An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it: That song, to-night, Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,⁶ But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
Des. No, unpin me here.— This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.
Des. And he speaks well.
Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

Des. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow; [Singing.]
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;

Lay by these:
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Pr'ythee, his thee; he'll come anon.—
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that's not next—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that's not next—Hark! who is it that knocks?

¹ Shakespeare knew well that most men like to be flattered on account of those endowments in which they are most deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this snipe on his sagacity and shrewdness.—Malone.

² To devise engines seems to mean to contrive instruments of torture, &c. So in King Lear:—

'—like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature.'

³ The folio reads 'a harlotry.' Shakespeare has the expression, 'a peevish self-will'd harlotry,' in two other plays.

⁴ I. e. the night is wasting away. So in Julius Cæsar:—

'Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.'

⁵ The quarto of 1623 reads 'good faith.'

⁶ Mad must here be accepted as meaning wild, unruly, fickle. As a constant mind meant a firm or sound one, inconsistency would of course be considered a species of madness.

⁷ From *I have much to do, to Nay, that's not next*, was inserted after the first edition in quarto, 1623, as was likewise the remaining part of the song. Desdemona means to say—I have much *ado* to do any thing but hang my head, &c. 'This (says Dr. Johnson) is perhaps the only insertion made in the latter editions which has improved the play: the rest seem to have been added for the sake of amplification or ornament. When the imagination had subsided, and the mind was no longer agitated by the horror of the action, it became at leisure to look round for specious additions. This addition is natural. Desdemona can at first hardly forbear to sing the song; she endeavours to change her train of thought, but her imagination at last prevails, and she sings it.'—The ballad, in two parts, printed from the original in black letter in the Pepys's collection, is to be found in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. I. p. 192.

Emil. It is the wind.
Des. I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, &c.
If I court no women, you'll couch with no men.¹
 So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch? Doth that bode weeping?
Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.
Des. I have heard it said so.²—O, these men, these men!—
 Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—That there be women do abuse their husbands in such gross kind?
Emil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this heavenly light!
Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do't as well i' the dark.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price for a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou would'st not.
Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring;³ nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.
Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.
Emil. Why the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.
Des. I do not think there is any such woman.
Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many To the vantage,⁴ as would store the world they play'd for.
 But I do think, it is their husbands' faults, If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties, And pour our treasures into foreign laps;⁵ Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint upon us; or, say they strike us, Or scant our former having⁶ in despite: Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace, Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know, Their wives have sense⁷ like them: they see, and smell, And have their palates both for sweet and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do, When they change us for others? Is it sport? I think it is; and doth affection breed it? I think it doth; is't frailty, that thus errs?

1 This couplet is not in the original ballad, which is the complaint not of a woman forsaken, but of a man rejected. These lines were properly added when it was accommodated to a woman.
 2 This as well as the following speech is omitted in the first quarto.
 3 A joint-ring was anciently a common token among lovers. See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1632, p. 544. Their nature will be best understood by a passage in Dryden's Don Sebastian:—
 '— a curious artist wrought them, With joints so close as not to be perceived; Yet are they both each other's counterpart: — and, in the midst, A heart divided in two halves was placed.'
 4 I. e. to boot, over and above. The remaining part of this speech is omitted in the first quarto.
 5 So in Shakespeare's 142d Sonnet:—
 'Robb'd other beds' revenges of their rank.'
 6 Our former allowances of expense.
 7 Sense is here used, as in Hamlet, for sensation, or sensual appetites.
 8 The old copy reads, 'their ill instruct us so.'

It is so too; And have not we affections? Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have? Then, let them use us well: else, let them know, The ill we do, their ill instruct us to.
Des. Good night, good night; Heaven me such usage⁹ send,
 Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!
 [Exeunt]

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Street. Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come;
 Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home: Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow: It makes us, or it mars us; think on that, And fix most firm thy resolution.
Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry i't.
Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed; And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:— 'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.
 [Goes to his stand.]
Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,¹⁰
 And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio, Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, Every way makes my gain:¹¹ Love Roderigo, He calls me to a restitution laid Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd¹² from him, As gifts to Desdemona; It must not be: if Cassio do remain, He hath a daily beauty in his life, That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril: No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.
 Enter CASSIO.
Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—villain, thou diest.
 [Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at CASSIO.]
Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed, But that my coat is better than thou think'st; I will make proof of thine.
 [Draws and wounds RODERIGO.]
Rod. O, I am slain!
 [IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the Leg,¹³ and exit.]
Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder!
 Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.
Oth. The voice of Cassio;—I keep his word.
Rod. O, villain that I am!
Oth. Hark! 'Tis even so.
Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!
Oth. 'Tis he;—O, brave Iago, honest, and just! That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong! Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,

9 'Such usage' is the reading of the folio; but the first quarto has 'such usage,' which Dr. Johnson prefers, I think, without reason.
 10 A quat, in the midland counties, is still used for a pimp, which by rubbing is made to smart, or rubbed to sense. Roderigo is called a quat by the same mode of speech as a low fellow is now termed in low language a scab. To rub to the sense is to rub to the quick. This explanation by Dr. Johnson had previously appeared in the British Magazine, 1749, p. 426. So in The Devil's Law Case, 1623:—'O young quat! Inconscience is plagued in all the creatures of the world.' The word is also used in Decker's Gul's Horubook.
 11 The quartos read 'my game.'
 12 'That I foot'd him out of.' To bob is to cheat or deceive with a false tale. So in Turberville's Songs and Sonnets:—
 'When wedding day was done, To play her pranks, and bob the foole, The shrowish wife begoon.'
 13 Iago maims Cassio in the leg, in consequence of what he had just heard him say; from which he supposed that his body was defended by some secret armour

And your fate hies¹ apace;—Strumpet, I come:
Forth² of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are
blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be
spotted. [Exit OTHELLO.]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch! no passage? murder!
murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very
direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!
Rod. O, wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans:—it is a heavy³ night:
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. Nobody come! then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a Light.

Lod. Hark!
Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light
and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that
cries on murder?⁴

Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done
this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O, treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.]

Rod. O, help me here!
Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O, murderous slave! O, villain!
[IAGO stabs RODERIGO.]

Rod. O, damn'd Iago! O, inhuman dog!—
O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these
bloody thieves?

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt
By villains.

Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O, my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O, Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O, notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you
suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been
to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter:⁵ So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O, Cassio! Cassio!
Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.⁶

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; O, heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him, ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said;—the
chair:— [A Chair brought in.]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[To BIANCA.]

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here,
Cassio,

Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [To BIANCA.] What, look you pale?—O,
bear him out o' the air.—

[CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.]

Stay you, good gentlemen:⁷—Look you pale, mis-
tress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?⁸—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.⁹

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the mat-
ter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee,

Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:¹⁰—
What, do you shake at that?

⁹ Thus the folio. The quarto reads—Stay you, good
gentlewoman. It seems probable that Iago addresses
Lodovico and Gratiano, who are going away to assist
Cassio, and to see him properly taken care of. The
subsequent appeal and address of Iago to them appears
to confirm this supposition. Malone follows the quarto,
and defends the reading of it.

¹⁰ The quarto, instead of *gastness*, reads *festures*,
and instead of *stare*, in the next line, has *stare*.

¹¹ So in Hamlet.—
⁶ For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak,
With most miraculous organ.

¹² In the second scene of the preceding act Iago in-
forms Roderigo that Cassio was to sup with Bianca;
that he would go to him there, and bring him away
between twelve and one. Indeed Cassio had himself
told Iago that he would sup with Bianca, and Iago had
promised to meet him at her house. We must suppose,
therefore, that this consummate villain thought it more
secure to waylay him, as we find he does, without
actually joining him at supper time. Otherwise Bianca
would surely have answered:—

'Why, you well know
He supp'd, &c.

¹ Thus the first quarto. The second quarto and the
folio read 'And your *unblest* fate hies.'

² The folio reads 'for of;' the quarto reads *forth of*,
i. e. out of. So in King Richard III:—
'I clothe my naked villain
With odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ.'

And in Hamlet:—
'Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep.'
Again, in Jonson's Volpone:—
'Forth the reserved corners of his eyes.'

³ No passengers? nobody going by?' So in the
Comedy of Errors:—
'Now in the stirring passage of the day.'

A passenger anciently signified a *passage-boat* or ves-
sel, and could not therefore be used in its modern sense
without an equivocal.

⁴ I. e. a *thick cloudy* night.

⁵ This phrase, to *cry on*, for *cry out on*, has already
occurred in Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2.

⁶ This speech is not in the first quarto.

⁷ Thus the folio. The quarto 1622 reads—to bear a
part in this.

⁸ This passage incontestably proves that Iago was
meant for a Venetian.

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest, As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray;—This is the night, [*Aside.*

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA in Bed asleep. A Light burning. Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!¹—

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Takes off his Sword.*

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!²

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,⁴

Thou cunning'st pattern of excell'ing nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat,

That can thy light rolum³.³ When I have pluck'd

thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,

It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[*Kissing her.*

O, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after:—One more, and this the last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,

But they are cruel tears; This sorrow's heavenly;

It strikes, where it doth love.⁶—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,

Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straight.

Steevens suggests that as the former line is imperfect,

some such words may have been accidentally omitted.

His other supposition, 'perhaps the poet was unwilling

that Bianca should say, in the presence of Iago's wife,

that he too had been of the supper party,' is much less

probable.

¹ To fordo is to undo, to ruin, to destroy. So in

Hamlet:—

—Did with desperate hand

Fordo its own life.

² Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he

is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking

his justification, from representing to himself the cause,

i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received.

³ The old copy gives this line thus:—

'Put out the light, and then put out the light.'

The present regulation of the passage, by which so

much beauty and spirit is added to it, was proposed by

Mr. Upton, but it is to be found in Ayre's Life of Pope; it

may therefore have originated with Warburton, who thus

explains it:—'The meaning is, I will put out the light,

and then proceed to the execution of my purpose. But

the expression of putting out the light, bringing to mind

the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks

short, and questions himself about the effects of this

metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of

his first words, as much as to say,—But hold, let me

first weigh the reflection which this expression naturally

excites.' Dr. Farmer treats this as a refinement of

Warburton's, observing that to put out the light was a

phrase for to kill. Malone stoutly combats on the same

side, but his arguments have not convinced me, and I

have therefore followed Warburton's arrangement. Mr.

Boswell would have done so if he could have used his

own discretion. 'I have felt bound, (says he) to print

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No,—Heaven forfend!—I would not kill thy soul.⁷

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven

Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you: for you are fatal then;

When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I

know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for lov-

ing.⁸—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and

gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury; Thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception,

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too! I never did

Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,

But with such general warranty of heaven

As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his

hand.

O, perjurd woman! thou dost stone my heart,

And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—

(A murder which I thought,)—a sacrifice:⁹

I saw the handkerchief.

the text according to Mr. Malone's opinion; but if Warburton's explanation be an error, it is *demptus per vim*, I for one am very sorry to part with it. Broken sentences, as Mr. Malone has more than once observed, are very much in our poet's manner, and are surely natural in the perturbed state of Othello's mind. I am unwilling to persuade myself that a regulation of the text which contains so much beauty could be merely the refinement of a critic, and that our great author, in one of his most highly-wrought scenes, instead of it, intended nothing but a cold conceit.

⁴ Thus the quarto. The folio reads—put out thy light. Steevens adopted the present reading for the sake of the measure, and to avoid the useless repetition of the word light.

⁵ Thus the folio. The first quarto—returne: the second quarto—returnine.

⁶ This image seems to be derived from Scripture:—

'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.'

⁷ Davenant has borrowed this thought in his Law of Lombardy:—

'I am not fraught with the devil's spleen; I would

not hurt thy soul.'

Othello seems to have been a favourite with his author; for he has bestowed on him that piety he has refused to Hamlet.—Steevens.

⁸ This thought is likewise found in The Legend of Orpheus and Euridice, by H. L. 1597:—

'Unnatural, that kill where you should kiss.'

And in King Richard III. —

'It is a quarrel most unnatural,

To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.'

⁹ This line is difficult. Thou hast hardened my heart, and makest me kill thee with the rage of a murderer, when I thought to have sacrificed thee to justice

Des. He found it, then ;
I never gave it him :—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord ?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.¹
Des. How ? unlawfully ?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He'll not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
Des. My fear interprets, then,—What, is he dead ?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives,² my great
revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas ! he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to
my face ?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, strumpet !
Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive,—
Des. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.³
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late.⁴ [*He smother's her.*]
Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord ! what ho !
my lord ! my lord !
Oth. What noise is this ?—Not dead ? not yet
quite dead ?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful ;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.⁵
Emil. [*Within.*] What ho ! my lord, my lord !
Oth. Who's there ?
Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would speak
a word with you.
Oth. Yes ;—'tis Emilia :—by and by.—She's
dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death :
The noise was high.—Ha ! no more moving ?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in ? Were't good ?
I think, she stirs again :—No.—What's the best ?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife :
My wife ! my wife ! what wife ?—I have no wife :
O, insupportable ! O, heavy hour !
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon : and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you I may speak
with you,
O, good my lord !
Oth. I had forgot thee : O, come in, Emilia :—

with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.—*John-
son.* There is a second attempt at explanation by
Johnson, adopting the reading of one of the quartos—
'thou dost stone thy heart,' still less successful than the
above. The obvious sense of the passage is—'Thou dost
harden my heart, and mak'st me now call what I intend
to do,—and which I before thought murder,—a sacrifice
only.' The difficulty consists in the inverted phrase—
'a murder which I thought'—being parenthetical. The
passage has been hitherto absurdly pointed. Johnson
exclaims—'I am glad that I have ended this dreadful
scene. It is not to be endured.'

1 The quarto 1623 reads :—

'That he hath—us'd death.'

2 This thought appears to have been common :—

'Know, Cæsar, had I now as many lives
As there are stones, or hairs upon my head,
I would,' &c. *The Devil's Charter*, 1607.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and No King*,
produced in 1611 :—

'—but if all #

My hairs were lives, I would be engaged
In such a cause.'

3 The first quarto omits this speech.

4 After this speech of Othello, the elder quarto adds
an invocation from Desdemona, consisting only of the
sacred name thrice repeated. The statute of the 3d of
James I. c. 21, against the profane use of the name of
God, &c. was highly necessary, for many of the old
plays abound in the most wanton and shocking profa-

Soft,—by and by :—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou ? What's the matter with thee now ?
[*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.
Oth. What ? now ?
Emil. But now, my lord !
Oth. It is the very error of the moon ;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont ;
And makes men mad.⁶
Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Vene-
tian,
Call'd—Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd ?
And Cassio kill'd ?
Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd ? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd !
Emil. Alas ! what cry is that ?
Oth. That ! what ?
Emil. Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice :—
Help ! help, ho ! help !—O lady, speak again !
Sweet Desdemona ! O, sweet mistress, speak !
Des. A guiltless death I die. O, who hath done
this deed ?
Des. Nobody ; I myself ; farewell :
Commend me to my kind lord ; O, farewell. [*Disa.*]
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd ?
Emil. Alas, who knows ?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so ; I must needs report the
truth.
Oth. She's like a liar, gone to burning hell ;
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil !
Oth. She turn'd to folly,⁷ and she was a whore. a
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.⁸
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false ; O, she was heavenly true !
Oth. Cassio did tup her ; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity ; Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband ?
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock ?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio.
Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,⁹
I'd not have sold her for it.

nations of a name which never ought to be mentioned
in such an irreverend manner on the stage.

5 It is supposed that some theatrical direction has
been omitted, and that, when Othello says, 'So, so,' he
then stabs her. After the repetition of wounds, Desde-
mona might speak again with propriety, and yet very
soon expire.

6 '—Fillium unicum adolescentulum
Habeo : ah ! quid dixi habere me ? imo habui,
Chreme.' *Terent. Heautont.*

7 Steevens seems to think the use of the epithet *heavy*
hour here unusual. Surely there is nothing more com-
mon. *Heavy, sad, and grievous* are synonymous with
all our old writers.

8 'On my faith I thynke the moone be at the full,
For frantike fanyses be then most plentiful.'
The Play of the Weether, by John Heywood.

9 *Folly* signifies here, as in the sacred writings, wan-
tonness, unchastity. See Deuteronomy, xxii. 31. So in
the Rape of Lucrece :—

'Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly.'

10 I. e. as *unstable*, as deceitful. In Genesis, xlix.
Jacob applies a similar term to Reuben—'Thou wast
light as water.'

11 Pliny informs us that Ptolemy Philadelphus had a
statue of his wife Arsinoe, made of one *topaz*, four cubits
in length.—*Hist. Nat.* b. xxxvii. c. 8. Dr. Clarke,
in his Lectures on Mineralogy, says he used *topaz* and
chrysolite as synonymous terms. Perhaps Shakespeare
alludes to this story.—*Plumptre.*

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;¹
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration,² woman! I say,
thy husband!

Emil. O, mistress, villainy hath made mocks with
love!³

My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman.

I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest, Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst.

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me
harm,

As I have to be hurt.⁴ O, gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—

I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help ho! help!

The Moor has kill'd my mistress: Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done
well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou beest a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no
more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie: an odious damned lie;

Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—

She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your
tongue.⁵

¹ The folio reads—'that told me on her first.'

² The quarto reads—'iteration.' The two next speeches are omitted in that copy.

³ Villany hath taken advantage to play upon the weakness of a violent passion.

⁴ 'More can I bear than you dare execute.'

This line, from the Second Part of King Henry VI. is one of those attributable to Shakespeare, and explains Emilia's sentiment. There is a similar idea in King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2.

⁵ To charm is to conjure, to enchant, to lay or still as with a charm. So in King Henry V.:

————— Charming the narrow seas

To give you gentle pass.'

Fliny informs us that *favete linguis* was the constant exclamation before any charm was applied. From this circumstance the phrase to charm a tongue, may have originated. So in *The Tempest*:

'Hush, be mute,

Or else our spell is marr'd.'

⁶ This line, and the six following speeches, are wanting in the first quarto.

⁷ That is, at the instant when she gave Desdemona's handkerchief to Iago: for even then Emilia appears to have suspected it was sought after for no honest purpose, and therefore asks her husband—'What will you do with it?' &c. See Act iii. Sc. 2.

⁸ So in Shakespeare's 144th Sonnet:—

————— My female evil

Tempteth my better angel from my side.'

⁹ The first and the second folio both read—'repro-bance.'

¹⁰ Dr. Johnson thinks that this and other passages in the play seem to suppose a longer space comprised in the action of this play than the scene includes. Mr. Tollet has adduced several instances in support of this opinion, as that in Act iii. Sc. 2:—

Emil. I will not charm my tongue: I am bound
to speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.⁶

All. O, heavens, forefend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany!—

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O, villany!

I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—

O, villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you
home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to
speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Hanging over his wife.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!—[*Rising.*]

I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your
niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopp'd:

I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's
dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,⁷

And fall to reprobation.⁸

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed;—'Cassio confess'd it:

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;

It was a handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.⁹

Emil. O, heaven! O, heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out;—I hold my peace,

sir? no;

No, I will speak as liberal¹⁰ as the air;

⁶ 'I slept the next night well, was free and merry,

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.'

⁷ On Othello's wedding night, he and Cassio embarked from Venice, where Desdemona was left under the care of Iago. They all met at Cyprus; and since their arrival there, the scenes include only one night, the night of the celebration of their nuptials. What night was there to intervene between Cassio's kisses and Othello's sleeping the next night well? Iago has said,

'I lay with Cassio lately,' which he could not well have done, unless they had been longer at Cyprus than is represented in the play; nor could Cassio have kept away for the space of a whole week from Bianca.

⁸ Stevens obviates one objection, by supposing that what Othello mentions might have passed before he was married to Desdemona, when Cassio went between them, and that a thousand times is only an aggravated term for many times. The difficulties started by Mr. Tollet he is unable to explain.

⁹ Othello tells his wife, Act iii. Sc. 4:—

————— That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give.'

This passage, therefore, has been censured as an oversight in the poet; but perhaps it exhibits only a fresh proof of his art. The first account of the handkerchief, as given by Othello, was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he mentions it a second time, the truth was sufficient for his purpose.—Stevens.

¹⁰ The folio reads—

'I'll be in speaking liberal as the north.'

The quarto 1622—'liberal as the air.' The text is formed out of the two copies. *Liberal* here means free. So in Jeronimo, l. e. the first part of *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1606:—

—————

'Now let your bloods be liberal as the sea.'

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.
[*Iago offers to stab his Wife.* Fie!

Gra.
Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.
Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen;
O, murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[*Iago stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exit MONTANO and GRATIANO.*

Oth. I am not valiant, neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music:—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;¹
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost
thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, O, vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sear-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires:—Where should Othello go?—

¹ The meaning appears to be:—'Has not heaven one
supernumary bolt, to hurl directly at the head of this
strenuous villain?'

² *See* the Merchant of Venice:—

'—he makes a swanlike end,
Fading in music.'

³ The particular name of the ice-brook may be deter-
min'd from several passages in Martial. (See lib. i.
ep. 53, lib. iv. ep. 53.) It was undoubtedly the brook or
rivulet called *Sado* (now *Xalón*) near *Bilbilis* in Celti-
beria. In this the Spaniards plunged all their swords
and other weapons while hot from the forge; and to the
icy quality of the waters they were supposed to be in-
debted for their stubborn temper. See also *Justin*, i. 44.
It should be remembered that Spain was famous for
producing the best sword blades.

Now, how dost thou look now? O, ill-starr'd
wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at court,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.—

O, cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O, Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in
a Chair, and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate
man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet—but that's
a fable;

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*OTHELLO wounds IAGO.*

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry, neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O, thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, ye
know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;

And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O, villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too: and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago, in the interim,⁴
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O, the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber.
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O, fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him

⁴ Thus in Coriolanus, Act i. Sc. 1.—
'—Cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link a-un-lar, than can ever
Appear in your impediment.'

⁵ This and the six preceding lines are omitted in the
first quarto. *Wench* originally signified only a girl or
young woman. It is so used in our old version of the
Scriptures, and by many of our early writers.

⁶ To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet
be cloven.

⁷ The same thought occurs in Antony and Cleopatra:—
'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live.'

⁸ In the *snare*, by the *stratagem*.

⁹ The first quarto reads—'In the nick.'

Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that;—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am;¹ nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean,² threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum: Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk³
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O, bloody period!

Gra. All, that's spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No way but
this, [*Falling upon Desdemona.*]
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O, Spartan dog,⁴
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [*To Iago.*]

This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure⁵ of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight abroad; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*]

THE beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once

of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakspeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend; and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find, worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity. JOHNSTON.

To Dr. Johnson's admirable and nicely discriminative character of Othello, it may seem unnecessary to make any addition; yet I cannot forbear to conclude our commentaries on this transcendent poet, with the fine eulogy which the judicious and learned Lowth has pronounced on him, with a particular reference to this tragedy, perhaps the *most perfect* of his works:—

In his viris [tragediæ Græcæ scilicet scriptoribus] accessio quædam Philosophiæ erat Poetica facultas: neque sane quilibet adhuc Poesin ad fastidium suum ac culmen evehit, nisi qui prius in Intima Philosophiæ artis suæ fundamenta jecerit.

Quod si quis objiciat, nonnullos in hoc præsece genere excelluisse, qui nunquam habiti sunt Philosophi, ac ne literis quidem præter cæteros imbuti; sciat is, me rem ipsam querere, non de vulgari opinione, aut de verbo laborare: qui autem tantum ingenio consecutus est, ut naturas hominum, vimque omnem humanitatis, causasque eas, quibus aut inclinatur mens, aut impetitur, aut retunditur, penitus perspectas habeat, ejusque omnes motus oratione non modo explicet, sed fingat planaque oculis subjiciat; sed excitet, regat, commoveat, moderetur; cum, etiam disciplinarum instrumento minus adjutum existis tamen esse Philosophum arbitrari. Quo in genere affectum xelotypiæ, ejusque causas, adjuncta, progressiones, effectus, in una Shakspearei nostri fabula, copiosus, subtilius, accuratius etiam veriusque pertrac-

and the facility with which they would part with them, a circumstance to which two succeeding poets have alluded:—

'So the unskilful Indian does bright gems
Which might add majesty to diadems,
Mong the waves scatter.

Habington—to Costara weeping.
Thus also in The Woman's Conquest, by Sir Robert Howard:—

'Behold my queen—
Who with no more concern I'll cast away
Than Indians do a pearl, that ne'er er did know,
Its value.'

Shakspeare himself connects *India* with *pearls* in Troilus and Cressida:—

'Her bed is *India*, where she lies a pearl.'

It is here figuratively used for a *fair woman*. I conclude with Mr. Boswell, that the arguments are strong in favour of *Indian*, the reading of the earliest copy.

3 It is said that it was immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo.

4 The dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among those of the most fierce and savage kind.

5 i. e. judgment, the sentence.

1 Thus the folio. The quarto reads—'Speak of them as they are.'

2 The quarto 1622 reads—*Indian*. The folio has *Judean*. Warburton, Theobald, and Dr. Farmer think that the allusion is to Herod, who in a fit of blind jealousy threw away such a jewel in his wife Mariamne. Stevens admits the reading *Judean*, but thinks the allusion is not to the story of Herod, on account of the epithet *base*; and because 'the simile appears almost too opposite to be used on the occasion, and would be little more than bringing the fact into comparison with itself.' He thinks that the allusion is to the story of a Jew, who not being able to find a purchaser for a very large pearl at an immoderate price, publicly threw it into the sea at Venice. Malone once objected to *Judean* on account of the wrong accent, but subsequently changed his opinion, and thought the word *tribe* strongly favoured that reading. To this Mr. Boswell replies, that the word *tribe* was never alone peculiarly applicable to the Jews, but meant a *kindred*, and is constantly used at this day in speaking of a peculiar race or set of *Indians*. That the early travellers are full of descriptions of 'the perled treasures' of the Indians, who may be called *base* on account of their ignorance,

tari existimo, quam ab omnibus omnium Philosophorum scholis in simili argumento, est unquam disputatum. [Prælectio prima, edit. 1763, p. 8.]—*Malone.*

If by 'the most perfect' is meant the *most regular* of the foregoing plays, I subscribe to Mr. Malone's opinion; but if his words were designed to convey a more exalted praise, without a moment's hesitation I should transfer it to Macbeth.

It is true that the domestic tragedy of Othello affords room for a various and forcible display of character. The less familiar groundwork of Macbeth (as Dr. Johnson has observed) excludes the influence of peculiar dispositions. That exclusion, however, is recompensed by a loftier strain of poetry, and by events of higher rank; by supernatural agency, by the solemnities of incantation, by shades of guilt and horror deepening in their progress, and by visions of futurity selected in aid of hope, but eventually the ministers of despair.

Were it necessary to weigh the pathetic effusions of these dramas against each other, it is generally allowed that the sorrows of Desdemona would be more than counterbalanced by those of Macduff. Yet if our author's rival pieces (the distinct property of their subjects considered) are written with equal force, it must still be admitted that the latter has more of originality. A novel of considerable length (perhaps amplified and embellished by the English translator of it) supplied a regular and circumstantial outline for Othello; while a few slight hints collected from separate narratives of Holinshed, were expanded into the sublime and awful tragedy of Macbeth.

Should readers, who are alike conversant with the appropriate excellences of poetry and painting, pronounce on the reciprocal merits of these great productions, I must suppose that they would describe them as of different pedigrees. They would add, that one was of the school of Raphael, the other from that of Michael Angelo; and that if the steady Sophocles and Virgil should have decided in favour of Othello, the remonstrances of the daring Æschylus and Homer would have claimed the laurel for Macbeth.

To the sentiments of Dr. Lowth respecting the tragedy of Othello, a general eulogium on the dramatic works of Shakespeare, imputed by a judicious and amiable critic to Milton, may not improperly be subjoined:—

There is good reason to suppose (says my late friend the Rev. Thomas Warton) that Milton threw many additions and corrections into the *Theatrum Poetarum*, a book published by his nephew, Edward Philips, in 1673. It contains criticisms far above the taste of that period. Among these is the following judgment on Shakespeare, which was not then I believe the general opinion:—'In tragedy, never any expressed a more lofty and tragic height, never any represented nature more purely to the life; and where the polishments of art are most wanting, as probably his learning was not extraordinary, he pleases with a certain *wild* and *native* elegance.'—*Milton's Minor Poems*, p. 194, *Note on P. Allegro.*

What greater praise can any poet have received, than that of the author of *Paradise Lost*?

STEVENS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



VENUS AND ADONIS.

The Epistle.

Villa miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Focula Castalia plena ministret aqua.—Ovid.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
Earl of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield.

RIGHT HONOURABLE:

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hid him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began,)
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than dories or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafes, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses:

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimble she fastens; (O, how quick in love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips:
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith, she is immodest, blames her 'miss;
What follows more, she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone,
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace:
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies:
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is ran,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
'Twill crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat,
More thirst for drink than she for this good man.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
O, pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy;
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war ;
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar ;
Yet hath been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest ;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-rul'd, I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain :
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain,
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine ;—
What see'st thou in the ground ? hold up thy head ;
Look in mine eyes—balls, there thy beauty lies :
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes ?

Art thou asham'd to kiss ? then wink again,
And I will wink ; so shall the day seem night ;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain ;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight ;
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe ; yet may'st thou well be tasted ;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted :
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for
thee ;

But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?
Thou can'st not see one wrinkle in my brow ;
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning ;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning ;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen :
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me ;
Two strengthless doves will draw me thro' the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me ;
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou should'st think it heavy unto thee ?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected ?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft,
Narcissus, so, himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use ;
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse :
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
beauty ;

Thou wast begot,—to get, it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why should'st thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead ;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them ;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus's side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'er-whelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,—
Souring his cheeks, cries, Fie, no more of love ;
The sun doth burn my face ; I must remove.

Ah me, (quoth Venus,) young, and so unkind ?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone ?
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun ;
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs ;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm,
And lo, I lie between that sun and thee ;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me :
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth ?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love ? how want of love tormenteth
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this ?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss ?
Speak, fair ; but speak fair words, or else be mute :
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred ;
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong ;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause ;
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band ;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound ;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers, one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this wory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer ;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale :
Graze on my lips ; and, if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes, obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain ;
Then be my deer, since I am such a park ;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

1 'Mine eyes are grey.' What we now call *blue eyes*, were, in Shakespeare's time, called *grey eyes*, and were considered as eminently beautiful.—*Milona*.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking;
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
Pity,—(she cries) some favour,—some remorse;—
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thun-
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth, [der;
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, Lo! thus my strength is try'd;
And this I do, to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What trecketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And wher' he run, or fly, they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as to she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, if see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boist'rous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love, by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage.
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage,
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind,)
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
'Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels:
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tend'rer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them,
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing;
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began;
O, fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it?
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steal it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair foe,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy course, gentle boy ;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy ;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee :
O ! learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
And, once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love, (quoth he,) nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd ?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :
The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,
Looseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;
To love's alarm it will not open the gate :
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery ;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What ! canst thou talk, quoth she, hast thou a tongue ?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing !
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong ;
I had my load before, nor press'd with bearing :
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep sweet music, and heart's deep-sore-
wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible,
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible :
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling [ing.
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smell-

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four !
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double lock the door ?
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield ;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, wo unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :—
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her, ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :
A smile recures the wounding of a frown ;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !
The silly boy believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red ;

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
Fair fall the wit, that can so well defend her !
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard ;
He chafes her lips ; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd ;

He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,
Would never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth :
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye ;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine ;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.

O, where am I ? quoth she, in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?
What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?
Do I delight to die, or life desire ?

But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy ;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

O, thou didst kill me ;—kill me once again :
Thy eye's shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine ;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure !
O, never let their crimson liveries wear !
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year !
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.
Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing,
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me ;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee ?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone ?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double ;
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ?

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years ;
Before I know myself seek not to know me ;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :
The mellow plumb doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west :
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late ;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest ;
And coal-black clouds, that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say *good night*, and so say you ;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
Good night, quoth she ; and ere he says *adieu*,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is :
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace ;
Incorporate then they seem ; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drow
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought ;
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glues'd,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;

1 ' To drive infection from the dangerous year.'—I have somewhere read, that in rooms where plants are kept in a growing state, the air is never unwholesome.—*Stevens*.

2 ' Say for non-payment that the debt should double.'—It was once usual when a sum of money, secured by bond, remained unpaid at the prescribed time, to leave the lender at liberty to recover twice the amount.—*Malone*.

Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter will oth:
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wreck.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen, but dissolves with temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart;
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,³
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw:
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing:

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
Sho's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
Fie, fie, he says, you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou had'st been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere
this,

But that thou told'st me, thou would'st hunt the boar.
O, be advis'd: thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tusks never sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;

His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goeth;
Being mov'd, he strikes what e'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes, his cruel tusks slay.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyes,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage, (wondrous dread!)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends;
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Did'st thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill*;
Distemp'ring gentle love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

This sour informer, this hate-breeding spy,
This canker, that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy, ^{bring,}
That sometimes true news, sometimes false doth
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, thy death should fear:

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot-scent snuffing hounds are driven to doubt;
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,

³ Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes.
—An allusion to a picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by Pliny,
in which some grapes were so well represented, that
birds lighted on them to pick at them.—*Stevens.*

To hearless if his fees pursue him still ;
 Anon their loud alarms he doth bear ;
 And now his grief may be compared well
 To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbed wretch
 Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
 Each cavious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :
 For misery is trodden on by many,
 And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more ;
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :
 To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
 Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
 Applying this to that, and so to so ;
 For love can comment upon every wo.

Where did I leave ?—No matter where, quoth he ;
 Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :
 The night is spent. Why, what of that ? quoth she :
 I am, quoth he, expected of my friends ;
 And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall :—
 In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
 The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.

Rich preys make true men thieves ; so do thy lips
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
 Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason :
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
 Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
 Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies,
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature ;
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,
 And pure perfection with impure defeature ;
 Making it subject to the tyranny
 Of mad mischances, and much misery ;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
 Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
 Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
 Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,
 But in one minute's fight brings beauty under :
 Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
 Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
 As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
 Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
 That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
 Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night,
 Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
 Seeming to bury that posterity,
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
 If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?
 If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away ;
 A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
 Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
 Or butcher sire, that reaves his son of life.
 Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
 But gold that's put to use, more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled theme ;
 The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the stream ;
 For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
 And every tongue more moving than your own,

Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's song,
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;
 For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
 And will not let a false sound enter there ;

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bed chamber to be barr'd of rest.

No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove ?
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger ;
 I hate not love, but your device in love,
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.

You do it for increase, O, strange excuse !
 When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
 Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name ;
 Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;
 Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain ;
 But lust's effect is tempest after sun :
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.

Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies :
 Love is all truth ; lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
 The text is old, the orator too green.

Therefore in sadness, now I will away ;
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen :
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
 And homeward through the dark lawn runs apace ;
 Leaves Love upon her back deep distress'd.

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye ;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges with the morning clouds contend :
 So did the merciless and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
 Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
 Or 'astonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood ;
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
 That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
 Make verbal repetition of her moans ;
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :

Alas ! she cries, and twenty times, we, we !
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
 And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty ; [dote ;
 How love makes young men thrall, and old men
 How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in wo,
 And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :
 If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
 In such like circumstance, with such like sport :
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
 End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
 But idle sounds resembling parasites ;
 Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
 Soothing the humour of fantastic wits ?
 She says, 'tis so : they answer all, 'tis so ;
 And would say after her, if she said so.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,

And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast,
The Sun ariseth in his majesty ;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow :
O, thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn :
And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn :
Amen she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay ;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder ;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :
Finding their enemy to be so surst,
They all strain court'ay, who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart ;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part :
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,
Till, cheering up her senses sore dismay'd,
She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid ;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more ;—
And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar ;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
She treads the path that she untreads again ;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain ;
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting :
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks ; and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice ;
Another and another answer him ;
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies ;
So she at these sad sighs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death,)

Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath, [mean,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

If he be dead,—O, no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it ;—
O, yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power,
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower :
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weep-
What may a heavy groan advantage thee ? [ing ?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see ?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She veil'd her eye-lids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd ;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ; frow ;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sor-
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant wo,
As striving who should best become her grief,
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best ; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this far off she hears some huntsman yell ;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well !
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel ;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass ;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorching it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd.

O, hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
Thy weal and wo are both of them extremes ;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame ;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought ;
Now she adds honours to his hateful name ;
She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

No, no, quoth she, sweet Death, I did but jest ;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear.
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe ;
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess,)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault : the boar provok'd my tongue ;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander ;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander :
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ;

And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate :
Tells him of trophies, statues, tomes, and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove, quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves ;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies ;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light ;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight ;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again ;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head :

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain ;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again ;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes ;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound :
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds, once more leap her eyes ;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light,
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank : whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd :
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth ;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead :
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to how ;
Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three ;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be :
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled ;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons dead !
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire !
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing ?
Whose tongue is music now ! what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing ?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim,
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear !
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear ;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you :
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair :
And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep,

The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks ; then would Adonis weep :
And straight in pity of his tender years, ^(tears.)
They both would strive who first should dry his

To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him :
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him ;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly-lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills ;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red cherries,
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the bounteous livery that he wore ;
Witness the entertainment that he gave :
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; thus was Adonis slain :
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unawares, the tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first ;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his ; the more am I accurst.
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stuns her face with his congeal'd blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told :
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lie.

Two glasses, where herself herself behold
A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect :
Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite,
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend :
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unavoury end ;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low ;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his wo.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while ;
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile :
The strongest body shall it make most weak ;
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;¹
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures :
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear ;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving, when it seems most just ;
Perverse it shall be, where it shews most toward ;
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire ;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire ;

1 To tread the measures.—The measures was a very stately dance, and, therefore, was peculiarly suited to elders, if they engaged at all in such kind of amusement.—Malone.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

103

Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy.

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white;
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath:
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is rest from her by death.
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,)

For every little grief to wet his eyes:

To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid,
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Meets to immure herself, and not be seen.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

The Epistle.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

Earl of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Argument.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, (for his extensive pride surnamed Superbuscus,) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring of staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons; and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, (though it were late in the night,) spinning amongst her maids; the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time, Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucretia's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his state) royally entertained and lodged by Lucretia at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucretia, in this lamentable plight, hastily despatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucretia aired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieg'd Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucretia the chaste.

Haply that name of *chaste* unhappily set
This baseless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight;
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state:
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O, happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator ;
What needeth then apology be made,
To set forth that which is so singular ?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king ;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting [vaunt
His high pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O, rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old !

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame :
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right :
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;
The sovereignty of either being so great
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secresies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books ;
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory ;
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And wordless so, greets heaven for his success
Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there ;
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather,
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright ;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night ;
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight ;
And every one to rest himself betakes, [wakes.
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving, [ing :
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstain—
Despair to gain, doth traffic oft for gaining ;
And when great treasure in the meed propos'd,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age,
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
As life for honour, in fell battle's rage ;
Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in vent'ring ill, we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect ;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have : so then we do neglect
The thing we have ; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust ;
And, for himself, himself he must forsake
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes ;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries :
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs ; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake, to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too, too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;
And to the flame thus speaks advsedly :
As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise :
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine !
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine !
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :
Let fair humanity abhor the deed [weed.
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
O foul dishonour to my household's grave !
O impious act, including all foul harms !
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave !
True valour still a true respect should have ;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yes, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,¹
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote ;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wait a week ?
Or sells eternity, to get a toy ?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down ?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?
This siege that hath engrit his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame ?

O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed ?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake ?
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed ?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed ;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife ;
As in revenge or quittal of such strife :
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is ;—ay, if the fact be known :
Hateful it is ;—there is no hate in loving :
I'll beg her love ;—but she is not her own :
The worst is but denial, and reproving :
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing :
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation,
Tweens frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worse sense for vantage still ;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure affects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

¹ Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive.—
In the books of heraldry, a particular mark of disgrace
is mentioned, by which the escutcheons of those persons
were anciently distinguished, who 'discourteously
used a widow, maid, or wife, against her will.'—*Macon*

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
And gas'd for tidings in my eager eyes ;
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise !
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear !
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth,
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth :
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age !
My heart shall never countermand mine eye :
Sad pause and deep regard besem the sage ;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage :
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;
Then who fears sinking, where such treasure
lies ?

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust ;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine :
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits ;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline ;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worse part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward ;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard :
The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;
Night-wandering weasels shriek, to see him there ;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks ;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies ;
And gripping it, the needl his finger pricks :
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;
He in the worst sense construes their denial :
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial ;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial ;
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the snaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing; [sands,
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves, and
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand suspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, I must deflower;
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide:
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espy'd.
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, her eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill!
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozeming the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side, to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head intombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet: whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light;
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with bla-
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust, by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for, standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worse taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes;
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who, o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face,
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,)
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide ;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;
I think the honey guarded with a sting ;
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends :
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends ;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated, even in my soul, [breed ;
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong furh of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed ;
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats, if he mount he dies :
So under his insulting fashion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee :
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye ;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound ; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband, and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit : bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot ;
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot :
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause ;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his fowl appetite.

Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth
threat,

In his dam mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle dust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing :
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, fowl night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth :
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth :
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining :
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place ;
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended ;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended ;
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me :
Thou look'st not like deceit ; do not deceive me :
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave
thee.

If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans,

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
To soften it with their continual motion ;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate !
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee :
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?
To all the host of heaven I complain me, [name.
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seed'd in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king ?
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away ;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :
With foul offenders thou performest best,
When they in thee the like offences prove :
If but for fear of this, thy will remove ;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book.
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where Lust shalt learn ?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name ?
Thou black'st reproach against long-lived laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command ? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will :
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way ?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;
Their own transgressions partially smother :
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes !

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash reliser;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will 'prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he; my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king!
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is heav'd,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou leath'd in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—
No more, quoth he, by heaven, I will not hear thee;
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannise.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again;
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless paces,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faithful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chanc'd;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—
That through the length of times he stands disgrac'd:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain; [stealth,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healoth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She like a weary'd lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeless cast-away:
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day:
For day, quoth she, night's scapes doth open lay;
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O, comfort-killing night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time!
Or, if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would detain;
Her twinkling handmaids, too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black bosom should not peep again;
So should I have copartners in my pain:
And fellowship in wo doth wo assuage,
As palmers' chat make short their pilgrimage.

Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine;
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:
Feast-finding minstrels,¹ tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I, Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unpotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted;
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attain of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O, unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O, unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd on Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows, [knows!
Which not themselves, but he that gives them,

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue:—O, unlook'd for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gout, and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless burns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.
So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long,
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

¹ Feast-finding minstrels. Our ancient minstrels were the constant attendants on feasts.—*Stevens.*

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity,
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O, Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st at the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath:
Thou blow'st at the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displaced laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They bry thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd,
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Misshapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight, [snare;
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's
Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is, to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers.

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings;
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,¹
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel :

To show the bold dame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguill'd,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One year retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends : [back,
O, this dread night, would'st thou one hour come
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his low eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans;
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wildier to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;
And time to see one that by aims doth live,
Disdain to him disdain'd scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort:
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly, and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself, himself seek every hour to kill! [spill:
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should
For who so base would such an office have,
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded, presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day;
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

1 'To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel.'—An allusion to the costly monuments of our ancient kings and nobles, which were frequently made of iron or copper, wrought with great nicety, many of which, even in Shakespeare's time, had begun to decay. There are some of these monuments still to be seen in Westminster-abbey, and other old cathedrals.—Malone.

Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at opportunity,
At time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right,
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame;
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wacked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, threnging through her lips, so vanisbeth,
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain, quoth she, I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be,
Of that true type hath Tarquin ris'd me.

O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure sto'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringing oath;
This bastard graft shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art doing father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought,
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate;
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow;
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out whereshe sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: O, eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy
peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleep-
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees ;
True grief is food and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,
Like an unpractic'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;
No object but her passions strength renews ;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues :
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words ;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody ;
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;
Sad souls are slain in merry company ;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society ;
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food ;
To see the salve doth make the wound ake more ;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good :
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows ;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swalling feather'd breasts !
And in your hearing be you mute and dumb !
(My restless discord knows no stops nor rests ;
A woful hostess brooks not merry guests :)
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;
Mistress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear :
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill.

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright my eye :
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out ; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds ;
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly ;
Or one incompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily ;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproaches debtor.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack ! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother-tries a merciless conclusion,
Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer ?
When the one pure, the other made divine,
Whose love of either to myself was nearer ?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay ;
No must my soul, her bark being peel'd away,

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;
Her sacred table spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy :
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soul

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonour'd.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;
The one will live, the other being dead ;
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn :
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ;
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me :
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make ;
My soul and body to the skies and ground ;
My resolution, husband, do thou take ;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound ;
My shame be his that did my fame confound ;
And all my fame that lives, disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this Will :
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, so be it,
Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee ;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;
For feet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads, when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow ;
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty ;
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why ? her face wore sorrow's livery :)
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with wo.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye ;
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-war'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling ;
One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling ;
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts ;
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts ;
For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they formed as marble will ;

1 'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will.'—The overseer of a will was designed as a check upon the executors. Our author appoints John Hall and his wife for his executors, and Thomas Russel and Francis Collins as his overseers.—Stevens.

The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep ;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep :
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep :
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd !
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hid
Peer women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses : those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night, with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong ;
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread ;
And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining ;
My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining, [raining?
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence ?
Madam, ere I was up, reply'd the maid,
The more to blame my saggard negligence :
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

But lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.
O peace ! quoth Lucrece ; if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less ;
For more it is than I can well express :
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say ?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear ;
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it :
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill :
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;
What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will ;
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill :
Much like a press of people at a door,
Through her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins : " Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person ! next vouchsafe t' afford,
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,)
Some present speed, to come and visit me :
So I commend me from our house in grief ;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenor of her wo,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;

When sighs and groans and tears may grace the
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her [fashion
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of wo doth bear,
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste :¹
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to his as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems :
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain courtsies to her low ;
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye,
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth he.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd ;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd ;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd :
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :
So wo hath wearied wo, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilium with amoy ;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life :
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife ;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces ;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces ;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble

¹ At Ardea, to my lord, with more than haste.—
About a century and a half ago, all our letters that re-
quired speed were superscribed, *With post post haste*.
—Malone.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which reem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly list'ning, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low; the painter was so nice,
The scalps of many almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one, being through'd, bears back, all boll'n and
Another, smother'd, seems to peck and swear; [red;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy [field,
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That, through their light joy, seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strand of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stor'd,
Many she sees, whose cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and colour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words, to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here, in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty wo:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoons;
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell;
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow; [row.
She lends them words, and she their looks doth bore-

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show,
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome wo;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but unglaz'd so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjurd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burst the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilium, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places, [faces.
When their glass fell, wherein they view'd their

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill;
And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile—
(She would have said) can lurk in such a look;
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, can lurk from cannot took;
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: 'It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind.'

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet deail'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all o'erag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest,
Whose drest hath made herself, herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Though we be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the looking of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others detriment;
Losing her woe in shows of discontent.
It caseth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black:
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky;
These water galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares;
Not stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: What uncooth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet lass, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of wo:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword;
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word:
So should my shame still rest upon record;
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is rob'd, the prisoner dies.

O, teach me how to make mine own excuse:
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessory yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with wo,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so:
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless wo of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow ledeeth
Another power, no flood by rating maketh.
My wo too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one wo, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me;
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past; the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die:
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those, that came with Collatine,
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine:
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms: [harsh.
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'

At this request, with noble disposition:
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. O, speak, quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?

May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?

With this they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carry'd in it with tears.
No, no, quoth she, no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: *He, he*, she says,
But more than *he* her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: *He, he*, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood,
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congeal'd face
Of that black blood, a wat'ry rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a barc-bon'd death by time out-worn;
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If thy surcease to be, that should survive,
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, she's mine; O, mine she is,
Replies the husband: Do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.
Wo, wo, quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd,
My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, *my daughter and my wife*.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece's side,
Seeing such emulation in their wo,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteem'd so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advis'dly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise;
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why, Collatine, is wo the cure for wo? [decides]
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations:
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advis'd doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans pleasurably did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

SONNETS.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,

MR. W. H.

ALL HAPPINESS, AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET,

WISRETH THE

WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T.*

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decrease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel,
Then that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaud on now,
Will like a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise desert'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"—
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new made, when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this the golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unshrink love-liness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, heedless of regard, why dost thou abuse
The boundless largess given thee to give?
Providence usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?

Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame,
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair, which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Lose but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial, treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happens those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times reduc'd thee:
Then what could death do, if thou should'st depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'ere duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on, diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

None to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which which thee receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine enemy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.

* i. e. Thomas Thorpe, in whose name the Sonnets were first entered in Stationer's Hall.

Mark, how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shall hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love towards others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire;
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st as call thine, when thou from youth con-
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase; [vertest.
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty
cherish:
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours, than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease,
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.

S X

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold,
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifths:—Dear my love, you know,
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy;
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert:
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vault in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way,
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men:
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts:
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, this poet lies:
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor loss possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest :
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood ;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling, [zeth.
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls ama-
And for a woman wert thou first created ;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing,
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me, as with that muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse ;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge roundure hems.
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :
Let them say more that like of hearsay well ;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in thee three time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me ;
How can I then be elder than thou art ?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself but for thee will ;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain ;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an imperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say [heart ;
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'er-charge'd with burthen of mine own love's night.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;

Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more ex-
press'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ :
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies ;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done ;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit ;
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit :
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it :
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd lovrag,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ; [me.
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd :
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beautiful, and her old face new.
Lo thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd ?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven.
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night
When sparkling stars twine not, thou gild'st the even

But day doth daily draw my borrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem
stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewep my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate :)
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, ununs'd to flow.
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd wo,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-beinoaned moan.
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
That due of many now is thine alone :
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day, [cover ;
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And, though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought !
*Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage :
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.*

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah ! but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare ;
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence ;
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
'To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewail'd guilt should do thee shame ;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store :
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;
This wish I have ; then ten times happy me.

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight ;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light ?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine, which rhymers invoke ;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one;
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
 O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive),
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
 Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou ushest;
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
 And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd.
 Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth:
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
 Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love her;
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her;
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed,
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee, [me]
 And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 No matter, then, although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles, when thou art gone,
 But that so much of earth and water wrought,
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's wo:

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion glide
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life, being made of four, with two alone
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
 Until life's composition be recur'd
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assur'd
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 Mine heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes),
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title is impannell'd
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
 As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
 And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other;
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away, art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move.
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust;
 That, to my use, it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
 Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 Within the gentle closure of my breast, [part]
 From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and
 And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
 For truth proves thiefish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye ;
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;
Against that time do I ensconce me here,
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend !
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee :
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide ;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ?
In winged speed no motion shall I know :
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure,
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you ;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year ;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear ;
And you in every blessed shape we know,
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beautyauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses ;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves ; Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made ;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time,
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity [room
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite ;
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :
So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view ;
Or call it winter, which being full of care, [rare.
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
I have no precious time at all to spend
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose ;
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are, how happy you make those ;
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)
The imprison'd absence of your liberty
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time :
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former chid?
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,¹
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or wher better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before;
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crook'd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his sythe to mow:
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eye-lids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er worn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

¹ Show me your image in some antique book.—
It was an ancient custom to insert real portraits among
the ornaments of illuminated manuscripts, with inscrip-
tions under them.—*Steevens*.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of out-worn bury'd age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That time will come, and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's boney breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O, fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall times's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping away disabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeming of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had.
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
When beauty liv'd and died, as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;¹
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

¹ Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head.

In our author's time, the false hair, usually worn
perhaps in compliment to the queen, was of a sandy
colour. Hence the epithet, *golden*.—*Malone*.

LXXIX.

These parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The solve is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

LXXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you wo.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you,
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie;
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
strong,
To love that well, which thou must leave ere long:

LXXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due:
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubling the filching age will steal his treasure:
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Some time all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took,
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name;
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXXVIII.

So oft have I involk'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb, on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXXI.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame?
But since your worth, (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wiffully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a-worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXII.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live, (such virtue hath my pen,) [men.
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of

LXXXIII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore may'st without attain'd o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIV.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises
worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fill'd.
I think good thoughts whilst others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praise'd, I say, 'tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence;
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence;
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory;
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 And I will comment upon that offence:
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,
 As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
 I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
 Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
 Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
 Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now:
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in, for an after-loss:
 Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd wo;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might;
 And other strains of wo, which now seem wo,
 Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

-XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
 But these particulars are not my measure,
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine;
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O, what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
 But heaven in thy creation did decree,
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

S Y

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds:
 Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name?
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O, what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee?
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
 The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
 Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less;
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
 So are those errors that in thee are seen,
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
 If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state!
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?
 What old December's bareness every where!
 And yet this time remov'd! was summer's time;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grow.
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:— [smells,
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou, too, and therein dignify'd.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour stay'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth no lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seem;
I love not less, though less the show appear: [sing;
That love is merchandis'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of ripper days;
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face,
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope afford.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's free case
Weights not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie :
 That is my home of love : if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels, I return again ;
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besedge all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view ;
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
 Made old offences of affections new : [dear,
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end :
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most, most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake, do you with fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand ;
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd ;
 Whilst like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection ;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance to correct correction.
 Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
 In so profound abyss I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks they are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind ;
 And that which governs me to go about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out :
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch ;
 Of his quick objects bath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour, or deform'd'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature :
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true man thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
 Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,
 To make, of monsters and things indigest,
 Such cherubims as your sweet self resemble ;
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
 O, 'tis the first ; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up :
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup :
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
 E'en those that said I could not love you dearer ;
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings :
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things ;
 Alas ! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, now I love you best,
 When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ;
 Love is a babe : then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark, [taken.
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus ; that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear purchas'd right ;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
 Bring me within the level of your frowns,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate :
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge ;
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge ;
 E'en so, being full of your ne'er cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needings.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured,
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
Distill'd from limbeck's soul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No,—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or at the least so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist:
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste:
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers
gather'd.

No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralld discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with
showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent;
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds,¹ knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O, thou minion of her pleasure;
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power
Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

¹ Which is not mix'd with seconds.—Seconds is a provincial term for the second kind of flour, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted.—Stevens.

CXXX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and, no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd a very wo;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXXI.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she, belov'd with false compare.

CXXXII.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say, that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear,
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXIII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well besem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,
And all thy foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweetest friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torrent thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol;
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXIV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And wilt to boot, and wilt in overplus:
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill:
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,
In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be:
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee;
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not?
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies;
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd,
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told.
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O call not me to justify the wrong,
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy
might
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love to tell me so;
(As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;)
For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed
That I may not be so, nor thou believ'd,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go
wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted:
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who lives unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be;
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLIH.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving;
O but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving,
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents;
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be denied!

CXLIH.

Lo, as a careful house-wife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I, thy babe, chace thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy will,
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worse spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus a-new to greet;
I hate she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day,
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
I hate from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—*not you*.

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's; no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee, that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou, that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou low'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes!
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou should'st not abhor my state;
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my great body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjur'd I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep;
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove,
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast
I sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseases; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sisting vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale:
Ere long esp'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.
Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's foll rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.
Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That season'd wo had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd wo,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend:
Sometime diverted their poor balls are ty'd
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.
Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her shear'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaded fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.
A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had the many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.¹

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and oftan 'gan to tear;
Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and dammed here!
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours,) observed as they flew;
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her wo.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be sought apply'd,
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But wo is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face!
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His brownny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels huris.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.

Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear;
And nice affection's wavering stood in doubt
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,
That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what courses, what stop he
makes!

And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

1 'With sleided silk, feat and affectedly
Enswath'd and sealed to curious secrecy.'

Anciently, the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were placed under the seals of letters, to connect them more closely.—*Steevens.*

But quickly on this side the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids themselves made fairer by their place;
Came for additions, yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogu'd from him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, their's in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry—*it is thy last.*

For further I could say, *this man's untrue,*
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city.
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd commanding in his monarchy.

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the crimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo! behold, these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I heard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you empatron me.

O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me, your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not
strives?

Paling the place which did no form receive;—
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves.
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly;
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congeal,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
Who, disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes, when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame;

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who, glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue incloses.

O, father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O, cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extirpature hath!

For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears:
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows.

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And veil'd in them, did win whom he would main:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim:
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperie'd gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lov'd?
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make,
What I should do again for such a sake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

SWEET Cythera, sitting by a brook,
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
 She told him stories to delight his ear;
 She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
 To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,
 Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
 He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward?

II.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
 When Cythera, all in love forlorn,
 A longing trarriance for Adonis made,
 Under an oser growing by a brook,
 A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen:
 Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
 For his approach, that often there had been.
 Anon he comes and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:
 He spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;
 O, Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood?

III.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
 * * * * *
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;
 Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
 See, in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore;
 She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

IV.

Venus with young Adonis sitting by her,
 Under a myrtle shade began to woo him;
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
 And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
 Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me;
 And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
 Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me;
 As if the boy should use like loving charms:
 Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
 And as she fetch'd breath, away he skips,
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
 Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
 To kiss and clip me till I run away!

V.

Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together;
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care:
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather;

Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short,
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee;
 O, my love, my love is young;
 Age, I do defy thee;
 O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

VI.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
 Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
 Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
 Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
 Like a green plumb that hangs upon a tree,
 And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.
 I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
 For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
 And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave,
 For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
 O, yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as sickle,
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
 A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,
 None fairer, nor none faler to deface her.
 Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
 How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.
 She burn'd with love, as straw with fire sameth;
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
 She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
 Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
 A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee;
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
 Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth doth shine,
 Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
 If broken, then, it is no fault of mine.
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IX.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
 O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant
 prove; [bow'd]
 Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all these pleasures live, that art can compre-
hend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee com-
mend;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, do not love that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly
tongue.

X.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as good lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost.
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XI.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share,
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow;
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nil I construe whether:
'Tmay be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'Tmay be, again to make me wander thither;
Wander, a word for shadows like thyself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day, good day, of night now borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XIII.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That lik'd of her mastor as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest eye could
see,

Her fancy fell a turning. [did fight,
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love
To leave the mastor loveless, or kill the gallant
knight;

To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to
gain, [disdain:

For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
Alas, she could not help it!

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XIV.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow:
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove, e'en would swear
Juno but an Ethiopie were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

XV.

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.

One silly cross

Wrought all my loss;

O, frowning fortune, curs'd, fickle dame!

For now I see,

Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel speeding!)

Fraughted with gall!

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;

My sighs so deep,

Procure to weep,

In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.

How sighs resound

Through harkless ground,

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Loud bells ring not
Cheerfully;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back creeping
Fearfully:

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,

All our merry meetings on the plains,

All our evening sport from us is fled,

All our love is lost, for love is dead.

Farewell, sweet lass,

Thy like ne'er was,

For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:

Poor Coridon

Must live alone,

Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVI.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou wouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial like :

Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwee'd.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice swell ;
(A cripple soon can find a halt :)

But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

And to her will frame all thy ways ;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing always in her ear :

The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true ;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Seek never thou to choose anew :

When time shall serve, be thou not slack,
To proffer, though she put thee back.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night ;
And then too late she will repent
That she dissembled her delight ;

And twice desire, ere it be day,
That with such scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,—

*Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then.*

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think, women love to match with men,
And not to live so like a saint :
Here is no heaven : they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attain.

Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft ; enough,—too much I fear ;
For if my lady hear my song,
She will not stick to ring mine ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long :

Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVII.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears :
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XVIII.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,

Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near !

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king :
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :—
Love and constancy is dead ;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one ;
Two distincts, division none :
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the Phoenix' sight :
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together ;
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded ;

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one !
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whersupon it made this threne
To the Phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love ;
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phoenix' nest ;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

THE END.

11
"clear of the hand" D.R.

X.P. 1881/1



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